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HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

VOLUME CXXX.

DECEMBER, 1914, TO MAY, 1915



NEW YORK AND LONDON
HARPER & BROTHERS PUBLISHERS
1915

CONTENTS OF VOLUME CXXX

DECEMBER, 1914, TO MAY, 1915


- Among the Ibibios of Southern Nigeria
Dorothy Amaury Talbot 600
Illustrated with Photographs.
- Ancient Barrier of the Pyrenees, The
Hilaire Belloc 563
Illustrations by Thornton Oakley.
- Are Plants Like Animals?
Jagadis Chunder Bose 513
Illustrated with Diagrams.
- Bondage. A Story... Leila Burton Wells 300
Illustrations by W. Hatherell, R. I.
- Brand of the City, The... Walter E. Weyl 769
- Cannibal Country... Norman Duncan 279
Illustrations by George Harding.
- Can Our Diplomatic Service be Made
More Efficient? David Jayne Hill 190
- Captive Bridegroom, The. A Story
Margaret Cameron 176
Illustrations by May Wilson Preston.
- Chains. A Story... Alice Cowdery 501
Illustrations by Walter Tittle.
- Child in the Garden, The
Elizabeth Shippen Green 58
Four Paintings in Color.
- Cleansing Tears, The. A Story
Eugene A. Clancy 414
Illustrations by John Alonzo Williams.
- Climate and Civilization
Ellsworth Huntington 367
Illustrated with Maps.
- Compact, The. A Story
Alma G. Madden 374
Illustrations by Harvey Dunn.
- Companionable Crow, The
Walter Prichard Eaton 527
Illustrations in Tint by Walter King
Stone.
- Control of Soil Fertility, The
Robert W. Bruère 696
Illustrated with Photographs.
- Conviction of Sin, The. A Story
Dorothy Canfield 826
Illustrations by Edward L. Chase.
- Culture and Prejudice
Henry Seidel Canby 853
- Cup and the Lip, The. A Story
Katharine Fullerton Gerould 686
Illustrations by Fanny Munsell.
- Darby and Joan. A Story
Louise Connolly 139
Illustrations by John Alonzo Williams
- Deeper Diagnosis, The. A Story
Eleanor Stuart 787
Illustrations by Howard E. Smith.
- Dividing Up. A Story. Howard Brubaker 270
Illustrations by F. Strothmann.
- Dream Drummer, The. A Story
Arthur Johnson 101
Illustrations by Stockton Mulford.
- Editor's Drawer... 155, 317, 479, 641, 803, 965
- INTRODUCTORY STORIES
- "The Legend of the First Cam-u-el,"
by Arthur Guiterman (illustrations by F.
Strothmann), 155; "Breakfast for Two,"
by Franklin James (illustrations by Ed-
ward L. Chase), 317; "Mrs. Weldon
Breakfasts Early," by Franklin James
(illustrations by Edward L. Chase), 479;
"Badinage at Breakfast," by Franklin
James (illustrations by Edward L.
Chase), 641; "Twenty-three Dollars,"
by Howard Brubaker (illustrations by
Ray Rohn), 803; "A Wailing Ballad,"
by Burges Johnson (illustrations by J.
Conacher), 965.
- Editor's Easy Chair... W. D. Howells
149, 309, 472, 634, 796, 958
- Editor's Study... The Editor
152, 313, 476, 638, 800, 962
- Enemy Wanted. A Story
Howard Brubaker 554
Illustrations by F. Strothmann.
- Flags on the Tower, The. A Story
Alice Brown 664
Illustrations by F. Walter Taylor.
- Flint and Fire. A Story
Dorothy Canfield 723
Illustrations by Anna Whelan Betts.
- Gorilla, The. A Story
Richard Washburn Child 223
- Harbor Voyages
Winfield M. Thompson 211
Illustrations in Tint by W. J. Aylward.
- He that Cometh After. A Story
Marjorie L. C. Pickthall 123
- How Napoleon Really Looked
Camille Gronkowski 489
With Reproductions of Portraits and
Miniatures.

How to Make History Dates Stick Mark Twain 3 Illustrations by the Author.	Nature and the Psalmist Walter Prichard Eaton 868 Illustrations in Tint by Walter King Stone.
In the Switch-yard. A Story Keene Abbott 626 Illustrations by Gayle Hoskins.	Ninth Man, The. Part II Mary Heaton Vorse 128 Illustrations by Frank Craig.
Is Civilization Determined by Climate? Ellsworth Huntington 943	On Schedule. A Story Louise Kennedy Mabie 843 Illustrations by John Alonzo Williams.
John Hay as Secretary of State Compiled and Edited by William Roscoe Thayer 836 From his Unpublished Letters.	Other People, The.....Corra Harris 54
John Hay in Politics and Diplomacy Compiled and Edited by William Roscoe Thayer 735 From his Unpublished Letters and Diaries.	Our First Car.....Louise Closser Hale 651 Illustrations in Tint by Walter Hale.
"Karl Friedrich Abel," by Thomas Gainsborough. Comment by Charles A. Caffin 624 Engraved on Wood by Henry Wolf from the Original Painting.	Over the Ice with Stefansson Burt M. McConnell 672 Illustrated with Photographs.
Lilies Before Swine...Ripley Hitchcock 617	Phoenix, The. A Story Olivia Howard Dunbar 245
Lincoln and Some Union Generals Compiled and Edited by William Roscoe Thayer 93 From the Unpublished Diaries of John Hay.	Pin-prick, The. A Story...May Sinclair 392
Malady Aforethought. A Story Howard Brubaker 706 Illustrations by F. Strothmann.	Poison Ship, The. A Story Morgan Robertson 952 Illustrations by F. E. Schoonover.
Material Needs of Our Diplomatic Ser- vice, The.....David Jayne Hill 448	"Portrait, A," by Seymour Thomas. Comment by W. Stanton Howard 795 Engraved on Wood by Henry Wolf from the Original Painting.
Matter of Education, A. A Story Wilbur Daniel Steele 894 Illustrations by T. D. Skidmore.	Power of the Press, The. A Story Howard Brubaker 86
Messages of Spring. A Story Alan Sullivan 743	Relapse, The. A Story Alice Duer Miller 879
Mr. Durgan and the Futurists. A Story Maude Radford Warren 776 Illustrations by Walter Biggs.	Rescue of the "Karluk" Survivors, The Burt M. McConnell 349 Illustrated with Photographs.
Mr. Durgan and the Servant Problem. A Story. Maude Radford Warren 337 Illustrations by Walter Biggs.	Revolt of Youth, The. A Story Ethel M. Kelley 935 Illustrations by S. J. Woolf.
Mr. Durgan's Cousin Beatrice. A Story Maude Radford Warren 16 Illustrations by Walter Biggs.	Robin the Bobbin. A Story Vale Downie 39 Illustrations by Denman Fink.
"Mrs. Alexander Campbell," by Sir Henry Raeburn. Comment by W. Stanton Howard 252 Engraved on Wood by Henry Wolf from the Original Painting.	Second Wife, The. A Story Sophie Kerr Underwood 859 Illustration by Walter L. Greene.
My Cousin's Bridegroom. A Story Arthur Johnson 572	Shipmates of the Coral Sea Norman Duncan 425 Illustrations by George Harding.
My Quest in the Canadian Rockies Mary L. Jobe 813 Illustrated with Photographs.	Smugglers of the Yorkshire Coast Walter Wood 885 Illustrations by M. J. Burns.
	"Song-Ballets and Devil's Ditties" W. A. Bradley 901 Illustrations by W. J. Duncan.
	Sorcerers' Work.....Norman Duncan 922 Illustrations by George Harding.
	Soul-maker, The. A Story Helen R. Hull 589 Illustrations by T. K. Hanna.

- Sour Sweetings. A Story
Mary E. Wilkins Freeman 199
Illustrations by Edwin F. Bayha.
- Spanish Elopement, A. A Story
Katharine Lee Bates 522
- Stone Dog, The. A Story
Arthur Johnson 438
Illustrations by May Wilson Preston.
- Substitute, The. A Story
Georgia Wood Pangborn 59
- Temperament to Discipline, A. A
Story.....Roy R. Gardner 361
- Their Deferred Moment. A Story
Edna M. Owings 915
Illustrations by John Alonzo Williams.
- Thursday Island.....Norman Duncan 748
Illustrations by George Harding.
- Torch, The. A Story
Maude Radford Warren 609
Illustrations by Lucius Wolcott Hitch-
cock.
- Treasures of the Snow, The
Richard Le Gallienne 381
Photographs in Tint by Paul L. Ander-
son.
- "Tropic Bird, The." A Story
Mary Tracy Earle 762
- Turmoil, The. A Novel (Continued)
Booth Tarkington...65, 253, 398, 578
Illustrations by C. E. Chambers.
- Undergraduate Background, The
Henry Seidel Canby 466
- Washington After the War
Compiled and Edited by William
Roscoe Thayer..... 327
From the Unpublished Diaries of
John Hay.
Illustrated with Photographs.
- Wax Bust, The. A Story..Marie Scherr 457
Illustrations by W. Hatherell, R. I
- What Is Pure English?
Brander Matthews 550
- Winter Holidays.....Harrison Rhodes 28
Illustrations in Tint by Howard Giles.
- With Lincoln at the White House
Compiled and Edited by William
Roscoe Thayer 165
From the Unpublished Diaries of
John Hay.
Illustrated with Photographs and a
Painting by Howard Pyle.
- Wonderful World, A...John Burroughs 715
- Work and Weather
Ellsworth Huntington 233
Illustrated with Diagrams.
- Yellow Cat, The. A Story
Wilbur Daniel Steele 540
Illustrations by F. E. Schoonover.
- Young Love. A Story
Elizabeth Jordan 292
Illustrations by Fanny Munsell.

POEMS

- Beyond the Bounds
Wilton Agnew Barrett 858
- Brave, The.... Florence Earle Coates 714
- Brook, The.....Edith M. Thomas 127
- Check! A..... James Stephens 616
- Derelicts, The..... Robert Healy 424
- Encounter.....Dorothea Mackellar 562
- Face at Christmas, A....Dana Burnet 15
- Glory of the Grass, The
Claire Wallace Flynn 64
- Harvest.....Dana Burnet 705
- Hunger..... Dana Burnet 571
- New House, The
Fannie Stearns Gifford 278
- On Your Birthday
Marion Keep Patton 588
- Pax Beata.....Mary Rachel Norris 761
- Rachel Comforted.....Louis How 465
- Red-Cross Nurse, The
Edith M. Thomas 539
- Service, The.....Burges Johnson 397
- Ships.....John Masefield 115
Photographs by Alvin Langdon Coburn.
- Silence.....Charles Hanson Towne 734
- Slaves.....Amelia Josephine Burr 747
- Song.....Margaret Widdemer 671
- Song.....Marion Keep Patton 456
- Song in the Dusk.....Dana Burnet 413
- Spell for a Fairy, A.....Alfred Noyes 598
- Thistledown.....Edith M. Thomas 198
- Triumph.....Margaret Widdemer 291
- Vanishing, The
Harriet Prescott Spofford 633



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Painting by Frank Craig

Illustration for "The Ninth Man"

"ONE-NINTH OF YOU ARE TO DIE!" WAS ECHOED TO US LIKE A TOLLING BELL



HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Vol. cxxx

December, 1914.

No. DCCLXXV



How to Make History Dates Stick *By Mark Twain*

With Many Illustrations by the Author



THESE chapters are for children, and I shall try to make the words large enough to command respect. In the hope that you are listening, and that you have confidence in me, I will proceed. Dates are difficult things to acquire; and after they are acquired it is difficult to keep them in the head. But they are very valuable. They are like the cattle-pens of a ranch—they shut in the several brands of historical cattle, each within its own fence, and keep them from getting mixed together. Dates are hard to

remember because they consist of figures; figures are monotonously unstriking in appearance, and they don't take hold, they form no pictures, and so they give the eye no chance to help. Pictures are the thing. Pictures can make dates stick. They can make nearly anything stick—particularly *if you make the pictures yourself*. Indeed, that is the great point—make the pictures yourself. I know about this from experience. Thirty years ago I was delivering a memorized lecture every night, and every night I had to help myself with a page of notes to keep from getting my-

self mixed. The notes consisted of beginnings of sentences, and were eleven in number, and they ran something like this:

was sure I could shut my eyes and see them any time. That was a quarter of a century ago; the lecture vanished out of my head more than twenty years ago,



FIG. 1

"In that region the weather—"

"At that time it was a custom—"

"But in California one never heard—"

Eleven of them. They initialed the brief divisions of the lecture and protected me against skipping. But they all looked about alike on the page; they formed no picture; I had them by heart, but I could never with certainty remember the order of their succession; therefore I always had to keep those notes by me and look at them every little while. Once I mislaid them; you will not be able to imagine the terrors of that evening. I now saw that I must invent some other protection. So I got ten of the initial letters by heart in their proper order—I, A, B, and so on—and I went on the platform the next night with these marked in ink on my ten fingernails. But it didn't answer. I kept track of the fingers for a while; then I lost it, and after that I was never quite sure which finger I had used last. I couldn't lick off a letter after using it, for while that would have made success certain it would also have provoked too much curiosity. There was curiosity enough without that. To the audience I seemed more interested in my fingernails than I was in my subject; one or two persons asked me afterward what was the matter with my hands.

It was now that the idea of pictures occurred to me; then my troubles passed away. In two minutes I made six pictures with a pen, and they did the work of the eleven catch-sentences, and did it perfectly. I threw the pictures away as soon as they were made, for I

but I could rewrite it from the pictures—for they remain. Here are three of them: (Fig. 1).

The first one is a haystack—below it a rattlesnake—and it told me where to begin to talk ranch-life in Carson Valley. The second one told me where to begin to talk about a strange and violent wind that used to burst upon Carson City from the Sierra Nevadas every afternoon at two o'clock and try to blow the town away. The third picture, as you easily perceive, is lightning; its duty was to remind me when it was time to begin to talk about San Francisco weather, where there *is* no lightning—nor thunder, either—and it never failed me.

I will give you a valuable hint. When a man is making a speech and you are to follow him don't jot down notes to speak from, jot down *pictures*. It is awkward and embarrassing to have to keep referring to notes; and besides it breaks up your speech and makes it ragged and non-coherent; but you can tear up your pictures as soon as you have made them—they will stay fresh and strong in your memory in the order and sequence in which you scratched them down. And many will admire to see what a good memory you are furnished with, when perhaps your memory is not any better than mine.

Sixteen years ago when my children were little creatures the governess was trying to hammer some primer histories into their heads. Part of this fun—if you like to call it that—consisted in the memorizing of the accession dates of the thirty-seven personages who had ruled

over England from the Conqueror down. These little people found it a bitter, hard contract. It was all dates, they all looked alike, and they wouldn't stick. Day after day of the summer vacation dribbled by, and still the kings held the fort; the children couldn't conquer any six of them.

With my lecture experience in mind I was aware that I could invent some way out of the trouble with pictures, but I hoped a way could be found which would let them romp in the open air while they learned the kings. I found it, and then they mastered all the monarchs in a day or two.

The idea was to make them *see* the reigns with their eyes; that would be a large help. We were at the farm then. From the house-porch the grounds sloped gradually down to the lower fence and rose on the right to the high ground where my small work-den stood. A carriage road wound through the grounds and up the hill. I staked it out with the English monarchs, beginning with the Conqueror, and you could stand on the porch and clearly see every reign and its length, from the Conquest down to Victoria, then in the forty-sixth year of her reign—*eight hundred and seventeen years* of English history under your eye at once!

English history was an unusually live topic in America just then. The world had suddenly realized that while it was not noticing the Queen had passed Henry VIII., passed Henry VI. and Elizabeth, and gaining in length every day. Her reign had entered the list of the long ones; everybody was interested now—it was watching a race. Would she pass the long Edward? There was a possibility of it. Would she pass the long Henry? Doubtful, most people said. The long George? Impossible! Everybody said it. But we have lived to see her leave him two years behind.

I measured off 817 feet of the roadway, a foot representing a year, and at the beginning and end of each reign I drove a three-foot white-pine stake in the turf by the roadside and wrote the name and dates on it. Abreast the middle of the

porch-front stood a great granite flower-vase overflowing with a cataract of bright-yellow flowers—I can't think of their name. The vase was William the Conqueror. We put his name on it and his accession date, 1066. We started from that and measured off twenty-one feet of the road, and drove William Rufus's stake; then thirteen feet and drove the first Henry's stake; then

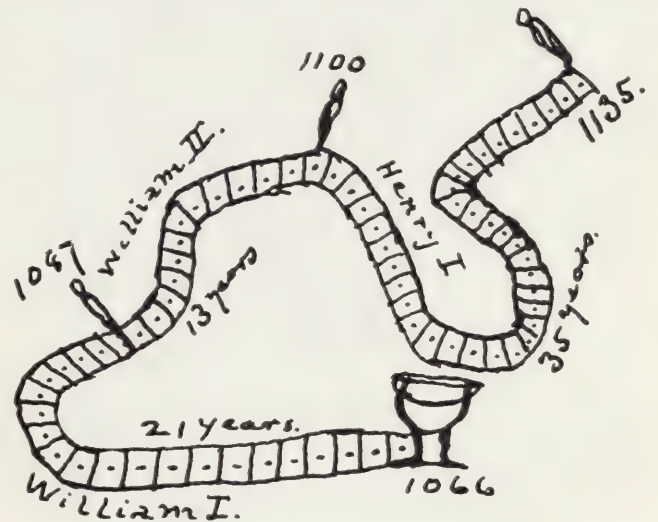


FIG. 2

thirty-five feet and drove Stephen's; then nineteen feet, which brought us just past the summer-house on the left; then we staked out thirty-five, ten, and seventeen for the second Henry and Richard and John; turned the curve and entered upon just what was needed for Henry III.—a level straight stretch of fifty-six feet of road without a crinkle in it. And it lay exactly in front of the house, in the middle of the grounds. There couldn't have been a better place for that long reign; you could stand on the porch and see those two wide-apart stakes almost with your eyes shut. (Fig. 2.)

That isn't the shape of the road—I have bunched it up like that to save room. The road had some great curves in it, but their gradual sweep was such that they were no mar to history. No, in our road one could tell at a glance who was who by the size of the vacancy between stakes—with *locality* to help, of course.

Although I am away off here in a Swedish village¹ and those stakes did

¹ Summer of 1899.

not stand till the snow came, I can see them to-day as plainly as ever; and whenever I think of an English monarch his stakes rise before me of their own accord and I notice the large or small space which he takes up on our road. Are your kings spaced off in your mind? When you think of Richard III. and of James II. do the durations of their reigns seem about alike to you? It isn't so to me; I always notice that there's a foot's difference. When you think of Henry III. do you see a great long stretch of straight road? I do; and just at the end where it joins on to Edward I. I always see a small pear-bush with its green fruit hanging down. When I think of the Commonwealth I see a shady little group of these small saplings which we called the oak parlor; when I think of George III. I see him stretching up the hill, part of him occupied by a flight of stone steps; and I can locate Stephen to an inch when he comes into my mind, for he just filled the stretch which went by the summer-house. Victoria's reign reached almost to my study door on the first little summit; there's sixteen feet to be added now; I believe that that would carry it to a big pine-tree that was shattered by some lightning one summer when it was trying to hit me.

We got a good deal of fun out of the history road; and exercise, too. We trotted the course from the Conqueror to the study, the children calling out the

Edward VI., and the short Stuart and Plantagenet, to give time to get in the statistics. I offered prizes, too—apples. I threw one as far as I could send it, and the child that first shouted the reign it fell in got the apple.

The children were encouraged to stop locating things as being "over by the arbor," or "in the oak parlor," or "up at the stone steps," and say instead that the things were in Stephen, or in the Commonwealth, or in George III. They got the habit without trouble. To have the long road mapped out with such exactness was a great boon for me, for I had the habit of leaving books and other articles lying around everywhere, and had not previously been able to definitely name the place, and so had often been obliged to go to fetch them myself, to save time and failure; but now I could name the reign I left them in, and send the children.

NEXT I thought I would measure off the French reigns, and peg them alongside the English ones, so that we could always have contemporaneous French history under our eyes as we went our English rounds. We pegged them down to the Hundred Years' War, then threw the idea aside, I do not now remember why. After that we made the English pegs fence in European and American history as well as English, and that answered very well. English and alien poets, statesmen, artists, heroes,

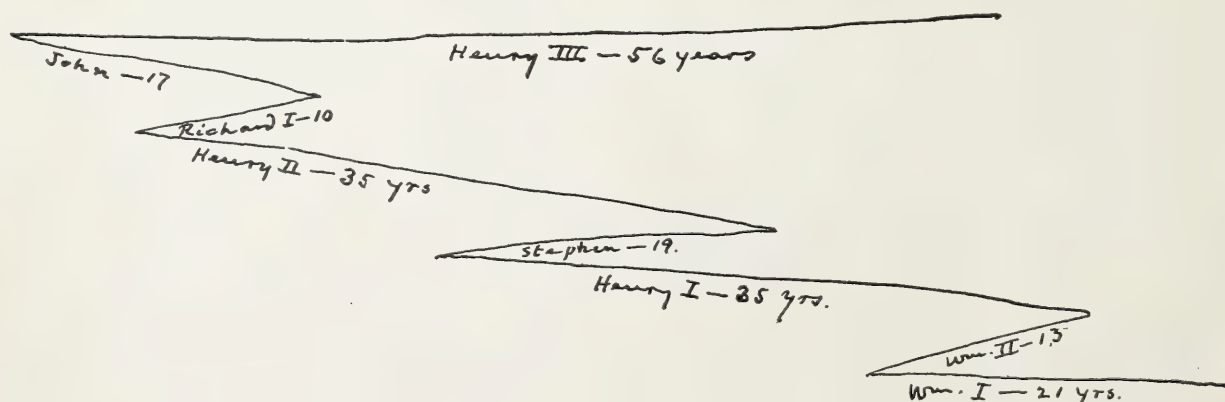


FIG. 3

names, dates, and length of reigns as we passed the stakes, going a good gait along the long reigns, but slowing down when we came upon people like Mary and

battles, plagues, cataclysms, revolutions—we shoveled them all into the English fences according to their dates. Do you understand? We gave Washington's

birth to George II.'s pegs and his death to George III.'s; George II. got the Lisbon earthquake and George III. the Declaration of Independence. Goethe, Shakespeare, Napoleon, Savonarola, Joan of Arc, the French Revolution, the Edict of Nantes, Clive, Wellington, Waterloo, Plassey, Patay, Cowpens, Saratoga, the Battle of the Boyne, the invention of the logarithms, the micro-

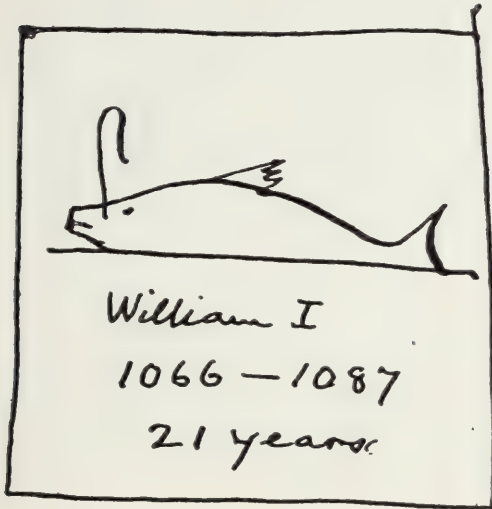


FIG. 4

scope, the steam-engine, the telegraph—anything and everything all over the world—we dumped it all in among the English pegs according to its date and regardless of its nationality.

If the road-pegging scheme had not succeeded I should have lodged the kings in the children's heads by means of pictures—that is, I should have tried. It might have failed, for the pictures could only be effective *when made by the pupil*, not the master, for it is the work put upon the drawing that makes the drawing stay in the memory, and my children were too little to make drawings at that time. And, besides, they had no talent for art, which is strange, for in other ways they are like me.

But I will develop the picture plan now, hoping that you will be able to use it. It will come good for indoors when the weather is bad and one cannot go outside and peg a road. Let us imagine that the kings are a procession, and that they have come out of the Ark and down Ararat for exercise and are now starting back again up the zigzag road.

This will bring several of them into view at once, and each zigzag will represent the length of a king's reign. (Fig. 3.)

And so on. I cannot map out any more of the mountain road; it would take up too much space. But you get the idea. You will have plenty of space, for by my project you will use the parlor wall. You do not mark on the wall; that would cause trouble. You only attach bits of paper to it with pins or thumb-tacks. These will leave no mark.

Take your pen now, and twenty-one pieces of white paper, each two inches square, and we will do the twenty-one years of the Conqueror's reign. On each square draw a picture of a whale and write the dates and term of service. We choose the whale for several reasons: its name and William's begin with the same letter; it is the biggest fish that swims, and William is the most conspicuous figure in English history in the way of a landmark; finally, a whale is about the easiest thing to draw. By the time you have drawn twenty-one whales and written "William I—1066—1087—twenty-one years" twenty-one times those details will be your property; you cannot dislodge them from your memory with anything but dynamite. I will make a sample for you to copy: (Fig. 4).

I have got his chin up too high, but that is no matter; he is looking for Harold. It may be that a whale hasn't that fin up there on his back, but I do not remember; and so, since there is a doubt, it is best to err on the safe side.

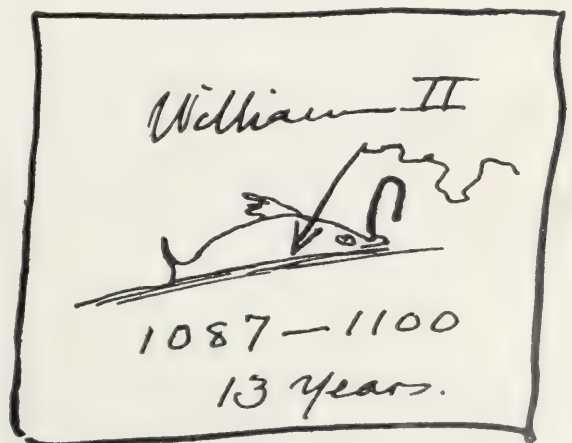


FIG. 5

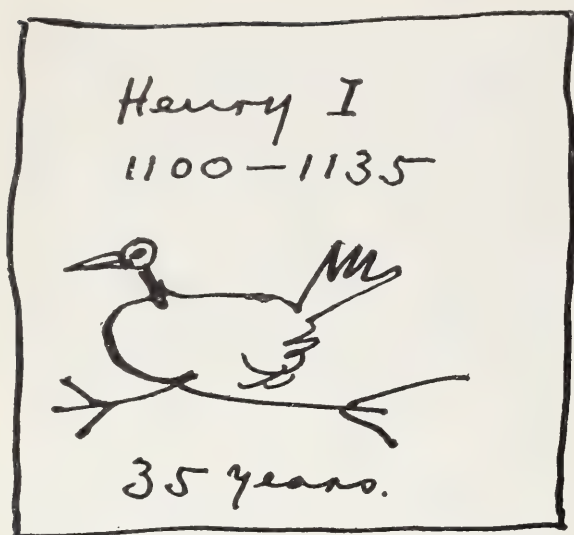


FIG. 6

He looks better, anyway, than he would without it.

Be very careful and *attentive* while you are drawing your first whale from my sample and writing the word and figures under it, so that you will not need to copy the sample any more. Compare your copy with the sample; examine closely; if you find you have got everything right and can shut your eyes and see the picture and call the words and figures, then turn the sample and the copy upside down and make the next copy from memory; and also the next and next, and so on, always drawing and writing from memory until you have finished the whole twenty-one. This will take you twenty minutes, or thirty,

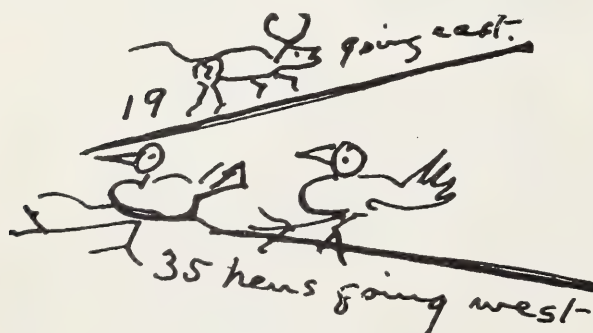


FIG. 8

and by that time you will find that you can make a whale in less time than an unpractised person can make a sardine; also, up to the time you die you

will always be able to furnish William's dates to any ignorant person that inquires after them.

You will now take thirteen pieces of *blue* paper, each two inches square, and do William II. (Fig. 5.)

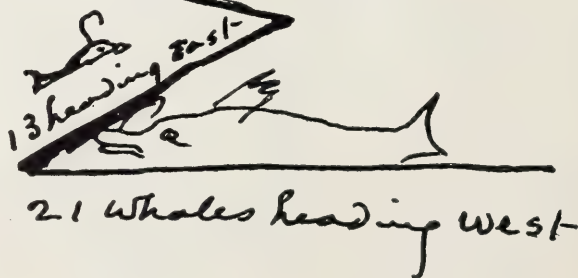
Make him spout his water forward instead of backward; also make him small, and stick a harpoon in him and give him that sick look in the eye. Otherwise you might seem to be continuing the other William, and that would be confusing and a damage. It is quite right to make him small; he was only about a No. 11 whale, or along there somewhere; there wasn't room in him for his father's great spirit. The barb of that harpoon ought not to show like that, because it is down inside the whale and ought to be out of sight, but it cannot be helped; if the barb were removed people would think some one had stuck a whip-stock into the whale. It is best to leave the barb the way it is, then every one will know it is a harpoon and attending to business.



FIG. 7

Remember—draw from the copy only once; make your other twelve and the inscription from memory.

Now the truth is that whenever you have copied a picture and its inscription once from my sample and two or three times from memory the details will stay with you and be hard to forget. After that, if you like, you may make merely the whale's *head and water-spout* for the Conqueror till you end his reign, each



time *saying* the inscription in place of writing it; and in the case of William II. make the *harpoon* alone, and say over the inscription each time you do it. You see, it will take nearly twice as long to do the first set as it will to do the second, and that will give you a marked sense of the difference in length of the two reigns.

Next do Henry I. on thirty-five squares of *red* paper. (Fig. 6.)

That is a hen, and suggests Henry by furnishing the first syllable. When you have repeated the hen and the inscription until you are perfectly sure of them, draw merely the hen's head the rest of the thirty-five times, saying over the inscription each time. Thus: (Fig. 7).

You begin to understand now how

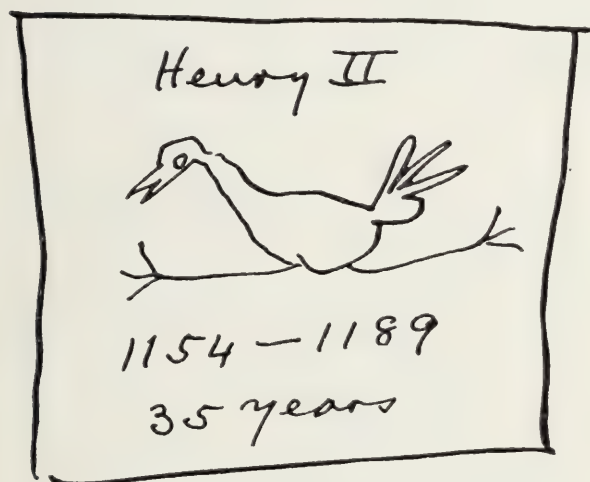


FIG. 10

this procession is going to look when it is on the wall. First, there will be the Conqueror's twenty-one whales and water-spouts, the twenty-one white squares joined to one another and making a white stripe three and one-half feet long; the thirteen blue squares of William II. will be joined to that—a blue stripe two feet, two inches long, followed by Henry's red stripe five feet, ten inches long, and so on. The colored divisions will smartly show to the eye the difference in the length of the reigns and impress the proportions on the memory and the understanding. (Fig. 8.)

Stephen of Blois comes next. He requires nineteen two-inch squares of yellow paper. (Fig. 9.)

That is a steer. The sound suggests the beginning of Stephen's name. I choose it for that reason. I can make



FIG. 9

a better steer than that when I am not excited. But this one will do. It is a good-enough steer for history. The tail is defective, but it only wants straightening out.

Next comes Henry II. Give him thirty-five squares of *red* paper. These hens must face west, like the former ones. (Fig. 10.)

This hen differs from the other one. He is on his way to inquire what has been happening at Canterbury.

NOW we arrive at Richard I., called Richard of the Lion-heart because he was a brave fighter and was never so contented as when he was leading crusades in Palestine and neglecting his affairs at home. Give him ten squares of *white* paper. (Fig. 11.)

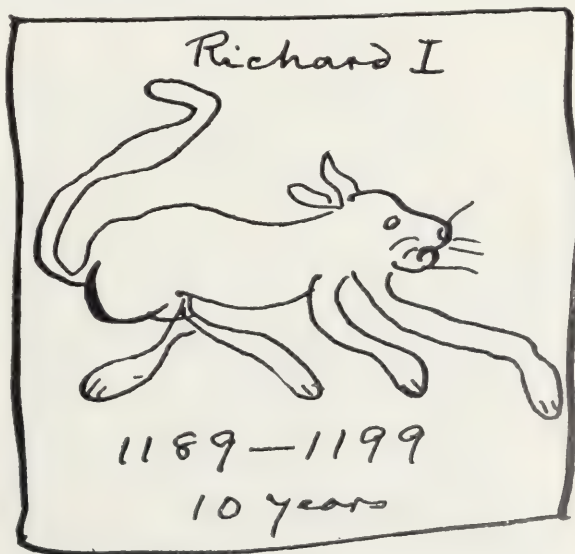


FIG. 11



FIG. 12

That is a lion. His office is to remind you of the lion-hearted Richard. There is something the matter with his legs, but I do not quite know what it is, they do not seem right. I think the hind ones are the most unsatisfactory; the front ones are well enough, though it would be better if they were rights and lefts.

Next comes King John, and he was a poor circumstance. He was called Lackland. He gave his realm to the Pope. Let him have seventeen squares of *yellow* paper. (Fig. 12.)

That creature is a Jamboree. It looks like a trade-mark, but that is only an accident and not intentional. It is prehistoric and extinct. It used to roam the earth in the Old Silurian times, and

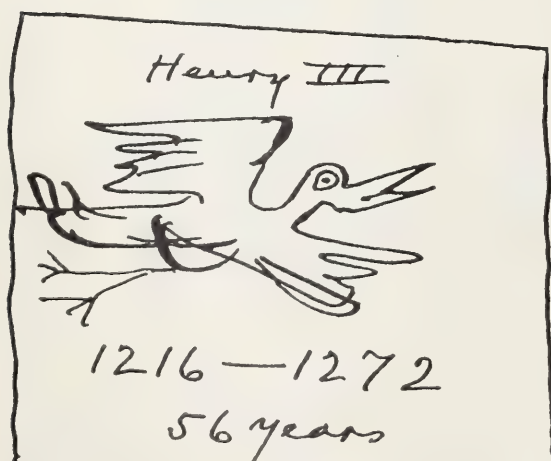


FIG. 13

lay eggs and catch fish and climb trees and live on fossils; for it was of a mixed breed, which was the fashion then. It was very fierce, and the Old Silurians were afraid of it, but this is a tame one. Physically it has no representative now, but its mind has been transmitted. First I drew it sitting down, but have turned it the other way now because I think it looks more attractive and spirited when one end of it is galloping. I love to think that in this attitude it gives us a pleasant idea of John coming all in a happy excitement to see what the barons have been arranging for him at Runnymede, while the other one gives us an idea of him sitting down to wring his hands and grieve over it.

We now come to Henry III.; *red* squares again, of course—fifty-six of them. We must make all the Henrys the same color; it will make their long

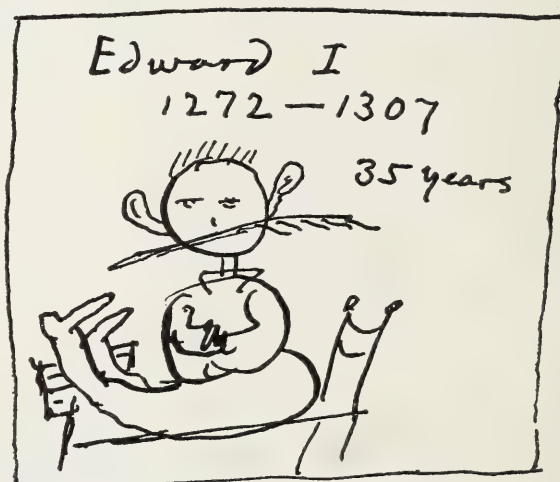


FIG. 14

reigns show up handsomely on the wall. Among all the eight Henrys there were but two short ones. A lucky name, as far as longevity goes. The reigns of six of the Henrys cover 227 years. It might have been well to name all the royal princes Henry, but this was overlooked until it was too late. (Fig. 13.)

That is the best one yet. He is on his way (1265) to have a look at the first House of Commons in English history. It was a monumental event, the situation of the House, and was the second great liberty landmark which the century had set up. I have made Henry

looking glad, but this was not intentional.

Edward I. comes next; *light-brown* paper, thirty-five squares. (Fig. 14.)

That is an editor. He is trying to think of a word. He props his feet on the chair, which is the editor's way; then he can think better. I do not care much for this one; his ears are not alike; still, editor suggests the sound of Edward, and he will do. I could make him better if I had a model, but I made this one from memory. But it is no particular matter; they all look alike, anyway. They are conceited and troublesome, and don't pay enough. Edward was the first really English king that had yet occupied the throne. The editor in

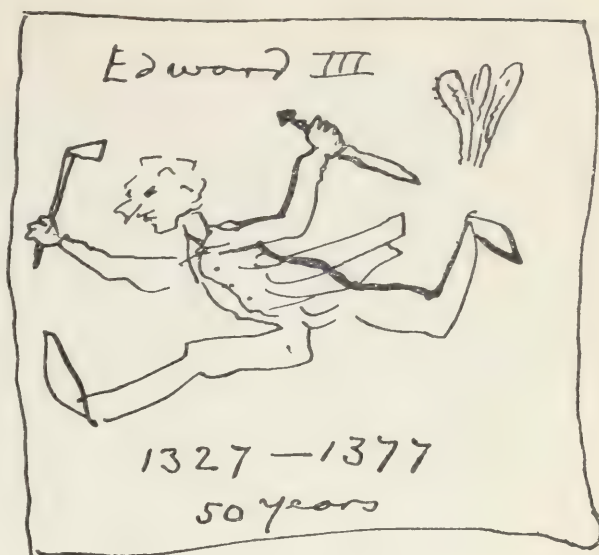


FIG. 16

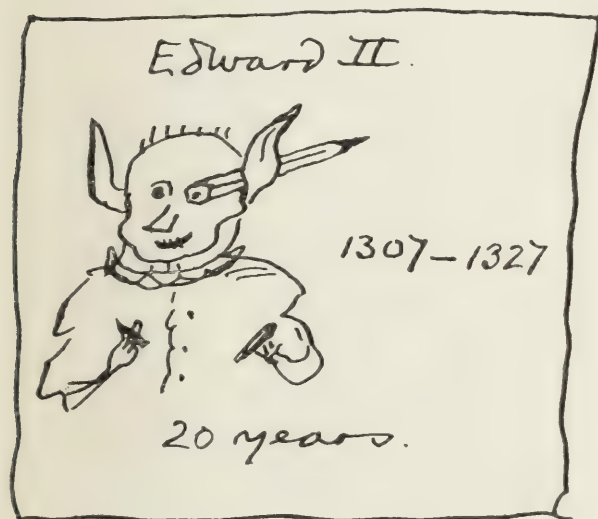


FIG. 15

the picture probably looks just as Edward looked when it was first borne in upon him that this was so. His whole attitude expressed gratification and pride mixed with stupefaction and astonishment.

Edward II. now; twenty *blue* squares. (Fig. 15.)

Another editor. That thing behind his ear is his blue pencil. Whenever he finds a bright thing in your manuscript he strikes it out with that. That does him good, and makes him smile and show his teeth, the way he is doing in the picture. This one has just been striking out a smart thing, and now he is sitting there with his thumbs in his vest-holes, gloating. They are full of envy and

malice, editors are. This picture will serve to remind you that Edward II. was the first English king who was *deposed*. Upon demand, he signed his deposition himself. He had found kingship a most aggravating and disagreeable occupation, and you can see by the look of him that he is glad he resigned. He has put his blue pencil up for good now. He had struck out many a good thing with it in his time.

Edward III. next; fifty *red* squares. (Fig. 16.)

This editor is a critic. He has pulled out his carving-knife and his tomahawk and is starting after a book which he is going to have for breakfast. This one's arms are put on wrong. I did not notice it at first, but I see it now. Somehow he has got his right arm on his left

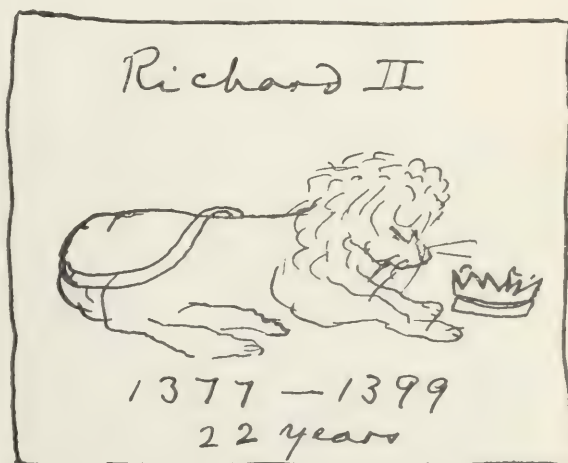


FIG. 17

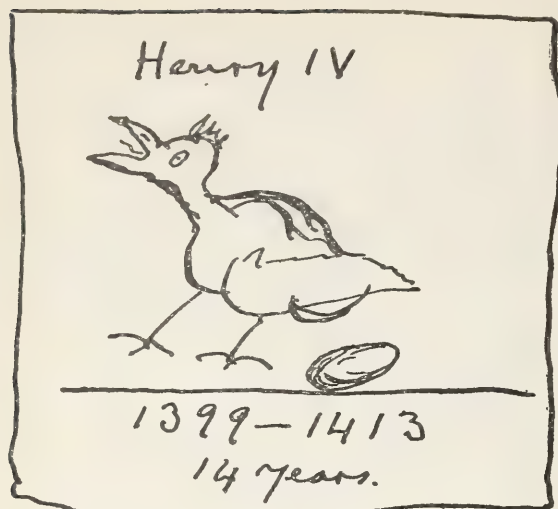


FIG. 18

shoulder, and his left arm on the right shoulder, and this shows us the back of his hands in both instances. It makes him left-handed all around, which is a thing which has never happened before,

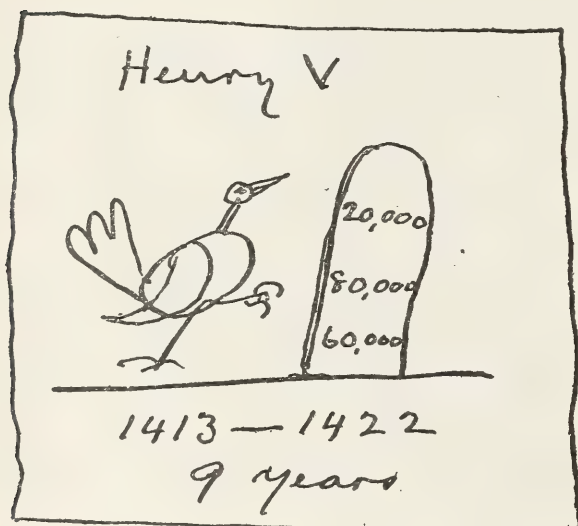


FIG. 19

except perhaps in a museum. That is the way with art, when it is not acquired but born to you: you start in to make some simple little thing, not suspecting that your genius is beginning to work and swell and strain in secret, and all of a sudden there is a convulsion and you fetch out something astonishing. This is called inspiration. It is an accident; you never know when it is coming. I might have tried as much as a year to think of such a strange thing as an all-

around left-handed man and I could not have done it, for the more you try to think of an unthinkable thing the more it eludes you; but it can't elude inspiration; you have only to bait with inspiration and you will get it every time. Look at Botticelli's "Spring." Those snaky women were unthinkable, but inspiration secured them for us, thanks to goodness. It is too late to reorganize this editor-critic now; we will leave him as he is. He will serve to remind us.

Richard II. next; twenty-two *white* squares. (Fig. 17.)

We use the lion again because this is another Richard. Like Edward II., he was *deposed*. He is taking a last sad look at his crown before they take it away. There was not room enough and I have made it too small; but it never fitted him, anyway.

NOW we turn the corner of the century with a new line of monarchs—the Lancastrian kings.

Henry IV.; fourteen squares of *yellow* paper. (Fig. 18.)

This hen has laid the egg of a new dynasty and realizes the imposing magnitude of the event. She is giving notice in the usual way. You notice that I am improving in the construction of hens. At first I made them too much like other animals, but this one is orthodox. I mention this to encourage you. You will find that the more you practise the more accurate you will become. I could always draw animals, but before

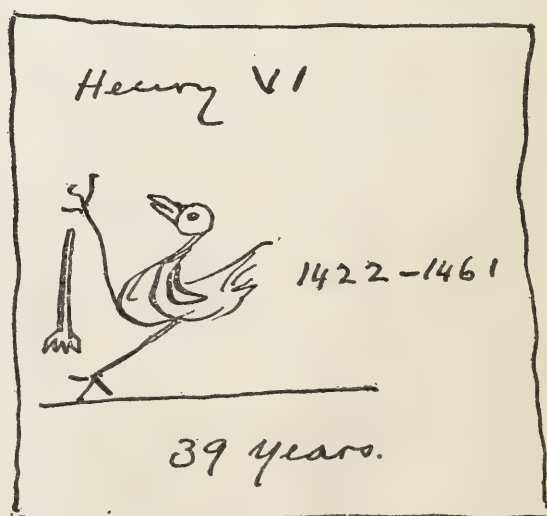


FIG. 20

I was educated I could not tell what kind they were when I got them done, but now I can. Keep up your courage; it will be the same with you, although you may not think it. This Henry died the year after Joan of Arc was born.

Henry V.; nine *blue* squares. (Fig. 19.)

There you see him lost in meditation over the monument which records the amazing figures of the battle of Agincourt. French history says 20,000 Englishmen routed 80,000 Frenchmen there; and English historians say that the French loss, in killed and wounded, was 60,000.

Henry VI.; thirty-nine *red* squares.

This is poor Henry VI., who reigned long and scored many misfortunes and humiliations. Also two great disasters: he lost France to Joan of Arc and he lost the throne and ended the dynasty which Henry IV. had started in business with such good prospects. In the picture we see him sad and weary and downcast, with the scepter falling from his nerveless grasp. It is a pathetic quenching of a sun which had risen in such splendor.

Edward IV.; twenty-two *light-brown* squares. (Fig. 21.)

That is a society editor, sitting there elegantly dressed, with his legs crossed in that indolent way, observing the clothes the ladies wear, so that he can describe them for his paper and make them out finer than they are and get bribes for it and become wealthy. That flower which he is wearing in his button-hole is a rose—a white rose, a York rose—and will serve to remind us of the

Wars of the Roses, and that the white one was the winning color when Edward got the throne and dispossessed the Lancastrian dynasty.

Edward V.; one-third of a *black* square. (Fig. 22.)

His uncle Richard had him murdered in the tower. When you get the reigns displayed upon the wall this one will be conspicuous and easily remembered. It is the shortest one in English history except

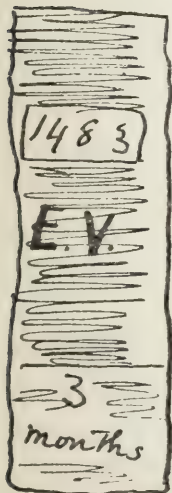


FIG. 22

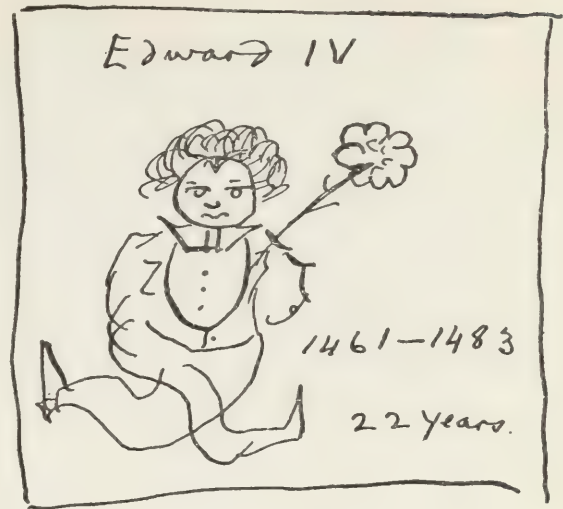


FIG. 21

Lady Jane Grey's, which was only nine days. She is never officially recognized as a monarch of England, but if you or I should ever occupy a throne we should like to have proper notice taken of it; and it would be only fair and right, too, particularly if we gained nothing by it and lost our life besides.

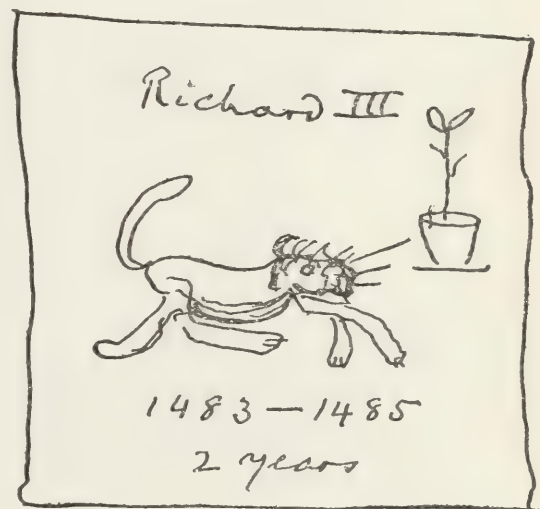


FIG. 23

Richard III.; two *white* squares. (Fig. 23.)

That is not a very good lion, but Richard was not a very good king. You would think that this lion has two heads, but that is not so; one is only a shadow. There would be shadows for the rest of him, but there was not light enough to go round, it being a dull day, with only fleeting sun-glimpses now and then.

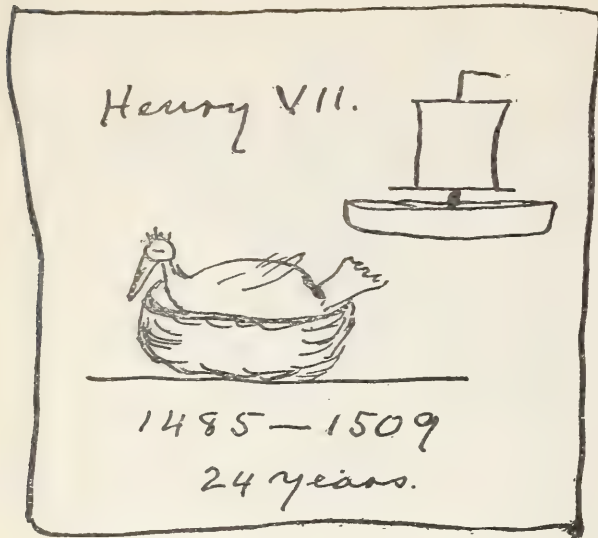


FIG. 24

Richard had a humped back and a hard heart, and fell at the battle of Bosworth. I do not know the name of that flower in the pot, but we will use it as Richard's trade-mark, for it is said that it grows in only one place in the world—Bosworth Field—and tradition says it never grew there until Richard's royal blood warmed its hidden seed to life and made it grow.

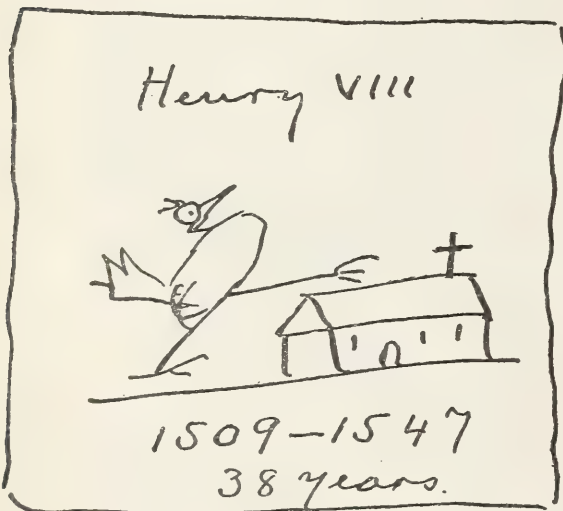


FIG. 25

HENRY VII.; twenty-four *blue* squares. (Fig. 24.)

Henry VII. had no liking for wars and turbulence; he preferred peace and quiet and the general prosperity which such conditions create. He liked to sit on that kind of eggs on his own private account as well as the nation's, and hatch

them out and count up the result. When he died he left his heir £2,000,000, which was a most unusual fortune for a king to possess in those days. Columbus's great achievement gave him the discovery-fever, and he sent Sebastian

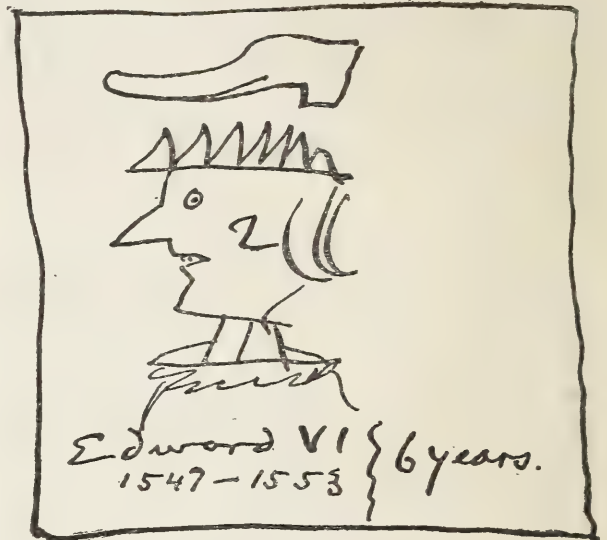


FIG. 26

Cabot to the New World to search out some foreign territory for England. That is Cabot's ship up there in the corner. This was the first time that England went far abroad to enlarge her estate—but not the last.

Henry VIII.; thirty-eight *red* squares. (Fig. 25.)

That is Henry VIII. suppressing a monastery in his arrogant fashion.

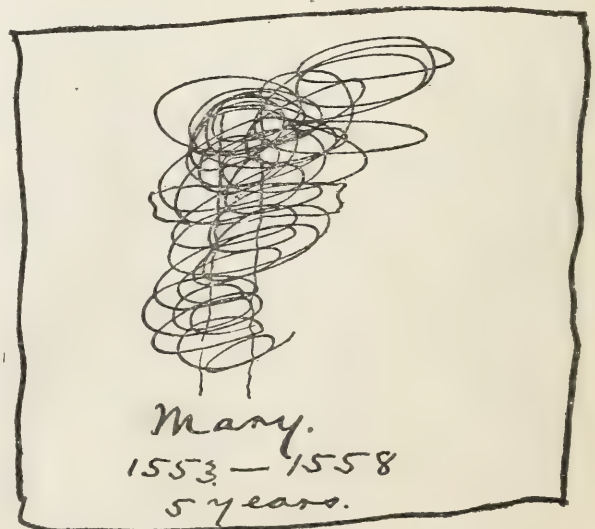


FIG. 27

Edward VI.; six squares of *yellow* paper. (Fig. 26.) He is the last Edward to date. It is indicated by that thing over his head, which is a *last*—shoemaker's last.

Mary; five squares of *black* paper. (Fig. 27.)

The picture represents a burning martyr. He is in back of the smoke. The first three letters of Mary's name and the first three of the word martyr are the same. Martyrdom was going out in her day and martyrs were becoming scarcer, but she made several. For this reason she is sometimes called Bloody Mary.

This brings us to the reign of Elizabeth, after passing through a period of

nearly five hundred years of England's history—492 to be exact. I think you may now be trusted to go the rest of the way without further lessons in art or inspirations in the matter of ideas. You have the scheme now, and something in the ruler's name or career will suggest the pictorial symbol. The effort of inventing such things will not only help your memory, but will develop originality in art. See what it has done for me. If you do not find the parlor wall big enough for all of England's history, continue it into the dining-room and into other rooms. This will make the walls interesting and instructive and really worth something instead of being just flat things to hold the house together.

A Face at Christmas

BY DANA BURNET

A WHITE face at the glowing window-pane—
A face of Failure, weary and ill-scarred;
Nor can the merry holly shut it out,
Nor the bright Tree, flame-dressed and candle-starred.

Eyes at our window, hearts! Nor all the light
Of all our wicks can touch them into gleam;
Deep in their dusk a soul with empty lamp
Kneels at the crumbled altar of a Dream.

How can I give the Gifts of cloth and gold?
How give but dross who might give paradise?
My brother's hurt, laid at my door, is mine—
Myself in judgment startles from his eyes.

Myself and more! Myself and all men's selves,
Bound in that look of his—that weary nod;
Though one bruised soul shall don the world's defeat,
Yet all souls share it. . . . And the sharing's God!

A white face at my threshold! Fling the door—
A house withholden is a house for sin!
Call to the Tramp. . . . Yet hark, what voice replies?
What light leaps up, what Shining Guest comes in?

Mr. Durgan's Cousin Beatrice

BY MAUDE RADFORD WARREN



THE first time Mr. Durgan (my Northern *fiancé*) mentioned his cousin Beatrice was one mighty pretty night when we were coming back from a party at Captain Carter's. Albemarle County certainly is lovely under the moon, and we both felt happy; but Mr. Durgan's happiness would have taken the form of a motor-ride clear to the Blue Ridge Mountains and beyond, while I liked it better just to lean on his arm and smell the roses and look up at the sky. A man doesn't really get a good chance to make love when he's motoring. I always let Mr. Durgan have his own way except when it's better for him not to have it; and so we were walking. Mr. Durgan pressed my arm, and I thought he was going to make some appropriate remark, but what he said was:

"Virginia is the paradise of homely girls."

He's right gallant as a rule, and I could hardly believe my ears.

"Yes," he went on; "there were a lot of homely girls at this party, but that was not the illusion they gave. They had all the assurance in word and air of beauties—and why, Sallie Rives? Because of the charming and chivalrous young Southern men who hung over them as if they *were* beauties. I swear to you, Sallie Rives, that when I see a man down here bending devotedly over a girl I never can tell, until I slew round to get a good look at her, whether she's the Queen of Sheba or a hex."

"I certainly don't consider the girls homely, and the young men behave just as Southern gentlemen should," I replied.

"Of course, Sallie Rives, that's your view because you're too pretty yourself not to be generous in your estimate of the looks of other girls," he said; "all the same, when I looked on at all this

to-night I couldn't help thinking of my cousin Beatrice."

"Let's go slowly past this garden. . . . Your cousin Beatrice?"

"Whose ge-yaw-den is this?" Mr. Durgan asked, with that queer way he has of mimicking what I say. "My cousin Beatrice, Sallie, came from Ireland at the age of one year and settled in Boston. You can imagine that in a clinching match between Ireland and Boston, Boston would win. Beatrice is a little over thirty and she's been teaching school since she was a little under twenty. She's so competent mentally that she always makes me want to lie down in a steamer-chair. She never forgets a fact and she's always collecting them. She never obtrudes her information, but in any conversation in which she takes part some question is sure to be asked to which no one knows the answer except Beatrice. She can do everything, from shingling a roof to playing the piano. She's thin, she wears her hair straight back, and shirt-waists with high starched collars, and boots with soles an inch thick, and she walks as if she'd been laying a bet with Time and was trying to beat him to it. The only men she ever sees are school principals, street-car conductors, and janitors. If poor Beatrice could only get down here she'd have the time of her life. Can you see your nephew, Murry Rives, leaning over Beatrice, and saying to her, 'Will you recite to me again that second provision of the Federal Reserve Act? I never heard anything more interesting.' You may think I'm joking, Sallie Rives, but I'm not. My cousin Beatrice has spent her whole life for all sorts of old, dependent relatives; they're all dead now, and here she is, her first youth gone, without having had any of the fun of youth."

Mr. Durgan certainly is sympathetic, and when he talked that way I could see what a dreary time his cousin had had, and I felt right sorry for her. So I said:

"Mr. Durgan, I'll ask her to visit me as soon as her school is out, and we'll give her one good time."

So that is why, early in June, Mr. Durgan and I drove in to Charlottesville to meet the train from the North that was to bring poor, homely Beatrice. When it drew in, a good many people got off, but no one that fitted Mr. Durgan's description of Beatrice. While we were staring about, a stylishly dressed lady came smiling toward us. Her face certainly was homely, but her black hair was arranged in the latest way, and her hat was one of those things we call a "creation." Mr. Durgan is quite frank, and what he said was:

"Lord of Israel, Beatrice, I didn't know you!"

She blushed a little, and then she said to me: "I guess I'd better be quite frank with you, Miss Rives. I'd be so much obliged if you wouldn't tell any one I'm a school-teacher. I want to forget all about discipline and duty and goodness, and just play a little if I can, and if nobody wants to play with me, why, then I'd like to sit on the outskirts and watch other people. I've always heard that there is so much charm and languor and gaiety in the South, and I've never had a chance to see anything like that. I got one of my former pupils to dress me so that I might fit in with your friends."

It certainly was pathetic to hear her make that long speech—the length of it reminded me of Mr. Durgan. I made up my mind that if trying to conceal her real nature and occupation would add to Beatrice's pleasure, she could count on me as an accomplice.

People began calling the next day, and I must say that Beatrice sustained her part well. She'd got up a lot of talk about fashionable restaurants in New York and the most popular plays, and she'd learned all the latest dancing steps. I arranged an informal dancing party for the very next night, so she could teach us. I reckon that party was a revelation to Beatrice of how charming men can be. As I understand it, Beatrice had to go to her principal's office to see him, and on cars and into basements to see conductors and janitors; but these men came to her. I reckon it must have 'most turned her head to see

them come hurrying across a room to meet her and standing six deep around her. Of course I couldn't hear what she said to them, but she must have got on pretty well, judging by the surface indications.

From that time on, every one, as I expected, was very attentive to my guest. The three men she saw most of were my nephew, Murry Rives, mighty big and dark and attractive; Charlie Saunders, slim and brisk, but not very good-looking; and Godfrey Gorham, handsome and attractive and blond. The girl she saw oftenest was Kitty Cheaver, one of our Southern beauties; Kitty came because, after all, Beatrice had not been able to conceal from her how much she knew, and Kitty always loved learned people. It was natural for Murry to see a heap of Beatrice, for he was visiting me, too. Charlie Saunders was my nearest neighbor, so of course he stopped every time he passed the house, and he did it especially if Kitty was there, because he had liked Kitty ever since they had been children together. Godfrey Gorham lived near, too, but if he had been far away he would have come as a matter of course. He was nearly forty years old, and for twenty years he had been the beau of Albemarle County. He always paid marked attention to visiting girls; it was as natural for him to come then as it is for the doctor to come when there's sickness. He was the most courteous man I ever knew.

For two weeks these three men hung round Beatrice most of the time. She'd go riding with one, and driving with another, and walking with the third. Sometimes she'd be with two or three of them at once, but mostly she managed to handle them singly. Every night she told me that she certainly was enjoying herself. One morning I got up rather late. Beatrice and Murry had had breakfast, and Beatrice had gone upstairs to dress for riding. Mr. Durgan was waiting for me on the front porch, and I had Mammy Rose bring me my breakfast there, so he could talk to me in the fresh air.

"I've been waiting an hour for you, Sallie Rives," he said, reproachfully.

Northern men certainly do hate to wait for a woman.

"Honey," I told him, "if I'd known you were coming, I'd have gotten up at midnight so as to be ready for you."

"This time it doesn't matter," he said, "for Beatrice talked to me. Sallie Rives, we've done more for Beatrice than just give her a good time. Gorham has proposed to her."

"Of course he would," I said, eating my cakes.

"Well, he did seem to me unusually attentive, but I thought it might be just because he was trying to be nice to your guest. Beatrice is happy. I guess it was her first proposal. I think it'll be a successful marriage."

I 'most upset my coffee. "A successful marriage!" I cried. "What do you mean?"

"Well, Sallie," he laughed, "you don't want it to be an unsuccessful marriage."

"Do you mean she's actually accepted him?"

"What else could I mean?"

"I never heard of anything so dishonorable in my life," I said, slowly.

"Dishonorable? What are you getting at?"

"Dishonorable in Beatrice Durgan to accept Godfrey Gorham when he addressed her."

Mr. Durgan leaned back in his chair and fanned himself. "If my hearing has gone to the dogs I want to know it and bear it like a man," he said, resignedly. "You say that it is dishonorable for Beatrice to accept Gorham?"

"I certainly do. She surely must understand that when a Southern gentleman addresses a girl he has no serious intentions whatever; he merely wishes to give her a pleasant evening, and he expects to be refused."

"First time I ever heard of it," Mr. Durgan said, crisply. "How do you account, then, for the marriages that appear to take place from time to time?"

"That's different," I told him. "A girl flirts and a man flirts; the man proposes to dozens, maybe, and is refused, and sometimes he is accepted in fun so that he may be engaged to two or three girls, and a girl may be engaged to two or three men. But it's all understood to be just playing."

"Yes; but these marriages—"

"When a man meets the right girl he knows it and she knows it, and they go at their real love-affair in a different way entirely. Don't ask me to tell you how it's different, for I can't. The man and the girl have both had heaps of experience, and they simply know when it's the real thing."

"Well, all I can say is that this might be pretty hard on a girl whose instinct wasn't just right," Mr. Durgan said, gloomily. "Anyhow, what's to prevent Gorham and Beatrice being the right mates?"

"Oh, it just couldn't be," I told Mr. Durgan. "Godfrey is simply a perpetual bachelor. Nobody considers him as anything else. He always proposes to every girl he sees; it's expected of him. Many and many a girl has started her list of scalps with Godfrey Gorham. The first girl he ever courted reminded him the other day that she wanted him to propose to her daughter; she said she didn't know any one who could start that child on her flirtations more perfectly than Godfrey."

"Well, excuse me from a reputation like that," Mr. Durgan said, crossly.

"What is wrong with his reputation? All the women and girls admire Godfrey absolutely, only, of course, no one takes him seriously."

"If you were a man, Sallie Rives, you'd realize what a damning thing you've said about him."

"As far as Godfrey is concerned," I said, "he's perfectly happy in that big old house of his, rooting among the books in his wonderful old library, or writing some article that no one ever reads. Occasionally, for distraction, I reckon, he leaves his books and proposes to a girl. The first thing he does after he has addressed her is give her one of his articles to read, and the key to his library. She is to give him her opinion on the article and make herself at home among his books."

Mr. Durgan's face fell.

"Why—Beatrice told me he'd given her an article on archæology to read, and that she'd got up early this morning to look it over, and that it was fine. She's going to send it to some technical magazine; and she's going to test that library key this afternoon."



"DO YOU MEAN SHE'S ACTUALLY ACCEPTED HIM?"

"The other girls never read the articles," I said; "they return them to Godfrey and say how interesting they are, and they lose their keys. Godfrey has his library keys made by the gross."

"Well, it's a cursed shame," growled Mr. Durgan.

"The other girls have always understood the rules of the game and refused Godfrey," I said. "Once, about ten years ago, a girl accepted him, and he went off the next day to Richmond. She saw she'd been tactless, and about two days later she announced her engagement to another man."

Mr. Durgan put his head in his hands.

"Well, all I can say," he replied, "is that Southern ethics are beyond me. But I don't care one little infinitesimal tinker's curse what the rules of the game

are—if Gorham has hurt Beatrice, I'll smash his face."

"I'd not have her hurt for the world, honey," I said. "If she's your cousin, isn't she mine? She's a mighty clever girl, and I reckon she can take care of herself, but, if she can't, you and I will protect her."

I tried to get Mr. Durgan to talk about other things, as much because I was upset as because he was. I was mightily worried for fear Beatrice really cared, and angry at myself for not having made more plain statements to her. I had told her in the beginning that Southern men meant the pretty things they said, but they said them to all girls. I reckon she thought proposals were different, and I should have warned her that they were merely special com-

pliments, like a man sending you roses instead of violets, or a five-pound box of chocolates instead of a two-pound box.

After a while we saw Beatrice riding off with Murry. I never did like to go riding on a hot morning, but she and Murry always loved to be on horseback. I remembered afterward that they had said they were going to take dinner with Kitty Cheaver, and that meant that Mr. Durgan and I could have the day together till maybe four o'clock. We went for a motor-drive, and got something to eat at a little town away on the other side of the Blue Ridge. When we got back Mr. Durgan dropped me at my door and went on to his own house. Murry was sitting on the porch, his limbs stretched out, his hands in his pockets, and his hat drawn over his eyes.

"Where's Beatrice?" I asked.

"She's gone off by herself somewhere," he said. Then he added: "Aunt Sallie, I'm in a deuce of a hole and I want your advice. This morning when I went out riding with Miss Beatrice I paid her my addresses. It seemed to me, as she was your guest, that I owed it to you to do it sooner or later, and, as I may be called away any day now, I reckoned this was as good a time as any."

"It was mighty queer to choose the daylight, Murry," I said.

"She certainly does look right smart on horseback," he said, "and naturally I chose the moment that would be most agreeable to me. A man ought to get something out of it. The deuce of it is she accepted me."

I did not think I could have heard aright. "Refused, you mean," I said.

"Accepted."

My head began to swim. Beatrice couldn't have accepted both Godfrey and Murry. Mr. Durgan must have misunderstood what she had said to him in the morning.

"Whatever am I going to do?" asked Murry. "The girl's in dead earnest, though she said she didn't want the engagement announced just yet."

"You're sure you're not really in love with her, or couldn't be?"

"Good Lord! she knows more than I do," he said.

"What makes you think that? She seems mighty feminine."

"She tries to be, but every little while, in spite of masterful efforts, she reveals some awful deep gulf of information that it gives me vertigo to contemplate. I couldn't love a girl who would keep me from needing an encyclopædia."

"She's mighty sweet," I said.

"I adore her," Murry hastened to say; "only not that way."

I was right upset, for I didn't want Beatrice to be unhappy, since she was Mr. Durgan's cousin; and I didn't want Murry to be unhappy, for he was the only near kin I had, and so close to me in age that he was more like a brother than a nephew. I decided to wait till Mr. Durgan came again and consult him. Meantime, I told Murry to go over and spend the rest of the day with Kitty Cheaver, and by the next morning maybe we'd have hit upon the right course to pursue. After he had gone I spent a right long time ruminating, but I didn't seem to come to any sensible conclusion, because I couldn't make out what Beatrice meant. While I was studying over the matter I looked up the road and saw Charlie Saunders approaching. Charlie was so quick on his feet that he always reminded me of a squirrel or gopher or some such glancing creature that had gotten to there while you were still thinking it was here. He came on at a right smart gait even for him.

"Miss Sallie," he said, as he took a seat beside me, "I fairly tore over here from Kitty's, hoping I'd arrive before you all sat down to supper. Where is Miss Beatrice?"

"She hasn't come back yet."

"Miss Sallie," he said, sighing, "I'm in a great difficulty. This evening Kitty and Murry went off to the stables to look at Kitty's new colt, and Miss Beatrice said she'd like a rose, so we went into the garden to get it. If there's anything I can't resist, it's a girl in a rose-garden, and she certainly did look sweet when she took that rose from me. A riding-habit is right becoming to her; somehow it seems to suit her better than the frilly things."

"It must be becoming to her if you went and addressed her in broad daylight," I said.

"When it's a garden in the shade it's

as good as night," Charlie said, sighing again. "But Miss Sallie—she accepted me."

I sat right still. Mr. Durgan, then, had not been mistaken in what Beatrice had told him, and she had accepted all three men. Then and there I made my decision. I never was one to spoil sport for another woman. I did not know what Beatrice was after, but I certainly did admire her tactics. For a girl who had never met any men whom she could count as men, she was doing mighty well. She could not marry all three, and if she meant to keep all or any of them puzzled, that was her own affair and as good a method of flirtation as any other. She could count on my loyalty.

"She's a lovely girl, Charlie," I said.

"I reckon I know that," he replied, dolefully; "she's one of the most charming girls I ever met. Every girl is, Miss Sallie. But, you see, I'm in love with Kitty."

"In love with Kitty? But then why hasn't it been settled long ago? You and Kitty are old enough to know your own minds, and it isn't as if there were any other people round here to interfere."

Never have I seen a more dismal face than the one he turned to me.

"That's just it," he said; "I was sure that Kitty knew I liked her, and it seemed there was plenty of time to tell her so. I thought just a few weeks before she felt like getting married would be time enough to talk in earnest. You know she isn't ready to settle yet."

There is a subtle way by which you can tell when a Southern girl is ready to settle down. I tried to explain it to Mr. Durgan next day, but I couldn't make it clear to him. All the satisfaction I got was his remark that he wished he had some way of finding out when I was ready to settle down with him.

"I'll tell you what I did," Charlie went on. "Just after Miss Beatrice accepted me she said she'd have to ride back with Murry. She said, too, that the engagement must be kept a secret, and I jumped at that suggestion, though of course I tried to conceal my eagerness with the proper amount of demur. After she and Murry had ridden off I confessed the whole thing to Kitty, and

I said I'd have to get out of it because I loved her and her only."

"Didn't you-all make a mistake saying that, Charlie?" I asked, pityingly.

"I reckon I did; I reckon I was so scared and wretched that I made a thoroughgoing fool of myself, Miss Sallie," he answered. "Kitty said that if I hadn't meant what I had said to Beatrice, how could she believe what I was saying to her?"

"Of course," I told him—for even if I am engaged to Mr. Durgan and as good as married, I haven't forgotten any of the steps in the game of love.

"I just laid myself out convincing Kitty," Charlie said. "I can't tell how far I succeeded. All I know is that I didn't get any satisfaction. At one moment she gave me the impression that she never had cared for me and never would; at the next she let me think that I could have won her if she could have trusted me and if I hadn't got myself engaged to some one else. She ran me nearly crazy."

Of course Kitty wouldn't lose an opportunity like that!

"The end of it was," Charlie finished, gloomily, "that Kitty said she admired Miss Beatrice like she never had admired any one, and wasn't going to have her hurt, and that unless Miss Beatrice herself broke the engagement Kitty would never think of marrying me. She said that if I acted in such a way that I forced Miss Beatrice to end the engagement, then she'd never speak to me again. I feel right sick over it all, Miss Sallie."

I was mighty sorry for him, but it did seem to me that men with the experience of Godfrey and Murry and Charlie should have had more sense than to address a girl who would accept them.

"Of course, all I can do is to behave like a gentleman," Charlie said; "and of course it's easy enough to make love. I believe I'd like to be excused for tonight, though. Godfrey Gorham asked me this morning if I'd like to go to Richmond with him for a week. I wish to heaven I had accepted."

I gasped. So Godfrey had gone away, and I'd sent Murry over to Kitty's, and here was Charlie trying to beg off! Beatrice had to have some one of her

fiancés to make love to her that night.

"Oh, I reckon you'd better not desert Miss Beatrice the very day she has accepted you," I said. "It would look mighty queer to her; it isn't done in the North."

"Very well," he said, sadly; "but I'll not stay to supper, Miss Sallie, please, ma'am. I reckon luck is against me; but, Miss Sallie, I certainly do think she's a lovely girl. It's only that—"

"Yes, I know," I told him. "You don't have to come back so very early, Charlie."

"There's a moon," he said, as he rose, "and Miss Beatrice looks nice in the moonlight, and she certainly is a sweet, feminine girl. She is so questioning and clinging. I like her mighty well as a friend, but— Good evening, Miss Sallie."

He went off right broken-spirited. Just a little later Beatrice came in. I knew she was not prone to confide in people very much, and I am not one to question. So all I said was:

"Honey, you're late, which is queer for a Durgan."

"Yes, thank goodness, I'm learning some of your charming Southern ways," she said.

I didn't know whether she meant anything by that or not.

"Have you been walking, honey?" I asked.

"Yes, Sallie. Last night Mr. Gorham gave me the key of his library. I went over to see it to-day. My dear, it's wonderful! I just forgot everything in those books. But they're in the most shameful condition you can imagine. I've started cataloguing them."

"Godfrey has always said he wished he had the energy to get them catalogued. Won't it be a mighty sorry job, honey?"

"It won't take more than a week or ten days."

"He's gone to Richmond, Charlie Saunders tells me," I said.

I certainly did hate to say that to her, because, whatever she meant by accepting him, it would be more of a compliment to her if he stayed round to follow up his proposals. She didn't say anything for a minute, and I went on talking

of something else. When supper was ready I said to her:

"We'll be alone, for I told Murry he simply could not neglect Kitty Cheaver the way he's been doing, and he'd have to go over there to supper. Charlie Saunders is coming over to-night; it's too bad he isn't here now."

"It does seem queer to be sitting down to supper without a man," she said. "It's like Boston."

After supper Charlie came over, and Mr. Durgan did, too. Charlie and Beatrice went out to the garden, and I hope the jasmine and roses proved romantically stimulating. Anyway, Charlie was mighty plausible, I knew. When I had told Mr. Durgan everything, he broke into a big smile. All his rage against Godfrey disappeared.

"Good for Beatrice!" he said.

It seemed to me mighty queer that he was furious with Godfrey for making a proposal he didn't mean, and thought it was amusing for Beatrice to make three acceptances, at least two of which she couldn't mean. I reckon he felt that way because Beatrice was his cousin, though I must say that, except when they were interfering with his comfort, Mr. Durgan was always too indulgent toward women. It is the one fault I ever had to find with him.

"But say, Sallie Rives," he asked, "what does Beatrice mean by it? Is she fooling them all?"

"I hope so," I said, severely. "It wouldn't be fair not to refuse three when she was refusing two."

I had some trouble explaining that speech to Mr. Durgan. He thought I meant it would be unfortunate for any one of the three to marry his cousin, when all I meant was that she ought to play the same game with all three, and, since she could not marry them all, she should refuse them all. We came mighty near quarreling, because Mr. Durgan said I had no sense of humor (though heretofore he had seemed to like it because I didn't have any), and I said his logic was poor. Finally I said, and truly, that I'd like mighty well to see Beatrice married, but that I wanted her to have some man who loved her and whom she could love. Mr. Durgan replied that if he could leave New York to pick a wife

out of Virginia, it did seem as if some of my Southern friends ought to have serious intentions toward Beatrice.

"Let me tell you this thing, honey," I said: "a Southern man is a gentleman. If Beatrice wants any one of these three to stick by his word, she can make him do it, and for the rest of his life he'll behave as if he had had a dreadful time trying to get her to take him."

Mr. Durgan said that was probably true.

"There's something pretty sweet about Southern love-making," he said, musingly, "whether it's in fun or in earnest. I'd like Beatrice to have it in earnest for the rest of her life, as I'm having it."

Mr. Durgan often says things that no Southern gentleman could improve upon.

For the next few days life was right exciting at my house. I rather expected that Godfrey Gorham would come back, but he didn't. The only mention Beatrice made of him was to say that an editor friend of hers had accepted his archæological article, and that she had written him a note about it, which she supposed the postmaster would forward to Richmond. I saw much less of her on account of her two *fiancés*. She divided her time pretty equally between them, though she spent hours every day in Godfrey's library, browsing among those old books and cataloguing them.

Murry, being in the same house, soon took occasion to call upon my sympathy. He spoke one evening in a right sad tone.

"Aunt Sallie," he said, "Beatrice is



"I GUESS SCHOOL-TEACHING IS MY LINE, AFTER ALL"

making me lose confidence in myself."

"Oh, I reckon not, honey," I told him.

"It was easy enough to be engaged for the first day or so," he said, "because there's always such a lot to talk over—about when it first happened, and what you felt when you realized it, and all that; and there's quite a few selections from your past life—you know, Aunt Sallie, all the picturesque and humorous things that have happened to you, and maybe one or two pathetic ones. They work in mighty well with love-making."

"Beatrice liked them, didn't she?" I asked, knowing that she ought to, for Murry was something of an artist, and

these recitations of his had been well tried.

"Oh yes; but pretty soon I saw that she was not talking back very much. I reckon, Aunt Sallie, that that girl ain't constituted for matrimony. 'Yes,' and 'No,' and 'Do you think so?' and 'I'm not sure,' are not the kind of replies a lover wants to hear. So I asked her point blank if she wasn't going to say something."

"What did she say?"

"She quoted poetry to me," he answered, disgustedly. "Now, poetry is all right; I'm mighty fond of it at times. But when a man's engaged he doesn't want to know what Shelley said, and Henley, and a lot more that I never heard of."

"Maybe she quoted you some poetry of her own," I suggested.

He brightened, but only for a moment.

"No," he said; "it was not quite apropos enough for that. It was like all poetry—not fitting the case in every detail, but near enough to be made to do. Beatrice is a mighty sweet girl, but she's not fit to be engaged."

"Some girls make better wives than sweethearts," I said.

Murry hastily changed the conversation. "What I started to tell you, Aunt Sallie, was that she has made me lose faith in my own self. You see, I never before was in a situation where I had to do all the talking. It just made me see how soon a man runs out of sentiment and things to say about it, and then I wondered how on earth I'd get through all the years to come. Even if she breaks the engagement when she gets tired of me, that won't help the doubt I have whether it's in me really to fall in love and keep it up."

"Murry, honey," I said, "Beatrice will probably want to give you up, and then you'll really fall in love some day, and when you do you'll have no lack of words. Love does all sorts of queer things to one. Who would ever have supposed I'd fall in love with an Irish-Yankee of no family and with nothing but money?"

"Oh, that's different!" he said.

What he meant was that I was only a woman, and his aunt at that, and silly conduct might be expected. When a

woman does unusual things, a man blames it on her natural irrationality, but when he does unusual things himself, he says it's life.

"Murry," I said, "maybe she'll find out herself that it was all a mistake, if you-all pretend to be even more ignorant than you are about facts."

Murry tightened his lips and folded his arms, taking the attitude that always goes with self-sacrifice and nobility.

"I shall do whatever is necessary to make Miss Beatrice happy, Aunt Sallie," he said.

At first I thought that Charlie Saunders did not mean to confide in me at all. I saw mighty little of him—only when he stayed to a meal, or maybe when he sat with me on the porch waiting for Beatrice to appear. One evening, however, they were going for a walk, and she hadn't yet got back from Godfrey's library. Charlie was beside me, talking in his usual gay fashion. I was mighty curious, and I said:

"You're getting on very well, aren't you, Charlie?"

"Oh yes, Miss Sallie," he replied, understanding what I meant; "Miss Beatrice, as I've said so often, is a lovely girl, and I certainly hope I can make her happy."

"I reckon you could make any nice girl happy, Charlie," I said, sympathetically.

"It's a gift, I reckon, Miss Sallie," he said, dejectedly. "I don't find it hard to talk to Miss Beatrice, because I think of all the things I could be saying to Kitty if only it were Kitty I had proposed to. I'm naturally talkative, too, and I reckon that helps."

"Beatrice can talk herself," I remarked.

"Not very much; she's a right sensitive creature, Miss Sallie, and she understands that it's a woman's part to be passive and sweet. No, I must say that her attitude is all I could ask in a girl—only, you see, she isn't Kitty."

Of course I talked all this over with Mr. Durgan. I said that I was right smart puzzled to know just what Beatrice would do. It seemed to me it was a waste of time for her not to do a little of the talking herself. Of course when she let Murry and Charlie go mono-



THERE WERE KITTY AND CHARLIE IN A CORNER OF THE PORCH, LOOKING SELF-CONSCIOUS AND HAPPY

loguing on, she must have known that whatever they said was reminiscent, gathered from their experience with other girls. The test of her own power over them would have been to make remarks herself and see the quality and spontaneity of their answers. But, as I said to Mr. Durgan, evidently in the North they didn't do things our way.

"The point is," Mr. Durgan said, "is Beatrice happy?"

"Honey, she's playing her own game in her own way," I said.

"How do you know she is?" Mr. Durgan retorted. "How do you know she hasn't been forced into this in some way by Gorham?"

"I don't see how Godfrey Gorham could force a girl to engage herself to three different men," I told him.

"There's a lot in the situation that doesn't jibe with any experience I've

ever had," Mr. Durgan said. "How is it that Beatrice can be engaged to both of them and neither of them find it out right here in this neighborhood? You say lots of Southern girls and men are polygamously engaged, so to speak. Well, what's the matter with their eyes and ears?"

"It's the natural chivalry of the men," I told him, "and the natural sweetness of the girls. If a girl tells a man she loves him and no one else, he's bound to believe her, even if he sees another man's ring on her finger that she's forgotten to take off. If he tells her he loves her only, she could not in courtesy refuse to be convinced, even though she knows he was calling on another girl up to twelve o'clock the night before. They all have faith in each other. Besides, to see too much or believe too much would destroy the general harmony of the community. I told you it was mostly playing."

"I am beginning to think," Mr. Durgan said, "that a man isn't safe in this world until he is on his dying bed. Anyhow, a man has no right to interfere in another man's love-affair, though I'd like to."

"Don't you dare!" I warned him; "Beatrice will look after herself."

A few days afterward I got down late to breakfast one morning, to find Beatrice just finishing, while Murry's place was still vacant. Beatrice had her hair fixed in a queer, plain way and looked five years older.

"Whatever have you done to your hair, honey?" I said. "Go up-stairs and change it."

Beatrice shook her head.

"No, Sallie, I've stopped playing," she said; "and I'm going back North to-morrow. I guess school-teaching is my line, after all. I've broken off my engagement to Murry."

She pointed to a note at his plate.

"Poor boy!" I said.

"He'll bear up," Beatrice returned, dryly. "He doesn't care a scrap about me, and neither does Charlie. It's Kitty that Charlie loves."

"I'm sure Charlie has been devoted to you," I murmured.

"Oh yes," Beatrice said, rising; "and it might have fooled me a month ago,

but I've learned a lot since I've been in Virginia—a lot about love and other things."

There was something in her tone so queer and soblike that I didn't say anything, but just let her go off by herself to Godfrey's library. Murry came down, read the note, and gave a wild howl of joy.

"Thank the Lord!" he cried; "she's chucked me! Oh, with how glad a heart shall I make love to her after this!"

"I reckon Beatrice has more sense than I thought," I said, coldly.

"I'm right sorry to seem discourteous to your guest, Aunt Sallie," Murry said. "All this mix-up came because I tried to be too polite. Please forgive me, ma'am."

I forgave him. After a time I walked over to Kitty Cheaver's on an errand for Mammy Rose, and there were Kitty and Charlie in a corner of the porch, looking self-conscious and happy.

"Oh," I said to Charlie, "evidently you got a note from Beatrice, too."

"No; I did," Kitty said.

"Tell me," I demanded.

"It was last night," Charlie explained; "I was talking away to Miss Beatrice—well, I was talking away, you know, and she said to me, 'Charlie, how much do you mean of all this?' And at first I was going to tell her—tell her the proper thing, you know—but she was looking straight at me, and somehow she made me feel queer. She looked like a school-teacher sizing up a bad little kid, and like a nice girl looking at her friend, and like a plain woman asking a plain man a plain question. So I told her the truth."

"For goodness' sake, what did she say?" I cried.

"She said that she had not really believed me, and had not meant her acceptance any more than I meant my addresses. She said that if our brief association had made Kitty and me understand each other, it was one good thing that had come from her visit."

"And she wrote me the loveliest letter," Kitty said. "I certainly do admire her."

I could see that I was not very much in demand at that place, so I got the eggs Mammy Rose had sent me for and started home. On the way I met Mr.



Drawn by Walter Biggs

"I DECIDED TO COME HERE AND TELL YOU THE TRUTH ABOUT MYSELF"

Durgan in his car; he had been to call for me to take me in to Charlottesville. We had a lovely morning together, especially as we agreed in the beginning not once to mention Beatrice and her affairs. When we were nearly home we saw a man walking from the station. We slowed up to see if it was some one to whom we could give a lift, and who should it be but Godfrey Gorham.

"Hel-lo!" Mr. Durgan said. "Then he got the special-delivery letter I wrote him."

"Mr. Durgan," I said, in a scandalized tone, "you didn't go and interfere in Godfrey's affairs like you said a man shouldn't do?"

"I never said a word to him about his affairs," Mr. Durgan protested.

"What did you say?"

"I just wrote him a few words."

"What were they?"

"As well as I recall, they were: 'Dear Gorham,—Renewed reflection convinces me that you are something of a damned fool. Durgan.'"

"Oh!" I groaned; and then Mr. Durgan stopped the car.

"Want a lift, Gorham?" he said, just as amiably as if he had not mortally insulted Godfrey.

"I got your letter, Durgan," said Godfrey, grimly, as he climbed in beside me.

"I thought you understood it," Mr. Durgan said, as he speeded up the car.

"Miss Sallie, where is Miss Beatrice?" Godfrey asked me.

"I reckon she's cataloguing your library this morning," I said.

Just then we reached Godfrey's house, and he said, "I want you-all to come in."

He led the way into the library, and there sat Beatrice with her plain hair, and a white apron on, working at his books.

"Good morning, Miss Beatrice," Godfrey said; "I have something to say to you and to your friends. Perhaps they know that I addressed you a fortnight ago, and that you did me the honor of accepting. A few days later you wrote me a letter withdrawing. Miss Beatrice, what I said to you that night I have said to many girls before and in just the same words, because I have been the court fool of this county for more years than I

like to remember. But after I had said them to you I knew that I meant them, and when you accepted me, I meant them more than ever."

Mr. Durgan and I stared at each other. I don't think he looked any more embarrassed than I felt.

"When I got to thinking it over," Godfrey said, "and saw that my play had become earnest, I was so ashamed of myself that I went away. What had I to offer a brilliant, high-souled girl like you—I, who had flirted with 'most every woman in Virginia? Later on, as I expected, you refused me, but there was something in your letter that made me see more than ever what I was losing. When I realized that you had actually read my article, and not only that, but had got it accepted by a magazine; when I remembered what a wonderful talker you are and how I've longed for years for real talk—I reckon I never felt more like jumping in the James River than I have these last few days. Then—"

Mr. Durgan gave him a warning nudge, for he feared the mention of his pointed letter.

"Then," Godfrey continued, "I decided to come here and tell you the truth about myself, and see if there was any way of starting over, and I find you cataloguing my books—"

"Come away, Mr. Durgan," I said, starting for the door.

Mr. Durgan lingered. He said to me afterward that he never had heard any man propose except himself to me, and he couldn't remember what he had said, and he wanted to get a line on that sort of talk. But I dragged him away, for I saw Beatrice and Godfrey edging closer to each other, and I knew that here was another place where company wasn't wanted.

"Don't you see," I said, when we were driving to my house, "Beatrice must have been on the upper porch that morning when I said to you that Godfrey didn't mean anything by his proposal. She was saving her face by all these engagements."

"She saved Gorham's, too," Mr. Durgan said, "for, Sallie Rives, I truly would have smashed it for him. But, say, don't you think I'm the great little match-maker?"



AN "AFRO-MOBILE"—THE WHEEL-CHAIR AT PALM BEACH

Winter Holidays

BY HARRISON RHODES



THAT it can be winter in one place while it is summer in another is the simplest fact of geography, yet it is for most of us a constant marvel. When the snow flies in our native North we childishly feel it to be quite impossible that in the South, so easily attainable in a Pullman car, the groves are fragrant with white blossoms.

Just to see the palmetto's plummy crest against the blue of the subtropic sky, or the orange's gold against the glossy green of its foliage, is a holiday. Merely to put on a linen suit and sit reading of blizzards in the North is a vacation. There is a quite absurd thrill which goes through one upon picking one's first orange from the tree. Stories of the old days of plenty in Florida and California when heaping baskets of the fruit stood in hotel offices for the free use of the guests now sound like legends of some earlier Arcadian golden age.

The shortest Southern trip has always something exotic and adventurous in it; in a quiet New England village a great position of authority in the community may be founded upon a trip to California or Florida. Indeed, over the Southern horizon toward the Gulf, the Indies, and old Mexico there always flickers and dances the will-o'-the-wisp of romance, leading the tourist on with memories of the gay ante-bellum time and earlier, cloudier legends of Spanish days, of the Fountain of Youth and the golden sands of El Dorado. There is glamour for young and old in the winter holiday, and for the latter what might at least be termed a fighting chance of finding weather warm enough to reach the marrow of their old bones. If letters from "the folks at home" convey the welcome news that they are shivering in arctic airs, the last touch of geniality is added to the Southern sun.

This question of weather must, however, be delicately handled. The only



H. G.

Drawn by Howard Giles

ALL THE GAIETY OF PALM BEACH IS IN THE OPEN



THERE IS GLAMOUR FOR YOUNG AND OLD IN THE WINTER HOLIDAY

safe rule for the winter traveler in search of warmth is to start toward the equator and to keep on till he reaches it. It would appear to be incontestable that down there it is warm enough, but our own subtropics, Florida and California, are yearly the scene of intolerable suffering from the cold. There is a conspiracy of silence concerning winter climates—the California infant is said to learn the

word “exceptional” at his mother’s breast, and to be taught to apply it at once to the weather, and the returned tourist from Florida rarely confesses to the spring days when he cowered over a lukewarm radiator in a thinly built hotel. It is possible that here in these pages the truth about Southern climate is for the first time set down. But while the female reader is advised that

when she packs her trunk for the South she must put in her flannels, it is true, on the whole, that the South really is a land of filmy frocks and roses and orange-blossoms and sunshine.

It is possible that even while the Floridas—East and West as they were pleasantly called in those days—were successively British and Spanish, an occasional adventurous American passed the winter in the quiet little provincial capitals of St. Augustine and Pensacola. At any rate, it is certain that soon after the land became ours the tourist was seen. It was difficult traveling and sometimes dangerous living—the early nineteenth century saw a sanatorium on one of the Keys tragically visited by a marauding and murdering band of Seminole Indians. Now the sea-going railroad has been romantically flung to Key

West across these same low islands and turquoise waters, and limited trains, exotically loaded with gay, chattering, bediamonded Cubans and Mexicans, oddly mixed with nice old ladies from Michigan, rush to and fro in the modernest way. The modernest Florida is indeed the Florida to visit and to write about, but it is pleasant for an instant to try to recapture something of the nineteenth-century days before the great sleepy state had waked at the touch of Northern enterprise.

You went to St. Augustine then from the St. John's River by a little railroad on which the trains politely stopped if any of the passengers wished to gather magnolia flowers from the trees along the way. You made your way down the long east coast upon intermittent and spasmodic steamers, and at least once



WHERE THE HAPPY SETTLER MAY SIT UNDER THE SHADE OF HIS OWN GRAPEFRUIT-TREE

along the lagoons found that the only hotel was a disused river craft anchored near one of the inlets from the ocean and managed by an ex-captain who had earlier sailed these same waters. That, too, was the golden period of orange-growing, before the famous and fatal "big freeze," when contented planters, their rich future hanging heavily, so they thought, upon the branches of their own trees, were content to forget the old Northern world from which they had come to this paradise of plenty. These were the days of odd, foreign settlers, adventurous younger sons of transatlantic aristocracy, and strange, battered, and world-worn adventurers who

beached the romantic crafts of their lives at last upon those tropic sands. These were the Floridians who, even after the famous frost had literally swept everything away, fantastically preserved the ways of better days, dressed to dine upon corned-beef hash and played bridge for a fiftieth of a cent a point because bridge was fashionable in the London drawing-rooms.

This is an almost-forgotten Florida now, for the world and the railway have captured it. Yet for a real lover of the great, queer, desolate, flat peninsula there is always some hint of magic in even the modernest manifestations and hotels. Palm Beach, for example, was

built almost in a single night, and though it has now existed long enough to make even the most skeptical have some faith in its permanency, it still suggests how the maker of this region did "himself a stately pleasure-dome decree" upon the eastern coast. It would not be hard to believe that when April comes and the last black "bell-hop"—slave of the ring—has answered the last visitor's call, the whole phantasmagoria sinks beneath the sands like some palace in an Arabian tale, to reappear when the magician again starts his limited trains running and sends evil frosts to desolate the North.

Palm Beach is our most satisfactory achievement in watering-places along the traditional European lines. It has as preposterously short and perfervid a season as Trouville or Deauville. It has prices—if you insist on them—as high and as really exhilarating as those at Monte Carlo; you believe, at least while you abandon yourself to the Palm Beach spell, that not to be rich is



THE NEWSBOYS CRY YOUR FAVORITE HOME NEWSPAPER

something unworthy and discreditable, something not to be mentioned before nice people. The presence in the lobbies of sight-seeing tourists from cheaper hotels near by merely accentuates one's own feeling of wealth, just as the coming of occasional little groups of Seminole Indians makes more vivid one's sense of how incredible this luxury is in what was only so short a time ago a remote wilderness at the edge of the trackless mystery of the Everglades.

Palm Beach is fantastically rich and idle and gay—and useless, if you like. It is a kind of dream of blazing flower-gardens and *allées* of palms. Its most characteristic sport is the wheel-chair—the Afro-mobile, so called from the black slave of the pedal who propels you. The golfers who languidly dot the flat green seem only to do it that they may make wheel-chair idleness the more attractive. In the same way watching the bathers from under a striped awning competes on fair terms with bathing itself. And eating and drinking here tend to become not only kings of indoor but of outdoor sports. The games of chance, too, which so enliven the quest of rest and health abroad are discreetly provided, and in the agreeable confusion of the tables certain ideals of democracy—that is to say, ideals for the fraternizing of the rich—are satisfied.

Indeed, one of the chief recommendations of Palm Beach is the fact that all its gaiety is in the open. The only thing private about the resort is the private car which is ordinarily used by people going there, and lately it is said that even this is not absolutely *de rigueur*. Life is lived wholly in the public eye, except in the few hours devoted



A POSITION OF AUTHORITY IN A NEW ENGLAND VILLAGE MAY BE ATTAINED BY A TRIP TO CALIFORNIA

to sleep, and even then the somewhat thin construction of the hotels makes the night yield only a qualified seclusion—one is still in the public ear. At the bathing-hour willing and polite photographers from all the leading newspapers give one the agreeable sensation of being able, if one wishes, to dip not merely in the public but in the national eye. The golden haze of journalistic publicity is over everything. And as there are times when it happens that no one fearfully fashionable takes a cocktail at the morning concert, tangoes upon the veranda, or indulges in what is rather cloyingly described as a "twilight tea" in the gardens, the *not* fearfully fashionable may hope in such crises for an uplift in the newspaper columns. As to actual social mountaineering, both the data and the wish to deal with it are lacking here.



FOR THE RURAL VISITOR THE BOARDWALK HAS ITS IRRESISTIBLE ATTRACTION

But it *is* said that members of New York's smart set wishing to meet rich Westerners find Palm Beach the very best field for such ambitious activities.

It would be possible to pretend that all our national search for winter climates is conducted upon some such high plane of elegance as Palm Beach's. But the truth is that nowhere better than in the myriad other resorts of both Florida and California can one see what a huge, plain, simple, leisure class ours really is. We are still profoundly democratic—all God's gifts of warmth and sunshine belong to every one of us. There is an enormous deal of talk, both at home and abroad, about American pretentiousness. But any close observation of our winter resorts would show that no nation in the world is so content to live in second-class hotels and boarding-houses or in tiny bungalows where "mother," with the occasional help of some incompetent local negress, does her own work while

"father" talks about the climate with the fellow who lives next door. Here still exists that vigorous, if crabbed, earlier American tradition—to which everything which could be contemptuously summed up as "style" was anathema. This is the "backbone of the nation"—the backbone to support which was especially devised the rocking-chair, perhaps our greatest American invention.

We not only take winter trips, but we colonize our subtropics in enormous numbers. Old people already retired from active life and young people who have early learned the folly of struggling with the cold have made a really majestic emigration, particularly to California. Los Angeles, which would appear to be in a fair way to become the land's metropolis, is reported by a gentleman lately returned from there to boast a population entirely composed of Eastern people and moving-picture actors. Does it not somehow suggest a community

wholly devoted to the polite arts of leisure? The country districts, too, receive their settlers who have been invited there by grandiloquent booklets describing the way in which wealth, health, and happiness are all to be secured by turning agriculturist or truck-farmer.

This "return to the land" is not a return; it is a voyage to a distant country, often unknown except in dreams, where the happy settler sits before his cabin door under the shade of his own grapefruit or breakfast tree. The grandiloquent, gaudy booklets sometimes lie; still it is true that in California water will make even the desert blossom as the rose, and that in Florida the white sand of the sea-beach will serve for a kitchen garden; so the city-weary immigrant does really come into tropic lands of miracle. Something hinting at happiness hangs over the countryside in these regions; the inhabitants are not there merely because they were born there; they have come there because of their own well-directed efforts—a distinction which holds good of earth and heaven, when you come to think of it.

It would be more natural, speaking of American holidays, to speak only of those upon American soil. But the romantic Southern horizon has receded farther; the winter holiday now takes us from the Florida where Ponce de Leon sought the Fountain of Youth back to the lands from which he sailed upon his quest. There is a new South beyond the South—Cuba, Puerto Rico, and all the Antilles toward the Isthmus and our canal, which have lately come into the winter-tourist belt, considerably enlarging and adorning it. It calls for mention. It is a region of strange tropic fruits, sad songs of love, the gay barbaric music of the *danzon*, storied cities of the Spanish Main, and the palaces of black emperors now crumbling in the jungle. At last we have recognized the fact that Havana, just across the Strait of Florida, is more Spanish than Spain, as is bewildered half-Indian Mexico, and that nothing is so "foreign" as our own hemisphere. Even if our holidays only let us crush for a half-hour with our heel an alien soil, there is some magic in the experience—for years all visitors to

Coronado Beach have crossed the border to Mexico and sagely wondered why we did not annex it.

In the regions only half-way south, where, instead of being summer in winter, it is rather a crisp autumn, "sport" becomes more important than idleness, and fashion, dressed in gray and brown and greenish tweeds and gay sweaters, again a prominent figure. Aiken, Camden—and suddenly to jump half the continent, Colorado Springs—all are of this brisk, horsy, frost-in-the-morning and wood-fire-in-the-evening kind of place. Here no hammock is swung between the banana-trees, but the golf-clubs are out, the polo-mallets ready, and the fox (once a mere pathetic survival of ante-bellum aristocracy, but now again a fashionable animal) trembles in the thickets. Romance here is of the girl with the clear eye and bright cheeks, who knows the sunrise and the morning dew, and has perhaps at some full of the Southern moon hunted by its light across the transfigured Carolinian country.

These are the places where the liver has no chance to relapse into its well-beloved torpidity. Life is keyed to high activity—it is alleged that even the operation for appendicitis is in fashionable circles only allowable if it can be accomplished while you are dummy at auction. There is a tremendous amount of open-air sleeping and early rising; the winter visitors are all healthy (or had better be), almost always wealthy, and very likely sometimes wise.

Cosmopolitan oases these, where we Americans bring home, like spoil from our buccaneering trips abroad, all that we have learned of country life in other lands. We have English servants, but they bring breakfast to the bedrooms in the Continental fashion and deal intrepidly with bath-rooms and open plumbing in a way never to be acquired in Britain. Negro cooks prepare *risotto* and Italians learn how to turn a buckwheat-cake. The manners and customs of our most civilized classes in America are quite as much in the melting-pot as those of our least. We are still feverishly engaged in assimilating and acclimatizing foreign ways, plowing, fertilizing, and cultivating the whole field of national life. In the most unpretentious suburban home

the observant guest can generally tell by the little details of the housekeeping with what part of Europe the hostess is most familiar and which she admires most. The actual results are, of course, extremely unimportant—it really would make no difference whether you breakfasted off *café au lait*, cold sausage, and cheese, or pie, but in the interests of international peace and amenity it is a good thing to recognize that something is to be said for all the nations' ways of beginning the day.

We were on our way north, however—and there is more to be said while we linger in these half-way regions. First of all, the return to the North is almost invariably made too soon. There is something curiously inaccessible to fact in the tourist mind. When the south-east wind blows and roses and magnolias blossom it will not realize that in the North nothing but pneumonia flourishes. The tourist should delay till the cypress has put forth its green fringes, and all the deciduous trees of the woodlands have announced the spring, till even the barren sand-dunes grow gay with wild morning-glories and the soft yellow flowers of the spring cactus. Then he should slowly go northward, "following the spring," as the well-worn but always pretty phrase advises.

On the way back the leisurely traveler will do a little sight-seeing. He will, if he is wise, stop at Charleston, where he will see, in its green Battery looking seaward toward historic Moultrie and in the beautiful old houses which still border it, the most nearly perfect relic of an earlier aristocracy that we can show. A much-traveled English gentleman says that in Charleston he saw, for the first and only time in his life, a portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds hanging in the place it was painted for. There is Richmond, too, and, for those bound west and northwest, Atlanta, Chattanooga, with Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge, to send one again to reading the history of our great war. And there is always New Orleans, still and ever our one siren among cities. Year by year rises the chorus of lamentation over the passing of her picturesqueness and her Latin fascinations—year by year she still offers to the sentimental tourist a

carnival of gay and romantic impressions quite beyond what her real, tumultuous, much-advertised Mardi Gras can give.

Summer in winter (or, not to be too economical of the truth, mild weather at that season) having proved such a profitable investment for the South, financially as well as romantically, it cannot be wondered that envious regions farther north should have invented the Gulf Stream. This good-natured current has now for a long time tempered the climate at Old Point Comfort and Atlantic City, and within the last few years has very amiably turned in at Long Beach, near New York. In fact, it does not seem to be able to resist the attraction of a new hotel with a good restaurant *à la carte* and a "board walk." At once it washes that shore.

The all-year-round seaside resort, although probably originally invented at Brighton, England, has been brought completely up to date at Atlantic City, New Jersey, and as such is one of the most important and amazing facts about America. It, with the South, has completely broken down the old American tradition that the vacation was for women and children two months, July and August, and for *pater familias* two weeks of the latter. Nowadays it is always vacation-time if—to put it vulgarly—you have the price. The value to the health of a week or a week-end at Atlantic City disarms at once any unfavorable criticism. And to stay at a luxurious modern hotel with running hot and cold sea-water in your bath-room, to sun yourself in a glass-inclosed terrace or in an equally well-protected rolling-chair, and to have for your evenings an occasional new play "tried out," as the phrase (reminiscent of the whaling industry and blubber) goes, is to have the rigors of the search for health so considerably mitigated that it need dismay no one.

The statement must perhaps be for the moment somewhat modified if one considers the odd custom of midwinter bathing which has grown so of recent years. With the spread of steam-heating and open plumbing it became impossible for the rudely vigorous any longer to shake the snow from the counterpane on rising and, breaking the ice in the

pitcher, administer exultingly the cold douche which made our fathers what they were—the tub with hot and cold faucets was never quite Spartan enough. But now that we have the pretty invention of New-year's Day on the beach, with larking on the sands in bathing-suits and plunging later with gleeful viking laughter into the icy waves, every one can publicly manifest his strength. This includes, of course, the inevitable old man who has preserved himself into the 90's by these preposterous incursions. Atlantic City, like other winter resorts by the Northern sea, must boast of its band of amiable bathing maniacs if only to make manifest that the real goal of its existence is a curative one. For, though health is unquestionably the solid substructure upon which Atlantic City is built, yet it must be admitted that the foundation is so well built over as often to be completely concealed—the unphilosophical might easily call the place simply a pleasure resort.

Atlantic City is, in this aspect, what Coney Island would be if it had all the Broadway hotels and a goodly number of the Fifth Avenue shops lined up behind it. The blend is unlike anything to be found elsewhere in the world. All people of refinement must agree that, oddly enough, it is not at all a dreadful place, but exactly what the majority of us really like. The simple proof is that the majority of us go there. Exclusiveness and quiet are not what goes to our heads in America—intoxication is, instead, to be secured from a great good-natured brew of every class in the community. Nothing is more characteristic

of this amazing quality of the place than its chess and checkers players—a class everywhere predisposed, so one would have said, to quiet and seclusion. Here they serenely practise their skill at the entrance to one of the piers, cheered by a band and a raucous-voiced boy inviting public patronage for a fortune-teller. You are forced to recognize that they find a real rest in the change from the quiet of their games at home.

All America comes to Atlantic City. The boys who run the stands which purvey "home newspapers" have an agreeable game of judging at a glance where you come from and crying out insinuatingly as you pass by the

presumptive name of your favorite journal with preternatural and satiric acuteness as to local flavors and eccentricities of physiognomy and dress. (Their only competitor in the writer's memory is the combined barber, manicure, and pedicure who issues forth from his tiny shack upon the beach at the Venetian Lido and, pausing before the bathers, addresses each one in his correct "home language"—English, German, French, Hungarian, or Italian—his judgment being founded solely on face and figure, and the way various national skins burn or tan beneath the Adriatic sun.)

To catalogue Atlantic City is to catalogue the American world—indeed, several worlds. You look out of the window and see a pair from rural Pennsylvania making their way toward a public "shelter," where they will feast on a bag of doughnuts, and you realize in a very queer kind of way that this is the America you can laugh at while you love;



A RELIC OF AN EARLIER ARISTOCRACY—CHARLESTON

the national banner fluttering in the middle distance, whether from a dancing-pavilion, a moving-picture show, or a chiropodist's establishment, stirs within you an odd but genuine patriotism.

So far it has been assumed that the winter holiday is undertaken in search of warm weather. For as long as he could the writer has clung to the lovely tradition of the "old-fashioned winter." We all remember that as children we were invariably dragged to Thanksgiving dinner upon a sled. The reports of the meteorological office may indicate that there has been no snow upon the November festival for a half-century—that will not shake our faith. Our faith in present-day weather is, however, considerably weaker. The writer once had a rule that he would not start for Florida until he had seen the skating in Central Park; but he was soon obliged to give it up, for he ran the risk during mild winters of never going south until some blizzard of late March or early April froze the lakes with the breath of spring. The result has been inevitable, the holiday in search of cold weather. The second rule for winter traveling is to keep on toward the north pole.

There was an earlier golden age of this glorification of the frost — when Montreal had its ice palace and its winter carnival, as had also the Twin Cities of Minnesota. This was the time when toboggan-slides adorned our hillsides and toboggan-caps graced the heads of our youth, male and female, more especially the heads of such as never slid the slide. (The record in dress by the non-sporting of the passing tastes of the sportsmen is one of the most agreeably ridiculous customs of our national life. Who does not remember gratefully the vogue of the yacht-cap among land-lubbers? Who has not some precious memory of it, worn, say, to the theater, with evening dress? At the moment no pretty fashion of this kind exists, but the writer hopes that soon the aviator's costume may be the favorite wear for traveling in the subway.)

Ice palaces and carnivals are of a more naïve earlier period when pleasure was merely pleasure. Now it has become fresh air and health and sport. The toboggan has been largely ousted by our own indigenous bob-sled, which has met with such social success at St. Moritz and other Swiss winter resorts of the British aristocracy that it is now fashionable even at home. We slide, we skate, we play hockey on the ice, we ski. After all, we invented the sweater in America; why should we not wear it?

The winter may be dull and slushy in our towns, but "up" country in the snow-clad hills and by the ice-bound lakes and streams the weather is the kind we make so well in America: the brisk, clear, tingling winter, with the sun bright upon dry, powdery snow — the only weather, to put it briefly, which can for a moment risk comparison with Southern airs heavy with the scent of orange-blossoms. The winter holiday where it is winter in winter is in its infancy only, but it bids fair to rival the holiday where it is summer in winter. It has the advantage of never being an admission of age or illness, but instead a boast of youth and health, ready to face with red cheeks and gaiety the challenge of the frost.

The country, as opposed to the town, is still increasingly successful every year. People who can afford it (doubtless some who can't) keep their country house open — or half-way open — through the whole winter, and go to it for Thanksgiving or the "old-fashioned Christmas," or just for week-end flurries in the snow.

And, let it be whispered low, there are country people who make holiday in town in winter and who love the sight of snowflakes glittering against the lights of Broadway. Indeed, if the heart is gay and times are prosperous, one sometimes feels that the whole American year is one long holiday.



PONY-CARTS. OF COURSE, WERE NEVER INTENDED FOR ARCTIC TRAVEL

Robin the Bobbin

BY VALE DOWNIE

I



TOM BUNTING'S ears were cold. It was the comforting belief of the Professor, frequently expressed, that when your ears get cold easily it is a sign that you are going to be a piano-tuner some day. The Professor would have been hard put to it, no doubt, to produce a scientific reason for the faith that was in him; but the idea was mildly consoling to the boy. Piano-tuning, as everybody knows, requires a very special sort of ear. The Professor said he had suffered from cold ears all his life, and of late years he never dreamed of going out in raw weather without his black velvet earmuffs. There was much comfort in reflecting that it was the common lot of genius.

The morning was unusually chill and a nipping wind came frolicking down Van Cleve Avenue, swirling the light snow in the sparkling morning sunshine, and threatening at times to pick up

Tom, the Professor, the dog-cart, and the donkey and roll them bodily back into Hollowell, whence they had just come. Tom had to hold on to the reins with both hands, and while he was doing that the snow got in his eyes and down his back and everywhere it ought not to have been. The Professor, who wore large black goggles and could barely distinguish between night and day, sat bolt upright and offered much occasional philosophic comment and encouragement.

Pony-carts, of course, were never intended for arctic travel. The one which carried Professor Gilliken and Tom Bunting was so very small, and Hank-Honk (the donkey—this name was a pleasing combination of appellative and warning signal, invented by Tom) was so extremely small, also, that there was grave danger of the outfit going entirely out of sight among the deep drifts at the crossings.

"What ho!" exclaimed the Professor, suddenly. A particularly heavy gust had almost stopped their forward progress. "That was a good one, wasn't it?"

A regular nor'wester. I calculate we must be blown about a hundred leagues out of our course, Captain Bunting. Better send the bo's'n to the masthead to see if we are in sight of land."

"Ay, ay, sir," cheerily responded Captain Bunting.

"What does the lubber report?"

"Land on the port bow, sir."

"Coast of Labrador?"

"No, Van Cleve Avenue."

"Righto! Tell the bo's'n to come down out of that before he catches his death of cold. By the way, there are lots of fine residences hereabouts, aren't there?"

"Scads of 'em."

"Look around and tell me what sort of a house you see on the stabbord bow."

"A big red brick with shiny, plate-glass windows and a great big verander. It's a regular palace."

"What sort of place do you see on the left?"

"Big stone house back a ways from the street. There's an iron fence in front and lots of pine-trees around, all covered with snow. Nobody's been out this morning, for the snow ain't shoveled; but there's smoke coming out of the big chimblly at the end, so I s'pose somebody must live there."

"It doesn't sound very promising, Tommy, my lad, as you tell it. But since you're out, run into the house and see what they have to say."

"Don't look very good to me, but I'll try 'em," said Tom, and turned toward the old stone mansion. He struggled through the drifts to the front door, a queer, old, blistered, square-paneled affair, with a white door-knob in the middle, and a generally cracked and weather-beaten appearance that was far from promising either lavish generosity or careless disregard of expense. Finding no push-button, Thomas pulled the door-knob and thought he detected a tinkling sound far away in the dark interior.

He kicked his toes against the worn stone step and waited.

It is not amiss to remark that the piano-tuning business had lately undergone a decided slump. Either pianos were staying in tune for distressingly long periods or the ears of musical people

were becoming scandalously incompetent to detect the growing discord. Of course, business conditions generally were not good, and with many players it was a matter of economy. Some, no doubt, were simply too stingy to have their instruments put in shape. It was discouraging, especially when you reflected on the dire necessity which faced Tom, the Professor, and Hank-Honk at this particular moment, with Christmas only four days off and three vitally important Christmas presents to buy. These three presents were to come as three prodigious surprises; but it may be surmised that Hank-Honk was the only one who was likely to be profoundly shaken with astonishment, in view of the amount of discussion that had gone on lately, of evenings, in Professor Gilliken's kitchen (which was also dining-room, living-room, and parlor; the other room was reserved for a sleeping-apartment for Tom and the Professor). And when it is learned that Hank-Honk's stable—built of two piano-boxes and a piece of corrugated iron—was scarcely eight feet distant in a direct line from the kitchen door, and conversation carried on in the house was distinctly audible in the alley beyond, it may be seriously questioned whether even he was likely to be greatly surprised on Christmas morning.

By spending a half-hour almost any frosty evening in the shadow of the piano-box stable—one conspicuous advantage of owning a steed the size of Hank-Honk is that you *can* make a shelter for him out of a piano-box (obtainable gratis from the dealer from whom you buy your strings, piano repairs, and so forth)—a painstaking eavesdropper would have ascertained that master Thomas Bunting had long felt the want of a fur cap with a brim that turned down all around over one's ears. Tom's ears were admittedly large—only a size or so smaller than Hank-Honk's—and they were, as has been intimated, always cold. The Professor had rather set his heart on a pair of fleece-lined gloves. A piano-tuner cannot well afford to have his fingers frozen. As for the pony, the consensus of opinion seemed to be that a heavy woolen blanket with straps and buckles to fast-

en under his body would about reach the spot. Although he was game enough not to complain, there wasn't a doubt that he found the long waits in the streets, while the Professor labored over decayed pianofortes, pretty frigid business.

But fur caps, gloves, and blankets all take money to buy, unfortunately; and if everybody in town of a sudden makes up his mind to go on living with a jangling, untuned piano, rather than expend a petty two dollars to have it overhauled, where are you? And a mighty cold winter at that—the coldest in twenty years, said the weather-man in the newspaper.

Tom kicked the stone step once more and gave the white knob another determined pull. Presently he heard a step within and the door opened.

The old gentleman who appeared in the doorway was tall, slightly stooped, and very solemn. He wore a long, tattered dressing-gown of quilted silk and a pair of carpet slippers. His hair was thick and white as snow and his eyebrows were white and bushy—and rather frightful until you caught a glimpse of the eyes beneath them. His nose was large and a little red—it looked as though it might be cold. It was, however, the solemn set of the mouth, unobscured by either mustache or beard, that most disconcerted Tom. He did have a terribly heavy jaw.

“Good morning,” said the old gentleman.

“If you please,” began Tom, mechanically covering one of his ears with a mittened hand, “we’ve come about the piano.”

“The piano?”

“Yes; we have come to tune it.”

The old gentleman took a small case out of a pocket of his dressing-gown and stuck a pair of gold-mounted glasses upon his nose. He regarded Tom gravely.

“To tune it?”

“Yes. We—we understood that it was out of kelter.”

“That is odd,” said the old man, slowly. He took off his glasses and polished them with a silk handkerchief, which he drew out of another pocket. “Very odd indeed. Are you sure you

have the right address? My name is Fraser—John Fraser. Is that right?”

“Yes, sir,” affirmed the efficient emissary of Professor Gilliken. “That’s the name.”

“And you have come to tune the piano? That is the most curious thing I ever heard of. But come in. Come in.”

Tom entered a wide, high-ceilinged hall. Mr. Fraser’s white hair brushed the pendants of a great chandelier that hung at the foot of a wide oak staircase as he led the way into a room at the left.

The house was cold—colder even than the outdoor air, which was permeated at least by the brilliant morning sunshine; but there was a fire in the room they now entered. Tom saw it sparkling merrily in a big fireplace at the end—and here the atmosphere was more comfortable. Such a room it was! At any other time Tom would have been entranced. Another glass chandelier, three times as big as the one in the hall, hung from the ceiling and the firelight was reflected from hundreds of glass pendants. The inside wall was lined with bookcases full of books of all sizes, from ponderous leather-backed tomes in the bottom shelves, to little pocket-sized volumes near the ceiling. They weren’t in very good order, being stacked in all sorts of positions, on their sides, on their backs, and on their corners; and it was a great wonder that two or three dozen of them did not topple over into the room every time the door slammed. It is possible, of course, that the doors in this house never slammed; they were so big and heavy and their hinges were so rusty that it is quite likely that the thing hadn’t occurred in years. Over the fireplace was a beautiful engraving of a traction engine followed by a log train of prodigious length. It was, in fact, a prodigious engine. There were two or three other pictures of similar character on the walls, and some framed blue prints more or less faded. But it was not the books or the pictures that entranced Tommy—it was the little engines. There were dozens of them of all sorts—traction locomotives, stationary engines with boilers, air-compressors, dynamos, little steam-hammers

about large enough to forge fish-hooks, fire-engines, marine engines, and a lot that nobody but a mechanical engineer could call by their proper names. They were made of all sorts of material—iron, wood, aluminum, and brass—and some were polished and varnished until they shone most merrily. No toy-shop ever contained a display half so gorgeous. They stood on the corners of the big table, in the center, on the three wide window-sills, on the mantel, and on the floor. Mr. Fraser stepped over two steam-pumps and some sort of a dredge or power shovel in making his way to the fire. He motioned the enraptured Tom to a chair at the corner of the hearth and seated himself opposite.

II

"YOU say you have come to tune my piano?"

"Oh yes," said Tom, who had completely forgotten his business in the house.

Mr. Fraser folded his hands and gave the proposition grave attention.

"It is curious," he said, after a few moments' reflection, "but do you know I wasn't aware, until this moment, that I owned a piano. Still, it's perfectly possible. You see, I bought this house and its contents about ten years ago, upon the advice of my lawyer, who found it could be had at a bargain and thought it would be just the place for me. Never having had occasion to use more than two or three rooms, I don't really know what there is in it. It's quite possible that a dozen pianos may be stuck around in dark corners. Will you have the goodness to pull that bell-cord?"

Tom observed a queer, tasseled rope hanging from the wall between two bookcases, and gave it a jerk, whereupon an old negro, wearing a black skullcap edged with a fuzz of white hair, entered and hobbled across the room.

"Marcus," said Mr. Fraser, "this is Mr. Thomas Bunting, of the firm of Gilliken, Bunting & Hank-Honk—Piano-tuners."

"Yes, suh."

"I'm pleased to meet you," said Tom.

"They have come to tune our piano, Marcus," added the old gentleman.

"Yes, suh."

"Have we a piano, Marcus?"

"I don't know, suh. We just might have one. A body couldn't tell without looking, suh."

"It would appear to me, Marcus," said Mr. Fraser, sternly, "that a fellow who has been taking care of an establishment for ten years ought to know what furniture it contains."

"Yes, suh. He oughtta, suh. But we ain't nevah had much call to open up them pahlahs, suh."

"True enough; but we'll have to open them now. Come along."

Mr. Fraser led the way across the hall to the door at the foot of the staircase. The lock creaked as he turned the knob and the door stuck as though sealed for all time in its frame; but it yielded at length, before the impact of the combined weight of three determined shoulders—Mr. Fraser's, Marcus's, and Tom's—and the three explorers lurched into the room, amid a creaking, jangling, and tinkling sound that was almost deafening. Thomas, in fact, measured his length on the dusty carpet, to the no small amusement of Marcus.

What a dusty room it was! Cold as a cistern and musty as a potato-cellar. Overhead was another chandelier even larger than the one in the library, with twice as many shivering, tinkling glass pendants.

By this time they were all three sneezing with the dust or cold, or both, and Mr. Fraser said, "Fwhew!" loudly, four or five times in succession. Marcus at length succeeded in opening a window-blind, which admitted a golden beam of sunlight, and Mr. Fraser almost immediately said, "Hah!" and pointed with his cane at a square, black shape in the farthest corner of the inner room.

It was, as a matter of fact, a piano. Tom would not have recognized it as such, for a great cloth cover hung down to the floor on all sides, concealing its three massive pedestals. The owner, however, swept off this cover and, with some difficulty, raised the lid, disclosing a row of dirty, yellow keys.

"Do you play, sir?" he inquired, bowing Tom to the horse-hair cushioned stool, which he dusted off hurriedly with the tail of his dressing-gown.



HE DRANK IN THE GREAT MAN'S ELUCIDATIONS WITH RAPT ATTENTION

"I know 'Peter-Peter,'" confessed the boy.

"Excellent! Will you favor us, sir?"

Tom slid onto the stool without waiting to be further importuned, and struck two or three keys with exceptional verve. *Bang!*

Tom leaped from the stool in dismay. Such a discordant, rumbling, crashing, jangling explosion certainly was never

before let loose from any instrument of music.

Mr. Fraser laid his hand reassuringly on Tom's shoulder. "You were right," he said. "It *is* a little out of kelter. A job for the Professor."

"Tee-hee," tittered Marcus, who, now that his alarm was gone, considered it all very funny. "Job for the junk-dealer."

"By no means," said his master, reprovingly. "That is probably an excellent piano. All it needs is a few new strings. I dare say it has a beautiful tone. Go out and show the Professor in, Marcus. Then put his cart in the stable. When you have done that, you had better dust round here a little and put a fire on the hearth. This house is as cold as a barn."

"Yes, suh. Right away, suh."

But the gleeful assistant of Professor Gilliken was already at the front door on his way to carry the glad news. That piano wasn't a job—it was a contract. The Professor would be a week on it, at a dollar an hour. Gee!

III

"WHAT ho, Captain Bunting!" shouted the Professor as Tom clanged the iron gate.

"I've got a *job*!" shouted the boy.

"No!"

"Yes, sir; an old piano that ain't been tuned for ten years. Say, it's in beautiful condition! I'll bet you'll be a week on it. I tried to play 'Peter-Peter,' and broke three strings. His name's Fraser—Mr. John Fraser. My, but I was afraid of him at first!"

The Professor inferred that this was the name of the owner of the house and not that of the instrument.

"Fraser—John Fraser. You don't mean Uncle Jack Fraser of the Fraser Forge and Foundry, do you?"

"Dunno'. But he's got a dozen little toy engines and machines, with little steam-boilers and pulleys and belts. Gee! it's great! Hurry and let's go in!"

The Professor climbed out of the cart with his leather case and his cane, and was guided by Tom up to the house. Hank-Honk, after some moments of protest, suffered himself to be led to the carriage entrance by Mr. Marcus and conducted to the stable in the rear, where he was made reasonably comfortable.

The old piano was moved on creaking casters out of its corner into the center of the room, and nearer to the big fireplace, where Marcus presently started a roaring blaze. In ten minutes Professor Gilliken was able to give Mr. Fraser

an opinion regarding the instrument, which was that it ought to be entirely restrung, and he couldn't say just how long it might take him—probably three days.

No matter; it had to be tuned, and the expense for strings was of no consequence. Marcus entirely agreed. Having had the matter brought to their attention, they realized at once the impossibility of going on without a properly tuned piano in the house.

So the Professor laid out his tools and went to work. Tom helped him to get his bearings so that he could move about the room without upsetting the furniture. He stuck to the job manfully for perhaps an hour. He ran to the music-store in Hollowell Street for new strings, and when he returned he made himself useful handing the Professor such tools as he required from the mat. After a time his assistance was not so necessary, and there were long intervals when he was able to slip across the hall and investigate the little engines.

Every time he came Mr. Fraser would put down his book or paper and smile. He rigged up one after another of the machines and started the little wheels to turning, explaining the while that these seeming toys were, in reality, just working models of great machines that had been built or were to be built in his factory. Tom was an attentive listener. He stuck his stub nose into every mechanical abstrusity with an enthusiasm that pleased Mr. Fraser immensely. He asked countless questions and drank in the great man's elucidations with rapt attention. His cheeks were now as red as his ears had been, and his eyes were bright and blue. His yellow-brown hair somewhat resembled that of Mr. Fraser in that it had not been too carefully combed.

At length the old gentleman, having, as he said, a very important letter to write, selected a book from one of the shelves and advised Tom to sit down and read awhile or look at the pictures. It required no very great perspicacity to discover that Mr. Fraser desired a few minutes of comparative silence, and the boy promptly curled up on the rug with his book. He was thus most comfortably disposed, a half-hour later, when the



NEITHER MR. FRASER NOR TOM HAD DREAMED THAT DOMINOES COULD BE SO INTERESTING

Professor called wheezily from the parlor and he was obliged to get up and answer the summons.

Professor Gilliken, it seemed, had found an old letter in the piano. It had evidently been laid on the music-rack and had slipped through a crack into the interior of the instrument, where it had lain perhaps for years. One thing was clear—it was the property of John Fraser, who had bought the house and all its contents, which would naturally include the contents of the piano, and Tom was instructed to carry the find forthwith to the library.

Mr. Fraser examined the finely written address with care:

Miss Kate Marboro,
Van Cleve Ave.,
Colchester.

It was postmarked from Akron, Ohio, and the date was twelve years old.

“Marboro—yes, that was the name of the family that formerly owned this mansion. I wonder if there are any secrets in it. You know, Tom, one generally gets into trouble by reading other people’s letters. I guess we’d better drop it in the fire.”

Mr. Fraser leaned toward the ruddy blaze, but Tom excitedly stopped his destroying hand.

“Mebbe we’d better read it first and burn it afterward. You know it might

tell about some buried doubloons and pieces of eight or somethin'. Old houses often have chests of gold and jools buried in the cellar. I've read about it lots of times. No, sir, I wouldn't burn it."

Mr. Fraser had ever an open mind. He smiled gently, but presently admitted the force of this argument, and, upon the chance of getting trace of hidden loot, drew out the yellow, folded note and read it three times—twice to himself and once to Tom. It was brief and a bit obscure.

DEAR KATE,—I have⁵ been feeling lately that I *must* see you and father and the old place again. I want to sit in the old back parlor and play "The Blue Danube Waltz" on my piano, as I used to do, or watch the logs crackle in the fireplace. It's a fact I haven't been so homesick in fifteen years, and just now, at Christmas, it's worse than ever. Has father mentioned me lately? It surely seems to me he ought to take a different view of the matter now. Is he going to remember a silly nineteen-year-old girl's slip against her for ever and ever? Why, Ramsdell's been dead almost fifteen years, and if I was foolish, which I'm very ready to admit I was, surely I've paid for my folly a hundred times over.

Does he know that I married again? And have you told him about Robin the Bobbin? The little rascal's two years old this month, and I think would greatly enjoy celebrating Christmas in our ancestral halls, as would a certain tired mother I know of.

You know, it's worrying what's to become of Robin the Bobbin that takes the tucker out of me, Katy. Mr. Brown was never very strong and the doctor ordered him South in September, but he couldn't afford to go. The worst of it is I'm not as full of the devil as I used to be, myself, and that worries me. I've had to give up teaching music.

Kate, you and father just couldn't help loving the Bobbin. See if you can't get him to invite us home for Christmas.

Lovingly, your sister,
SARA MARBORO BROWN.

IV

MR. FRASER looked at Tom over his spectacles.

"Not a syllable about any buried treasure," he commented. "Rather a disappointing letter. Don't you think so?"

"Yes, sir. But who d'you s'pose was Robin the Bobbin?"

"Probably he was Mrs. Brown's little boy, although she doesn't exactly say so. It's a queer letter and old Colonel Marboro must have been a queer granddad if he could resist the Bobbin. That is *my* opinion."

"And didn't the lady get to bring her little boy home for Christmas?"

"I'm sure I don't know—somehow I don't think she did. You didn't notice any traces of molasses taffy between the keys of the piano, did you?"

"No; but it might have been all washed off, you know."

"To be sure. Ah well, I suppose we'll have to let it go at that." Mr. Fraser folded the letter and laid it on his table. Tom resumed his book. Presently he rolled over on his back and stared at the ceiling. Mr. Fraser gazed into the fire for a long time. Finally he said, "Hah!" loudly, and nodded his head three or four times.

"Sam Paley, to be sure," he remarked, smiling. Tom sat up hurriedly on the rug.

"Who is Sam Paley?" he inquired with great interest.

"My lawyer. The fellow who sold me this house. I always thought that he knew more than he ought to about it. If anybody can tell us who Robin the Bobbin was, he is the man. I shall telephone him instantly."

From the tangle of apparatus on the big oak table Mr. Fraser, without moving from his chair, extracted a desk telephone and put the receiver to his ear. Mr. Paley had, happily, just arrived at his office, and promised to come right out. No doubt he gathered from the portentous tone of the manufacturer that some matter of vast moment was afoot. At any rate, he was on hand in less than twenty minutes, and, being ushered by Marcus to a comfortable chair at the right of the hearth and formally presented to Tom Bunting, who was still on the hearth-rug, sitting cross-legged like a Turk, Mr. Fraser fixed him with a level and inquisitorial gaze and said:

"Sam, who is, or was, Robin the Bobbin?"

Mr. Paley was plainly astounded by this question. "Blessed if I know, John! *Blessed* if I do," he answered.

Mr. Paley made words out of his sentences and, when he had sufficient breath, sentences out of paragraphs.

"Now, don't try to mislead the court, Sam. You know perfectly well who Robin the Bobbin was."

"On-my-honor! Never-heard-of-'im-before-in-m'-life. What line?"

"He's not in business, so far as I know; but he is, or was, so to speak, connected with the line of Marboro."

Mr. Paley sat up, if possible, more erect than usual and his eyebrows went up an additional quarter of an inch. Tom held himself in readiness for any eventuality.

"Line-of-Marboro? You-don't-tell-me-so! Well! You-interest-me-John. Proceed."

Mr. Fraser handed the lawyer the old letter. Mr. Paley put on his spectacles and read it with amazement.

When he had finished he handed the letter back, took off his spectacles, and blew his nose on a blue-silk handkerchief. After a while he said:

"I knew Sally Marboro very well, John. In fact, I—well, it was twenty-five or thirty years ago, y' understand. Most of the young bloods about town here were in love with her. That was long before you came here. Guess you never saw her."

"No, I never had that pleasure."

"Too bad. Wonderful girl—full of spirit! Mighty pretty, too. Ran off with a young scamp, name of Ramsdell. Colonel Marboro never got over it, but he wouldn't let her come back. Killed him. Killed his other girl, too—this Kate—or helped to. She was a cripple—sort of a hunchback. Took pneumonia and died a month after the Colonel. I settled up the estate. Trunkful of debts and no assets but the house. I spent a year tracing Sally—finally heard of her in Jacksonville. I thought the family was extinct. Funny I never heard of this—"

"Then the child may still be alive?"

"Quite possible. May have left it with friends in the North when she took Brown to Florida. Too bad! Poor Sally Marboro—"

Neither Mr. Fraser nor Tom had noticed that the tinkle of taut piano strings had ceased to come from the par-

lor across the hall. Mr. Paley was, therefore, the least astonished of the three by the sudden creaking of a rusty hinge and the appearance of a hand around the casement of the partly opened library door. A moment later Professor Gilliken felt his way into the room.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Fraser," he said, hoarsely, "but I thought I heard the name of Sally Marboro."

"You did," replied the manufacturer, rising.

"Then I was right; this is the old Marboro mansion."

"Yes."

"It seemed familiar. I was here once, many years ago, before I lost my eyes. In those days I played the piano in an orchestra and I remember coming here to play for a dance. Sally Marboro—I remember very distinctly, now. Thank you, and I hope you'll excuse the interruption. Tom, give me a shoulder back to the parlor, will you?"

The Professor blinked his sightless eyes as though he saw something invisible to the others, something bright and wonderful. The boy scurried to his side and led him from the room.

Mr. Fraser crossed the room and closed the library door. Then he went back and seated himself opposite the mystified lawyer.

"Queerest thing I ever heard of," ejaculated Mr. Paley. "Remember the dance perfectly—right in this house. Here myself and danced with Sally Marboro half a dozen times! Who is this party?"

"Professor Gilliken, piano-tuner." Mr. Fraser glanced at the Professor's round-cornered, yellow business card which lay on the edge of the table. "His address is Cider Alley and Reservoir Road, in case you should ever require his services. The boy is his assistant."

"Most extraordinary thing I ever heard of," continued Paley, "that letter turning up just at this moment, after lying concealed in the bowels of that piano for twelve years. It's queer, John, mighty queer. Fact is I've got to run over to Cleveland. Go right by Akron. Could easily stop off."

"You don't tell me, Sam!"

"But I *do* tell you. By George! I

believe I'll just stop off and have a little look around. Can't do any harm. Might hear something."

"There's no time like the present, Sam."

"You're right, John. Right as right. Procrastination has been my ruination. Been my curse. Kept me poor all my life. Why, d'you know, John, I planned to run off with Sally Marboro once, myself. Put it off. Ramsdell got her."

Fraser smiled as he helped his friend into a rather threadbare overcoat. It was a question whether there was business enough in Sam Paley's office to make his presence, or absence, on the morrow a matter of the smallest consequence, but the alleged errand to Cleveland was a palpable fiction.

"I usually *am* right, Sam. And, by the way, on the chance that you might turn up something, you know, let me give you a little check."

"Not a penny—not a scratch," protested Paley, whose sole source of income was probably Fraser Forge and Foundry. Mr. Fraser calmly sat down at the table, took a check-book from a drawer, and began to fill in the blanks.

"Are you, or are you not, of counsel for John Fraser, Sam?"

"I am. But this is—"

"My business, Sam. If I want to send you to Akron on a wild-goose chase, I'd like to know who's going to prevent it."

"Going on my own account."

"Also on mine. Besides, if you happen to find Sally Marboro's boy you will want to give him a little present. This is Christmas-time, you know."

This could not be successfully controverted, and Paley well knew his own financial inability to do justice to the occasion. He jammed the slip of paper into his wallet, therefore, and, with a few more staccato protestations, took his departure.

V

AT noon Mr. Fraser invited Tom and the Professor to have lunch with him, thereby saving them the chilly journey to a restaurant, not to mention some small actual outlay of money. Afterward the old gentleman departed in a closed automobile, called from a garage, to spend an hour or so in his

office. Tom was previously advised not to try to take any of the little engines apart, but received permission to throw on the current from the storage battery and watch the wheels go round.

About four o'clock Mr. Fraser returned. From a pocket of his overcoat he produced a long package in blue paper, which proved to contain a box of dominoes. Tom had never played dominoes, but was anxious to learn, and they got down to business forthwith. They used an immense drawing-board, laid across a taboret of convenient height, for a table.

Neither Mr. Fraser nor Tom had dreamed that dominoes could be so interesting. The din, in fact, presently became so great as to effectually drown the noise of the piano-tuning across the hall. When Mr. Fraser was forced to make repeated and bootless trips to the bone-pile, Tom howled with delight; and when Tom, in turn, met his periods of ill fortune, Mr. Fraser lolled back in his chair and said "Hah-hah-hah!" with such gusto as to make the glass pendants on the chandelier chatter with alarm. And no wonder. There hadn't been such a racket in the old house for ten years.

The second game had to be stopped in the middle, at five o'clock, when the Professor laid down his tools for the day; but the board was most carefully set aside and Marcus was warned explicitly not to touch it. Next morning, promptly at nine o'clock, the game was resumed with new vim. They played all forenoon and nearly all afternoon, for Mr. Fraser found it possible to dispense with his daily visit to the factory. The truth was he doubted the advisability of venturing out of doors, such a turn had the weather taken by two o'clock in the afternoon. It had begun to snow soon after Tom and the Professor arrived, and the storm presently developed into a blizzard. So Mr. Fraser sat beside the fire, in his dressing-gown and slippers, playing dominoes with a red-cheeked, bright-eyed boy, and was entirely content.

Late in the afternoon the Professor appeared in the doorway to announce that his work was completed. The piano was tuned.

Tom and Mr. Fraser heard this news



HE WAS DIMLY AWARE THAT THE PROFESSOR WAS RECALLING THE SCENES OF A JOYOUS PAST

with dismay. Surely there must be some mistake. The Professor had promised, in the beginning, that it would take him three days to do the job, and he had perfidiously and inexcusably finished it up in two. Mr. Fraser gravely called his attention to this. The Professor smiled and explained that certain expected difficulties had not materialized; the work had gone more expeditiously than he had anticipated.

With a sigh Mr. Fraser put by the domino-board and, going to his table, wrote a check for twenty-five dollars. He sadly ordered Marcus to put Hank-Honk in the cart and bring him around front. Then he exacted a promise from Tom to come in and see him whenever the Professor happened to be tuning in that neighborhood, and assured the head of the firm that he would always be

willing to bear testimony to the efficiency and despatch with which he had executed his task. There was some argument as to whether they ought, after all, to attempt to go home in such weather; but, the snow having ceased to fall, and Tom having unlimited confidence in Hank-Honk's ability to burrow through the drifts, this was decided in favor of setting out, and they at length got under way.

Mr. Fraser went back to his chair before the fire. He was still wrapped in moody reflection when his servant announced dinner.

The dining-room was cold. The whole house had, somehow, grown colder in the past hour. Mr. Fraser called Marcus's attention to this as he sat down to his solitary repast. When the servant returned from turning up the gas-heater

below, Mr. Fraser had disposed of his rather cold sirloin steak and was busy with an over-seasoned salad. He fixed Marcus with a glance of disapproval.

"You've been with me a long time, Marcus, haven't you?"

"Yes, suh. About twenty years, suh."

"The trouble with me, Marcus, is that I've been too busy making machines, isn't it?"

"Yes, suh. I suppose so, suh, if you say so."

"If I'd made a few less machines and taken time to make a home for myself I'd have been better off, wouldn't I?"

"Yes, suh. Indeed you would, suh."

"And you'd have been out of a job."

"Yes, suh. That is, I don't know, suh. I expect's so, though."

"Of course you would. No woman in the world would ever have endured you."

"Maybe not, suh, if you ah talkin' about women, suh."

"We were talking about homes, weren't we?" cried Mr. Fraser with impatience. "You never heard of a home without a woman in it, did you?"

"No, suh; I nevah did, suh. But I notice children sort o' liven a place up like."

"Hum!" said Mr. Fraser, reaching for the oil-bottle. "I must ask you once more, Marcus, not to be quite so free with the paprika in dressing my salad."

"Yes, suh."

"Well, go and think it over."

Mr. Fraser was obviously in a bad humor. He presently returned to the library and threw two logs on the fire as though he had a spite against them. Then he sat down and stared into the blaze, oblivious, apparently, to all his surroundings, including the storm which had begun again furiously at dark. He sat so for a full hour. Then the telephone rang.

VI

TOM and the Professor sat down to their evening meal amid circumstances of unusual festivity. They had been able to get Mr. Fraser's check cashed by a grocer in the Reservoir Road and had immediately invested an almost prodigal portion of it in potatoes, canned

corn, bacon, beans, and so forth. Oddly enough, it was Professor Gilliken who discovered that the grocer had a stock of Christmas decorations, holly and mistletoe and evergreen; and they had to buy some of that, too.

One of the holly wreaths was hung in the kitchen window, where Hank-Honk, if he had been able to turn around in his stable—which he was not—and stick his head out of the door, would have had a good view of it. The other was suspended in the front of the shack for the delectation of such daring travelers as might brave the perils of Reservoir Road, which at this point was ungraded and impossible for vehicles.

The bacon and beans, with unlimited rye bread and butter, were fine—as to both quality and quantity. It was, in fact, a gorgeous and an elegant supper, as Tom, chief assistant, head cook, and bottle-washer, modestly admitted. Best of all, there was more money in the bank—a tin baking-powder can that the Professor kept in a corner of his tool-case—than there had been at any time for months past. It promised to be a very jolly Christmas season.

"Professor," said Tom, suddenly, "what is a bobbin?"

"A bobbin—? Why, a bobbin, Tommy, is something that bobs, either up and down or sideways—I don't know that it makes much difference, so that it bobs. Why?"

"Do you think that Robin the Bobbin will bob?"

"Who's Robin the Bobbin?"

"He was that lady's little boy that she wrote about in that letter. Don't you remember?"

The Professor scratched his chin reflectively. "I didn't hear it all," he said. "But if Sally Marboro had a little boy, I wouldn't be a plagued bit surprised if he did just bob up any time."

"I wish't he would," sighed Tom. "And then he'd live with Mr. Fraser and I'd go to see him and we'd run the little model engines."

The Professor sighed, too, and drummed abstractedly on the table with his fingers. Having now finished his beans, he allowed Tom to remove the plate. The boy then brought his corn-cob pipe from a shelf above the stove.

He filled it and held a lighted spill until it was burning properly. That done, Tom washed the dishes; this was a very simple operation and occupied about three minutes. Finally he sat down again beside the table and they talked of various charming and joyous things, such as Christmas trees, stuffed turkey, glass parrakeets with electric lights inside of them, railways to run with storage-batteries around one's parlor, Mr. Fraser's little engines, and, eventually, Sally Marboro. Upon this last topic the Professor did all the talking, and he talked more to himself than to Tom, who didn't understand more than half of what he said. He was dimly aware, however, that the Professor was recalling the scenes of a joyous past, before he lost his eyes and fell upon the latter evil days. Finally he began to speak of Aunt Evaline, a curious lady with a waxen black curl over each temple, long since dead, whom Tom recalled vaguely from the shadowy days before he and the Professor had arrived in Colchester—before the Professor had been the Professor and before Tom Bunting had been Tom Bunting. This change of names had been gracefully accomplished by the pianotuner so long ago that Tom had no recollection of the alteration, the object being to avoid awakening recollections and offensive commiseration in the breasts of a few inhabitants of Colchester who had known him in the golden past. His soliloquy would probably have gone on until midnight had it not been interrupted by a terrific commotion in the alley and a fur-coated figure that got out of a big automobile and came toward the shack.

"It's—it's Mr. Fraser!" yelled Tom.

"You bet," replied the visitor as he reached the threshold.

"Lord, no!" exclaimed the Professor, incredulously, "not on a night like this!"

Mr. Fraser stamped his feet on the step and entered, unbuttoning his great-coat and turning down the collar. Refusing to lay off his coat, he accepted the chair offered by the hospitable Tom, and sat down.

"You may well believe," he began, "that it is important business that brings me out a night like this. The streets are almost impassable, sir. To

come immediately to the point, for I have but a few minutes to stay," continued Mr. Fraser, "Sam Paley has found trace of Robin the Bobbin. He is going to bring Sally Marboro's child to Colchester to-morrow—at least that is my interpretation of a telephone conversation that I had with him about half an hour ago. The truth is, I couldn't hear more than one word in ten, there was such a buzzing and cracking all the while in the telephone. The snow-storm has almost wrecked the system, and Sam said he'd been working two hours to get a connection from Akron. I guessed at what I couldn't hear, and I am convinced that he has, as a matter of fact, discovered the whereabouts of this Bobbin youngster and expects to fetch him here. Now what do you think of that news?"

"I can scarcely believe it," sighed the Professor, dazedly. "I would not be too certain. Robert Marboro is a rather common name. It might not be the real Robin the Bobbin, after all."

"Sure it is," cried Tom. "And will you teach him to run the little models, Mr. Fraser?"

"I suppose I'll have to," sighed the manufacturer. "Not only that, but we'll have to stir around right now and make some preparation to entertain him. Don't you see Sam's scheme? It's all as plain as day to me. He wants to get me into having a Christmas party. I'll bet he thinks I don't know how to give a Christmas party, and, by thunder! I'll show him. All I need is just a little bit of help and advice. I thought Tom might come down and give me a lift to-morrow; Marcus is such a dunder-head I can't depend on him to do anything right."

Tom was speechless with delight. Professor Gilliken said he had nothing to do to-morrow and he could spare the boy very well, but Mr. Fraser explained that they were both to come, and he was willing to pay the firm at the same rate for trimming a Christmas tree as for tuning pianos. There was some argument as to whether this would be just, but Mr. Fraser carried the day, holding that, while trimming Christmas trees did not require as much skill as piano-tuning, it was a far more dangerous occupa-

tion, and that this must be taken into account. It was settled, therefore, that they were to come in the morning prepared to stay all day and for the party in the evening. The Professor demurred somewhat at this, but Mr. Fraser said he would be simply nowhere if he didn't have Tom to help him light the tree, and, besides, he felt that they ought to have another boy the Bobbin's age at the party, and, if it wasn't Tom, who would it be? This brought to light the curious fact that Mr. Fraser hadn't any friends in Colchester less than around half a century old—a miserable state of affairs, certainly. It so excited the compassion of Tom and the Professor that they readily consented to come early in the morning, prepared to stay all day, and then probably make a night of it. But of course they couldn't think of taking any money for helping with the decorations. It wouldn't do. This was purely a social contract, and the firm of Gilliken, Bunting & Hank-Honk could assuredly not take a penny for giving themselves so much pleasure. Even a blind man could see that, observed the Professor with a smile. And Mr. Fraser replied that he wouldn't quarrel about it, for he had often noticed that blind people often had finer powers of perception than anybody else.

Thus the arrangement was concluded, and, putting on his gloves and hat, Mr. Fraser departed in his automobile.

VII

IMMEDIATELY upon finishing an unusually early breakfast, next morning, John Fraser telephoned his secretary at the factory that he would not be there that day. Having thus dismissed the Fraser Forge and Foundry from his mind, he and Tom set out blithely, in a large and luxurious limousine, to buy Christmas presents for Robin the Bobbin.

All day, after their return, Tom and Marcus worked over the Christmas tree, draping and redraping festoons of tinsel, hanging gaudy glass balls from the tips of slender boughs, twining electric wires about the trunk so they wouldn't show, putting the glass cat and the glass canary-bird on opposite branches so as

not to excite the carnal appetite of the one or endanger the existence of the other. They worked hard, too. The Professor and Mr. Fraser sat in comfortable chairs most of the time and directed Tom where to hang the baubles. When necessary, Mr. Fraser steadied the step-ladder for him. And everybody was as gay and as jolly as could be, with the possible exception of the Professor, who had been wrapped in unaccustomed gloom all day. Then the telephone-bell rang. It was Sam Paley, back in Colchester, and he said he had some bad news.

Half an hour later he recounted his melancholy tidings in John Fraser's parlor. He had, after all, been unable to find Robin the Bobbin. In Akron still lived the lady with whom Sally Brown and her husband had boarded twelve years ago, and it was she who had told Paley that the child was still in Akron. She understood that the wife of a certain teacher of the violin, formerly in an orchestra with which Mrs. Brown had been connected, had taken charge of the baby when Sally and her husband went to Florida, and that the boy was still in their possession. Paley sought out the violinist. He said he remembered Sara Brown very well, but had never seen her child. There had been a pianist in the orchestra, at one time, who had been more intimate with the Browns than he had, but he had forgotten his name. He must have left Akron long ago, for he could not remember to have seen him in years. It was his impression that the baby had been left with this pianist and his wife—or sister.

The effect of this sad narrative upon John Fraser's Christmas party was most deplorable. The gaiety of the occasion vanished in a twinkling. Mr. Fraser sighed. The Professor became so silent and abstracted that he was really no better than a skeleton at the feast to which they presently sat down in the back parlor. Sam Paley, at the end of the table next the fireplace, perspired and berated his luck; Mr. Fraser, at the opposite end, carved the big turkey, sadly remarking that they would never be able to eat the half of it without the assistance of the Bobbin. Tom promised to do his best to help out, and



Drawn by Denman Fink

Engraved by F. A. Pettit

ALL DAY TOM AND MARCUS WORKED OVER THE CHRISTMAS TREE

thought he might be able to finish three plates of the "stuffing," but that was all. The disappointment had taken his appetite almost entirely away.

Marcus pulled back the heavy curtains while they finished the dessert, and illuminated the tree. There were no shouts of joy; they hardly looked at it. Then Sam Paley filled his glass and got upon his feet.

"I fill this cup
To one made up
Of loveliness alone,"

said he, lugubriously. "And I can see her now as plainly as if she stood right over there with one hand on John Fraser's shoulder and an arm around Tom's neck—which is just where she'd put it, for she was always fond of children. Most beautiful woman I ever knew. Her hair was a little reddish and she had a few freckles that showed up because her skin was so white. And her voice—Don't you remember her voice, John? That was music. I can hear it yet. Funny thing, John, that you didn't fall in love with her."

"I was too busy, Sam," interrupted Mr. Fraser; "and, besides, you know, I never saw her. Now that I have, in a sense, made Sally Marboro's acquaintance, and since I have, in these latter days, much greater leisure than formerly, perhaps—"

"Exactly. I knew you couldn't long resist. Why, John, every young fellow about Colchester twenty-five years ago was in love with her. 'Twas as natural to love her as to breathe the fragrant air of a June morning."

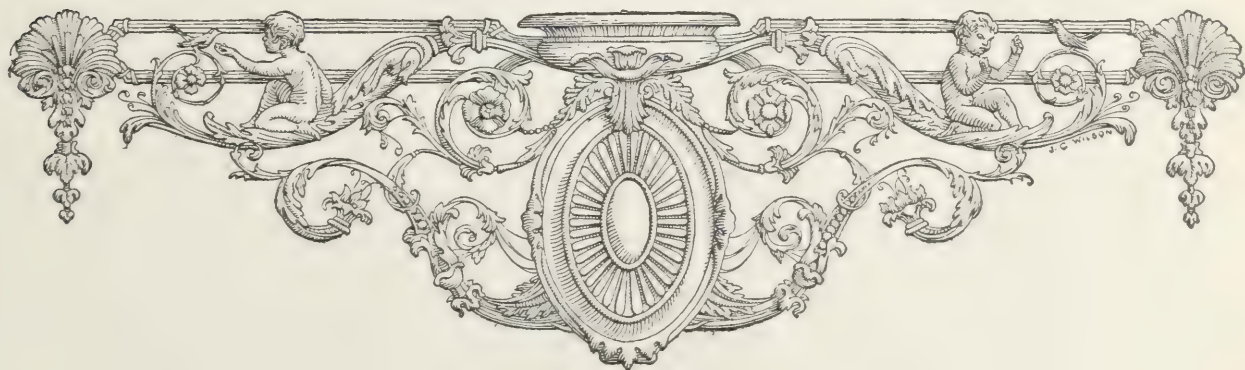
Sam Paley sighed over the hopelessness of expressing the charm and worth of the mother of Robin the Bobbin, and raised his cup. Mr. Fraser arose and they were about to drink, when the Professor upset his glass on the tablecloth and Marcus had to jump forward to refill it. Now they drank the toast—that is, they all drank it but Professor Gilliken, whose trembling hand once more overturned the cup. He was staring with sightless, blinking eyes toward the lighted tree in the front parlor, leaning with unsteady hands upon the table. Then he began to speak, in a queer, quivering voice:

"I know I have no right to keep him, but I can't bear to let him go now. I can't, I can't. You—you wouldn't ask it. You couldn't be so cruel as that, after—after leaving him with me so long. He was all the light I had. Now it will be all dark—all dark!"

The Professor dropped down, half on his chair, half on the table. Tom and Mr. Fraser ran to his side and lifted him up. Sam Paley, speechless, mopped his perspiring brow with a napkin.

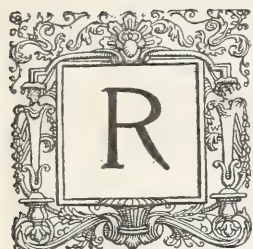
Marcus, who seemed to feel that if some of the punch could actually be conveyed safely to the old piano-tuner's mouth the effect would be beneficial, started forward with a fresh cup, the other having rolled to the floor. Mr. Fraser motioned him aside.

"You may go now, Marcus," said he, "and put a good fire in the guest bedroom. Professor Gilliken and Tom are staying with us to-night, Marcus. They will be staying—indefinitely."



The Other People

BY CORRA HARRIS



REAL men and women are not the only people. Our minds are inhabited as truly as any other country. Every child has his invisible playmate, to whom he talks more freely than to his parents, and with whom he goes upon strange adventures—a tiny Columbus with whom he embarks upon the waters of the bath-tub to discover a new land, or a roving De Soto with whom he slips through the garden gate, unattended and unafraid, always before he is three years old, bent upon an excursion into the wilderness which lies across the brook in the field or in the woods. If you are the father or mother of this child you never can understand that—how the timid baby who was never before out of your sight could have gone so far alone. Why, when you found him, stained with his travels, very tired, almost nodding, he was still confident, preoccupied, and bent upon a farther pilgrimage into the unknown. It is because he was *not* alone. He was accompanied by another whom he knows better than he will ever know father or mother—one of those companions of his own fancy, about whom he never tells you or any one else.

These people grow up like other people. The little child has his familiar, and the young man has his “ideal,” always a woman—not the one he marries, nor even the one he might have married, but one whom he never saw in the flesh: a veiled and inscrutable presence who never forsakes him. And when he grows old, and the wife he *did* marry grows old, *she* remains young, fairer than the lilies, sweeter than honey-dew upon the leaves in June.

It is the same with women. Every one of them knows a man she never saw, a nameless lover of whom she has never spoken, who is not her husband nor the

father of her children. But she is more faithful to him than to any other—since he has never forsaken her, since she holds him a willing prisoner against her fate which the years bring.

There are thousands of these people: robbers who never really came, but who are always there; heroes who never do a great deed, but who are always ready to perform it; men who accomplish the things that are never really accomplished; women of the mists of the soul who appear and disappear, only to arrive again for some purpose beyond the reach of women you see and know; little children that have never been born and never will be, who look at you from between lilies in the garden at evening, not accusingly or beseechingly, with the eyes of your own children, but with the serene faith of a young innocence which you have never betrayed.

In the very old geographies there are maps wherein certain portions are made dark, with only this written in Latin, “Here dwell Lions.” It is the same with the mind of men and women. Much of it is still a dangerous wilderness. Out of it stalk our criminals—not the murderers and highwaymen we really take and condemn, but those others beyond the reach of law, the terrible ones whom a priest cannot exorcise from his consciousness with prayers or fasting; masked faces that we all know, who belong to us.

And the others—good beyond the power of us to be good—ever present, who inspire those legends of faith. They are the only immortals whom we know well enough to believe in. They are the angels of our covenants, the cloud of witnesses that encompass us about. It is not they who die, but only the creeds with which we clothe them for purposes of worship.

Most men and women live, are destroyed, or upheld by these people of the mind more than they are by their fel-

lows of the flesh, without ever being willing or able to tell the truth about it. It is only when their occupation brings them direct experience in this matter that we receive partial records of what is going on within. I have never known a poet or a mystic or a writer of fiction who had not discovered these people, to his or her everlasting confusion.

One evening, four authors (two men and two women) were dining together. Each made confession of his difficulties with the people of his mind who did not and never had lived, but who were always accepted by his readers as the only ones whom he was suspected of having taken from real life.

"And they are by no means thoughtful of the inconvenience they cause us. I have been overhauled by an importunate ruffian demanding admission when I was far gone with a story. I have been obliged to begin again at the first page to let him in," said one of the women. She is famous as the author of some of the most thrilling and successful stories which have been published in this country during the last ten years—a stolid, middle-aged woman with a virtuous aspect.

"I have often wondered where you got that ever-present villain in your novels," said one of the men.

"I did not get him. He has got me! If it was not for that man whom I do not know and whom I never saw in real life, I could produce one of those elegant, fashionable novels like yours," she said, turning to him so seriously that we all laughed.

"I remember the first time he ever came to me. I was at work on the third chapter of my first book. I had gone to my desk one morning expecting to proceed with the characters already in action, when, behold! a young man stood at my elbow—evidently a rowdy—grinning, hat on the back of his head, feet wide apart, hands in his pockets.

"Beg pardon, madam"—it was as if I *saw* him speak—"but I come in this chapter. I was born in such and such a year. You have not suspected it so far, but I am the girl's other lover. I turn the crank of fate here. I lift your scene, which you will admit needs lifting. You cannot go on without me. Observe—"

He took his time explaining how important he was and why.

"But," I exclaimed, "I purposed to introduce so and so here."

"No such person—you have created him out of your conceit, expecting to hang one or two smart sentences on his tongue. He does not really belong. You will not know what to do with him later. But *me* you need. I'm no figment. I'm an essential factor of this thing you are trying to produce. I'm one of the legs of your story. It cannot move through the next scene without dragging if you leave me out."

"What am I to do with the hero, then?" I object. "He is already engaged—to—to the girl."

"Keep him. A hero is a sorry fellow—a mere automaton you manage for emergencies. Nobody likes him, least of all the girl. She loves me."

"She does not!" I said.

"You will see," he answers.

"Whereupon I made room for him, and did see. The girl brightened up; the plot thickened; the story began to move, infused with a strange vitality, refreshing and dangerous. I had only to record what happened. From that day to this I have never written a novel that he does not dominate. He has ruined my literary art—"

"And made your books the most popular of their kind in this country," the man put in.

"Now with me," he added, "it is a dog; a liver-spotted hound that always comes in and licks the reader's hand before I get started with the tale," and he wagged his head lugubriously.

"So that is why there is always one in your stories. I knew you liked dogs!" said one.

"But I do not like them. I never had a dog in my life. This dog owns me. Just let me begin to think about something I want to write, and that confounded dog appears from nowhere, knocking his tail on the floor and begging with his eyes—to live. Why, bless you, I know things about the soul of a dog that real lovers of animals have never suspected!"

"I knew a man once who had the same trouble with a baby," said the other man. "He is dead now—never

married. I doubt if he ever had a child in his arms. But if I should call his name you would remember him as a novelist whose heroine always had a baby. He told me about it. He said there was always a baby in his mind the moment he began to write a story; said he saw the youngster more distinctly than he ever did the woman who would in the end have to become the mother of it. Said it always had a fly on its nose, at which the baby would be crossing its eyes and laughing, after the manner of the foolish humor of the very young. It worried him no little. He told me he was never able to end a story where it should end because this child had to be born before it could be finished."

"There is an old man who has lived in my mind for years waiting for an opportunity to be introduced in the novels I write," said the other woman, who had listened in silence to these experiences. "But I never find it. He is far more real to me than any character I have created. Yet I can never get him in. And he is very polite about it. We usually realize simultaneously that he does not belong to the thing. I look up imploringly, apologetically. He waves his hand, smiles at me, and says:

"That's all right, my dear; I understand. It's of no consequence! I can wait! I myself feel that I should hardly care to associate intimately with the persons in this story. They are not my kind—much better, no doubt, but, ahem!—different! I confess the heroine gets on my nerves. And the hero is an egregious fellow. I'll wait till you write a story with dearer women in it and possibly a little child. I feel that I should go very well with either. But do not worry. Take your time. I'm in no hurry, and I feel much safer, after all, out of it!"

"With that, he bows me a beautiful 'Good day,' thrusts his stick under his arm, saunters off, and sits down upon a bench under the trees in the sweetest garden of my heart. All day long he amuses himself in a hundred gentle ways: reads, looks about, never bothers me. But he is always there. Whenever I start a new story he brisks up. He is full of animation and helpfulness for the first two or three chapters. He is very

engaging, ready any moment to step in. But as the scene moves along he perceives his unfitness for the tale or the tale's unfitness for him. He retires in the manner I have described; takes, say, Sir Thomas Browne's *Religio Medici* from his pocket and reads. Or he becomes absorbed in a volume of Marcus Aurelius's *Meditations*. I do not understand it. Personally, I cannot bear the stoicism of the latter, and I do not understand Sir Thomas Browne, but I have the keenest sense of this old gentleman's appreciation of both. I am actually aware of it when he comes upon sentences like this in the *Meditations*:

"It is against its will that any soul misses the truth of justice, wisdom, good nature, and every virtue.

"I have often felt that I could write one of those popular erotic romances where vice is clothed with scriptural language and virtue is a mean jade, if it were not for this old man," she went on; "but whenever I get the heroine involved in a compromising situation, he looks up from whatever occupies him, sees the situation, and hastens to the rescue with some such advice as this:

"Write what you *know*. That is always the truth at least. To *think* is to discover—but not necessarily to discover the truth. You cannot think what you already *know*. That has become a part of you. You can only think *about* what you know, which may be taking a liberty with truth. Never permit your mind to go free. When you do, you are likely to have loosed a thief, a murderer, a charlatan, and an adulteress in the tale—rarely ever a saint. Do not urge your characters so fast. Remember that these shadows of the brain require rest, like all of us. Have patience; wait till one of them gets up of his own accord and does something or says something. When he does, it will be something you *know*, not merely something thought out. And your readers will know it, too. Pardon the interruption," he will add, smiling, "but I saw that you were about to force the heroine into a compromising position quite unnecessarily. I do not like her, but she seems to be a respectable person. Put in a description of natural scenery. You know that. It

always *is*, never to be created. Doubtless by the time you have finished the lady will have made up her mind to do something quite as interesting as if it were a sin. Sin, my dear madam, is the least interesting, the least original thing we do in this world—and the least truthful. Virtue is the great adventure, the one thing we absolutely *know*!

"If you ask me how this old gentleman looks, I cannot tell you. I know that he wears black clothes, a long coat, a high stock about his neck; that his appearance is elegant and extremely engaging. That he is clean-shaven; that his smile is whimsical, tempered with all humor and all kindness. That his eyes are blue and very keen, like the narrow, slender blue flames sometimes seen between the burning logs of a winter fire. I do not see his features distinctly. But the door of his heart I see with the clearness of a wanderer who finds such a door upon a long and dreary road—very plain, low, like the door of a good man's heart."

We regarded her in silence, knowing that she is the despair of her publishers because she produces novels of life so unexciting that they never reach the third edition, yet so faithful to goodness that these same publishers are always tempted to believe that the next will "appeal."

"It is not like being haunted, is it?" one of the men asked.

"Not in the least. That is the result of superstition, a kind of subnormal fear of something outside yourself. But these people do not haunt. It—" She hesitated and then added: "It is almost like being loved."

"That would depend, I think, upon the kind of person you create mentally; and *that*, of course, would depend alto-

gether upon the kind of person you really are," said the other man, moving so that he commanded a view of the wintry street below.

"I suppose," he went on, "if these other people of whom we have been talking should suddenly become visible out there in that throng, what we should see would be terrible and beautiful. A hundred forms moving like figures in a dream; every man, every woman, betrayed by his own thought made visible in the flesh. What revelations! What shoutings and cries of alarm! What furious haste we should witness! That man just coming out of the café over there on the other side of the street might throw up his hands and fly with Jarvis at his heels. The poor young fellow in the workman's clothes may be walking beside a prophet. The old one with the bent head, moving so slowly, may be attended by presences so dim that they are mere angels guiding his feet. That boy selling papers on the corner may have his pirate with him. And the little girl with the shawl over her head may still own her fairies. But, I say, if all these should suddenly become visible—these people whom they have secretly cherished—in a moment that pavement would be deserted. They would all fly, appalled at the sight."

"No," said one of the women, "not all. The little girl would remain with her fairies, the old man with his angels, and they would exchange with one another the confidence of a smile—what brightness, what ineffable effulgence! Nothing of it strange to them!"

"And," added the other woman, "they really are there—so much loveliness, so many that are good whom we do not see!"





THE CHILD IN THE GARDEN

FOUR PAINTINGS

BY

ELIZABETH SHIPPEN GREEN

*I mind me in the days departed,
How often underneath the sun
With childish bounds I used to run
To a garden long deserted.*

*Old garden rose-trees hedged it in,
Bedropt with roses waxen-white,
Well satisfied with dew and light,
And careless to be seen.*

*And gladdest hours for me did glide
In silence at the rose-tree wall:
A thrush made gladness musical
Upon the other side.*

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

THE LITTLE GATE
THE HOLE IN THE HEDGE
THE ARBOR
THE OUTSIDE STAIRS



THE LITTLE GATE



THE HOLE IN THE HEDGE



THE ARBOR



THE OUTSIDE STAIRS

The Substitute

BY GEORGIA WOOD PANGBORN



THE day's heat, for a time made endurable by a small breeze, had been weighed down toward evening by a thunderous humidity. Only along the line of the beach it was tolerable.

Miss Marston had sat so long over her coffee that the room was now in twilight, but she had intercepted by a fretful gesture the maid who would have turned on the light. Her dining-room windows overlooked the water. Fifty feet below she could see the blurred figures of people on the beach, and could hear their voices at intervals, among them the piping staccato of Mrs. Van Duyne's convalescent children, allowed to stay up and be active in the cool of the evening to atone for the languor of the afternoon. Now and then the fretful cry of an ailing baby overrode the other voices. But the babies that were sent to Mrs. Van Duyne always got well. That was her very wonderful business—making them well.

The heat was like a presence—a thing of definite substance that could be touched. Like a drug, too, making the senses strange, distorting distance and time. Although her eyes were upon the ocean, where the foam appeared and vanished dimly in long lines, lit only a little way out by the lights at the pier-head, it was the dark campus of her college town that Anna Marston's vision beheld, and the unsteady foam-crests of the waves were girls in white dresses, long rows of them coming and going within the obscurity of the trees.

"I am thirty-two," said Miss Marston aloud, and for that reason thought more keenly about when she was twenty-two. The same heavy air had folded in the evening of her Commencement Day, yet the girls had not seemed to mind.

"I suppose we had plenty of other things to think about," said she.

For a while she had gone about the campus with them, singing and laughing, and then, like this, had come to her window-seat to think; to decide, finally, *not* to marry Willis.

"And Mary Hannaford came in—Mary Hannaford—to show me her ring. I told her she was silly!"

Miss Marston moved restlessly.

Matters long ago forgotten will upon occasion freakishly insist upon remembrance, approaching suddenly, like the surprise of a familiar face in a crowded street. A dream plucks us by the sleeve, and we turn to see a childish countenance which has no more right than our own to inextinguishable youth. Or again, a word or a bar of music causes the barrier of years to fall as though it had never been, and we are in gardens that were dust years and years ago. Having once returned, these revenants keep us company for a while.

"I don't see why I should keep on thinking of Mary Hannaford," said Miss Marston, and went on thinking about Mary Hannaford—that perhaps she had not been silly, after all, but rather sensible to marry instead of keeping sulkily to something she called an "ideal," as Anna Marston had done.

"I wish—" said Miss Marston, vaguely, then frowned as the cry of the sick baby came up from the beach.

"Children—" said she; yet her tone, though troubled, was not exactly that of annoyance. Annoyance does not make the eyes wet.

She struck her clenched hand into her open palm, then lay back, drowsily inert in attitude, except that her underlip was caught between her teeth and her forehead was wrinkled with discontent.

She knew that the maids had slipped out for their walk on the beach. They had passed in their black-and-white, giggling, to the bluff stairs, and their squeals of joy at their release had reached her as soon as they were out of

sight. She was alone, therefore. Yet she did not feel as if she were alone; not that there seemed to be another presence in the house, but the house itself had changed. Girls—so many!—went in light-footed haste through the halls. The room in which she sat was no longer a conventional dining-room. The walls, hidden in shadow, were garishly sprinkled with photographs and college pennants; the cushions of the window-seats were bright with college colors, and in a moment more Mary Hannaford would come in, wanting to talk under cover of the darkness about how happy she was, how fortunate above all other girls in the world. Mary Hannaford again!

Some one spoke her name. She sat up quickly and was aware of the indistinct pallor of a face.

It was by the voice, however, rather than by anything she saw that she recognized her visitor.

"Why, Mary Hannaford!" said she. "I haven't seen you for ten years! And I've been thinking of you all day."

The figure came forward swiftly and seated itself at the other end of the window-seat. Anna sank back, her sudden rousing having caused that odd vertigo which is common enough in times of great heat. She could not have said whether for an instant her hand touched that of her guest or not.

When the dizziness had passed, Mary was speaking. She sat with her knees drawn up and her hands clasped about them in the attitude Anna so well remembered.

"It's ever so long since I stopped being Mary Hannaford. I'm Mary Barclay, you know."

"Of course. You were the first of our set to go. How romantic we all felt about it! But you stopped writing after the babies came. All girls do. That's what turns us old maids so sour—at least, partly. But do tell me! Have you a cottage here? And how did you find me?"

Mary Barclay appeared to be looking down at the beach. She did not answer her friend's eager queries.

Anna Marston leaned forward and regarded her anxiously.

"Aren't you feeling fit? You seem so pale."

"Oh, quite!"

Anna reached toward the electric button, but Mary Barclay's hand intervened, protesting.

"We don't want lights, do we? Don't you remember how we always liked to talk in the dark like this?"

"Well," laughed Anna, "I'd just as soon you didn't see my wrinkles yet. *You* look just the same, except that you haven't any color. You had the reddest cheeks in the class."

"And you didn't marry, after all," said Mary Barclay, slowly.

"No," admitted Anna, rather fretfully. "The right man wouldn't have me."

"That is like you. You'd never make a second choice. Not that I think it's wise of you."

From the beach the baby's cry rose again, weak, fretful, insistent. Anna Marston fidgeted.

"One of Mrs. Van Duyne's patients. Of course I know the children there are all right, but sometimes I wish they weren't quite so near. That's a marasmus baby that came to-day. Its parents are very rich people. She's keeping the children on the beach late this evening for the coolness. Think," she broke out suddenly—"think what this day has been for the babies in the tenements! If it has been bad here, what must it have been there!"

"Yes," said Mary Barclay. "It is very bad in the city just now." She was looking steadily down toward the beach.

Anna waited for a moment, then asked timidly, "Aren't you going to tell me something about yourself and your family?"

Ten years is a long time in which to know nothing of a friend—time enough for tragedies which will not bear discussing.

"Calvin died three years ago," said Mary Barclay, after a silence.

"I didn't know," said Anna, softly.

"Three years ago. Benny was a year old then. There—wasn't anything. We had been living on his salary. Death—we had forgotten there was such a thing. I found work. You know I had a sort of cleverness about clothes. I found fashion work that paid pretty well, only . . . they weren't very strong ba-

bies. They had to have the best, or—or they wouldn't stay, you know. Until now—they've stayed."

"They are well now, then?"

"They are well now."

Anna rose with an exclamation and walked up and down.

"Then I envy you. What a full life! Working—and for your own children. Lucky woman! In spite of your sorrow, lucky, lucky woman! Look at me. What good am I? I started out being my father's companion and secretary. It did very well for a time. Then he married again, and I took my mother's fortune and went my own way—clubs, municipal reform, every galvanic imitation of life I could find. I've been so desperate at times—"

"I know," said Mary Barclay.

"How can you know?"

Anna halted in her pacing to stare at her friend through the obscurity.

"That was partly why I came over here," said Mary Barclay, in an odd, still voice. "I had to come, anyway, to see my babies. I had to do that," she repeated.

"Your babies? At Mrs. Van Duyne's? But you said they were well now."

"Yes," said Mary Barclay. "She knows how to keep them well. The right air and food. There is so much to know. It isn't simple. If I'd tried to keep them in the city—" She shook her head. "Calvin and I always agreed that if we could only bring them safely through the first five years they would be as strong as anybody's children. Their brains are ahead of their bodies. But they aren't weaklings! If they had been—weaklings don't get anything out of life worth staying for. I—shouldn't have been able to come here to-night if they hadn't been worth while. But, you see, I know now—better than I did before—what they are."

She broke off with a cry, yet when Anna would have drawn her arms about her she evaded her like a mist.

"Envy me," moaned Mary Barclay, "but pity me, too!"

Recovering herself quickly, she leaned forward and spoke rapidly: "What becomes of children when fathers and mothers die? Sometimes things turn out all right, I know. It isn't always the

same as when parent birds are shot and the nestlings starve. But sometimes it's like that. When there are no relatives to take them, and no money has been left for their support—

"What happens when a little girl is left without a mother to tell her about growing up? And then children are always so—themselves. One child is never like another, yet people who don't know try to treat them all alike.

"My little Martha! She never tells when her heart is broken or she has a pain and is really sick. She just gets cross, and you have to guess. She is apt to be rather naughty anyway. I've had to be patient—very. And, oh, such strange big thoughts as she thinks! And she can suffer, too! And then Benny; I suppose it was his sickness that— It was too much. Mrs. Van Duyne saved him. He was dying when I took him there. She saved him, but—I didn't take care of Martha right when Benny was sick, and so she began to be sick, too. What could I do? So I've let her have them. Anything less than the best wouldn't do, you see. I sold things—all I could—and went to work to earn money to pay her. Perhaps I worked a little too hard. I thought, I suppose, that so long as I was doing it for them nothing could beat me. Well, what's done is done. They laugh and have red cheeks. But—"

She rose and looked down at her friend, then out of the window.

"The nurses are bringing them in from the beach to go to bed. They are very sweet when they are going to bed. Shall we meet them?"

They stepped from the window to the porch, Mary Barclay going lightly ahead. Her dress, of some indefinite color which mingled with that of the sand, made her almost invisible.

There was a long flight of steps leading from the bluff down to the beach. From its summit the slow footsteps of the nurses and children and their mingled voices were audible before their heads came into sight.

One rather fat and sleepy voice counted the steps incorrectly: "One, two, free, seventeen, a hundred—I got up first!"

The pioneer appeared abruptly on all-fours—something of a wounded veteran by his bandaged head, but cheerful. Terrible warfare he had been through, coming out of it with flags flying and glory redounding to the surgeon first, but to Mrs. Van Duyne with even honor. He bore the proud title of Double Mastoid. Death had been close at his heels; Pain unspeakable had held him very tight in her terrible arms for a long time. Silence had threatened, too: no more kind voices, no music—but all those ogres had been sent to the right-about, far away now from a fat little boy. Already he was forgetting that anything had been wrong.

"I got up quicker'n anybody," he crowed.

Then appeared a white cap, somewhat awry, and strong, kerchiefed shoulders. A young face bent over a tiny sleeping creature on an air-cushion carried steadily and lightly. This was little Marasmus, the latest recruit, and his attendant.

Then came just a plain feeding-case, whose mother didn't dare take him back for fear that she and he would go and do the same wicked things over again just as soon as his Auntie Van Duyne's back was turned. He was sleeping like a cherub. Nothing whatever the matter with *him*! He was one of Mrs. Van Duyne's "Results," said to have been once the duplicate of little Marasmus, but now the kind of person that tired-eyed physicians wag their heads over gloatingly and poke in the ribs—not with a stethoscope—and call "Old Top" in a companionable way, as if they respected him for having done something rather fine all on his own responsibility. He had had about a year of it, and Mrs. Van Duyne was going to hang on to him as long as she could, for she had her own opinion of mothers. Often and often they had undone her fine work just as she had everything going nicely. They never knew anything whatever of their children's inwardness; clothes and hair were as far as they could go. She had all that wonderful hidden territory mapped out. She didn't believe in raw milk very much, for one thing, and she did believe in a few other things which—well, she got results, anyway. Look at "Old Top"!

After him came two children, hand-in-hand; and these, Anna knew at once, were Mary's two. She would have known even without the long trembling sigh that breathed past her ear. The little girl looked so like Mary! She was about six, Anna judged, and her hair was twisted in a little knob on top of her head for coolness' sake—a fashion of hair-dressing for very little girls which, more than another, perhaps, brings a lump into the throat. Is it because of its sweet caricature of maturity, as though both the promise and the menace of the years were revealed in those lines? Or is it that the curve of the back of the neck shown in this way is so lovely that it has a spiritual significance, like the odor of the first grass in spring or the color of evening sky through trees?

She walked with a rather conceited air, her gait indicating a lofty scorn of the Double Mastoid's claim to be a pioneer. She made it very evident that *she* could come up one foot after another, just like all other grown-ups, and she did it with a swagger, to render as obvious as possible her superiority in age, strength, and wisdom over the little boy at her side, who could do no better than one step at a time, and even so had to touch his hand to the tread now and then.

They were thin children, but thin like elves—not with the sadness and languor of sickness. And their faces in the twilight had a lambent quality, their eyes a liquid brightness. One felt that if the whim took them they might easily thrust forth gauzy wings and suddenly sail away with other night creatures.

In their conversation there was a pleasing breadth of impossibility that showed them to be as yet little acquainted with the restrictions of mortal life.

"I'm going to be an engineer when I grow up," stated the boy, "but I'm not going to be a man. I'm going to be a mother. My name isn't Benny."

"What is your name?" the girl asked, without surprise.

"I'm Nelly."

"Well, then, I won't be Martha. I'll be Rosie, and you're my little sister." She was in a kindly mood, which might not last. Only so long as the current

of her dream flowed smoothly would Martha be good. The interruption came quickly.

"No, I'm your *big* sister. I'm not little at all. Auntie Van Duyne says I'm getting bigger every day."

"All right, then; I sha'n't play with you," quoth Martha, crisply, and stalked ahead, as naughty as her mother had described. And then Anna saw Mary, who had silently left her side, stoop over and apparently whisper softly to the cross little face surmounted by its wisp of topknot. Martha stopped, finger in mouth, to kick the sand with her toe and look with sidelong friendliness at Benny as he arrived, panting. Then they went on, once more in amity, their short arms stretched about each other's waists. And the mother kept beside them, still whispering in their ears and kissing them. Yet—they did not turn to her or answer.

"I hope mother'll bring us some paints," Martha was saying as they passed beyond hearing.

"If she does, I'll make her a picture of an engine," Benny joyfully planned.

"Mary!" called Anna. She was surprised to feel that she was trembling, not that she was in any way afraid. She could not have said what had so shaken her. No longer seeing her friend, she laughed and said aloud, "Oh, she must have gone into the house ahead of them."

A slower step was now coming up the bluff stairs, and there appeared a figure in professional white, strong and purposeful, but for the moment rather weary and thoughtful.

Miss Marston stepped forward.

"Good evening, Mrs. Van Duyne. I was coming over to see the Barclay children."

The troubled face was crossed by a flash of joyful surprise and relief.

"Oh, do you know them? I'm so thankful. I wish I'd known before. I've been nearly frantic. Of course, then, you know—"

She took a twist of yellow paper from her belt and handed it to Anna Marston, who did not open it, but trembled very much as she looked at Mrs. Van Duyne, in whose fine, wise eyes the tears glittered and brimmed over, unheeded.

Tears were something which in Mrs. Van Duyne's code were a matter to be disregarded, like any other physical weakness in a person who never allowed herself to be sick.

"I haven't told them, of course. I shall put it off—as long as I possibly can. She worked herself to death—" She broke off with a burst of that kindly anger to which the very good and just are so easily stirred. "Her heart wasn't strong, and the heat finished her. The telegram came this afternoon. I can't tell you how glad I am to find out you are her friend. So far as I can make out she had no relatives. I"—she spread out her hands with a sort of desperation—"I do what I can."

Anna had heard tales enough to know that "what I can" meant an amazing amount of work without return in money, that it meant great kindness, of which advantage was often taken by weak and selfish people. Not that Mrs. Van Duyne ever told. Nevertheless, it had got about that one of the babies had never paid its board since it was a month old, yet you could not have guessed which was the delinquent by any difference between its care and that of "Old Top" or little Marasmus, for example, whose parents came and went in limousines loaded down with all sorts of expensive, foolish toys, whose wardrobes were all silken-fine, and who, when they grew up, would be very high and mighty folk indeed. Old Top, certainly; Marasmus, in all probability—though that was going to be pretty brisk and delicate work for a while.

"Since you are a friend," went on Mrs. Van Duyne, "perhaps you can tell me what to do. I'm not talking about the immediate present. They—well, they are here, and they are dear children, though that little Martha is certainly a handful." She half laughed through her tears. "But there is so much future. . . . What about the years and years?"

Anna Marston was still shaking as though through the heat an icy wind had blown upon her. Once more she was aware of Mary Barclay—vividly aware—but this time it was not with her physical eyes that she seemed to see her. There was no further illusion—if it had

been illusion—of that indistinct figure bending above those little, unconscious heads, touching them, kissing them, enveloping them, like a bird hovering over its nest.

Instead there was, as it were, an inward vision. She and Mary Barclay were again face to face, but it was not in any way a pitiful entreaty for charity which she read in her friend's eyes. Rather it was a command.

"Dear Mrs. Van Duyne," said Anna, trying to bring her voice under control, "Mary Barclay knows that I am ready to take her place. She knows I—I want them—both of them—more than anything else in the world."

The first sigh of the coming coolness breathed past them from the sea. It was like the long breath of one who, after great restlessness, turns at last to sleep.

The Glory of the Grass

BY CLAIRE WALLACE FLYNN

"And she brought forth her first-born son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger . . ."
Luke ii, 7.

IN what far, green Judean field
Did those upgrowing grasses yield
Their promises of gentle strength
When they should cradle Him at length?

What secret grace did earth produce,
That made those grasses for His use?
What glory from the sun they drew,
And what of pity from the dew?

What lad with sudden singing heart,
From all the other lads apart,
Cut them and bound them in the sun
And went his way—his work all done?

What tender girl, dark-haired and brown,
Carried the sheaves into the town;
Nor felt the weight of all that load
Along the narrow, hilly road?

And then the night, when Mary's face
Grew pallid in that lowly place,
Who filled the manger, made the bed,
Where only dumb beasts long had fed?

The humblest thing that grows on earth,
You gave Him comfort at His birth,
And kept Him warm, and made a nest,
Wherein His tiny limbs might rest!

Still with strange blindness have we trod
Amongst the common fields of God,
Seeing but dimly as we pass
The ancient glory of the grass!

The Turmoil

A NOVEL

BY BOOTH TARKINGTON

CHAPTER XVII



THAT "mystery about pianos" which troubled Bibbs had been a mystery to Mr. Vertrees, and it was being explained to him at about the time Bibbs scribbled the reference to it in his notes. Mary had gone up-stairs upon Bibbs's departure at ten o'clock, and Mr. and Mrs. Vertrees sat until after midnight in the library, talking. And in all that time they found not one cheerful topic, but became more depressed with everything and with every phase of everything that they discussed—no extraordinary state of affairs in a family which has always "held up its head," only to arrive in the end at a point where all it can do is to look on helplessly at the processes of its own financial dissolution. For that was the point which this despairing couple had reached—they could do nothing except look on and talk about it. They were only vamping, and they knew it.

"She needn't to have done that about her piano," vamped Mr. Vertrees. "We could have managed somehow without it. At least she ought to have consulted me, and if she insisted I could have arranged the details with the—the dealer."

"She thought that it might be—annoying for you," Mrs. Vertrees explained. "Really, she planned for you not to know about it until they had—until day after—to-morrow, that is, but I decided to—to mention it. You see, she didn't even tell me about it until this morning. She has another idea, too, I'm afraid. It's—it's—"

"Well?" he urged, as she found it difficult to go on.

"Her other idea is—that is, it was—I think it can be avoided, of course—it was about her furs."

"No!" he exclaimed, quickly. "I won't have it! You must see to that; I'd rather not talk to her about it, but you mustn't let her."

"I'll try not," his wife promised. "Of course, they're very handsome."

"All the more reason for her to keep them!" he returned, irritably. "We're not *that* far gone, I think!"

"Perhaps not yet," Mrs. Vertrees said. "She seems to be troubled about the—the coal matter and—about Tilly. Of course the piano will take care of some things like those for a while and—"

"I don't like it. I gave her the piano to play on, not to—"

"You mustn't be distressed about it in *one* way," she said, comfortingly. "She arranged with the—with the purchaser that the men will come for it about half after five in the afternoon. The days are so short now it's really quite winter."

"Oh yes," he agreed, moodily. "So far as that goes people have a right to move a piece of furniture without stirring up the neighbors, I suppose, even by daylight. I don't suppose *our* neighbors are paying much attention just now, though I hear Sheridan was back in his office early the morning after the funeral."

Mrs. Vertrees made a little sound of commiseration. "I don't believe that was because he wasn't suffering, though. I'm sure it was only because he felt his business was so important. Mary told me he seemed wrapped up in his son's succeeding; and that was what he bragged about most. He isn't vulgar in his boasting, I understand; he doesn't talk a great deal about his—his actual money—though there was something about blades of grass that I didn't comprehend. I think he meant something about his energy—but perhaps not. No; his bragging usually seemed to be not so

much a personal vainglory as about his family and the greatness of this city."

"Greatness of this city!" Mr. Vertrees echoed with dull bitterness. "Yes, I suppose it looks 'great' to the man who has the luck to make it work for him. I suppose it looks 'great' to any young man, too, starting out to make his fortune out of it. The fellows that get what they want out of it say it's 'great,' and everybody else gets the habit. But you have a different point of view if it's the city that got what it wanted out of you! Of course Sheridan says it's 'great.'"

Mrs. Vertrees seemed unaware of this unusual outburst. "I believe," she began, timidly, "he doesn't boast of—that is, I understand he has never seemed so interested in the—the other one."

Her husband's face was dark, but at that a heavier shadow fell upon it; he looked more haggard than before. "The other one," he repeated, averting his eyes. "You mean—you mean the third son—the one that was here this evening?"

"Yes, the—the youngest," she returned, her voice so feeble it was almost a whisper.

And then neither of them spoke for several long minutes. Nor did either look at the other during that silence.

At last Mr. Vertrees contrived to cough, but not convincingly. "What—ah—what was it Mary said about him out in the hall when she came in this afternoon? I heard you asking her something about him, but she answered in such a low voice I didn't—ah—happen to catch it."

"She—she didn't say much. All she said was this: I asked her if she had enjoyed her walk with him, and she said, 'He's the most wistful creature I've ever known.'"

"Well?"

"That was all. He is wistful-looking; and so fragile—though he doesn't seem quite so much so lately. I was watching Mary from the window when she went out to-day, and he joined her, and if I hadn't known about him I'd have thought he had quite an interesting face."

"If you 'hadn't known about him'? Known what?"

"Oh, nothing, of course," she said, hur-

riedly. "Nothing definite, that is. Mary said decidedly, long ago, that he's not at all insane, as we thought at first. It's only—well, of course it is odd, their attitude about him. I suppose it's some nervous trouble that makes him—perhaps a little queer at times, so that he can't apply himself to anything—or perhaps does odd things. But, after all, of course, we only have an impression about it. We don't know—that is, positively. I—" She paused, then went on: "I didn't know just how to ask—that is—I didn't mention it to Mary. I didn't—I—" The poor lady floundered pitifully, concluding with a mumble. "So soon after—after the—the shock."

"I don't think I've caught more than a glimpse of him," said Mr. Vertrees. "I wouldn't know him if I saw him, but your impression of him is—" He broke off suddenly, springing to his feet in agitation. "I can't imagine her—oh no!" he gasped. And he began to pace the floor. "A half-witted epileptic!"

"No, no!" she cried. "He may be all right. We—"

"Oh, it's horrible! I can't—" He threw himself back into his chair again, sweeping his hands across his face, then letting them fall limply at his sides.

Mrs. Vertrees was tremulous. "You mustn't give way so," she said, inspired for once almost to direct discourse. "Whatever Mary might think of doing, it wouldn't be on her own account; it would be on ours. But if *we* should—consider it, that wouldn't be on *our* own account. It isn't because we think of ourselves."

"O God, no!" he groaned. "Not for us! We can go to the poorhouse, but Mary can't be a stenographer!"

Sighing, Mrs. Vertrees resumed her obliqueness. "Of course," she murmured, "it all seems very premature, speculating about such things, but I had a queer sort of feeling that she seemed quite interested in this—" She had almost said "in this one," but checked herself. "In this young man. It's natural, of course; she is always so strong and well, and he is—he seems to be, that is—rather appealing to the—the sympathies."

"Yes!" he agreed, bitterly. "Precisely. The sympathies!"



Painting by C. E. Chambers

"HE SEEMS TO BE—RATHER APPEALING TO THE—THE SYMPATHIES"

"Perhaps," she faltered — "perhaps you might feel easier if I could have a little talk with some one?"

"With whom?"

"I had thought of—not going about it too brusquely, of course, but perhaps just waiting for his name to be mentioned, if I happened to be talking with somebody that knew the family, and then I might find a chance to say that I was sorry to hear he'd been ill so much, and—Something of that kind perhaps?"

"You don't know anybody that knows the family."

"Yes. That is—well, in a way, of course, one of the family. That Mrs. Roscoe Sheridan is not a—that is, she's rather a pleasant-faced little woman, I think, and of course rather ordinary. I think she is interested about—that is, of course, she'd be anxious to be more intimate with Mary, naturally. She's always looking over here from her house; she was looking out of the window this afternoon when Mary went out, I noticed—though I don't think Mary saw her. I'm sure she wouldn't think it out of place to—to be frank about matters. She called the other day, and Mary must rather like her—she said that evening that the call had done her good. Don't you think it might be wise?"

"Wise? I don't know. I feel that the whole matter is impossible."

"Yes, so do I," she returned, promptly. "It isn't really a thing we should be considering seriously, of course. Still—"

"I should say not! But possibly—"

Thus they skirmished up and down the field, but before they turned the lights out and went up-stairs it was thoroughly understood between them that Mrs. Vertrees should seek the earliest opportunity to obtain definite information from Sibyl Sheridan concerning the mental and physical status of Bibbs. And if he were subject to attacks of lunacy, the unhappy pair decided to prevent the sacrifice they supposed their daughter intended to make of herself. Altogether, if there were spiteful ghosts in the old house that night, eavesdropping upon the woeful comedy, they must have died anew of laughter!

Mrs. Vertrees's opportunity occurred the very next afternoon. Darkness had

fallen, and the piano-movers had come. They were carrying the piano down the front steps and Mrs. Vertrees was standing in the open doorway behind them preparing to withdraw, when she heard a sharp exclamation; and Mrs. Roscoe Sheridan, bareheaded, emerged from the shadow into the light of the doorway.

"Good gracious!" she cried. "It did give me a fright!"

"It's Mrs. Sheridan, isn't it?" Mrs. Vertrees was perplexed by this informal appearance, but she reflected that it might be providential. "Won't you come in?"

"No. Oh no, thank you!" Sibyl panted, pressing her hand to her side. "You don't know what a fright you've given me! And it was nothing but your piano!" She laughed shrilly. "You know, since our tragedy coming so suddenly the other day, you have no idea how upset I've been—almost hysterical! And I just glanced out of the window, a minute or so ago, and saw your door wide open and black figures of men against the light, carrying something heavy, and I almost fainted. You see, it was just the way it looked when I saw them bringing my poor brother-in-law in, next door, only such a few short days ago. And I thought I'd seen your daughter start for a drive with Bibbs Sheridan in a car about three o'clock—and— They aren't back yet, are they?"

"No. Good heavens!"

"And the only thing I could think of was that something must have happened to them, and I just dashed over—and it was only your *piano*!" She broke into laughter again. "I suppose you're just sending it somewhere to be repaired, aren't you?"

"It's—it's being taken down-town," said Mrs. Vertrees. "Won't you come in and make me a little visit? I was so sorry, the other day, that I was—ah—" She stopped inconsequently, then repeated her invitation. "Won't you come in? I'd really—"

"Thank you, but I must be running back. My husband usually gets home about this time, and I make a little point of it always to be there."

"That's very sweet." Mrs. Vertrees descended the steps and walked toward the street with Sibyl. "It's quite balmy

for so late in November, isn't it? Almost like a May evening."

"I'm afraid Miss Vertrees will miss her piano," said Sibyl, watching the instrument disappear into the big van at the curb. "She plays wonderfully, Mrs. Kittersby tells me."

"Yes; she plays very well. One of your relatives came to hear her yesterday, after dinner, and I think she played all evening for him."

"You mean Bibbs?" asked Sibyl.

"The—the youngest Mr. Sheridan. Yes. He's very musical, isn't he?"

"I never heard of it. But I shouldn't think it would matter much whether he was or not, if he could get Miss Vertrees to play to him. Does your daughter expect the piano back soon?"

"I—I believe not immediately. Mr. Sheridan came last evening to hear her play because she had arranged with the—that is, it was to be removed this afternoon. He seems almost well again."

"Yes." Sibyl nodded. "His father's going to try to start him to work."

"He seems very delicate," said Mrs. Vertrees. "I shouldn't think he would be able to stand a great deal, either physically or—" She paused and then added, glowing with the sense of her own adroitness—"or mentally."

"Oh, mentally Bibbs is all right," said Sibyl in an odd voice.

"Entirely?" Mrs. Vertrees asked, breathlessly.

"Yes, entirely."

"But has he *always* been?" This question came with the same anxious eagerness.

"Certainly. He had a long siege of nervous dyspepsia, but he's over it."

"And you think—"

"Bibbs is all right. You needn't wor—" Sibyl choked, and pressed her handkerchief to her mouth. "Good night, Mrs. Vertrees," she said hurriedly, as the head-lights of an automobile swung round the corner above, sending a brightening glare toward the edge of the pavement where the two ladies were standing.

"Won't you come in?" urged Mrs. Vertrees, cordially, hearing the sound of a cheerful voice out of the darkness beyond the approaching glare. "Do! There's Mary now, and she—"

But Sibyl was half-way across the street. "No, thanks," she called. "I hope she won't miss her piano!" And she ran into her own house and plunged headlong upon a leather divan in the hall, holding her handkerchief over her mouth.

The noise of her tumultuous entrance was evidently startling in the quiet house, for upon the bang of the door there followed the crash of a decanter, dropped upon the floor of the dining-room at the end of the hall; and, after a rumble of indistinct profanity, Roscoe came forth, holding a dripping napkin in his hand.

"What's your excitement?" he demanded. "What do you find to go into hysterics over? Another death in the family?"

"Oh, it's funny!" she gasped. "Those old frost-bitten people! I guess *they're* getting their come-upance!" Lying prone, she elevated her feet in the air, clapping her heels together repeatedly, in an ecstasy.

"Come through, come through!" said her husband, crossly. "What you been up to?"

"Me?" she cried, dropping her feet and swinging round to face him. "Nothing. It's them! Those Vertreeses!" She wiped her eyes. "They've had to sell their piano!"

"Well, what of it?"

"That Mrs. Kittersby told me all about 'em a week ago," said Sibyl. "They've been hard up for a long time, and she says as long ago as last winter she knew that girl got a pair of walking-shoes re-soled and patched, because she got it done the same place Mrs. Kittersby's cook had *hers*! And the night of the house-warming I kind of got suspicious myself. She didn't have one single piece of any kind of real jewelry, and you could see her dress was an old one done over. Men can't tell those things, and you all made a big fuss over her, but I thought she looked a sight, myself! Of course, *Edith* was crazy to have her, and—"

"Well, well?" he urged, impatiently.

"Well, I'm *telling* you! Mrs. Kittersby says they haven't got a *thing*! Just absolutely *nothing*—and they don't know *anywhere* to turn! The family's all died out but them, and all the rela-

tives they got are very distant, and live East and scarcely know 'em. She says the whole town's been wondering what *would* become of 'em. The girl had plenty chances to marry up to a year or so ago, but she was so indifferent she scared the men off, and the ones that had wanted to went and married other girls. Gracious! they were lucky! Marry *her*? The man that found himself tied up to *that* girl—"

"Terrible funny, terrible funny!" said Roscoe, with sarcasm. "It's so funny I broke a cut-glass decanter and spilled a quart of—"

"Wait!" she begged. "You'll see. I was sitting by the window a little while ago, and I saw a big wagon drive up across the street and some men go into the house. It was too dark to make out much, and for a minute I got the idea they were moving out—the house has been foreclosed on, Mrs. Kittersby says. It seemed funny, too, because I knew that girl was out riding with Bibbs. Well, I thought I'd see; so I slipped over—and it was their *piano*! They'd sold it and were trying to sneak it out after dark, so nobody'd catch on!" Again she gave way to her enjoyment, but resumed, as her husband seemed about to interrupt the narrative: "Wait a minute, can't you? The old lady was superintending, and she gave it all away. I sized her up for one of those old churchy people that tell all kinds of lies except when it comes to so many words, and then they can't. She might just as well told me outright! Yes, they'd sold it; and I hope they'll pay some of their debts. They owe everybody, and last week a coal-dealer made an awful fuss at the door with Mr. Vertrees. Their cook told our up-stairs girl, and she said she didn't know *when* she'd seen any money herself! Did you ever hear of such a case as that girl in your *life*?"

"What girl? Their cook?"

"That Vertrees girl! Don't you see they looked on our coming up into this neighborhood as their last chance? They were just going down and out, and here bobs up the green, rich Sheridan family! So they doll the girl up in her old things, made over, and send her out to get a Sheridan—she's *got* to get one! And she just goes in blind; and she tries it on

first with *you*. You remember, she just plain *told* you she was going to mash you, and then she found out you were the married one, and turned right square around to Jim and carried him off his feet. Oh, Jim was landed—there's no doubt about *that*! But Jim was lucky; he didn't live to *stay* landed, and it's a good thing for him!" Sibyl's mirth had vanished, and she spoke with virulent rapidity. "Well, she couldn't get you, because you were married, and she couldn't get Jim, because Jim died. And there they were, dead broke! Do you know what she did?" Sibyl's voice rose shrilly. "Do you know what she's *doing*?"

"No, I don't," said Roscoe, gruffly.

Her voice rose and culminated in a scream of renewed hilarity. "*Bibbs!* She waited in the graveyard, and drove home with him *from Jim's funeral!* Never spoke to him before! Jim wasn't *cold!*"

She rocked herself back and forth upon the divan. "*Bibbs!*" she shrieked. "*Bibbs!* Roscoe, *think* of it! *Bibbs!*"

He stared unsympathetically, not joining in her manifestations, but her mirth was unabated for all that. "And yesterday," she continued, between paroxysms—"yesterday she came out of the house—just as he was passing. She must have been looking out—waiting the chance; I saw the old lady watching at the window! And she got him there last night—to '*play*' to him; the old lady gave *that* away! And to-day she made him take her out in a machine! And the cream of it is that they didn't even know whether he was *insane* or not—they thought maybe he was, but she went after him just the same! The old lady set herself to pump me about it to-day. *Bibbs!* Oh, my Lord! *Bibbs!*"

But Roscoe looked grim. "So it's funny to you, is it? It sounds kind of pitiful to *me*. I should think it would to a woman, too."

"Oh, it might," she returned, sobering. "It might, if those people weren't such frozen-faced smart-alecks. If they'd had the decency to come down off the perch a little, I probably wouldn't think it was funny, but to see 'em sit up on their pedestal all the time they're eating dirt—well, I think it's funny!"

That girl sits up as if she was Queen Elizabeth, and expects people to wallow on the ground before her until they get near enough for her to give 'em a good kick with her old patched shoes—oh, she'd do *that*, all right!—and then she powders up and goes out to mash—*Bibbs Sheridan!*"

"Look here," said Roscoe, heavily; "I don't care about that one way or another. If you're through, I got something I want to talk to you about. I was going to, that day just before we heard about Jim."

At this Sibyl stiffened quickly; her eyes became intensely bright. "What is it?"

"Well," he began, frowning, "what I was going to say then—" He broke off, and, becoming conscious that he was still holding the wet napkin in his hand, threw it pettishly into a corner. "I never expected I'd have to say anything like this to anybody I *married*; but I was going to ask you what was the matter between you and Lamhorn."

Sibyl uttered a sharp monosyllable. "Well?"

"I felt the time had come for me to know about it," he went on. "You never told me anything—"

"You never asked," she interposed, curtly.

"Well, we'd got in a way of not talking much," said Roscoe. "It looks to me now as if we'd pretty much lost the run of each other the way a good many people do. I don't say it wasn't my fault. I was up early and down to work all day, and I'd come home tired at night, and want to go to bed soon as I'd got the paper read—unless there was some good musical show in town. Well, you seemed all right until here lately, the last month or so, I began to see something was wrong. I couldn't help seeing it."

"Wrong?" she said. "What like?"

"You changed; you didn't look the same. You were all strung up and excited and fidgety; you got to looking peaked and run down. Now, then, Lamhorn had been going with us a good while, but I noticed that not long ago you got to picking on him about every little thing he did; you got to quarreling with him when I was there and when I

wasn't. I could see you'd been quarreling whenever I came in and he was here."

"Do you object to that?" asked Sibyl, breathing quickly.

"Yes—when it injures my wife's health!" he returned, with a quick lift of his eyes to hers. "You began to run down just about the time you began falling out with him." He stepped close to her. "See here, Sibyl, I'm going to know what it means."

"Oh, you *are*?" she snapped.

"You're trembling," he said, gravely.

"Yes. I'm angry enough to do more than tremble, you'll find. Go on!"

"That was all I was going to say the other day," he said. "I was going to ask you—"

"Yes, that was all you were going to say *the other day*. Yes. What else have you to say to-night?"

"To-night," he replied, with grim swiftness, "I want to know why you keep telephoning him you want to see him since he stopped coming here."

She made a long, low sound of comprehension before she said, "And what else did Edith tell you to ask me?"

"I want to know what you say over the telephone to Lamhorn," he said, fiercely.

"Is that all Edith told you to ask me? You saw her when you stopped in there on your way home this evening, didn't you? Didn't she tell you then what I said over the telephone to Mr. Lamhorn?"

"No, she didn't!" he vociferated, his voice growing louder. "She said, 'You tell your wife to stop telephoning Robert Lamhorn to come and see her, because he isn't going to do it!' That's what she said! And I want to know what it means. I intend—"

A maid appeared at the lower end of the hall. "Dinner is ready," she said, and, giving the troubled pair one glance, went demurely into the dining-room. Roscoe disregarded the interruption.

"I intend to know exactly what has been going on," he declared. "I mean to know just what—"

Sibyl jumped up, almost touching him, standing face to face with him.

"Oh, you *do*!" she cried, shrilly. "You mean to know just what's what, do you?"

You listen to your sister insinuating ugly things about your wife, and then come home making a scene before the servants and humiliating me in their presence! Do you suppose that Irish girl didn't hear every word you said? You go in there and eat your dinner alone! Go on! Go and eat your dinner alone—because *I* won't eat with you!"

And she broke away from the detaining grasp he sought to fasten upon her, and dashed up the stairway, panting. He heard the door of her room slam overhead, and the sharp click of the key in the lock.

CHAPTER XVIII

AT seven o'clock on the last morning of that month, Sheridan, passing through the upper hall on his way to descend the stairs for breakfast, found a couple of scribbled sheets of note-paper lying on the floor. A window had been open in Bibbs's room the evening before; he had left his note-book on the sill—and the sheets were loose. The door was open, and when Bibbs came in and closed it he did not notice that the two sheets had blown out into the hall. Sheridan recognized the handwriting and put the sheets in his coat pocket, intending to give them to George or Jackson for return to the owner, but he forgot and carried them down-town with him. At noon he found himself alone in his office, and, having a little leisure, remembered the bits of manuscript, took them out, and glanced at them. A glance was enough to reveal that they were not epistolary. Sheridan would not have read a "private letter" that came into his possession in that way, though in a "matter of business" he might have felt it his duty to take advantage of an opportunity afforded in any manner whatsoever. Having satisfied himself that Bibbs's scribbles were only a sample of the kind of writing his son preferred to the machine-shop, he decided, innocently enough, that he would be justified in reading them.

It appears [Bibbs had written] that a lady will nod pleasantly upon some windy generalization of a companion, and will wear the most agreeable expression of accepting it as

the law, and then—days afterward, when the thing is a mummy to its promulgator—she will inquire out of a clear sky: "*Why* did you say that the people down-town have nothing in life that a chicken hasn't? What did you mean?" And she may say it in a manner that makes a sensible reply very difficult—you will be so full of wonder that she remembered so seriously.

Yet, what does the rooster lack? He has food and shelter; he is warm in winter; his wives raise not one fine family for him, but dozens. He has a clear sky over him; he breathes sweet air; he walks in his April orchard under a roof of flowers. He must die, violently perhaps, but quickly. Is Midas's cancer a better way? The rooster's wives and children must die. Are those of Midas immortal? His life is shorter than the life of Midas, but Midas's life is only a sixth as long as that of the Galapagos tortoise.

The worthy money-worker takes his vacation so that he may refresh himself anew for the hard work of getting nothing that the rooster doesn't get. The office-building has an elevator, the rooster flies up to the bough; Midas has a machine to take him to his work; the rooster finds his worm underfoot. The "business man" feels a pressure sometimes, without knowing why, and sits late at wine after the day's labor; next morning he curses his head because it interferes with the work—he swears never to relieve that pressure again. The rooster has no pressure and no wine; this difference is in his favor.

The rooster is a dependent; he depends upon the farmer and the weather. Midas is a dependent; he depends upon the farmer and the weather. The rooster thinks only of the moment; Midas provides for to-morrow. What does he provide for to-morrow? Nothing that the rooster will not have without providing.

The rooster and the prosperous worker: they are born, they grub, they love; they grub and love grubbing; they grub and they die. Neither knows beauty; neither knows knowledge. And after all, when Midas dies and rooster dies, there is one thing Midas has had and rooster has not. Midas has had the excitement of accumulating what he has grubbed, and that has been his life and his love and his god. He cannot take that god with him when he dies. I wonder if the worthy gods are those we can take with us.

Midas must teach all to be as Midas; the young must be raised in his religion—

The manuscript ended there, and Sheridan was not anxious for more. He crumpled the sheets into a ball which he deposited (with vigor) in a waste-basket

beside him; then, rising, he consulted a *Cyclopedia of Names*, which a book-agent had somehow sold to him years before; a volume now first put to use for the location of "Midas." Having read the legend, Sheridan walked up and down the spacious office, exhaling the breath of contempt. "Dam' fool!" he mumbled. But this was no new thought, nor was the contrariness of Bibbs's notes a surprise to him; and presently he dismissed the matter from his mind.

He felt very lonely, and this was, daily, his hardest hour. For a long time he and Jim had lunched together habitually. Roscoe preferred a club luncheon, but Jim and his father almost always went to a small restaurant near the Sheridan Building, where they spent twenty minutes in the consumption of food and twenty in talk, with cigars. Jim came for his father every day, at five minutes after twelve, and Sheridan was again in his office at five minutes before one. But now that Jim no longer came, Sheridan remained alone in his office; he had not gone out to lunch since Jim's death, nor did he have anything sent to him—he fasted until evening.

It was the time he missed Jim personally the most—the voice and eyes and handshake, all brisk and alert, all business-like. But these things were not the keenest in Sheridan's grief; his sense of loss went far deeper. Roscoe was dependable, a steady old wheel-horse, and that was a great comfort; but it was in Jim that Sheridan had most happily perceived his own likeness. Jim was the one who would have been surest to keep the great property growing greater, year by year. Sheridan had fallen asleep, night after night, picturing what the growth would be under Jim. He had believed that Jim was absolutely certain to be one of the biggest men in the country. Well, it was all up to Roscoe now!

That reminded him of a question he had in mind to ask Roscoe. It was a question Sheridan considered of no present importance, but his wife had suggested it—though vaguely—and he had meant to speak to Roscoe about it. However, Roscoe had not come into his father's office for several days, and when

Sheridan had seen his son at home there had been no opportunity.

He waited until the greater part of his day's work was over, toward four o'clock, and then went down to Roscoe's office, which was on a lower floor. He found several men waiting for business interviews in an outer room of the series Roscoe occupied; and he supposed that he would find his son busy with others, and that his question would have to be postponed, but when he entered the door marked "R. C. Sheridan. Private," Roscoe was there alone.

He was sitting with his back to the door, his feet on a window-sill, and he did not turn as his father opened the door.

"Some pretty good men out there waitin' to see you, my boy," said Sheridan. "What's the matter?"

"Nothing," Roscoe answered, indistinctly, not moving.

"Well, I guess that's all right, too. I let 'em wait sometimes myself! I just wanted to ask you a question, but I expect it 'll keep, if you're workin' something out in your mind."

Roscoe made no reply; and his father, who had turned to the door, paused with his hand on the knob, staring curiously at the motionless figure in the chair. Usually the son seemed pleased and eager when he came to the office. "You're all right, ain't you?" said Sheridan. "Not sick, are you?"

"No."

Sheridan was puzzled; then, abruptly, he decided to ask his question. "I wanted to talk to you about that young Lamhorn," he said. "I guess your mother thinks he's comin' to see Edith pretty often, and you know him longer 'n any of us, so—"

"I won't," said Roscoe, thickly—"I won't say a dam' thing about him!"

Sheridan uttered an exclamation and walked quickly to a position near the window where he could see his son's face. Roscoe's eyes were bloodshot and vacuous; his hair was disordered, his mouth was distorted, and he was deathly pale. The father stood aghast.

"By George!" he muttered. "Roscoe!"

"My name," said Roscoe. "Can' help that."

"Roscoe!" Blank astonishment was Sheridan's first sensation. Probably nothing in the world could have more amazed him than to find Roscoe—the steady old wheel-horse—in this condition. "How'd you *get* this way?" he demanded. "You caught cold and took too much for it?"

For reply, Roscoe laughed hoarsely. "Yeuh! Cold! I been drinkun all time, lately. Firs' you notice it?"

"By George!" cried Sheridan. "I *thought* I'd smelt it on you a good deal lately, but I wouldn't 'a' believed you'd take more'n was good for you. Bah! To see you like a common hog!"

Roscoe chuckled, and threw out his right arm in a violent, meaningless gesture. "Hog!" he repeated, chuckling.

"Yes, a hog!" said Sheridan, angrily. "In business hours! I don't object to anybody's takin' a drink if he wants to, out o' business hours; nor, if a man keeps his work right up to the scratch, I wouldn't be the one to baste him if he got good and drunk once in two, three years, maybe. It ain't *my* way. I let it alone, but I never believed in forcin' my way on a grown-up son in moral matters. I guess I was wrong! You think them men out there are waitin' to talk business with a drunkard? You think you can come to your office and do business drunk? By George! I wonder how often this has been happening and me not on to it! I'll have a look over your books to-morrow, and I'll—"

Roscoe stumbled to his feet, laughing wildly, and stood swaying, contriving to hold himself in position by clutching the back of the heavy chair in which he had been sitting.

"Hoo—hoorah!" he cried. "'S my principles, too. Be drunkard all you want to—outside business hours. Don' for Gossake le'n'thing innerfere business hours! Business! Thassit! You're right, father. Drink! Die! L'everything go to hell, but *don'* let innerfere business!"

Sheridan had seized the telephone upon Roscoe's desk, and was calling his own office, overhead. "Abercrombie? Come down to my son Roscoe's suite and get rid of some gentlemen that are waiting there to see him in room two-four-

teen. There's Maples and Schirmer and a couple of fellows on the Kinsey business. Tell 'em something's come up I have to go over with Roscoe, and tell 'em to come back day after to-morrow at two. You needn't come in to let me know they're gone; we don't want to be disturbed. Tell Pauley to call my house and send Claus down here with a closed car. We may have to go out. Tell him to hustle; and call me at Roscoe's room as soon as the car gets here. 'T's all!"

Roscoe had laughed bitterly throughout this monologue. "Drunk in business hours! Thass awf'l! Mus'n' do such thing! Mus'n' get drunk, mus'n' gamble, mus'n' kill 'nybody—not in business hours! All right, any other time. Kill 'nybody you want to—'s long 'tain't in business hours! Fine! Mus'n' have any trouble 't'll innerfere business. Keep your trouble 't home. Don' bring it to th' office. Might innerfere business. Have funerals on Sunday—might innerfere business! Don' let your wife innerfere business! Keep all, all, *all* your trouble an' your meanness, an' your trad—your tradegy—keep 'em *all* for home use! If you got die, go on die 't home—don' die round th' office! Might innerfere business!"

Sheridan picked up a newspaper from Roscoe's desk, and sat down with his back to his son, affecting to read. Roscoe seemed to be unaware of his father's significant posture.

"You know wh' I think?" he went on. "I think Bibbs only one the fam'ly any 'telligence at all. Won' work, an' din' get married. Jim worked, an' he got killed. I worked, an' I got married. Look at me! Jus' look at me, I ask you. Fine 'dustriss young business man. Look whass happen' to me! Fine!" He lifted his hand from the sustaining chair in a deplorable gesture, and, immediately losing his balance, fell across the chair and caromed to the floor with a crash; remaining in that posture for several minutes, during which Sheridan did not relax his apparent attention to the newspaper. He did not even look round at the sound of Roscoe's fall.

Roscoe slowly climbed to an upright position, pulling himself up by holding to the chair. He was slightly sobered

outwardly, having progressed, in the prostrate interval, to a state of befuddlement less volatile. He rubbed his dazed eyes with the back of his left hand.

"What—what you ask me while ago?" he said.

"Nothin'."

"Yes, you did. What—what was it?"

"Nothin'. You'd better sit down."

"You ask' me what I thought about Lamhorn. You did ask me that. Well, I won't tell you. I won't say dam' word 'bout him!"

The telephone-bell tinkled. Sheridan placed the receiver to his ear and said, "Right down." Then he got Roscoe's coat and hat from a closet, and brought them to his son. "Get into this coat," he said. "You're goin' home."

"All ri'," Roscoe murmured, obediently.

They went out into the main hall by a side door, not passing through the outer office; and Sheridan waited for an empty elevator, stopped it, and told the operator to take on no more passengers until they reached the ground floor. Roscoe walked out of the building and got into the automobile without lurching, and twenty minutes later walked into his own house in the same manner, neither he nor his father having spoken a word in the interval.

Sheridan did not go in with him; he went home, and to his own room without meeting any of his family. But as he passed Bibbs's door he heard from within the sound of a cheerful young voice humming jubilant fragments of song:

*Who looks a mustang in the eye? . . .
With a leap from the ground
To the saddle in a bound.
And away—and away!
Hi-yay!*

It was the first time in Sheridan's life that he had ever detected any musical symptom whatever in Bibbs—he had never even heard him whistle—and it seemed the last touch of irony that the useless fool should be merry to-day.

To Sheridan it was Tom o' Bedlam singing while the house burned; and he did not tarry to enjoy the melody, but

went into his own room and locked the door.

CHAPTER XIX

HE emerged only upon a second summons to dinner, two hours later, and came to the table so white and silent that his wife made her anxiety manifest and was but partially reassured by his explanation that his lunch had "disagreed" with him a little.

Presently, however, he spoke effectively. Bibbs, whose appetite had become hearty, was helping himself to a second breast of capon from white-jacket's salver. "Here's another difference between Midas and chicken," Sheridan remarked, grimly. "Midas can eat rooster, but rooster can't eat Midas. I reckon you overlooked that. Midas looks to me like he had the advantage there."

Bibbs retained enough presence of mind to transfer the capon breast to his plate without dropping it, and to respond, "Yes—he crows over it."

Having returned his antagonist's fire in this fashion, he blushed—for he could blush distinctly now—and his mother looked upon him with pleasure, though the reference to Midas and roosters was of course jargon to her. "Did you ever see anybody improve the way that child has!" she exclaimed. "I declare, Bibbs, sometimes lately you look right handsome!"

"He's got to be such a gadabout," Edith giggled.

"I found something of his on the floor up-stairs this morning, before anybody was up," said Sheridan. "I reckon if people lose things in this house and expect to get 'em back, they better get up as soon as I do."

"What was it he lost?" asked Edith.

"He knows!" her father returned. "Seems to me like I forgot to bring it home with me. I looked it over—thought probably it was something pretty important, belongin' to a busy man like him." He affected to search his pockets. "What *did* I do with it, now? Oh yes! Seems to me like I remember leavin' it down at the office—in the waste-basket."

"Good place for it," Bibbs murmured, still red.

Sheridan gave him a grin. "Perhaps pretty soon you'll be gettin' up early enough to find things before *I* do!"

It was a threat, and Bibbs repeated the substance of it, later in the evening, to Mary Vertrees—they had come to know each other that well.

"My time's here at last," he said, as they sat together in the melancholy gaslight of the room which had been denuded of its piano. That removal had left an emptiness so distressing to Mr. and Mrs. Vertrees that neither of them had crossed the threshold since the dark day; but the gaslight, though from a single jet, shed no melancholy upon Bibbs, nor could any room seem bare that knew the glowing presence of Mary. He spoke lightly, not sadly.

"Yes, it's come. I've shirked and put off, but I can't shirk and put off any longer. It's really my part to go to him—at least it would save my face. He means what he says, and the time's come to serve my sentence. Hard labor for life, I think."

Mary shook her head. "I don't think so. He's too kind."

"You think my father's *kind*?" And Bibbs stared at her.

"Yes. I'm sure of it. I've felt that he has a great, brave heart. It's only that he has to be kind in his own way—because he can't understand any other way."

"Ah yes," said Bibbs. "If that's what you mean by '*kind*'!"

She looked at him gravely, earnest concern in her friendly eyes. "It's going to be pretty hard for you, isn't it?"

"Oh—self-pity!" he returned, smiling. "This has been just the last flicker of revolt. Nobody minds work if he likes the kind of work. There'd be no loafers in the world if each man found the thing that he could do best; but the only work I happen to want to do is useless—so I have to give it up. To-morrow I'll be a day laborer."

"What is it like—exactly?"

"I get up at six," he said. "I have a lunch-basket to carry with me, which is aristocratic and no advantage. The other workmen have tin buckets, and tin buckets are better. I leave the house at six-thirty, and I'm at work in my overalls at seven. I have an hour off

at noon, and work again from one till five."

"But the work itself?"

"It wasn't muscularly exhausting—not at all. They couldn't give me a heavier job because I wasn't good enough."

"But what will you do? I want to know."

"When I left," said Bibbs, "I was 'on' what they call over there a 'clipping-machine,' in one of the 'by-products' departments, and that's what I'll be sent back to."

"But what is it?" she insisted.

Bibbs explained. "It's very simple and very easy. I feed long strips of zinc into a pair of steel jaws, and the jaws bite the zinc into little circles. All I have to do is to see that the strip goes into the jaws at a certain angle—and yet I was a very bad hand at it."

He had kept his voice cheerful as he spoke, but he had grown a shade paler, and there was a latent anguish deep in his eyes. He may have known it and wished her not to see it, for he turned away.

"You do that all day long?" she asked, and as he nodded, "It seems incredible!" she exclaimed. "*You* feeding a strip of zinc into a machine nine hours a day! No wonder—" She broke off, and then, after a keen glance at his face, she said: "I should think you *would* have been a 'bad hand at it'!"

He laughed ruefully. "I think it's the noise, though I'm ashamed to say it. You see, it's a very powerful machine and there's a sort of rhythmical crashing—a crash every time the jaws bite off a circle."

"How often is that?"

"The thing should make about sixty-eight disks a minute—a little more than one a second."

"And you're close to it?"

"Oh, the workman has to sit in its lap," he said, turning to her more gaily. "The others don't mind. You see, it's something wrong with me. I have an idiotic way of flinching from the confounded thing—I flinch and duck a little every time the crash comes, and I couldn't get over it. I was a treat to the other workmen in that room; they'll be glad to see me back. They used to laugh at me all day long."

Mary's gaze was averted from Bibbs now; she sat with her elbow resting on the arm of the chair, her lifted hand pressed against her cheek. She was staring at the wall, and her eyes had a burning brightness in them.

"It doesn't seem possible any one could do that to you," she said, in a low voice. "No. He's not kind. He ought to be proud to help you to the leisure to write books; it should be his greatest privilege to have them published for you—"

"Can't you *see* him?" Bibbs interrupted, a faint ripple of hilarity in his voice. "If he could understand what you're saying—and if you can imagine his taking such a notion, he'd have had R. T. Bloss put up posters all over the country: 'Read B. Sheridan. Read the Poet with a Punch!' No. It's just as well he never got the— But what's the use? I've never written anything worth printing, and I never shall."

"You could!" she said.

"That's because you've never seen the poor little things I've tried to do."

"You wouldn't let me, but I *know* you could! Ah, it's a pity!"

"It isn't," said Bibbs, honestly. "I never could—but you're the kindest lady in this world, Miss Vertrees."

She gave him a flashing glance, and it was as kind as he said she was. "That sounds wrong," she said, impulsively. "I mean 'Miss Vertrees.' I've thought of you by your first name ever since I met you. Wouldn't you rather call me 'Mary'?"

Bibbs was dazzled; he drew a long, deep breath, and did not speak.

"Wouldn't you?" she asked, without a trace of coquetry.

"If I *can*!" he said in a low voice.

"Ah, that's very pretty!" she laughed. "You're such an honest person, it's pleasant to have you gallant sometimes, by way of variety." She became grave again immediately. "I hear myself laughing as if it were some one else. It sounds like laughter on the eve of a great calamity." She got up restlessly, crossed the room and leaned against the wall, facing him. "You've *got* to go back to that place?"

He nodded.

"And the other time you did it—"

"Just over it," said Bibbs. "Two years. But I don't mind the prospect of a repetition so much as—"

"So much as what?" she prompted, as he stopped.

Bibbs looked up at her shyly. "I want to say it, but—but I come to a dead balk when I try. I—"

"Go on. Say it, whatever it is," she bade him. "You wouldn't know how to say anything I shouldn't like."

"I doubt if you'd either like or dislike what I want to say," he returned, moving uncomfortably in his chair and looking at his feet—he seemed to feel awkward, thoroughly. "You see, all my life—until I met you—if I ever felt like saying anything, I wrote it instead. Saying things is a new trick for me, and this—well, it's just this: I used to feel as if I hadn't ever had any sort of a life at all. I'd never been of use to anything or anybody and I'd never had anything, myself, except a kind of haphazard thinking. But now it's different—I'm still of no use to anybody and I don't see any prospect of being useful, but I have had something for myself. I've had a beautiful and happy experience, and it makes my life seem to be—I mean I'm glad I've lived it! That's all; it's your letting me be near you sometimes, as you have, this strange, beautiful, happy little while!"

He did not once look up, and reached silence at the end of what he had to say, with his eyes still awkwardly regarding his feet. She did not speak, but a soft rustling of her garments let him know that she had gone back to her chair again. The house was still; the shabby old room was so quiet that the sound of a creaking in the wall seemed sharp and loud.

And yet, when Mary spoke at last, her voice was barely audible. "If you think it has been—happy—to be friends with me—you'd want to—to make it last."

"Yes," said Bibbs, as faintly.

"You'd want to go on being my friend as long as we live, wouldn't you?"

"Yes," he gulped.

"But you make that kind of speech to me because you think it's over."

He tried to evade her. "Oh, a day laborer can't come in his overalls—"



Drawn by C. E. Chambers

Engraved by Frank E. Pettit

"ALL DAY LONG I'LL SEND MY THOUGHTS TO YOU"

"No," she interrupted with a sudden sharpness. "You said what you did because you think the shop's going to kill you."

"No, no!"

"Yes, you do think that!" She rose to her feet again, and came and stood before him. "Or you think it's going to send you back to the sanitarium. Don't deny it, Bibbs. There! See how easily I call you that! You see I'm a friend, or I couldn't do it. Well, if you meant what you said—and you did mean it, I know it!—you're not going to go back to the sanitarium. The shop sha'n't hurt you. It sha'n't!"

And now Bibbs looked up. She stood before him, straight and tall, splendid in generous strength, her eyes shining and wet.

"If I mean *that* much to you," she cried, "they can't harm you! Go back to the shop—but come to me when your day's work is done. Let the machines crash their sixty-eight times a minute, but remember each crash that deafens you is that much nearer the evening and me!"

He stumbled to his feet. "You say—" he gasped.

"Every evening, dear Bibbs!"

He could only stare, bewildered.

"*Every* evening. I want you. They sha'n't hurt you again!" And she held out her hand to him; it was strong and warm in his tremulous clasp. "If I could, I'd go and feed the strips of zinc to the machine with you," she said. "But all day long I'll send my thoughts to you. You must keep remembering that your friend stands beside you. And when the work is done—won't the night make up for the day?"

Light seemed to glow from her; he was blinded by that radiance of kindness. But all he could say was, huskily, "To think you're there—with me—standing beside the old zinc-eater—"

And they laughed and looked at each other, and at last Bibbs found what it meant not to be alone in the world. He had a friend.

CHAPTER XX

WHEN he came into the New House, a few minutes later, he found his father sitting alone by the library fire. Bibbs went in and stood before him.

"I'm cured, father," he said. "When do I go back to the shop? I'm ready."

The desolate and grim old man did not relax. "I was sittin' up to give you a last chance to say something like that. I reckon it's about time! I just wanted to see if you'd have manhood enough not to make me take you over there by the collar. Last night I made up my mind I'd give you just one more day. Well, you got to it before I did—pretty close to the eleventh hour! All right. Start in to-morrow. It's the first o' the month. Think you can get up in time?"

"Six o'clock," Bibbs responded, briskly. "And I want to tell you—I'm going in a 'cheerful spirit.' As you said, I'll go and I'll 'like it'!"

"That's *your* lookout!" his father grunted. "They'll put you back on the clippin'-machine. You get nine dollars a week."

"More than I'm worth, too," said Bibbs, cheerily. "That reminds me, I didn't mean *you* by 'Midas' in that nonsense I'd been writing. I meant—"

"Makes a hell of a lot o' difference what you meant!"

"I just wanted you to know. Good night, father."

"G'night!"

The sound of the young man's footsteps ascending the stairs became inaudible, and the house was quiet. But presently, as Sheridan sat staring angrily at the fire, the shuffling of a pair of slippers could be heard descending, and Mrs. Sheridan made her appearance, her oblique expression and the state of her toilette being those of a person who, after trying unsuccessfully to sleep on one side, has got up to look for burglars.

"Papa!" she exclaimed, drowsily. "Why'n't you go to bed? It must be goin' on 'leven o'clock!"

She yawned, and seated herself near him, stretching out her hands to the fire. "What's the matter?" she asked, sleep and anxiety striving sluggishly with each other in her voice. "I knew you were worried all dinner-time. You got something new on your mind besides Jim's bein' taken away like he was. What's worryin' you now, papa?"

"Nothin'."

She jeered feebly. "N' tell *me* that! You sat up to see Bibbs, didn't you?"

"He starts in at the shop again tomorrow morning," said Sheridan.

"Just the same as he did before?"

"Just pre-cisely!"

"How—how long you goin' to keep him at it, papa?" she asked, timidly.

"Until he *knows* something!" The unhappy man struck his palms together, then got to his feet and began to pace the room, as was his wont when he talked. "He'll go back to the machine he couldn't learn to tend properly in the six months he was there, and he'll stick to it till he *does* learn it! Do you suppose that lummix ever asked himself *why* I want him to learn it? No! And I ain't a-goin' to tell him, either! When he went there I had 'em set him on the simplest machine we got—and he stuck there! How much prospect would there be of his learnin' to run the whole business if he can't run the easiest machine in it? I sent him there to make him *thorough*. And what happened? He didn't *like* it! That boy's whole life, there's been a settin' up o' something mulish that's against everything I want him to do. I don't know what it is, but it's got to be worked out of him. Now, labor ain't any more a simple question than what it was when we were young. My idea is that, outside of union troubles, the man that can manage workin'men is the man that's been one himself. Well, I set Bibbs to learn the men and to learn the business, and *he* set himself to balk on the first job! That's what he did, and the balk's lasted close on to three years. If he balks again I'm just done with him! Sometimes I feel like I was pretty near done with everything, anyhow!"

"I knew there was something else," said Mrs. Sheridan, blinking over a yawn. "You better let it go till tomorrow and get to bed now—less you'll tell me?"

"Suppose something happened to Roscoe," he said. "*Then* what 'd I have to look forward to? *Then* what could I depend on to hold things together? A lummix! A lummix that hasn't learned how to push a strip o' zinc along a groove!"

"Roscoe?" she yawned. "You needn't worry about Roscoe, papa. He's the strongest child we had. I never did

know anybody keep better health than he does. I don't believe he's even had a cold in five years. You better go up to bed, papa."

"Suppose something *did* happen to him, though. You don't know what it means, keepin' property together these days—just keepin' it *alive*, let alone makin' it grow the way *I* do. I've seen too many estates hacked away in chunks, big and little. I tell you when a man dies the wolves come out o' the woods, pack after pack, to see what they can tear off for themselves; and if that dead man's chulder'n ain't on the job, night and day, everything he built 'll get carried off. Carried off? I've seen a big fortune behave like an ash-barrel in a cyclone—there wasn't even a dust-heap left to tell where it stood! I've seen it, time and time again. My God! when I think o' such things comin' to *me*! It don't seem like I deserved it—no man ever tried harder to raise his boys right than I have. I planned and planned and planned how to bring 'em up to be guards to drive the wolves off, and how to be builders to build, and build bigger. I tell you this business life is no fool's job, nowadays—a man's got to have eyes in the back of his head. You hear talk, sometimes, 'd make you think the millennium had come—but right the next breath you'll hear somebody hollerin' about 'the great unrest.' You *bet* there's a 'great unrest'! This country's been fillin' up with it from all over the world for a good many years, and the old camp-meetin' days are dead and done with. Church ain't what it used to be. Nothin's what it used to be—everything's turned up from the bottom, and the growth is so big the roots stick out in the air. There's an awful ruction goin' on, and you got to keep hoppin' if you're goin' to keep your balance on the top of it. And the schemers! They run like bugs on the bottom of a board—after any piece o' money they hear is loose. Fool schemes and crooked schemes; the fool ones are the most and the worst! You got to *fight* to keep your money after you've made it. And the woods are full o' mighty industrious men that got only one motto: 'Get the other fellow's money before he gets yours!' And when a man's built as *I*

have; when he's built good and strong, and made good things grow and prosper—*those* are the fellows that lay for the chance to slide in and sneak the benefit of it and put their names to it! And what's the use my havin' ever been born, if such a thing as that is goin' to happen? What's the use my havin' worked my life and soul into my business, if it's all goin' to be dispersed and scattered soon as I'm in the ground?"

He strode up and down the long room, gesticulating—little regarding the troubled and drowsy figure by the fireside. His throat rumbled thunderously; the words came with stormy bitterness. "You think this is a time for young men to be lyin' on beds of ease? I tell you there never was such a time before; there never was such opportunity. The sluggard is despoiled while he sleeps—yes, by George! if a man lays down they'll eat him before he wakes!—but the live man can build straight up till he touches the sky! This is the business man's day; it used to be the soldier's day and the statesman's day, but this is *ours*! And it ain't a Sunday to go fishin'—it's turmoil! turmoil!—and you got to go out and live it and breathe it and *make* it yourself, or you'll only be a dead man walkin' around dreamin' you're alive. And that's what my son Bibbs has been doin' all his life, and what he'd rather do now than go out and do his part by me. And if anything happens to Roscoe—"

"Oh, do stop worryin' over such nonsense," Mrs. Sheridan interrupted, irritated into sharp wakefulness for the moment. "There isn't anything goin' to happen to Roscoe, and you're just tormentin' yourself about nothin'. Aren't you *ever* goin' to bed?"

Sheridan halted. "All right, mamma," he said, with a vast sigh. "Let's go up." And he snapped off the electric light, leaving only the rosy glow of the fire.

"Did you speak to Roscoe?" she yawned, rising lopsidedly in her drowsiness. "Did you mention about what I told you the other evening?"

"No. I will to-morrow."

But Roscoe did not come down-town the next day, nor the next; nor did

Sheridan see fit to enter his son's house. He waited. Then, on the fourth day of the month, Roscoe walked into his father's office at nine in the morning, when Sheridan happened to be alone.

"They told me down-stairs you'd left word you wanted to see me."

"Sit down," said Sheridan, rising.

Roscoe sat. His father walked close to him, sniffed suspiciously, and then walked away, smiling bitterly. "Bah!" he exclaimed. "Still at it!"

"Yes," said Roscoe. "I've had a couple of drinks this morning. What about it?"

"I reckon I better adopt some decent young man," his father returned. "I'd bring Bibbs up here and put him in your place if he was fit. I would!"

"Better do it," Roscoe assented, sullenly.

"When 'd you begin this thing?"

"I always did drink a little. Ever since I grew up, that is."

"Leave that talk out! You know what I mean."

"Well, I don't know as I ever had too much in office hours—until the other day."

Sheridan began cutting. "It's a lie. I've had Ray Wills up from your office. He didn't want to give you away, but I put the hooks into him and he came through. You were drunk twice before and couldn't work. You been leavin' your office for drinks every few hours for the last three weeks. I been over your books. Your office is way behind. You haven't done any work, to count, in a month."

"All right," said Roscoe, drooping under the torture. "It's all true."

"What you goin' to do about it?"

Roscoe's head was sunk between his shoulders. "I can't stand very much talk about it, father," he said, pleadingly.

"No!" Sheridan cried. "Neither can I! What do you think it means to *me*?" He dropped into the chair at his big desk, groaning. "I can't stand to talk about it any more'n you can to listen, but I'm goin' to find out what's the matter with you, and I'm goin' to straighten you out!"

Roscoe shook his head helplessly.

"You can't straighten me out."

"See here!" said Sheridan. "Can you

go back to your office and stay sober to-day, while I get my work done, or will I have to hire a couple o' huskies to follow you around and knock the whiskey out o' your hand if they see you tryin' to take it?"

"You needn't worry about that," said Roscoe, looking up with a faint resentment. "I'm not drinking because I've got a thirst."

"Well, what have you got?"

"Nothing. Nothing you can do anything about. Nothing, I tell you."

"We'll see about that!" said Sheridan, harshly. "Now I can't fool with you to-day, and you get up out o' that chair and get out o' my office. You bring your wife to dinner to-morrow. You didn't come last Sunday—but you come to-morrow. I'll talk this out with you when the women-folks are workin' the phonograph, after dinner. Can you keep sober till then? You better be sure, because I'm goin' to send Abercrombie down to your office every little while, and he'll let me know."

Roscoe paused at the door. "You told Abercrombie about it?" he asked, wretchedly.

"Told him!" And Sheridan laughed hideously. "Do you suppose there's an elevator-boy in the whole dam' building that ain't on to you?"

Roscoe settled his hat down over his eyes and went out.

CHAPTER XXI

*Who looks a mustang in the eye?
Changety, chang, chang! Bash! Crash!
Bang!*

SO sang Bibbs, his musical gaities inaudible to his fellow-workmen because of the noise of the machinery. He had discovered long ago that the uproar was rhythmical, and it had been intolerable, but now, on the afternoon of the fourth day of his return, he was accompanying the swing and clash of the metals with jubilant vaquero fragments, mingling improvisations of his own among them, and mocking the zinc-eater's crash with vocal imitations:

Fearless and bold,
Chang! Bash! Behold!

With a leap from the ground
To the saddle in a bound,
And away—and away!
Hi-yay!

Who looks a chang, chang, bash, crash,
bang!

Who cares a dash how you bash and you
crash?

Night's on the way

Each time I say,

Hi-yay!

Crash, chang! Bash, chang! Chang,
bang, bang!

The long room was ceaselessly thundering with metallic sound; the air was thick with the smell of oil; the floor trembled perpetually; everything was implacably in motion; nowhere was there a rest for the dizzied eye. The first time he had entered the place Bibbs had become dizzy instantly, and six months of it had only added increasing nausea to faintness. But he felt neither now. "*Ali day long I'll send my thoughts to you. You must keep remembering that your friend stands beside you.*" He saw her there beside him, and the greasy, roaring place became suffused with radiance. The poet was happy in his machine-shop; he was still a poet there. And he fed his old zinc-eater, and sang:

Away—and away!

Hi-yay!

Crash, bash, crash, bash, chang!

Wild are his eyes,

Fiercely he dies!

Hi-yay!

Crash, bash, bang! Bash, chang!

Ready to fling

Our gloves in the ring—

He was unaware of a sensation that passed along the lines of workmen. Their great master had come among them, and they grinned to see him standing with Dr. Gurney behind the unconscious Bibbs. Sheridan nodded to those nearest him—he had personal acquaintance with nearly all of them—but he kept his attention upon his son. Bibbs worked steadily, never turning from his machine. Now and then he varied his musical programme with remarks addressed to the zinc-eater.

"Go on, you old crash-basher! Chew it up! It's good for you, if you don't try to bolt your vittles. Fletcherize, you

old pig! That's right—you'll never get a lump in your gizzard. Want some more? Here's a nice, shiny one."

The words were indistinguishable, but Sheridan inclined his head to Gurney's ear and shouted, fiercely: "Talkin' to himself! By George!"

Gurney laughed reassuringly, and shook his head.

Bibbs returned to song:

Chang! Chang, bash, chang! It's *I!*
Who looks a mustang in the eye?
 Fearless and bo——

His father grasped him by the arm. "Here!" he shouted. "Let *me* show you how to run a strip through there. The foreman says you're some better'n you used to be, but that's no way to handle—Get out the way and let me show you once."

"Better be careful," Bibbs warned him, stepping to one side.

"Careful? Bah!" Sheridan seized a strip of zinc from the box. "What you talkin' to yourself about? Tryin' to make yourself think you're so abused you're goin' wrong in the head?"

"'Abused'? No!" shouted Bibbs. "I was *singing*—because I 'like it'! I told you I'd come back and 'like it.'"

Sheridan may not have understood. At all events he made no reply, but began to run the strip of zinc through the machine. He did it awkwardly—and with bad results.

"Here!" he shouted. "This is the way. Watch how *I* do it. There's nothin' to it, if you put your mind on it." By his own showing then his mind was not upon it. He continued to talk. "All you got to look out for is to keep it pressed over to—"

"Don't run your hand up with it," Bibbs vociferated, leaning toward him.

"Run nothin'! You *got* to—"

"Look out!" shouted Bibbs and Gurney together, and they both sprang forward. But Sheridan's right hand had followed the strip too far, and the zinc-eater had bitten off the tips of the first and second fingers. He swore vehemently, and wrung his hand, sending a shower of red drops over himself and Bibbs, but Gurney grasped his wrist, and said, sharply:

"Come out of here. Come over to

the lavatory in the office. Bibbs, fetch my bag. It's in my machine, outside."

And when Bibbs brought the bag to the wash-room he found the doctor still grasping Sheridan's wrist, holding the injured hand over a basin. Sheridan had lost color, and temper, too. He glared over his shoulder at his son as the latter handed the bag to Gurney.

"You go on back to your work," he said. "I've had worse snips than that from a pencil-sharpener."

"Oh no, you haven't!" said Gurney.

"I have, too!" Sheridan retorted, angrily. "Bibbs, you go on back to your work. There's no reason to stand around here watchin' ole Doc Gurney tryin' to keep himself awake workin' on a scratch that only needs a little court-plaster. I slipped, or it wouldn't happened. You get back on your job."

"All right," said Bibbs.

"*Here!*" Sheridan bellowed as his son was passing out of the door. "You watch out when you're runnin' that machine! You hear what I say? I slipped, or I wouldn't got scratched, but you—you're liable to get your whole hand cut off! You keep your eyes open!"

"Yes, sir." And Bibbs returned to the zinc-eater, thoughtfully.

Half an hour later Gurney touched him on the shoulder and beckoned him outside, where conversation was possible. "I sent him home, Bibbs. He'll have to be careful of that hand. Go get your overalls off. I'll take you for a drive and leave you at home."

"Can't," said Bibbs. "Got to stick to my job till the whistle blows."

"No, you don't," the doctor returned, smothering a yawn. "He wants me to take you down to my office and give you an overhauling to see how much harm these four days on the machine have done you. I guess you folks have got that old man pretty thoroughly upset, between you, up at your house! But I don't need to go over you. I can see with my eyes half shut—"

"Yes," Bibbs interrupted, "that's what they are."

"I say I can see you're starting out, at least, in good shape. What's made the difference?"

"I like the machine," said Bibbs. "I've made a friend of it. I serenade it

and talk to it, and then it talks back to me."

"Indeed, indeed? What does it say?"

"What I want to hear."

"Well, well!" The doctor stretched himself and stamped his foot repeatedly. "Better come along and take a drive with me. You can take the time off that he allowed for the examination, and—"

"Not at all," said Bibbs. "I'm going to stand by my old zinc-eater till five o'clock. I tell you I *like* it!"

"Then I suppose that's the end of your wanting to write."

"I don't know about that," Bibbs said, thoughtfully; "but the zinc-eater doesn't interfere with my thinking, at least. It's better than being in business; I'm sure of that. I don't want anything to change. I'd be content to lead just the life I'm leading now to the end of my days."

"You do beat the devil!" exclaimed Gurney. "Your father's right when he tells me you're a mystery. Perhaps the Almighty knew what he was doing when he made you, but it takes a lot of faith to believe it! Well, I'm off. Go on back to your murdering old machine." He climbed into his car, which he operated himself, but he refrained from setting it immediately in motion. "Well, I rubbed it in on the old man that you had warned him not to slide his hand along too far, and that he got hurt because he didn't pay attention to your warning, and because he was trying to show you how to do something you were already doing a great deal better than he could. You tell him I'll be around to look at it and change the dressing tomorrow morning. Good-by."

But when he paid the promised visit the next morning he did more than change the dressing upon the damaged hand. The injury was severe of its kind, and Gurney spent a long time over it, though Sheridan was rebellious and scornful, being brought to a degree of tractability only by means of horrible threats and talk of amputation. However, he appeared at the dinner-table with his hand supported in a sling, which he seemed to regard as an indignity, while the natural inquiries upon the subject evidently struck him as deliberate insults. Mrs. Sheridan, having been

unable to contain her solicitude several times during the day, and having been checked each time in a manner that blanched her cheek, hastened to warn Roscoe and Sibyl, upon their arrival at five, to omit any reference to the injury and to avoid even looking at the sling if they possibly could.

The Sheridans dined, on Sundays, at five. Sibyl had taken pains not to arrive either before or after the hour was precisely on the hour; and the members of the family were all seated at the table within two minutes after she and Roscoe had entered the house.

It was a glum gathering, overhung with portents. The air seemed charged, awaiting any tiny ignition to explode; and Mrs. Sheridan's expression, as she sat with her eyes fixed almost continually upon her husband, was that of a person engaged in prayer. Edith was pale and intent. Roscoe looked ill; Sibyl looked ill; and Sheridan looked both ill and explosive. Bibbs had more color than any of these; and there was a strange brightness, like a light, upon his face. It was curious to see anything so happy in the tense gloom of that household.

Edith ate little, but gazed nearly all the time at her plate. She never once looked at Sibyl, but Sibyl now and then gave her a quick glance, heavily charged, and then looked away. Roscoe ate nothing, and, like Edith, kept his eyes upon his plate and made believe to occupy himself with the viands thereon, loading his fork frequently, but not lifting it to his mouth. He did not once look at his father, though his father gazed fixedly at him most of the time. And between Edith and Sibyl, and between Roscoe and his father, some bitter wireless communication seemed continually to be taking place throughout the long silences prevailing during this enlivening ceremony of Sabbath refection.

"Didn't you go to church this morning, Bibbs?" his mother asked, in the effort to break up one of those ghastly intervals.

"What did you say, mother?"

"Didn't you go to church this morning?"

"I think so," he answered, as from a roseate trance.

"You *think* so! Don't you know?"

"Oh yes. Yes, I went to church!"

"Which one?"

"Just down the street. It's brick."

"What was the sermon about?"

"What, mother?"

"Can't you hear me?" she cried. "I asked you what the sermon was about?"

He roused himself. "I think it was about—" He frowned, seeming to concentrate his will to recollect. "I think it was about something in the Bible."

White-jacket George was glad of an opportunity to leave the room and lean upon Mist' Jackson's shoulder in the pantry. "He don' know they *was* any suhmon!" he concluded, having narrated the dining-room dialogue. "All he know is he was with 'at lady lives nex' do'!" George was right.

"Did you go to church all by yourself, Bibbs?" Sibyl asked.

"No," he answered. "No, I didn't go alone."

"Oh?" Sibyl gave the ejaculation an upward twist, as of mocking inquiry, and followed it by another, expressive of hilarious comprehension. "*Oh!*"

Bibbs looked at her studiously, but she spoke no further. And that completed the conversation at the lugubrious feast.

Coffee came finally, was disposed of quickly, and the party dispersed to other parts of the house. Bibbs followed his father and Roscoe into the library, but was not well received.

"*You go and listen to the phonograph with the women-folks,*" Sheridan commanded.

Bibbs retreated. "Sometimes you do seem to be a hard sort of man!" he said.

However, he went obediently into the gilt-and-brocade room to which his mother and his sister and his sister-in-law had helplessly withdrawn, according to their Sabbatical custom. Edith sat in a corner, tapping her foot and looking at it; Sibyl sat in the center of the room, examining a brooch which she had detached from her throat; and Mrs. Sheridan was looking over a collection of records consisting exclusively of Caruso and rag-time. She selected one of the latter, remarking that she thought it "right pretty," and followed it with one of the former and the same remark.

As the second record reached its con-

clusion George appeared in the broad doorway, seeming to have an errand there, but he did not speak. Instead he favored Edith with a benevolent smile, and she immediately left the room, George stepping aside for her to precede him, and then disappearing after her in the hall with an air of successful diplomacy. He made it perfectly clear that Edith had given him secret instructions and that it had been his pride and pleasure to fulfil them to the letter.

Sibyl stiffened in her chair; her lips parted and she watched with curious eyes the vanishing back of the white jacket.

"What's that?" she asked in a low voice, but sharply.

"Here's another right pretty record," said Mrs. Sheridan, affecting—with patent nervousness—not to hear. And she unloosed the music.

Sibyl bit her lip and began to tap her chin with the brooch. After a little while she turned to Bibbs, who reposed at half-length in a gold chair, with his eyes closed.

"Where did Edith go?" she asked, curiously.

"Edith?" he repeated, opening his eyes blankly. "Is she gone?"

Sibyl got up and stood in the doorway. She leaned against the casing, still tapping her chin with the brooch. Her eyes were dilating; she was suddenly at high tension, and her expression had become one of sharp excitement. She listened intently.

When the record was spun out she could hear Sheridan rumbling in the library during the ensuing silence, and Roscoe's voice, querulous and husky: "I won't say anything at all. I tell you you might just as well let me alone!"

But there were other sounds: a rustling and murmur, whispering, low protesting cadences in a male voice. They came from the smoking-room, down the hall and on the same side as the doorway in which Sibyl stood. And then, as Mrs. Sheridan began another record, a sudden, vital resolve leaped like flame in the eyes of Sibyl. She walked down the hall and straight into the smoking-room.

Lamhorn and Edith both sprang to their feet, separating. Edith became instantly deathly white with a rage that

set her shaking from head to foot, and Lamhorn choked as he tried to speak.

But Edith's shaking was not so violent as Sibyl's, nor was her face so white. At sight of them and of their embrace, all possible consequences became nothing to Sibyl, and as she spoke her thin voice was like the crackling of dry wood on fire. She courtesied, holding up her skirts and contorting her lips to the semblance of a smile.

"Sit just as you were—both of you!" she said. And then to Edith, "Did you tell my husband I had been telephoning to Lamhorn?"

"You march out of here!" said Edith, fiercely. "March straight out of here!"

Sibyl leveled a forefinger at Lamhorn. "Did you tell her I'd been telephoning you I wanted you to come?"

"Oh, good God!" Lamhorn said. "Hush!"

"You knew she'd tell my husband, *didn't* you?" she cried. "You knew that!"

"Hush!" he begged, panic-stricken.

"That was a *manly* thing to do! Oh, it was like a gentleman! You wouldn't come—you wouldn't even come for five minutes to hear what I had to say! You were *tired* of what I had to say! You'd heard it all a thousand times before, and you wouldn't come! No! No! No!" she stormed. "You wouldn't even come for five minutes, but you could tell that little cat! And *she* told my husband! You're a *man*!"

Edith saw in a flash that the consequences of battle would be ruinous to Sibyl, and the furious girl needed no further temptation to give way to her feelings. "Get out of this house!" she shrieked. "This is my father's house. Don't you dare speak to Robert like that!"

"No! No! I mustn't *speak*—"

"Don't you *dare*!"

Edith and Sibyl began to scream insults at each other simultaneously, fronting each other, their furious faces close. Their voices shrilled and rose and cracked—they screeched. They could be heard over the noise of the phonograph, which was playing a brass-band selection. They could be heard all over the house. They were heard in the kitchen; they could have been heard in

the cellar. Neither of them cared for that.

"You told my husband!" screamed Sibyl, bringing her face still closer to Edith's. "You told my husband! This man put *that* in your hands to strike me with! *He* did!"

"I'll tell your husband again! I'll tell him everything I know! It's *time* your husband—"

They were swept asunder by a bandaged hand. "Do you want the neighbors in!" Sheridan thundered.

There fell a shocking silence. Frenzied Sibyl saw her husband and his mother in the doorway, and she understood what she had done. She moved slowly toward the door; then suddenly she began to run. She ran into the hall, and through it, and out of the house. Roscoe followed her heavily, his eyes on the ground.

"*Now then!*" said Sheridan to Lamhorn.

The words were indefinite, but the voice was not. Neither was the vicious gesture of the bandaged hand, which concluded its orbit in the direction of the door in a manner sufficient for the swift dispersal of George and Jackson and several female servants who hovered behind Mrs. Sheridan. They fled lightly.

"Papa, papa!" wailed Mrs. Sheridan. "Look at your hand! You oughtn't to be so rough with Edie; you hurt your hand on her shoulder. Look!"

There was, in fact, a spreading red stain upon the bandages at the tips of the fingers, and Sheridan put his hand back in the sling. "Now then!" he repeated. "You goin' to leave my house?"

"He will *not*!" sobbed Edith. "Don't you *dare* order him out!"

"Don't you bother, dear," said Lamhorn, quietly. "He doesn't understand. You mustn't be troubled." Pallor was becoming to him; he looked very handsome, and, as he left the room, he seemed in the girl's distraught eyes a persecuted noble, indifferent to the rabble yawping insult at his heels—the rabble being enacted by her father.

"Don't come back, either!" said Sheridan, realistic in this impersonation. "Keep off the premises!" he called savagely into the hall. "This family's through with you!"

"It is *not!*" Edith cried, breaking from her mother. "You'll *see* about that! You'll find out! You'll find out what'll happen! What's *he* done? I guess if I can stand it, it's none of *your* business, is it? What's *he* done, I'd like to know? You don't know anything about it. Don't you s'pose he told *me*? She was crazy about him soon as he began going there, and he flirted with her a little. That's everything he did, and it was before he met *me*! After that he wouldn't, and it wasn't anything, anyway—he never was serious a minute about it. *She* wanted it to be serious, and she was bound she wouldn't give him up. He told her long ago he cared about me, but she kept persecuting him and—"

"Yes," said Sheridan, sternly; "that's *his* side of it! That'll do! He doesn't come in this house again!"

"You look out!" Edith cried.

"Yes, I'll look out! I'd 'a' told you to-day he wasn't to be allowed on the premises, but I had other things on my mind. I had Abercrombie look up this young man privately, and he's no 'count. He's no 'count on earth! He's no good! He's *nothin'*! But it wouldn't matter if he was George Washington, after what's happened and what I've heard to-night!"

"But, papa," Mrs. Sheridan began, "if Edie says it was all Sibyl's fault, makin' up to him, and he never encouraged her much, nor—"

"S enough!" he roared. "He keeps off these premises! And if any of you so much as ever speak his name to me again—"

But Edith screamed, clapping her hands over her ears to shut out the sound of his voice, and ran up-stairs, sobbing loudly, followed by her mother. However, Mrs. Sheridan descended a few minutes later and joined her husband in the library. Bibbs, still sitting in his gold chair, saw her pass, roused himself from reverie, and strolled in after her.

"She locked her door," said Mrs. Sheridan, shaking her head woefully. "She wouldn't even answer me. They wasn't a sound from her room."

"Well," said her husband, "she can settle her mind to it. She never speaks to that fellow again, and if he tries to

telephone her to-morrow— Here! You tell the help if he calls up to ring off and say it's my orders. No, you needn't. I'll tell 'em myself."

"Better not," said Bibbs, gently.

His father glared at him.

"It's no good," said Bibbs. "Mother, when you were in love with father—"

"My goodness!" she cried. "You ain't a-goin' to compare your father to that—"

"Edith feels about him just what you did about father," said Bibbs. "And if *your* father had told you—"

"I won't *listen* to such silly talk!" she declared, angrily.

"So you're handin' out your advice, are you, Bibbs?" said Sheridan. "What is it?"

"Let her see him all she wants."

"You're a—" Sheridan gave it up. "I don't know what to call you!"

"Let her see him all she wants," Bibbs repeated, thoughtfully. "You're up against something too strong for you. If Edith were a weakling you'd have a chance this way; but she isn't. She's got a lot of your determination, father, and with what's going on inside of her she'll beat you. You can't keep her from seeing him, as long as she feels about him the way she does now. You can't make her think less of him, either. Nobody can. Your only chance is that she'll do it for herself, and if you give her time and go easy she probably will. Marriage would do it for her quickest, but that's just what you don't want, and as you *don't* want it, you'd better—"

"I can't stand any more!" Sheridan burst out. "If it's come to *Bibbs* advisin' me how to run this house I better resign. Mamma, where's that nigger George? Maybe *he's* got some plan how I better manage my family. Bibbs, for God's sake go and lay down! 'Let her see him all she wants'! Oh, Lord! here's wisdom; here's—"

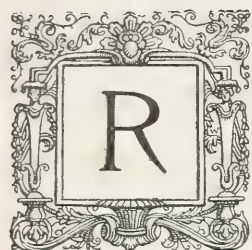
"Bibbs," said Mrs. Sheridan, "if you haven't got anything to do, you might step over and take Sibyl's wraps home— she left 'em in the hall. I don't think you seem to quiet your poor father very much, just now."

"All right." And Bibbs went, walking softly.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Power of the Press

BY HOWARD BRUBAKER



RANDOLPH HARRINGTON DUKES sat on the front porch, the evening paper on his knees, and, as one in the grasp of a new idea, meditatively rubbed a grimy toe against a brown, mosquito-bitten ankle.

"Nobody never told me," he thought, "that a little small fella could have his name printed in the paper."

Ranny was dimly aware that mother had called out from the house, requesting a pitcher of water for supper, also that it was high time that he was at the front gate ready to tow father through the perilous shoals. But these duties were put over into unfinished business—in the puzzling world of eight-going-on-nine it is safest to stick to one thing until it is settled. So Ranny raised the paper and, this time with comparative ease, read over the amazing item:

Clarence Raleigh, son of Mr. and Mrs. William F. Raleigh, entertained seven of his playmates yesterday afternoon at his home on North Elm Street, it being the occasion of his eighth birthday. Delicious refreshments were served. The little fellows report a very enjoyable time.

This chance discovery, the result of idly glancing at the *Evening Bulletin* while waiting for father to come home, set Ranny's ideas topsy-turvy. Clarence Raleigh had never seemed to him a very important boy; he was a poor "wrestler," and a teacher's pet, and he wore shoes in the summer-time. Now, suddenly, he had leaped into fame. The next time Ranny went along Elm Street maybe Clarence would be sitting out in front and would say, "Hello, Ranny!" and he would answer, "Hello!" and Clarence would say, "Did you see my name in the paper?" Clarence would put on airs as if he had broken his leg, like Tinny Malone, or got a job sweeping out the

First National Bank, like Arthur Baldwin.

If it is true that the life of the growing child reproduces the history of the race, Ranny arrived, on that late afternoon in June, at the age of publicity.

Father came into port under his own steam and promptly joined in inviting his son to get water. As a matter of form Ranny sat down with his parents at supper, but he had no interest in commonplace proceedings; in fact, he was so preoccupied that he declined a second helping of bread and jelly.

"What's the matter, Ranny?" asked father. "Are you sick?"

"Clarence Raleigh had a party," the boy replied. "His name's in the paper."

"Did you eat too much cake?"

"Tom!" exclaimed mother, reproachfully, and father put his hand over his mouth. Mother, being a woman, made a different kind of mistake entirely.

"Don't mind, dear," she said. "We don't get invited to Mrs. Raleigh's parties, either."

"His name's in the paper," Ranny declared, earnestly. "I read it."

"They should never have taught this boy to read," said father with a tremendous wink; "he'll be wanting to go to everything now."

Ranny saw that he must work out this newspaper problem alone. Now that the *Evening Bulletin* had ceased to confine itself to the footless affairs of grown-ups, he would have to give it a share of his attention; he had never before thought it of any value except for making kites. He would have begun his researches at once, only father, according to his custom, read the paper on the front porch until the light failed.

But the next morning, as soon as he had fed his guinea-pigs, Ranny turned his thoughts to the larger life of Lakeville. Adjoining the kitchen was a woodshed which was also a tool-house, as well as a storeroom for useless and fascinating

articles, such as the old clock which Ranny had taken apart and expected some day to put together again when he was not too tired. In one corner was the "secret den" constructed of boxes by father's help and devoted to such purposes as a drug-store, a refuge for Indians and robbers, a picture-gallery, and a post-office in which he distributed to himself the letters which the teacher wrote him on her vacation wanderings. In this versatile place of entertainment he sat and studied the public prints.

There was, of course, much in the *Evening Bulletin* that was utter waste of paper—vague, useless things about politics and war and courts and business; puzzling big words and untalkable English. The personal column, on the other hand, was human and interesting; it suggested so many ways of getting one's name into print. Clarence, of course, had adopted an excellent method, with his seven little playmates and his delicious refreshments. Ranny cut out this item and pinned it on the wall. Mr. and Mrs. Wheelock had done almost as well by becoming the parents of an infant daughter. W. H. Adams had indulged in the doubtful pleasure of a fire that was prevented from becoming serious only by the prompt use of a bucket of water. Mrs. James Barton had got into print by being seriously ill. There were a number of toothsome items about the fine things to eat that were for sale at Alleston's grocery. Also, the paper frequently remarked that Webber was a reliable druggist; this was interesting because Mr. Webber lived only two doors from Ranny's house and had a dog that barked but didn't bite.

The royal road to publicity, however, was undoubtedly the C. M. & W. No other device was so common or so delightful as going somewhere on the train, or coming back. Note a few examples in this one issue: Mrs. George Frazer and little son were visiting friends in Marion; James H. Hight had left for Cincinnati on business; Mrs. Something-or-other that was hard to pronounce was visiting her daughter, Mrs. H. K. Jones.

"If I wanted to get *my* name in the paper," said Ranny, who could always talk to himself safely in the "secret den," "I'd go somewheres on the train."

This thought suggested a diversion he seldom permitted himself, because it was unpopular with mother. Securing his wide straw hat unostentatiously from behind the kitchen door, and leaving by the alley gate, he set out for the railway station, resolved to see what fellow-townsmen were laying up treasures for themselves in the evening paper. The court-house clock striking eleven assured him that he would be in plenty of time for the 11.23, which males of all ages spoke of as Number Nine.

As the board platform was uncomfortably hot to the feet, Ranny crept into the rather ample shadow of a lady who seemed stationary. Presently a young man named Gifford Rawlins approached, tapping with a pencil upon a little pack of white cards.

"Going away, Mrs. Thompson?" Rawlins asked.

"Yes," the lady replied; and added, a little shamefacedly, "But I don't know as you need to put it in the paper." Before Ranny had time to be surprised at her perversity, Mrs. Thompson had relented and was taking the public into her confidence, admitting that she was going to Auburn to visit her sister Emmeline, whose married name was Mrs. Albert Randall, spelled with two "l's."

Ranny had seen Rawlins before and had been vaguely aware that he "worked in the printing-office"; but until now he had never realized what an important function Rawlins performed in the life of Lakeville. This slim young man with the flappy serge coat and the smudge of a mustache was the link between the citizen and the press; he wandered about from group to group, asking questions and jotting down answers.

Deeply impressed, Ranny deserted the shady Mrs. Thompson and followed Rawlins about, acquiring valuable information. Mr. Burgess, the lawyer, was going to Littleton on business; a traveling-man thought it unnecessary to say anything about himself (and his two valises) because he was going away so constantly. Mrs. Ferguson was not taking a trip herself, but she was expecting a visit from a niece, and the *Bulletin* was treated to the fascinating details.

In his absorption Ranny crowded too close to the newspaper man; Rawlins

turned and looked him all over, as if a small boy with a straw hat and sturdy, brown legs were a strange sight in Lakeville.

"I suppose," said the representative of the press, "that you are going to New York to buy a few railroads."

Ranny, embarrassed, withdrew to a respectful distance and leaned against the baggage-wagon, only to receive a sharp rebuff from a man in black overalls who seemed to need the thing for his own purposes.

"Get away from that truck!" shouted the man. "It's bad enough, anyway."

What was bad enough he did not say, but Ranny gathered that he was annoyed because so many people were using his railroad.

Many times in the hours that followed Ranny reproached himself for not having made a better showing before the reporter. If he had managed things right perhaps the name Randolph Harrington Dukes—in full, just as it appeared upon the teacher's letters—might have burst upon startled Lakeville that night, much to Clarence Raleigh's chagrin. But even after a day of thought he had been unable to recall anything important about himself except that he had three new guinea-pigs and a loose tooth; and apparently the *Bulletin* never printed items of that sort. In his task of reproducing the history of civilization Ranny had leaped in twenty-four hours from the discovery of printing to the need of a press agent. For four feverish days he neglected his ordinary pursuits and moved in newspaper circles.

"I don't know what has come over him," mother said one night at supper; "he never stays at home any more, or gets kindlings, or helps with the baby."

"What are you up to, Ranny?" father asked.

Ranny did not feel that his parents would understand the finer points of the case, so he answered, evasively:

"Oh, jest foolin' around and havin' fun."

"You fool around a little closer home after this," father replied.

This tall, slender, rather silent man did not often find it necessary to administer a rebuke to his son (possibly because during the greater part of every

week-day he was engaged in the manufacture of wagons); but when he did speak sternly his words had the force of a Supreme Court decision. Ranny realized that night that his days of philandering with transportation and the public prints were over. The time had come for him to carry out the plan that had been gradually rolling up in his consciousness. It was a lawless plan, fraught with dim difficulties, but Ranny's mind (to quote high authority) was "a one-track road." The eight-going-on-nine world is bewildering enough in its essentials without being cluttered up with distracting details.

Accordingly, at a favorable opportunity the next morning he concealed his best clothes in the "secret den," and, after much angling with a stick and a piece of chewing-gum, abstracted a nickel and eleven pennies from his fire-cracker fund in the iron savings-bank. This was pleasant and easy work, but as he faced his next task his courage ran very low. It was a remarkably hot morning; the secret den was like an oven. As he looked at the waist he had to put on, the "boughten pants" that had been a little too tight even at the beginning, the suicidal shoes and stockings, he was strongly tempted to abandon dreams of glory, to go out and pump a little water on his head and sit in the grape-arbor. It was an ideal day for sitting.

But just when his resolution was at its lowest ebb his eye fell upon the item he had cut from the newspaper, the item that had brought fame to the insignificant Clarence. This bit of paper brought a new supply of courage, and after a painful time he emerged from the "secret den," sweaty, itchy, and triumphant, elegant against all the laws of nature, an unmistakable traveler from creaking black shoes to beribboned sailor hat. And, leaving by way of the barn, he took the less conspicuous route to the station.

On the way he met Bud Hicks, a person of low intelligence who seemed to think there was something humorous in being dressed up on a week-day.

"Hey! get onto that, would you?" said Bud, addressing an imaginary third person. "Oh, gracious! ain't he sweet?" He added injury to these insults by tilt-

ing Ranny's sailor hat down over one eye.

"Aw, git outa my way!" Ranny exclaimed. "Can't you see I'm in a hurry?"

"Where you goin'?" asked Bud, just a shade respectfully.

"If you look in the paper to-night, mebbe you'll find out." Although he was in such a hurry, Ranny found time to add, "I don't know if you c'n read the paper."

When he reached the station he had a sudden sinking of the heart. There was nobody on the platform, the ticket-window was closed, the building was apparently deserted. Had he, then, after all his suffering, missed Number Nine? A "snake-feeder" came in the open door and on quivering wings investigated the merits of a red-and-blue invitation to a dollar Sunday excursion, decided adversely, and whizzed away. Ranny had bitter thoughts of Bud Hicks, who had detained him on the way; he looked at the hated shoes which had given him such trouble in the "secret den," and had an impulse to "scuff" them against something. But before he did anything revengeful two women walked into the station, the hotel 'bus drew up outside to a noisy "Whoa!" and presently the ticket-window went up with a bang. He had been too early, and not too late, for the train!

When the first demand for tickets had been satisfied, Ranny, taking a tight grip on his courage—and upon the coins in his pocket—approached the ticket-window. By standing on tiptoe and clinging to the counter he could just see the ceiling of the office.

"How much does it cost," he asked, "to ride on the train?"

The telegraph instrument clicked a long time and the blood pounded in his ears; he was about to repeat his question when two arms, covered with funny black stockings, appeared in the window and the curious face of the station-agent came out like a spectacled turtle.

"What's your name, bub?" the man asked.

"Ranny Dukes."

"Oh, you're Tom Dukes's boy, are you? Where do you want to go?"

"Manchester."

"Are you alone?"

"Yes," faintly.

The station man tapped doubtfully with his fingers upon the window counter.

"Well," he said, finally, "you go half-fare. It's fifteen cents one way and thirty cents round trip."

The chubby fist on the edge of the counter opened and reluctantly gave up its store of sweaty coins; the man stamped and handed out a ticket, also one cent, which, obeying a subtle magnetic force, drew its owner toward the slot-machine. With the ticket in one hand and a piece of chocolate in the other, Ranny set forth in search of publicity.

Out on the platform the reporter was wandering about, gathering food for a hungry reading public; his presence set at rest a fear which had haunted Ranny, that Rawlins might get sick or fall into the printing-press just when he was most needed. Rallying his moral forces, he planted himself in front of the rising young journalist.

"I'm going to Manchester," he said, introducing the chocolate as documentary evidence, then, in confusion, substituting the ticket.

Rawlins looked down at him as if surprised at the change in the boy's appearance since they had last met. Ranny had an uneasy feeling that his bow-tie was more lumpy than mothers usually made them, and that his neck and ears might not be convincing—he had not gone to any absurd lengths in the matter of ablutions. But Rawlins, fortunately, was not captious.

"What's your name?" he asked, flourishing his pencil, with a wink at a bystander. Ranny gave his name in its full dignified form.

"What are you going to do in Manchester?"

"I-I'm goin' v-visiting." Ranny never stammered except when it was the worst thing he could do.

"Yes?" said Rawlins, encouragingly.

"I-I'm g-goin' to visit my a-aunt."

"And what is your aunt's name?"

"S-S-Smith," said Ranny, desperately. To his great relief somebody called out:

"Say, Giff, come here a minute."

It was the station-agent, who had stuck his head out of a window that opened upon the platform. This man's life-work seemed to be sticking his head out of windows; there were people in Lakeville older than Ranny who had never seen the lower half of the ticket-agent.

The two men conversed in low tones, and once Ranny fancied they were looking at him. Resisting a desire to eat his candy, he put one hand into the breast of his waist and walked about with long strides, like a public character. The platform was quite crowded now; the baggage-man's face wore a hunted look and Ranny heard him ask the bus-driver, "What do you think I am?"

Number Nine was such a long time in coming that Ranny's eyeballs ached from gazing up the shimmering track; if the train did not come, what, he wondered, would be the attitude of the press toward those who had spoken of going on it? But at last the long, low whistle east of town put all doubts at rest. The goal of his ambition was in sight. Tonight people would be sitting on front porches all over Lakeville and saying to one another:

"Oh, I see by the paper that Randolph Harrington Dukes has gone to Manchester." Bud Hicks would hear about it and be unpleasantly surprised; mother would be greatly pleased at the honor that had befallen the family, and father would probably talk it over with Mr. Jennings. More than likely there would be ice-cream soda for all hands.

These happy reflections were put to a sudden end, for, as the train arrived in a gale of cinders, a heavy hand descended upon Ranny's shoulder. He cried out more with surprise than pain, and, twisting about, looked up into the face of Rawlins.

"You stay with me, kid," said the reporter with an eloquent squeeze of the shoulder. "Your father says you can't go."

"Is father here?" Ranny asked in dismay.

"Telephone," said Rawlins.

Ranny understood. The reporter and the ticket-agent had put their heads together and telephoned to father at the factory office. The perpetual adult con-

spiracy against boyhood had done its hateful work.

Bitter disappointment swept over him; he swallowed desperately; he made an ill-advised attempt to kick the rising young journalist on the shin.

"You better let go!" he said, menacingly, but Rawlins only gave him an unnecessary shake and the train creaked and puffed and pulled away.

"Now," said Rawlins, relaxing his hold, "you *will* try to run away, will you?"

Ranny looked up at the man who for four days had represented everything that was most desirable in life.

"Aw," he said in a choking voice, "who's tryin' to run away?" Thereupon, in the presence of a representative of the press and a number of Lakeville's citizens, Randolph Harrington Dukes cried.

A lady unknown to him removed his fists from his eyes and dabbled his face with a handkerchief, shaking her head with distress at the black smudge on the cloth. A small boy in a costume of two pieces plus a fragment of a straw hat shifted his weight from one bare foot to the other on the hot boards and grinned. Humiliation was complete.

Into this situation walked a tall, wide man who had evidently arrived on the train.

"What's this, what's this?" the newcomer asked. "Tom Dukes's boy? What's the matter, little feller?"

"He tried to run away," said the bare-foot boy, traitorously joining the adult conspiracy. Rawlins explained the matter in disgusting detail. The big man opened his eyes very wide and exclaimed, "Well, I'll be jiggered!" And presently, "I'll be switched!"

"I'll take him home," he said to Rawlins; "his folks live over my way."

So Ranny, who had apparently ceased to be a free agent, was transferred from the custody of Rawlins to that of the "heavy-set man." At any rate, the change was an improvement. The man was so big around that he was a diverting spectacle; his eyebrows were drawn high up on his face as if he were permanently astonished.

"So you're Tom Dukes's boy, tryin' to run away?"

At his own question he broke into a laugh that shook his whole body and set the peach-stone basket on his watch-chain to dancing joyously. He had to let go of his charge's hand and mop his face with a red handkerchief. Ranny did not know what the joke was, but it was a pleasure to see a man laugh so extensively.

"You ask your father, when you get home, if he remembers the time him and Jim Stoner went 'coon-huntin' over by Yella Crick."

Ranny decided that he liked this Mr. Stoner; he began to hope that his new friend would come right into the house and greet the family—father would be at home for dinner by this time. In fact, he went so far as to plan that, just as they entered the yard, he would call out cheerfully, "Father, here's Mr. Stoner." Father and Mr. Stoner would then, no doubt, fall to talking about old times, and an affair which might so easily be otherwise would become rather a jovial occasion. Only he wished Mr. Stoner would settle upon "jiggered," and stop saying, "I'll be switched"; that sort of thing puts ideas into parents' heads.

As they went along Ranny gave polite attention to Mr. Stoner's remarks and laughed heartily whenever it seemed proper. In so doing he tried to divert attention from what was going on behind them. It was not necessary that Mr. Stoner should see that the boy from the station had been following them at a cautious distance, whistling on his fingers from time to time and inviting the interest of other youth. Ranny knew by the noise that the rising generation was gathering rapidly. There were guffaws and giggles, and once he distinctly heard the words of Ted Blake, who was never careful of his language: "No, he won't get a deuce of a whalin' or nothin'; oh, no!" As they turned a corner, Ranny permitted himself a careful glance across Mr. Stoner's periphery and discovered that Tom Rucker and "Fatty" Hartman, amid popular approval, were giving an impersonation of him and his new friend walking hand in hand. "Fatty" was leaning backward and waddling like a duck, thus making himself appear even more corpulent than he was by nature. Tom was blubbering ostentatiously.

The incidental music was a kind of chant: "Ranny ran away—Ranny ran away." On the whole he was glad when the journey was at an end and he had slipped comfortably out of the frying-pan.

The home-coming was not at all as planned. Mother rushed down to the gate, threw her arms around him, and cried—a little. Mrs. Brown, the next-door neighbor, laid loving but dishwatery hands upon him and told him he was a bad boy. Father looked very grave and said, "Thank you, Jim." Mr. Stoner departed at once, still vacillating between being jiggered and switched. With his going the street and the yard—and the future—seemed very desolate to Randolph Harrington Dukes.

Ranny was not switched; neither was he jiggered, unless that means being put into a hot and untimely bed and told to spend the afternoon in remorse. Remorse proved an unpleasant and tiresome business, so Ranny went to sleep. When he awoke he was surprised to find that the yellow sunlight was flooding the room and that father was standing beside the bed, poking him with a folded newspaper.

"Ranny," said father, in a tone that had in it more of sadness than of anger, "why did you try to run away? Isn't your home good enough for you? Don't we give you everything you need?"

"I wasn't runnin' away," said Ranny. "Randolph!"

"I wasn't," said Ranny, earnestly. "I was jest goin' to climb through the train and get out on the other side."

"Look here, son," said father, sharply; "don't make it worse by lying. You put on your best clothes and you bought a ticket for Manchester."

The whole truth had to come out now in refutation of the unjust charge that he was trying to run away.

"I wanted 'em to print my name in the paper like Clarence Raleigh an' Mrs. Thompson an' Mr. Webber an' Clarence Raleigh an' everybody."

"You wanted them to say you were running away?"

"I wasn't runnin' away. I wanted them to print—you know—Randolph Harrington Dukes, son of Thomas Dukes, is v-visiting—"

"Listen," father interrupted, seating himself on the edge of the bed and unfolding the paper. "See how you like it:

"Stops boy runaway—representative of this paper captures young Randolph Dukes, who is about to take the train for Manchester."

Ranny was dizzy with embarrassment and chagrin and anger; only fragments of father's recital came to his consciousness—"a half-fare ticket for Manchester . . . voluntarily disclosed his purpose . . . a false story about an aunt."

"Now pay especial attention to this: 'The boy's motive for running away is unknown. He has never before been in trouble and his record in school is said to be fairly good.'" (Here father's voice rose to heights of impressiveness.)

"The *Bulletin* hopes that this public warning will be a lesson to him and that he will be a better boy for it."

Father laid a hand upon Ranny's arm.

"Are you sorry you brought this disgrace to the family?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Will you promise never to do it again?"

"Yes."

"Are you sorry you made your mother so unhappy?"

Ranny felt the need of a more sprightly element in the conversation.

"Say, father," he said, "do you remember the time you and Jim Stoner went 'coon-huntin' by Yella Crick?"

Father departed, abruptly, muttering, "You'd better hurry and get dressed if you want any supper."

Gloom hung about in the middle distance as Ranny made his sketchy toilet. He was depressed over the wreck of his parents' happiness, over the false position he was in, over the ridicule of his peers. He blamed the *Bulletin* for his troubles; he hated the whole profession, from meddling reporters to dirty, tobacco-chewing pressmen. In Ranny's personally conducted civilization the age of publicity had run its fitful course.

But the world of eight-going-on-nine has a limited capacity for despondency; the boy's cup of bitterness is equipped with an automatic stop-cock. And Ranny soon found that somewhere in his internal economy, in the neighborhood

of the blouse-string he was now tying, there was a little flutter that was distinctly pleasurable. These bungling, long-trousered folk with their eternal talk of runaways had overplayed their parts.

As supper was nearing its end there came a breach of the peace from the direction of the street. This sound consisted of an intermittent yell aided by the skilful vibration of a hand before the mouth—one device by which youth avoided the degrading necessity of knocking on adult doors. At the earliest moment consistent with cherry-pie Ranny sped down the path and discovered that mouth and hand were the property of Bud Hicks. Thereupon, in the thickening dusk ensued this colloquy:

"Lo, Ranny!"

"Lo!"

"C'm on over tu-morra' 'n' be in the show."

"What show?"

"You know—like movin' pitchers—the Young Boy Runaway 'n' everything. You c'n be the runaway."

"All right—mebbe."

"Go'-by."

"Go'-by."

Bud departed, making delicious music along the picket-fence with a stick.

The prospective villain of the drama came upon the side porch noiselessly—his feet having reverted to a state of nature. Through the open dining-room window he looked upon a charming domestic scene. Father had his arm about mother's waist and her head rested wearily upon his shoulder.

"He's not a bad boy, Elizabeth," father said, "any more than I was when I ran away to go 'coon-hunting with Jim Stoner."

"I know, Tom, but he has been so hard to understand this last year. He takes up things so intently, then suddenly loses interest in them."

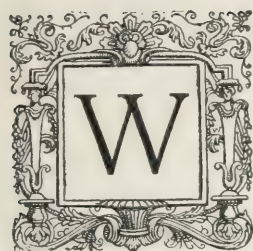
"He's dabbling in life, dear," said father, and after a pause he added, "I think I'll run down-town for a little while; they'll all be wanting to know about the little shaver."

"All right." Mother gave an awkward little laugh. "I wish you would stop in at the office and get five or six copies of the *Bulletin*."

Lincoln and Some Union Generals

From the UNPUBLISHED DIARIES of JOHN HAY

Compiled and Edited by William Roscoe Thayer



WHEN Abraham Lincoln went to Washington in 1861, to be inaugurated as President, he took with him as secretaries two young men from Springfield, Illinois—John G. Nicolay and John Hay. The latter had graduated at Brown University three years before with a reputation for literary talents. He had a quick observation, an alert and curious mind, and a winning nature. His sense of humor was keen, and he showed, even at the age of twenty-two, poise and reasonableness which stood by him through life.

For four years John Hay was Lincoln's daily companion. He lived in the White House. He not only helped Nicolay to conduct the official correspondence, but he shared the President's confidences. For amusement, when the rush of his work did not prevent him, he kept a diary, and this diary is the most intimate record—a series of snap-shots—of Abraham Lincoln that posterity can ever have. It contains Lincoln's words jotted down at the moment; his opinions on men and events confided freely to his young secretary; his oddities and humorous characteristics as well as his noble qualities, sketched by a sympathetic hand.

In the following paper I have assembled from John Hay's diary what Lincoln thought at the time of several of the Union generals during the Civil War, and I have added here and there Hay's own views, because we may take it for granted that he told them to the President and so contributed to the stock of evidence on which Lincoln based his decisions.

Among Hay's many memoranda on generals, battles, and military gossip none are so important and none so interesting as those on McClellan.

From July 26, 1861, the day when,

at the President's summons, McClellan reached Washington, he was the topic of conversation to which everybody turned. He immediately took charge of organizing into a fighting army the volunteers who were pouring into the capital at the rate of a regiment a day. For that work he possessed uncommon ability, to which was added the knowledge gained from his West Point training, from experience in the regular service, and from inspection of the European armies. He not only knew what was to be done, but he had the art of persuading everybody that he was the only man who could do it. His self-esteem, by nature abnormally developed, swelled at last into an elephantiasis of the ego. But among the hesitations, perplexities, and gropings of the summer of 1861 the value of McClellan's self-assurance was quite as great as that of his technical competence. The Army of the Potomac, molded under his direction, felt for him an enthusiasm bordering on infatuation and proof against the disillusion of subsequent defeats.

Truth to tell, from the day he came to Washington McClellan was in danger of being smothered by adulation. The North, frantic for a general to avenge its defeats and to put down secession, believed that in him it had the man. It imputed to him qualities he never possessed; it magnified his undoubted points of excellence; it sought for happy parallels and propitious signs to confirm its confidence. Napoleon was short of stature, so was "Little Mac"; Napoleon was young and self-reliant, so was "Little Mac": what could be more logical than to continue the parallel until it led to a Marengo and an Austerlitz for "Little Mac"? McClellan was a Democrat; and this enhanced his importance, because it advertised to the world that the Northern Democrats would stand by the Union.

President Lincoln welcomed McClellan

lan's coming, and, besides giving him every aid in forming the army, deferred to his plans and methods. Hay, who had a young man's impatience at too obtrusive conceit, was present at many of their interviews, and seems very early to have doubted "Little Mac's" omniscience.

On October 22, 1861, Hay writes that the President and the General talked over the death of Colonel Baker at Leesburg.

McClellan says: "There is many a good fellow that wears the shoulder-straps going under the sod before the thing is over. There is no loss too great to be repaired. If I should get knocked on the head, Mr. President, you will put another man immediately in my shoes." "I want you to take care of yourself," said the President. McClellan seemed very hopeful and confident—thought he had the enemy, if in force or not. During this evening's conversation [Hay adds] it became painfully evident that he had no plan nor the slightest idea of what Stone¹ was about.

In those early days the President used to call informally at McClellan's office to inquire how the work was going or to make suggestions. At one of these casual calls, on October 10th, McClellan said:

"I think we shall have our arrangements made for a strong reconnoissance about Monday, to feel the strength of the army. I intend to be careful and to do as well as possible. Don't let them hurry me is all I ask." "You shall have your own way in the matter, I assure you," said the President, and went home.

That refrain, "Don't let them hurry me!" was to be the burden of McClellan's talk and despatches throughout his service.

A few days later, traversing Senator B. F. Wade's opinion that an unsuccessful battle was preferable to delay, since a defeat could easily be repaired by the swarming recruits, McClellan declared that he "would rather have a few recruits after a victory than a good many after a defeat." Lincoln regretted the popular impatience, but held that it ought to be reckoned with.

¹ Brigadier-General Charles P. Stone. The battle of Ball's Bluff was fought on the preceding day, October 21, 1861.

"At the same time, General," he said, "you must not fight till you are ready." "I have everything at stake," said the General; "if I fail, I will not see you again or anybody." "I have a notion to go out with you, and stand or fall with the battle," Lincoln replied.

On November 1st McClellan succeeded Gen. Winfield Scott in command of the army. The President, in thanking him, said:

"I should be perfectly satisfied if I thought that this vast increase of responsibility would not embarrass you." "It is a great relief, sir! I feel as if several tons were taken from my shoulders to-day. I am now in contact with you and the Secretary. I am not embarrassed by intervention." "Well," says the President, "draw on me for all the sense I have, and all the information. In addition to your present command, the supreme command of the army will entail a vast labor upon you." "I can do it all," McClellan said, quietly.

Hay evidently felt that this sublime self-assertion spoke for itself. On November 11th he notes that McClellan promises to "feel" the rebels on the next day—the first of many such promises. His entry for November 13th reads:

I wish here to record what I consider a portent of evil to come. The President, Governor Seward, and I went over to McClellan's home to-night. The servant at the door said the General was at the wedding of Col. Wheaton at Gen'l Buell's and would soon return. We went in, and after we had waited about an hour McClellan came in, and without paying particular attention to the porter, who told him the President was waiting to see him, went up-stairs, passing the door of the room where the President and Secretary of State were seated. They waited about half an hour, and sent once more a servant to tell the General they were there; and the answer came that the General had gone to bed.

I merely record this unparalleled insolence of epaulettes without comment. It is the first indication I have yet seen of the threatened supremacy of the military authorities. Coming home I spoke to the President about the matter, but he seemed not to have noticed it specially, saying it was better at this time not to be making points of etiquette and personal dignity.

At the end of the following January,

Hay records that the President "stopped going to McClellan's, and sent for the General to come to him." In March, Lincoln decided to relieve McClellan of his position as General-in-Chief, but to allow him to retain command of the Army of the Potomac, and thus to give "him an opportunity to retrieve his errors." At the Cabinet council at which the President announced this purpose all the members present heartily concurred in wishing that McClellan might be got rid of altogether.

Seward [Hay says] spoke very bitterly of the imbecility which had characterized the General's operations on the Potomac.

Here follow extracts from Hay's brief notes to Nicolay, absent from Washington, to whom he wrote as confidentially as in his diary:

March 31, 1862,—Little Mac sails to-day for down-river. He was in last night to see Tycoon¹. He was much more pleasant and social in manner than formerly. He seems to be anxious for the good opinion of everyone.

Thursday morning [April 3d],—McClellan is in danger, not in front, but in rear. The President is making up his mind to give him a peremptory order to march. It is disgraceful to think how the little squad at Yorktown keeps him at bay.

Friday, April 4, 1862,—McClellan is at last in motion. He is now moving on Richmond. The secret is very well kept. Nobody out of the Cabinet knows it in town.

April 9, 1862,—Glorious news comes borne on every wind but the South Wind. While Pope is crossing the turbid and broad torrent of the Mississippi in the blaze of the enemy's fire, and Grant is fighting the overwhelming legions of Buckner at Pittsburg, the Little Napoleon sits trembling before the handful of men at Yorktown, afraid either to fight or run. Stanton feels devilish about it. He would like to remove him, if he thought it would do.

At last the time came when even Lincoln's patience was exhausted. After McClellan's long series of blunders on the Peninsula he was superseded by Pope, who at the end of August, 1862, prepared to strike the Confederate army.

On August 30th, when Jackson and Longstreet were thrashing Pope at Bull Run, Hay rode into Washington from the Soldiers' Home with Lincoln.

¹One of Hay's nicknames for President Lincoln.

We talked [he says] about the state of things by Bull Run, and Pope's prospect. The President was very outspoken in regard to McClellan's present conduct. He said that really it seemed to him that McClellan wanted Pope defeated. He mentioned to me a despatch of McClellan's in which he proposed, as one plan of action, to "leave Pope to get out of his own scrape and devote ourselves to securing Washington." He also spoke of McClellan's dreadful panic in the matter of Chain Bridge, which he had ordered blown up the night before, but which order had been countermanded; and also of his incomprehensible interference with Franklin's corps, which he recalled once, and then, when they had been sent ahead by Halleck's order, begged permission to recall them again; and only desisted after Halleck's sharp injunction to push them ahead until they whipped something or got whipped themselves. The President seemed to think him a little crazy. Envy, jealousy, and spite are probably a better explanation of his present conduct. He is constantly sending despatches to the President and Halleck asking what is his real position and command. He acts as chief alarmist and grand marplot of the army.

Halleck, on the contrary, the President said, had no prejudices. [He] "is wholly for the service. He does not care who succeeds or who fails, so the service is benefited."

Later in the day we were in Halleck's room. Halleck was at dinner, and Stanton came in while we were waiting for him, and carried us off to dinner. A pleasant little dinner and a pretty wife as white and cold and motionless as marble, whose rare smiles seemed to pain her. Stanton was loud about the McClellan business. He was unqualifiedly severe upon McClellan. He said that after these battles there should be one court-martial, if never any more. He said that nothing but foul play could lose us this battle, and that it rested with McClellan and his friends. Stanton seemed to believe very strongly in Pope. So did the President, for that matter.

How unanimously the Cabinet distrusted McClellan appears further in this bit of conversation which Hay had with Seward on September 5, 1862.

"Mr. Hay," said the Secretary of State, "what is the use of growing old? You learn something of men and things, but never until too late to use it. I have only just now found out what military jealousy is. . . . The other

day I went down to Alexandria and found General McClellan's army landing. I considered our armies united, virtually, and thought them invincible. I went home, and the first news I received was that each had been attacked, and each, in effect, beaten. It never had occurred to me that any jealousy could prevent these generals from acting for their common fame and the welfare of the country."

I said it never would have seemed possible to me that one American general should write of another to the President, suggesting that "Pope should be allowed to get out of his own scrape his own way."

He answered: "I don't see why you should have expected it. You are not old. I should have known it." He said this gloomily and sadly.

Nevertheless, after Pope's defeat at the second battle of Bull Run the President concluded that McClellan must be restored to the command of the Army of the Potomac.

"He has acted badly in this matter [the President admitted to Hay], but we must use what tools we have. There is no man in the army who can man these fortifications and lick these troops of ours into shape half as well as he." I spoke of the general feeling against McClellan as evinced by the President's mail. He rejoined: "Unquestionably he has acted badly toward Pope. He wanted him to fail. That is unpardonable. But he is too useful just now to sacrifice." At another time he said: "If he can't fight himself, he excels in making others ready to fight."

So "Little Mac" once more led the Army of the Potomac; not for long, however, because after his virtual failure at Antietam (September 17, 1862) and his allowing Stuart to ride round the Army of the Potomac and raid Chambersburg, popular clamor demanded his dismissal. And Lincoln, the long-suffering, convinced that the time had come, relieved him.

Two years later McClellan was the Democratic nominee for President. On September 25, 1864, Hay records that a letter had just come from Nicolay, who was in New York, stating that Thurlow Weed, the dominant Republican leader in New York State, with whom Nicolay was to confer, had gone to Canada. When Hay showed the President the letter he said: "I think I know where

Mr. Weed has gone. I think he has gone to Vermont, not Canada. I will tell you what he is trying to do. I have not as yet told anybody."

And then Lincoln proceeded to unfold the following story of a remarkable intrigue:

"Some time ago the Governor of Vermont came to me 'on business of importance,' he said. I fixed an hour and he came. His name is Smith. He is, though you would not think it, a cousin of Baldy Smith.¹ Baldy is large, blond, florid. The Governor is a little, dark sort of man. This is the story he told me, giving Gen'l Baldy Smith as his authority:

"When Gen'l McClellan was here at Washington [in 1862] B. Smith was very intimate with him. They had been together at West Point, and friends. McClellan had asked for promotion for Baldy from the President, and got it. They were close and confidential friends. When they went down to the Peninsula their same intimate relations continued, the General talking freely with Smith about all his plans and prospects, until one day Fernando Wood and one other [Democratic] politician from New York appeared in camp and passed some days with McClellan.

"From the day this took place Smith saw, or thought he saw, that McClellan was treating him with unusual coolness and reserve. After a little while he mentioned this to McClellan, who, after some talk, told Baldy he had something to show him. He told him that these people who had recently visited him had been urging him to stand as an opposition candidate for President; that he had thought the thing over and had concluded to accept their propositions, and had written them a letter (which he had not yet sent) giving his idea of the proper way of conducting the war, so as to conciliate and impress the people of the South with the idea that our armies were intended merely to execute the laws and protect their property, etc., and pledging himself to conduct the war in that inefficient, conciliatory style.

"This letter he read to Baldy, who, after the reading was finished, said earnestly: 'General, do you not see that looks like treason, and that it will ruin you and all of us?' After some further talk the General destroyed the letter in Baldy's presence, and thanked him heartily for his frank and friendly counsel. After this he was again taken into the intimate confidence of McClellan.

"Immediately after the battle of Antietam, Wood and his familiar came again

¹ Gen. William F. Smith, the eminent Union commander.

and saw the General, and again Baldy saw an immediate estrangement on the part of McClellan. He seemed to be anxious to get his intimate friends out of the way and to avoid opportunities of private conversation with them. Baldy he particularly kept employed on reconnoissances and such work. One night Smith was returning from some duty he had been performing, and, seeing a light in McClellan's tent, he went in to report. He reported and was about to withdraw when the General requested him to remain. After every one was gone he told him those men had been there again and had renewed their proposition about the Presidency: that this time he had agreed to their proposition, and had written them a letter acceding to their terms and pledging himself to carry on the war in the sense already indicated. This letter he read then and there to Baldy Smith.

"Immediately thereafter B. Smith applied to be transferred from that army. At very nearly the same time other prominent men asked the same—Franklin, Burnside, and others.

"Now that letter must be in the possession of F. Wood, and it will not be impossible to get it. Mr. Weed has, I think, gone to Vermont to see the Smiths about it."

Hay continues:

I was very much surprised at the story and expressed my surprise. I said I had always thought that McClellan's fault was a constitutional weakness and timidity, which prevented him from active and timely exertion, instead of any such deep-laid scheme of treachery and ambition.

The President replied: "After the battle of Antietam I went up to the field to try to get him to move, and came back thinking he would move at once. But when I got home he began to argue why he ought not to move. I peremptorily ordered him to advance. It was nineteen days before he put a man over the river. It was nine days longer before he got his army across, and then he stopped again, delaying on little pretexts of wanting this and that. I began to fear he was playing false—that he did not want to hurt the enemy. I saw how he could intercept the enemy on the way to Richmond. I determined to make that the test. If he let them get away I would remove him. He did so, and I relieved him. I dismissed Major K. for his silly, treasonable talk because I feared it was staff talk, and I wanted an example. The letter of Buell furnishes another evidence in support of that theory. And the story you have heard Neill tell about [Governor Horatio] Seymour's first visit to McClellan all tallies with this story."

The last reference to McClellan in this diary occurs on November 11, 1864, at the first meeting of the Cabinet after Lincoln's overwhelming re-election. The President brought out a sealed paper, which he had asked his Cabinet to indorse on August 23d, and when Hay opened it they found it contained a brief memorandum in which Lincoln stated that, as it was extremely probable that he could not be re-elected, he intended "so to co-operate with the President-elect as to save the Union between the election and the inauguration."

"I resolved," he now told his Cabinet, "in case of the election of Gen'l McClellan, . . . that I would see him and talk matters over with him. I would say, 'General, the election has demonstrated that you are stronger, have more influence with the American people than I. Now let us together—you with your influence, and I with all the executive power of the government—try to save the country. You raise as many troops as you possibly can for this final trial, and I will devote all my energy to assisting and finishing the war.'"

Seward said: "And the General would answer you, 'Yes, yes'; and the next day, when you saw him again and pressed those views upon him, he would say, 'Yes, yes'; and so on for ever, and would have done nothing at all."

"At least," added Lincoln, "I should have done my duty and have stood clear before my own conscience."

With that characteristic expression the record closes—a record which reveals Lincoln as invincibly patient, fair, and considerate toward even the general who caused him and the upholders of the Union so many poignant disappointments.

General Hooker was another commander toward whom his contemporaries and posterity have had their reserves. Since the military history of the war has come to be studied dispassionately, Chancellorsville has risen into front rank among the critical battles, and, as Hooker commanded at Chancellorsville and was beaten, his reputation has, logically, suffered in proportion to the growing significance attached to that defeat.

Hay, however, evidently liked Hooker—"Fighting Joe"—of whose talks he made several notes. On September 9,

1863, he dined with Wise, where he met Hooker, Butterfield, and Fox.

Hooker was in fine flow. . . . He says he was forced to ask to be relieved by repeated acts which proved that he was not to be allowed to manage his army as he thought best, but that it was to be manœuvered from Washington. He instanced Maryland Heights, whose garrison he was forbidden to touch, yet which was ordered to be evacuated by the very mail which brought his (Hooker's) relief. And other such many.

At dinner he spoke of our army. He says: It was the finest on the planet. He would like to see it fighting with foreigners. . . . It was far superior to the Southern army in everything but one. It had more valor, more strength, more endurance, more spirit; the Rebels are only superior in vigor of attack. The reason of this is that, in the first place, our army came down here capable of everything but ignorant of everything. It fell into evil hands—the hands of a baby, who knew something of drill, little of organization, and nothing of the *morale* of the army. It was fashioned by the congenial spirit of this man into a mass of languid inertness, destitute of either dash or cohesion. The Prince de Joinville, by far the finest mind I ever met with in the army, was struck by this singular and, as he said, inexplicable contrast between the character of American soldiers as integers and in mass. The one active, independent, alert, enterprising; the other indolent, easy, wasteful, and slothful. It is not in the least singular. You find a ready explanation in the character of its original general.

Hooker drank very little, not more than the rest, who were all abstemious, yet what little he drank made his cheek hot and red and his eye brighter. I can easily understand how the stories of his drunkenness have grown, if so little affects him as I have seen. He was looking very well to-night. A tall and statuesque form—grand fighting head and grizzled russet hair—red, florid cheeks and bright-blue eyes, forming a strong contrast with Butterfield, who sat opposite—a small, stout, compact man, with a closely chiseled Greek face and heavy black mustaches, like Eugène Beauharnais. Both very handsome and very different.

September 10th,—I dined to-night at Willard's. . . . Speaking of Lee [Hooker] expressed himself slightly of Lee's abilities. He says he was never much respected in the army. In Mexico he was surpassed by all his lieutenants. In the cavalry he was held in no esteem. He was regarded very highly by General Scott. He was a courtier, and readily recommended himself by his insinuating manner to the General [Scott], whose

petulant and arrogant temper had driven of late years all officers of spirit and self-respect away from him.

The strength of the Rebel army rests on the broad shoulders of Longstreet. He is the brain of Lee, as Stonewall Jackson was his right arm. Before every battle he had been advised with. After every battle Lee may be found in his tent. He is a weak man and little of a soldier. He naturally rests on Longstreet, who is a soldier born.

When we recall that only four months earlier Hooker, having been beaten at Chancellorsville, boasted of successfully withdrawing his army across the river from Lee's army, which was not pursuing, we shall find more humor in his depreciation of Lee than he intended. From the frankness with which Hooker and the others talked to Hay we may be justified in suspecting that they thought they might through him reach the President. Lincoln, who never failed to give a man credit for his good qualities, remarked to Hay, "Whenever trouble arises I can always rely on Hooker's magnanimity."

Still another commander of the Army of the Potomac—General George G. Meade—comes in for some pertinent criticism in John Hay's record. One generation remembers Meade as the resolute captain who, although appointed only three days before, checked the invasion of the Confederate armies in the three-days battle of Gettysburg. Contemporaries, however, while rejoicing in the victory, felt the bitterest chagrin that it failed to crush the rebellion. It is chiefly to this that Hay's notes refer.

News traveled with desperate slowness to those kept in suspense at the White House during this crisis. The battle of Gettysburg ended at dark on July 3, 1863; and yet for more than a week following, doubt and hope alternated in Lincoln's mind as to whether the Union general, Meade, would complete his victory by destroying Lee's army. On Saturday, July 11, 1863, Hay writes:

The President seemed in specially good humor to-day, as he had pretty good evidence that the enemy were still on the north side of the Potomac, and Meade had announced his intention of attacking them

in the morning. The President seemed very happy in the prospect of a brilliant success.

Sunday, 12th July,—Rained all the afternoon. Have not yet heard of Meade's expected attack.

Monday, 13th,—The President begins to grow anxious and impatient about Meade's silence. I thought and told him there was nothing to prevent the enemy from getting away by the Falling Waters if they were not vigorously attacked. . . . Nothing can save them if Meade does his duty. I doubt him. He is an engineer.

14th July,—This morning the President seemed depressed by Meade's despatches of last night. They were so cautiously and almost timidly worded—talking about reconnoitering to find the enemy's weak places, and other such. . . . About noon came the despatches stating that our worst fears were true. The enemy had gotten away unhurt. The President was deeply grieved. "We had them within our grasp," he said; "we had only to stretch forth our hands and they were ours. And nothing I could say or do could make the army move."

Several days ago he sent a despatch to Meade which must have cut like a scourge, but Meade returned so reasonable and earnest reply that the President concluded he knew best what he was doing, and was reconciled to the apparent inaction, which he hoped was merely apparent.

Every day he has watched the progress of the army with agonizing impatience, hope struggling with fear. He has never been easy in his own mind about General Meade since Meade's General Order in which he called on his troops to drive the invader from our soil. The President says: "This is a dreadful reminiscence of McClellan. The same spirit that moved McClellan to claim a great victory because Pennsylvania and Maryland were safe. The hearts of ten million people sank within them when McClellan raised that shout last fall. Will our generals never get that idea out of their heads? The whole country is our soil."

15th July,—Robert Lincoln says the President is silently but deeply grieved about the escape of Lee. He said: "If I had gone up there I could have whipped them myself." [And Hay adds] I know he had that idea.

To picture Lincoln commanding at Gettysburg and crushing Lee's army, and with it the rebellion, in the most significant battle of the nineteenth century, dazzles the imagination. More than one of the Union generals regarded Lincoln as possessing unusual qualifica-

tions as a commander: but could he have compassed that?

On July 16th

Gen'l Wadsworth came in. He said in answer to Abe's question, "Why did Lee escape?" "Because nobody stopped him," rather gruffly. Wadsworth says that at a council of war of corps commanders, held on Sunday, the 12th, . . . on the question of fight or no fight, the weight of authority was against fighting. French, Sedgwick, Slocum, and Sykes strenuously opposed a fight. Meade was in favor of it. So was Warren, who did most of the talking on that side, and Pleasonton was very eager for it, as also was Wadsworth himself. The non-fighters thought, or seemed to think, that if we did not attack, the enemy would, and even Meade, though he was in for action, had no idea that the enemy intended to get away at once. Howard had little to say on the subject.

Meade was in favor of attacking in three columns of 20,000 men each. Wadsworth was in favor of doing as Stonewall Jackson did at Chancellorsville—double up the left, and drive them down on Williamsport. I do not question that either plan would have succeeded. Wadsworth said to Hunter, who sat beside him: "General, there are a good many officers of the regular army who have not yet entirely lost the West Point idea of Southern superiority. That sometimes accounts for an otherwise unaccountable slowness of attack."

19 July, Sunday,—The President was in very good humor; . . . in the afternoon he and I were talking about the position at Williamsport the other day. He said: "Our army held the war in the hollow of their hand, and they would not close it." Again he said: "We had gone all through the labor of tilling and planting an enormous crop, and when it was ripe we did not harvest it!" Still he added, "I am very, very grateful to Meade for the great service he did at Gettysburg."

How characteristic is this last sentence of Lincoln's indefectible sense of justice!

Quite naturally, the spectacular figure of Benjamin F. Butler, the politico-military self-seeker whose acrobatic performances edified the American public during more than forty years, appears and reappears in Hay's journal. Having secured a commission as brigadier-general, he led the Eighth Massachusetts to Washington.

On being stopped by the mob in Baltimore at the outset of the war, he lost no time in making his presence known. On April 25, 1861, Hay writes: "General Butler has sent an imploring request to the President to be allowed to bag the whole nest of traitorous Maryland legislators and bring them in triumph here. This the Tycoon, wishing to observe every comity, even with a recusant State, forbade."

A few months later, on November 8th, Hay copies into his diary "a cheeky letter just received" by the President. It reads as follows:

MY DEAR SIR,—Gen'l Wool has resigned. Gen'l Frémont must. Gen'l Scott has retired.

I have an ambition, and I trust a laudable one, to be Major-General of the United States Army.

Has anybody done more to deserve it? No one will do more. May I rely upon you, as you may have confidence in me, to take this matter into consideration?

I will not disgrace the position. I may fail in its duties.

Truly yrs.,

BENJ. F. BUTLER.

The President.

P. S.—I have made the same suggestion to others of my friends.

Though Butler was not the first of the political warriors with whom the President had to deal, he was surpassed by none in the persistence with which he pushed his personal claims. In January, 1864, Hay was sent by the President to South Carolina and Florida to administer the oath of allegiance to loyal Southerners. There he fell in with Butler.

In the dusk of the evening [he writes from Point Lookout] Gen'l Butler came clattering into the room, where Marston and I were sitting, followed by a couple of aides. We had some hasty talk about business: he told me how he was administering the oath at Norfolk; how popular it was growing; children cried for it. . . .

After drinking cider we went down to the *Hudson City*, the General's flagship. His wife, niece, and excessively pretty daughter . . . were there at tea. . . . At night, after the ladies had gone off to bed—they all said *retired*, but I suppose it meant the same thing in the end—we began to talk about some

queer matters. Butler had some odd stories about physical sympathies . . . and showed a singular acquaintance with Biblical studies. . . .

At Baltimore we took a special car and came home. I sat with the General all the way and talked with him about many matters: Richmond and its long immunity. He says he can take an army within thirty miles of Richmond without any trouble; from that point the enemy can either be forced to fight in the open field south of the city or submit to be starved into surrender. . . .

He gave me some very dramatic incidents of his second action in Fortress Monroe, smoking out adventurers and confidence-men, testing his detectives, and matters of that sort. He makes more business in that sleepy little Department than any one would have dreamed was in it.

Butler soon had his opportunity, but instead of taking Richmond he allowed himself, to quote General Grant's indelible phrase, to be "bottled up," thereby rendering his army useless.

Lincoln's estimate of Butler appears in this entry in Hay's diary of May 21, 1864:

Butler is turning out much as I thought he would; perfectly useless and incapable for campaigning. . . . I said to the President to-day that I thought Butler was the only man in the army in whom power would be dangerous. McClellan was too timid and vacillating to usurp; Grant was too sound and cool-headed and unselfish; Banks also; Frémont would be dangerous if he had more ability and energy. "Yes," says the American,¹ "he is like Jim Jett's brother. Jim used to say that his brother was the d—dest scoundrel that ever lived, but in the infinite mercy of Providence he was also the d—dest fool."

I close with a quotation in a very different key about a very different commander. On May 9, 1864, Hay reports:

Received to-day the first despatches from Grant [in the Wilderness]. The President thinks very highly of what Grant has done. He was talking about it to-day with me and said: How near we have been to this thing before, and failed! I believe if any other general had been at the head of that army, it would have now been on this side of the Rapidan. It is the dogged pertinacity of Grant that wins.

¹ Another of Hay's familiar names for Lincoln.

The Dream Drummer

BY ARTHUR JOHNSON



THE older man pulled the one arm-chair which the smoking compartment afforded nearer the light. Small and hot and airless as the place was, it was better than his berth in the midst of the darkened, snoring car. His body swayed when the train swerved; the book joggled in his hand; but he continued to read interestedly.

"Is that 'Butterfly' or 'Bohème'?" he thought, listening to a low musical whistling behind him. His eyes rested on the top margin of a page: "'Bohème'—quartette—third act," he concluded—and went on reading. Again he paused: it was the entrance song of 'Butterfly,' now—there was no mistaking it—beautifully toned, too. How *could* anybody whistle like that? . . . Three pages hence he was listening to something of Mozart's; he tried to remember what it was. Then he read again until a quick, syncopated dance tune caught him. His book moved to the rhythm of it. He turned round.

The younger man was sitting in the middle of the three stationary plush seats along the side. A leather bag was open near him. He was putting papers in little piles up and down the empty cushions. He didn't look up.

"A fellow that could dance to it, I bet!" the older man reflected. "Tall, slender, quick on his feet. Anybody could see that. A handsome, fine-looking chap. What in hell should he be doing with those papers?"

The porter stuck his head in at the door. "Berth's ready, sir," he said to the older man.

"Bring me a cigar, porter," was the reply.

"No cigar now, sir. Dining-car's off. Sorry, sir." And he withdrew his head.

"Have one of these, will you?" spoke the younger man, rummaging in his bag.

"They're only Mildred Sixes I got at the station."

"Don't like to decrease *your* supply," said the older man.

"But I've got all these!" said the other, waving his paper-boxful. "Looks like I should surely have more'n enough to get me to Baltimore."

He passed the box over. The older man took one, lighted it, and gave a light to the younger man.

"I hate sleeping-cars," he said.

"I'm used to every kind of traveling," said the younger man. "I've knocked all round on them so much. Seems like I could sleep better to this noise and motion and these coal fumes than I could at home. I reckon I've got demoralized."

"That's the trouble with me," put in the older man; "I don't travel enough."

"I've been all over the United States," said the younger man: "Middle West, Pacific slope—all around. I've had the *Wanderlust*."

He asked questions about the older man's experiences; then he proceeded to talk of his own.

"Most Easterners," he announced, "don't know anything about the beauty of this country—the great American desert, Nevada, Arizona, New Mexico, Oregon, Washington, Seattle. Why, there are wonderful regions in between Seattle and Los Angeles."

The older man listened dreamily. He was amused. The younger man was perfectly spontaneous, he was chock-full of feelings, and he wasn't at all afraid to express them. He had charm, too. He sat still there a moment, his cigar between his teeth, his eyes lowered. Then he blew out a long draught of smoke and said:

"Ever been to New Orleans?"

"Never."

"That's a place I love! There are marvelous French restaurants. And the creoles are so attractive-looking. Most

people think, you know, that a creole has negro blood, but that's not true. . . . There's awfully good opera there—with real French artists. The place is romantic, which sounds like a strange thing to say. It's the only way I can describe it to you."

He must have been twenty-odd, the older man calculated. His voice was Southern; his hands wiry and muscular—as if he had played baseball.

But it was extraordinary the way he had abandoned himself to this talk. His open bag beside him was neglected; he had lost all consciousness of the little piles of paper he had so carefully arranged. He was lolling back, his head bent forward, gazing, recollecting, dreaming.

"Of all the things I have seen," he said, "the desert is the most beautiful—most inspiring."

"The *desert*?" echoed the older man without understanding.

"In New Mexico—Arizona and Nevada, you know. Sometimes it's so clear you can 'most see across it. And at moments it overwhelms you with terror. It changes. It has moods. . . . Death Valley is wonderful. People have lost their way crossing it. Why, once a man was twelve days in it alone. Nobody could make him tell—when they found him—what had happened, what he had seen. But he was—well, insane. He's in an asylum there, now—somewhere in the Southwest. He'll never be any better.

"There aren't any sand-storms like the Eastern deserts have, but it's very much like them, people say. I should like to see the Eastern deserts! . . . There are cacti growing in it, so the tracks don't get covered up, but they are all alike and few people know where they lead. . . . It makes me think harder than any place I've ever seen. . . . If I could write anything at all, I'd like to write—I don't know as you'll understand me—I'd like to write a philosophical description of the desert."

The older man was silent.

"I've just finished reading," said the younger man, "a very great book. It's Creasy's *Fifteen Decisive Battles*. Have you heard of it?"

The older man had.

"Well, I think they are all wonderful

battles," the younger man said, "but I do like Waterloo best! There's that about Napoleon always made him appear to me like about the greatest man ever lived. I reckon you've read Victor Hugo's powerful book, *Les Misérables*. The description in there is fine—about the best description I know. But I enjoyed still more what Creasy said about it. Do you remember?" And he launched forth upon numerous impressions the account had made on him.

He had a graphic way of putting things; it was sketchy, but the older man understood him perfectly and got a vivid sense of what feelings lay behind. There was something rather distinguished, too, in the younger man's speech—interspersed though it was with Southern ungrammatical idioms and infrequent "ain'ts." He had blue eyes, and such a nice smile. He showed a fine, frank pride in himself.

"I often think," he said, "that a man who ain't been to college, like me, can get a pretty good education by reading. Now, at New Haven, where I stay, I go round occasionally to see some of the fellers in their rooms; but I never found one of 'em reading a book. Sometimes I think I have more advantages than they do. And traveling's education, of course. And business, I reckon.

"What is your business?" asked the older man.

At that the younger man relighted his cigar, then faced the older man squarely; unconsciously he brought himself up a little more erect and spoke in a different rhythm. "I sell stenophones—it's a dictating machine, you know—in the state of Connecticut. That ain't my home, but it's my territory."

"I don't see how anybody can ever *sell* anything!" exclaimed the older man.

"Well, I did used to think it was pretty cheeky, but—"

"Oh, I should *like* to sell things," the older man said as if to correct an impression. "I should enjoy it, I mean—but it must be so difficult."

"I like it as well, I reckon," said the younger man, "as I'd like any business. And—it surprises me awfully, really it does—I don't believe it's true, but they say I'm good at it."

There was a pause. When he spoke



"I'VE A DAUGHTER I WANT YOU TO SEE. I WISH TO HEAVEN YOU'D MARRY HER!"

again he had relapsed into his freer, more natural manner.

"I hate to be bound down to a business. Now you may think it ain't a practical way of talking, but in order to succeed at a business you've got to have it on your mind all the time. You can't afford to forget it at lunch—or while you sleep, even. You must focus day and night. It takes so much of your time—that's the only trouble with it. Anything's interesting to do, of course, if you do it well. But I love adventure! I want to see things! I want to know everything! I don't want to be bound down. That's why I like what I'm in—I'm out and all over the lot in no time. It's funny I should be telling this all to *you*!"

There was that in the emphasis on the last word which made the older man cringe. Was it possible he looked so old and so stern—so settled that no sympathy could be apparent in him for the wild love of freedom the younger man was declaiming? *Why* was it strange he should be told things—he who— Ah, if the younger man only knew!

"I've never seen a thoroughly successful business or professional man," went on the younger man, "who I thought came anywhere near getting the full wide sweep of living. They're not fit to get it. Their systems are too grooved with what they've got to do to keep going. They don't half see, they don't half smell! And it's presumptuous

of me to say it, you'll think, but I don't believe they half *know*. There!"

The older man was shivering a little.

"Now when I go out to sell I don't take a list of places with me. I don't have any business directory. I don't search the papers for names. I just strike out over the country, get off at a likely-looking station, and walk a mile. If I see some chimneys yonder, I says, 'I'll try that there place.' I go into the office—I always tell them beforehand just what I want—I don't make any bluffs."

"What *do* you do?" asked the older man, attentively. "I should like to know."

"First day I ever went to sell a stenophone I remember walking up and down past the door five or six times. I crossed over the street so as to have a view from the opposite side. I was frightened. Now I don't care at all. I walk right in and ask to see the president, or the manager, you know—or the biggest person in charge. I always go straight to the top.

"I look at the lay of the land," he continued. "I make up my mind. If I see there's much hope I offer a month's trial—on condition they use it regular, mind you, and don't ring the women in. Oh, you can tell what to do when you get your eyes on the situation! . . . Sometimes I just talk a little while and go out—make an impression on them. I find my Western trips help me a great deal—telling about it, I mean." He laughed intelligently.

"It's mighty interesting. This afternoon, for instance, how I lost my temper! It was at— But I won't say the name. There was one of those trusted old women clerks in charge of the department. Of course they all hate—the stenographers do—to see me coming. They don't care about efficiency, and they know I'm their enemy. . . . She said stenophones wouldn't be tried in that office. She was mentioning it to one of the girls—bragging how she could manage Mr. Hilton (he's the president, you know), and how she'd see to my finish, all right. . . . I've worked at shorthand some—it comes handy—and I took down everything she said. Then I went in and read it off to the president. 'Who

runs this establishment?' I says. 'Do *you*—or does your secretary?' . . . Funny! I'm going to make an installation there next Monday. . . . Interesting types you meet. I love people. I want to see people all the time. And places. And things.

"Of course I used to do a lot more talking than I do now that I'm more experienced—now I know what a first-rate article I've got. Now I just go in and say: 'Why, it's like the suffrage question—no argument against it. It'll save you ten per cent. of your time and fifteen per cent. of the employment you hire. . . . Then"—he raised and let fall his hands for emphasis—"then I let *them* do the buying."

"How did you happen to hit on this business?" asked the older man.

"After I failed my examinations going to college, I tried to work in a broker's office for a while, but I couldn't stand it. I lit out and went West. When I came back I had this opportunity. The variety of it appealed to me, and I made up my mind to succeed, for I knew it was the last chance I'd have to begin getting any reputation for myself."

He was looking out of the window—absent-minded, dreaming.

"I have an uncle in New York who's a rich man. He has all kinds of people come to his house—clergymen, authors, theatrical people. I often go there to dine. I never speak; just sit and listen to what they all say—I love it so."

"Get to New York often?" asked the older man.

"Every week 'most. I'm going to Baltimore now—but this is an exception; it's my sister's birthday, and she's living there. . . . I never have any sort of social life at New Haven. I just stay home evenings and read—or else go down to the store to play the records over in the phonograph department. I spend lots of evenings alone there, just listening to those Melbas and Carusos and Geraldine Farrars. . . . I have only a couple of rooms and a bath. . . . I really miss home. There are lots of things about a home I like—I always get hungry about this hour and want to go to the ice-box and find something to eat." He smiled engagingly.

The train swept round a curve. The

younger man looked out through the dark, blank window. He was silent a long time. Suddenly he remembered the older man's presence and glanced round at him.

"Light road-bed," he said—"too light for this train. It goes all up North, you know, to cross the Poughkeepsie Bridge. Rails weren't laid for such heavy traffic. Uncomfortable."

He stared out the window again until a sneeze of the older man's brought him round. He began to gather up his little piles of papers—whistling the "Lohengrin" march. The older man watched him keenly. Bolts had been shot back in him somewhere, letting loose a whole flood of memories and enthusiasms; forgotten hopes blossomed into warm life.

"It's too bad I've kept you up telling you all this rot," apologized the younger man.

"Not at all," said the older man. And then he said: "See here. Come to New York and spend a Sunday with me some time, will you? I've a daughter I want you to see. . . . I wish to heaven you'd marry her!"

The younger man laughed right out; then he sat up and looked admiringly at the older man.

"I will, you know," was his answer. "I mean—I will *come*! Why do you wish I'd marry your daughter?"

"So as to liven her up," said the older man. "She's all right—too much poor conventional nonsense, that's all. No flavor—no real joy of living—no chance for it. . . . I don't know why I have her so on my mind. I guess it's *you* have set me wondering. Sometimes I don't think I've given her half a show at life. . . . It's not an interesting outlook for you, is it?"

"Well, you can't tell. Perhaps it's that should be tempting me to go see for myself."

"She's twenty," said her father with a sigh.

"I'm twenty-six," said the younger man.

They stood up. The older man presented his card and watched the younger man write his name on a stenophone catalogue and pass it over. The fellow had somehow tempted him to ad-

venture; it was as if he had mockingly said to him, "Now see here—you wouldn't, for example, ever do a thing like that, would you?" And for answer the older man had wanted to give some guarantee of his understanding. Yes, something of the sort might be the explanation for his having invited the younger man to visit him.

Ethel James was very much surprised the afternoon preceding Buchanan's arrival, when her father so animatedly announced that a business friend of his was coming to whom he hoped she would be nice. Never did she remember any business friend visiting them for a Sunday! But there were unbridged gaps between herself and her father that she was conscious of being unable to probe—gaps expressed by the sudden wondering scrutiny he often turned on her; or by his apparent exasperation on account of something she said or did. So she asked no questions.

When she saw Buchanan cross the room toward her she instantly regretted not having taken more pains with her clothes. It fairly shocked her to have him exclaim:

"I'm delighted at last to see you—a pleasure I've looked forward to a long time."

Aware of the up-and-down glance he so self-composedly began to give her, she caught, too, her father's enigmatic expression. "Oh yes, father has told me so much about you!" she found herself inventing, at which he took a step nearer.

"Really, you do look lots like him. You're not a bit what I thought you would be."

"Sorry," she murmured, dazedly, with a queer sense of his strangeness.

"*His* dark hair and gray-green eyes," he continued—"and his merry, twinkling mouth, I vow! . . . You know—really—I hope we shall be great friends."

"Why?" she asked, timidly.

"Because you look like I wanted you for a friend;" was the answer.

She gazed down at the floor—then something gave her the unwonted courage to look straight up at him without saying anything. He appeared to her just then a little as though he'd come

off the stage of some Broadway theater. Certainly she had never seen anybody in the least like him; experience had led her to think she never would. His clothes were all right, but they, too, were somehow different. His manners were decidedly different as he stood there staring at her, his mouth more or less open, half smiling. . . . She was glad when dinner was announced.

They did most of the talking.

"Who is that?" asked Mr. Buchanan, pointing to her mother's portrait. "Appears like she had lots of get-up-and-go to her."

"Really? My wife died when Ethel was scarce five," her father explained, apparently undisturbed by either the question or the remark that had followed it. "Ethel is like her—don't you think?"

"Not altogether," said Mr. Buchanan, directing his eyes to Ethel. "Girls generally do take after their fathers—don't they? And—it's a queer fact—parents don't ever know anything at all about their own children. Mine never did about me. If I ever have any children I sha'n't reckon I'll have an idea of what they're like. Shall you?" he asked, looking at Ethel.

She felt she might have coped with the awkwardness well enough if only her father wouldn't keep grinning so superciliously—as if he thought she was making a fool of herself.

"Howard" (it was the way he addressed Mr. Buchanan), "it's too bad we haven't a phonograph to play some of your Melbas and Carusos on. You must whistle to us after dinner.

"Whistle!" She laughed outright. It was almost the first word she had spoken.

"Often I whistle myself to sleep," Mr. Buchanan said to her. "I lie in that little narrow room of mine—I can't most see the wall-paper now, I hate it so—and I whistle. Sometimes I sing, too." And he faced her compellingly to execute a phrase from the second act of "Tristan."

"I thought men never liked German music," she said, almost solemnly.

"Really? . . . And I like this, too. Don't you?" He further demonstrated.

"Are you a musician?" she asked.

"No; I'm sorry to say, I'm not."

"What are you?"

"Well—if you mean how do I make money—I sell stenophones."

"Stenophones? I never heard of them. Something like a dictograph?"

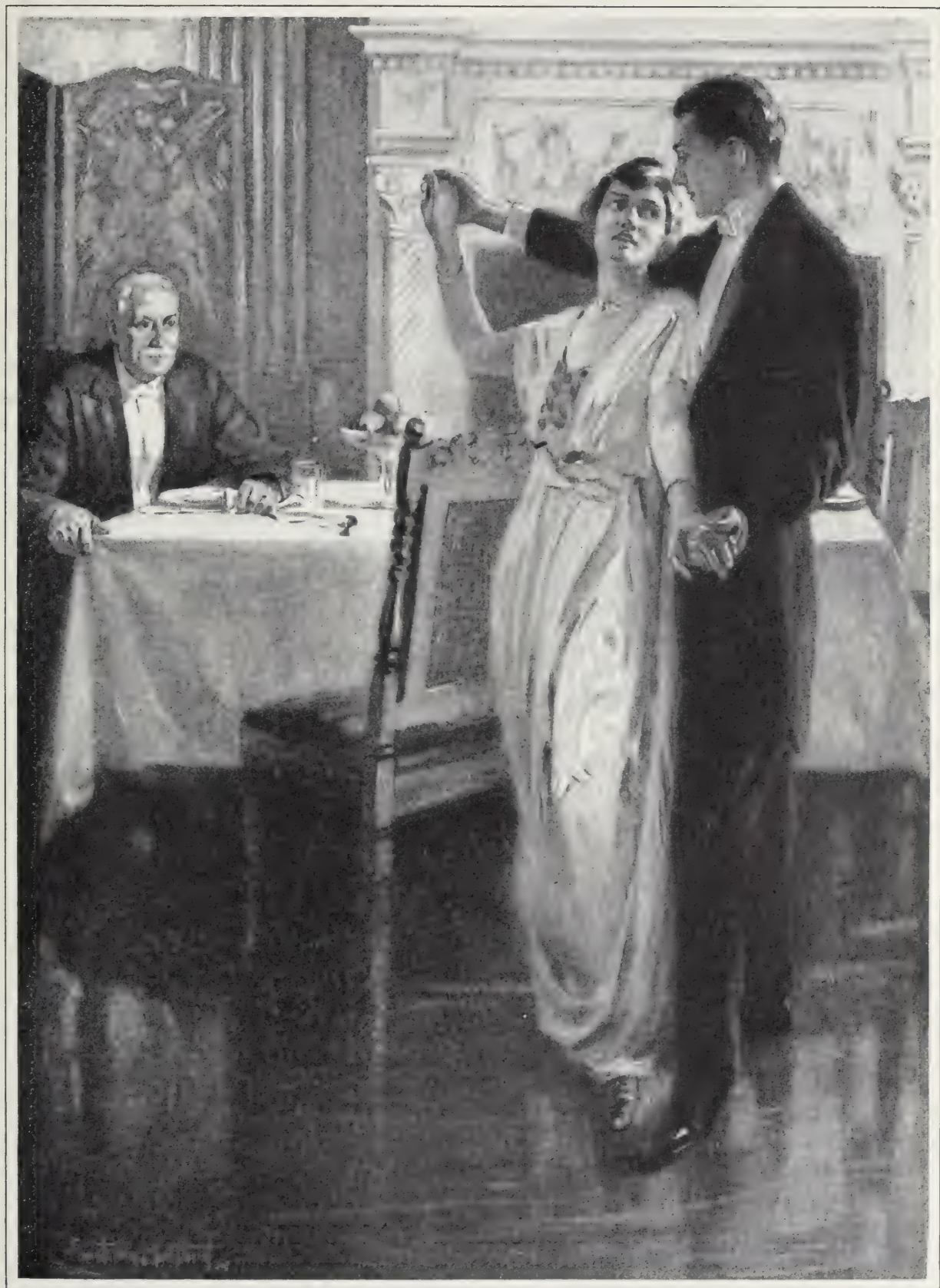
She was so annoyed by her father's chuckle that she couldn't give full attention to what Mr. Buchanan was saying, but she soon forgot her difficulty. No man had ever talked so seriously to her before. If some of her questions were rather foolish—just the kind that never led anywhere at parties—Mr. Buchanan none the less treated them as being really worth listening to.

"I have kind of a connection, you see, with talking-machine companies, and I could telephone and get a phonograph up here in no time. Do you like to dance? . . . Now let's think what records we want. Oh, I love the 'Blue Danube,' but it's no good for the Hesitation. We want 'Autumn,' and the 'Nights of Gallants,' and 'On the Heather,' and 'Irresistible.' Wonder do you know this step?" And he caught her up from the table and guided her round with, "Why, it's like the dawn! It's like moonlight on the water! Oh, it's the whole thing—dancing with you, really!"

She thought her father looked rather glum while they all sat in the library after dinner; he seemed constrained—he didn't join much in the conversation. It was as if (the idea took definite shape in her mind) he might be envious of the attention Mr. Buchanan was giving her; as if he hadn't counted on their getting on so well. But she was worried when her father left them alone.

"I don't want to keep you from any business you may have to attend to," she said.

"Business? That's the beauty of mine—I don't have to think of it all the time, same's most people do. I run round and do it, all right; then I forget it for good. But I'm 'fraid I've bored you with too much about my business. I've been enjoying it so much myself, you see. I like to talk to you. Most girls I don't. There's that about them—can't say what it is—saps my vitality. Makes my face feel queer—like I had paralysis in it or something. Unnatural feeling,



Drawn by Stockton Mulford

HE CAUGHT HER UP FROM THE TABLE, AND GUIDED HER AROUND

you know. You're always trying to get the better of it and you just can't. When you throw your soul into a subject they look back at you like you'd said, 'Maybe it'll rain to-morrow,' or, 'Are you fond of reading?' or, 'I think so, too.'"

His point was clear, but she wanted to say nothing in reply; all the "of courses" and "yes, indeeds" and the "very, very muches" she had ready for such occasions died on her lips. Once she found herself thinking that he was not, after all, a very cultivated man, but she banished the thought.

When the phonograph came she sat listening in awe to the directions he gave the two men about setting it up; she noted his forceful gestures, his quick steps here and there; admired his "Now, thank you, fellers. Here's a quarter for each of you," when the job was finished.

She began to dread the time of dancing with him lest she should utterly disappoint him; but she soon found herself lost in his enthusiasm, not upset even when he rebuked her by saying:

"No, that ain't it, really. Let me show you. . . . And you ought to put a gliding, mysterious motion into it—like rolling or flying. Pretend you're a river."

Suddenly he stopped in the middle of a tune, and, keeping his position meanwhile, brought out: "Let's go find some good place to dance."

"Oh!" she gasped. And then, "I should like to, but I'm afraid I can't."

"That's the difficulty—hang it!—with girls. You no more than get your spirits up and there you are—with a lot of fool nonsense spoiling everything. It's a deuced shame!"

"All right, I'll go," she said with a studied attempt at boldness. "But father won't approve."

"I'll fix him, fast enough," Mr. Buchanan said. And he took a note-book from his pocket and wrote on a page of it, which he then tore out and handed to her. It read:

I have persuaded Miss James to go out somewhere where there is real music. We also want some air, and it is a lovely evening. Maybe we shall go to Mascatti's.

H. BUCHANAN.

"Where shall we put it?" he exclaimed, taking it back from her and darting round the room. "Now hurry—get your coat and we'll pick up a taxi some place. Got a pin? . . . This will do all right, I guess," he concluded, affixing the paper to the frame of a mid-Victorian sunset that hung in the hall.

She would never forget that evening. From one dancing restaurant to another they went—places she had never seen or heard of. Each time he arranged things so easily, so competently, for her—always found just the right table, acted in a way to make her feel perfectly at home and as if everything was just as it should be. Her father couldn't mind very much, she thought, with recurring flutters of fear. . . . And he was so companionable—she couldn't remember that any ball she had ever been to was like this. She would catch sight of their figures in a mirror and wonder, "Was that rather pretty girl with the light hair and the flushed face and the wide-open eyes dancing with the tall, elated man—was that really herself?" . . . until she laughed merrily at his saying, "Let's fade three times, with a double dip at the end."

When she got home she saw that the note was gone from the picture. Mr. Buchanan said he couldn't possibly sleep so soon after dancing. She couldn't, either, but she said good night and went to bed.

His visits to the James household became frequent after that.

Outside of the usual throng she had come in contact with, she had had no visions of what young men were like. It had never occurred to her that there was anybody in the world like Howard Buchanan. Her dreams—however romantic—had always been perfectly conventional ones; she had no imagined standards. Consequently she was often puzzled thinking how she could classify him—particularly when her friends seemed to find him so attractive.

"But I think it's rather queer nobody notices his not having been to college," she told her father, "nor the unusual words he uses sometimes—his manners and everything."

"Nonsense! People aren't so small-minded as you think they are," he said,

with one of his frowns. "They haven't all your petty idea that everybody's got to be cast in the same tiresome mold—even if they happen to have been, themselves. Buchanan's a wonder. He's the real thing. Foolish nothings be damned! He ought to delight any one. And a gentleman, I tell you, to his finger-tips!"

It was a great relief to her to hear that. Nevertheless she was surprised that her father allowed her so many liberties all of a sudden; perhaps she had never understood—perhaps it was her own fault that she had always had to be so particular. But her father did seem to trust Mr. Buchanan extraordinarily.

She and her father had begun to have a good deal more in common than they used to. Often they would spend long evenings together by the fire, talking about all manner of subjects.

"How did you happen to know Howard?" she asked him, some months later.

"Oh—through a matter of some investments," he gravely assured her. And she tried to go on with her book.

"What're you reading, daughter?" he asked.

"It's Creasy's *Fifteen Decisive Battles*, father. Ever—?" But her father seemed seized with uncontrollable laughter.

"I was thinking," he apologetically explained, "how funny it was you should have got a new copy of it. The book's been in the house for years."

"Really!" she exclaimed with great interest. "Have you ever read *Les Misérables*? . . . We never have discussed books very much together, have we?"

Now why should he jump up so unexpectedly, at that point, and go out of the room without answering her question?

In due course there was also added to her library a copy of *Lucile*—a *de luxe* edition, gorgeous in green morocco; and somewhat later there came by mail one morning *The Three Musketeers*, on the fly-leaf of which was written, "From d'Artagnan."

It was her letter of thanks for this last which received no answer. For three days she waited impatiently, full of hopes and surmises. Then followed a week of misery; then another and another.

Of course, she reasoned, he might be sick—he might be in need of her. But she was more worried than convinced. Hesitantly—surrounding herself with all kinds of idle theories—she wrote again. In vain; she got no reply. The letters which it had been his habit to send her in the middle of each week—he often had sent her two in weeks when he wasn't coming to New York—had stopped altogether.

"Where in the world is Howard?" her father kept demanding.

"Don't know, father. How should I know?" She was conscious of his astonishment at the words she found to answer him.

"Hear anything?" he insisted. "Why not write and ask him down?"

"Of course I can, father," was her ready assent—without further committing herself.

He shot her an admiring look. "By goodness! daughter," he said, "don't know what I should do these days without you!" A tribute that, coming as it did in the midst of her anxiety, greatly pleased her.

She herself realized how changed she was.

Howard Buchanan listened to the last of Louise's great aria—*Un souvenir charmant des premiers jours d'amour*; he did not know what the words meant, but they made their appeal. He waited until the needle scratched on the blank edge, then sadly removed the record and began to roll a cigarette. To-night had not been one of his successes at entertaining himself. He strolled about the deserted show-room, opening and shutting one instrument after another, testing the winding-gear, examining the finish of a case. The place seemed ghostly to him. In disgust he found himself whistling the last bar of the aria.

"Hang it!" he exclaimed. "I believe I'm sick of this business. I'd like to strike out overland."

He flung his coat on his arm—for the evening was hot—and made ready to go home. The streets were gloomier than he had ever seen them; his walk was pointless and empty.

On the hall floor, inside his little apartment, there lay a letter; but he stepped

resolutely across it and turned on the light. After that he hung up his coat with more than usual pains, puttered awhile with some papers on his desk, until—when the task could not be delayed any longer—he walked back to where the letter lay. For a brief moment he paused there, regarding it, and then, with quivering hands, picked it up and tore it—as he had torn so many others before it—into small pieces, which he threw into the fire. There seemed nothing to do but go to bed.

Something he had said to a customer during the day crossed his mind: "If there's one habit I pride myself on, it's not letting things I want to forget worry me. Good heavens! man, there's enough in the world to keep you from dwelling on facts you don't want to think of. I sha'n't have them bothering me." It drove him straight to his little library in the corner, where, running his forefinger over two shelves of books, he took out Carlyle's *French Revolution* and began turning the pages in search of something to hold his attention. When he found that one passage fitted his mood as badly as another, he stopped arbitrarily at the ninth chapter—putting the book face downward on his bed. He lighted the lamp beside it.

In the midst of undressing he took a pack of cards from the table for a round of Canfield. Again and again he tried to make it come out right, his brain automatically prompting him to plays the

while he muttered involuntarily to himself, as he put down an ace or shifted a queen to another pile: "Greenwich—New London—Stamford, perhaps. No; never again. We'll fool 'em; we'll break away from 'em, eh? Rotten of me? Of course it is. You've got to pre-

serve your identity somehow. Poor fellow! Ethel, I say, Ethel. . . . It's coming out this time! . . . Probably. Well, you can't tell. . . . In the desert, perhaps—after she's married," until his brain was seething with layers on layers of thoughts beyond his control. Abruptly he ceased playing and went to bed.

Carlyle's *French Revolution* read like it was remarkably heavy, he thought; it brought no pictures to his mind, awoke no mysterious imaginings, though he had so often cited it as the best example of his favorite kind of writing—philosophical description, he called it. Now he had to

keep going back half a page to get the thread, and when he got it he would discover in despair how he had finished with the same difficulty an hour ago.

He dared not put out the light. The wall-paper rolled and rolled, in long horizontal series of convoluted spaces, which he followed and followed to where the door-jamb made a break; then, from beginning to end, once more he was lost in them.

With a sharp cry of pain he got up and went out into his study. He stirred the fire and put on another log. Several



FOR A BRIEF MOMENT HE PAUSED THERE, REGARDING IT

stenophone circulars had to be sacrificed before he could get a blaze.

"What to-morrow?" he murmured. "I must find a new place; but where? Something to start me going!" And he unfolded the geological survey maps on his desk.

At last Farmington caught his eye; it had a good many concentric lines around it denoting hills, and a river, and a square red spot that meant some sort of industry. He grew more and more satisfied as he noted the size of it. It would be lovely, perhaps, and oozy and fragrant, just as he wanted it!

To have some definite aim—however fanciful—gave him courage for another attempted sleep. "Wonder why I'm so peaceful and quieted?" he thought to himself as he put out all the lights and got into bed. "I knew I could conquer it if I just persisted. Funny what was the matter with me!"

But he slept fitfully and awoke early. He put on a thin pepper-and-salt suit, with a broad, luridly striped necktie that he had often tried when he felt the need of stimulus; and, blithe as a lark, started for the station.

It was a lovely, caressing day of spring. The hurrying mass of people whom he passed seemed to have some inspiration to guide them. Squalid lines of houses took on a mellow look, seeming almost to blend with the yellowing shrubs in front of them. "It's odd," Buchanan said to himself, "that sometimes I can find New Haven so beautiful. Just now, for instance—well, of course nobody would understand me—but it's really all thrilling." Here and there he met somebody to whom he had either sold stenophones or else tried to sell them, which gave him the familiarity of being at home.

At Hartford he alighted and took a "tram"—it always amused him to call them that—marked "Farmington." When it happened to stop for somebody near an attractive-looking crossways, he decided to get out and walk.

The spot was like a toy village—so perfect, so neat. Something of Virginia (dear Virginia) in the style of everything. House-fronts waited patiently along the way, as if arranged there on purpose for him to walk by, under the just-budding elm-trees. Dogs were run-

ning wild to-day. There was a hum everywhere. "How good it is," he thought, "to aerate the lower lung in this delicious ozone!"

The road dipped down a hill. There in the hollow, sure enough, towered the grim brick walls of a factory. Really, it looked promising. "Wicked, I suppose," he thought, gazing at wooded heights beyond the town; "but I must try it on."

After he had given a plain visiting-card to somebody at the door he asked for it back, determined, in a fit of boldness, to write, "Who calls to sell you stenophones," below his name. The memory of what he had once said to the older man in that smoking-compartment of the sleeper—"I always tell them beforehand exactly why I'm there"—had suddenly prompted him to live up to the extravagant statement. "I'm not fit to be at large," he thought. But the man, who at last so forbiddingly appeared, stepped back at sight of him.

"Are you the president?" Buchanan asked with a smile.

"No, I'm not; I'm the treasurer."

"That's all right, then," Buchanan assured him.

"Well, maybe you'd better come inside, anyhow," said the treasurer, "though I just stepped out to say we didn't want any of your stenophones."

"Oh," exclaimed Buchanan, following him in. "Do you know—I am mad with spring! I'm all ablaze with it! I'm crazy with sheer love of the world. How are you? What's your name?"

"Come on in," said the treasurer.

"You don't often get this, do you?" asked Buchanan. "Why, down in New Haven—as far as all this whiff in the air goes—you might as well be in darkest Africa."

"Somehow I always thought I'd like to be in darkest Africa," responded the treasurer, pointing out a chair.

"I'd like to see the deserts there," remarked Buchanan, with sudden moodiness. "I guess nothing but the endless wastes of a desert would suit me now!"

"What's the matter with you?"

"Don't know. Wish I did," Buchanan forced himself to say.

"Thought you wanted to sell something," said the treasurer.

"Oh yes!" Buchanan exclaimed, as if suddenly remembering. "See here. I've got a first-class proposition—one you can't afford to let go by. Why, it's like clockwork for the time it saves you. You—"

But the treasurer held his hand desperately up for refusal. "Nothing doing," he said.

"Thought so," answered Buchanan, delphically. "Say, tell me—have you ever felt this way?"

"How?" asked the treasurer, with a slow, steady grin, slapping his hand down onto his knee.

"As if you didn't know where you were? Sort of transplanted—as a cactus, so to speak, would feel in a swamp? Oh, I don't know! I love everything in the world. But it appears to me, sometimes, like I just couldn't go on living."

"I guess you've got spring fever," said the treasurer, laughing.

"Well, I have. But this other—it goes with it—do you know?"

"See here," said the treasurer, "are you married?"

"No. Don't want to be."

"Now why don't you?" asked the treasurer in a fervent tone.

"Not in my line," was the answer. "Too occupying. Too engrossing. You can't light out and travel when you want to. Can't get it off your mind—ever. It's like a business—takes too much time."

"So I thought once," recollected the treasurer. "But it's like a piece of blotting-paper for all that nonsense you've been handing out to me."

"Hear, hear!" Buchanan cried with surprise. "You talk like you was somebody, after all." And he gave the treasurer a good looking over.

"I'm a married man, if that's what you mean, young feller."

"I feel this way about it," explained Buchanan, the *tempo* of his speech slightly different. "I've always thought best to put it off as long as I could—so as to have plenty of room for the things I like, you know. Then—if ever exactly the right girl turned up—I reckoned I ought to consider doing it. Now it's like this"—he spoke as if referring to a thousand years back—"once she did, I thought, turn up. But I hadn't courage

for the experiment. I couldn't bring myself to see what there was to be gained by it. All my youthful longings and aspirations seemed like they would be engulfed by the steadiness of it. . . . And I love children, too. I think it's only right to produce some, you know. . . . But in a hundred years from now I reckon that would all be the same. You can't afford to stultify yourself just to be a link, can you? Besides—there's the loving, and the end of loving, to count on. I've never liked any one thing more'n a year at a time. How do you reckon I'd stick to a wife—with all her demands and dresses absorbing me? First time she began growing old I might feel like I hated her, too."

"No, you wouldn't," vouched the treasurer. "The human body and heart ain't made that way."

"I know they ain't," said Buchanan. "But that's really the worst horror of all. It's like getting into one of those stuffy, airless trolley-cars. After you've been in it awhile you don't know the difference between it and the summit of Olympus. I—I want to be aware of everything all the time. I don't want to grow sated and settled and old. I don't want to get to be without any sense, and prosaic."

"You'll find the right girl yet," promised the treasurer.

"That's the trouble," said Buchanan; and again he spoke as of things long ago. "I couldn't ever find anything the matter with her. . . . I'd always seen this or that little fault in all the others—things that made me shudder some, you know. But this one was perfectly all right. She was for ever surprising me that I did not grow sick of her, or want to change some one detail that got on my nerves."

"Too bad," sympathized the treasurer. "I don't for the life of me see why she didn't take to you. I'd have done it, I think."

At that Buchanan eyed him greedily.

"Lost all hope?" asked the treasurer.

"Oh, I'm miserable," said Buchanan. "I'm fit to die!"

"Don't forget your duty as a citizen," the treasurer remonstrated. "There's always your work to console you. It's up to you to do it nobly."

"Circumstances are against me just now, apparently," remarked Buchanan, shaking his head.

"Down on your luck, are you?" asked the treasurer, kindly.

"Well—a little, right *here*, I reckon," said Buchanan, smiling.

"I should like to help you," pondered the treasurer.

"You *can*, then," stated Buchanan, pleasantly, switching him nearer. "Let me make an installation—on trial," he suddenly pleaded, an eager light in his eyes.

"No. They say it's too hard dictating into them," objected the treasurer. "You have to mention all your capital letters, and take too much pains with your past tenses. If you don't you can't make out the difference between 'shaved' and 'shave' on the cylinders, for instance. You've always got to remember to say *shavèd*. See?"

"I got rid of that objection up in Bridgeport once," answered Buchanan. "A fellow made it, you know—"

"What did you say to him?" asked the treasurer.

"Oh, I got him another job," was Buchanan's quick reply.

"I'll be damned!" cried the treasurer. "*That* the way you do business?"

"Don't know what line to take with you," said Buchanan.

"Well, well, now. How much would it cheer you or help you if I gave you a chance?" The treasurer seemed mounting to dizzy heights of kindness. "Do you need the money? Don't look so sad."

"Everybody needs the money—the money and the encouragement all the time—worse luck!" Buchanan convincingly declared.

"How much would it cost me for a try-out?"

"Nothing—nothing whatever," came the proud assurance.

"Go ahead, then. Only don't carry off too many of my clerks—I've got attached to some of them."

Outside, Buchanan drew in a deep breath of promise-laden air, regretting the next moment that he didn't, after all, care a continental how many orders he got—orders couldn't help him. But before he knew it he was whistling the

"William Tell" overture and thinking to himself what a fortunate fellow he was. . . . Grackles were growling everywhere, a robin was singing its one pretty strain in the distance. . . . How much he liked to be able to cope with difficulties and to carry off the palm!

As he walked on, noting the sunshine and shadows and another smoke-stack beyond the bridge, it came over him (as everything did, without his having a clue to the well-spring of it) that during the last month he had gone about trading on his desperate mood; he had substituted it for the Western experiences, and his discourse on the desert, and all the other rot he had previously handed out to unwilling customers; and in consequence he had made twice as many sales as he used to average.

"Funny, amazingly"—he gloried to himself—"how I do it." His sense of the mystery of affairs permitted him to relish the success of the scheme without once pondering its cause.

When he got home that night there was another letter lying inside his door. He took it up, and—though more hesitatingly than he intended (he had half an idea of first pressing it to his lips)—he tore it into small pieces. There was a telegram under it that had set the blood throbbing in his temples. In another second he fearlessly tore the seal. "What's the matter with you, old man?" it read. "Why don't you come see us?—Haughton James."

"Dear fellow! dear, dear fellow!" Buchanan stood there, wondering. "I'm a cad. I'm a bad, ungrateful cur. I'm not a gentleman, even." . . . But he burned it, watching the blaze with a glittering eye.

Oh, it was a joy to live—if only to have somebody make a fuss over you! He didn't see how he could stand it if the letters should stop coming. Suddenly he determined to go down to the store and play some new records until he got sleepy.

On Sunday week, John, the janitor, woke him half an hour after noonday, to say that an aunt of his was downstairs in an automobile, waiting to see him. It was embarrassing to be caught so late abed by that decrepit member of

his family; she would tell his uncle, and word would be passed round that he was a sluggard and it was no wonder he didn't amount to anything. Pooh! though. He had done lots of business lately. Let 'em think what they wanted. Then, as he dressed, the same old cloud

"Ethel!"

"This is the car I wrote you about, that father gave me."

But he continued to shake his head blankly.

"Didn't you get any letters?" she seemed unable to repress asking.

He nodded to her.

"How could you, then, Howard? Oh, Howard!" she pleaded.

"I got them, but after—after that one—I—I stopped reading them," he answered.

Her acceptance of this was breathless. He watched her falter and then regain her poise—as inexplicably as the color came and went in her face—until she seemed suddenly aglow with determination.

She smiled at him. "He doesn't know I'm here — father doesn't know where I am," she said. "I was so sick of the river drive — no beautiful stretches of country to go through — and so lonely!"

"Why have you come? How could you do it?" he demanded, with the

pretense of domination. But it was futile.

"To get you. I wanted to see you. I need you!" she said.

His face relaxed. "Looky here, girl," he said, quizzically, "you act like you were the one who's running this show."

"I'm running it your way," she mustered courage to answer. "I'm just being the kind of woman you taught me to be."

They looked steadily at each other for a moment. . . . Then, hatless and coatless, he sprang into the motor.



AN AUNT OF HIS WAS DOWN-STAIRS, WAITING TO SEE HIM

of sorrow which had been pursuing him of late settled lower and lower over his optimism. "Life was rotten," he decided, tying his cravat. "It was all useless; nothing would matter in a hundred years."

But his heart almost stopped beating when he opened the outside door and came upon Ethel James sitting there alone in a little runabout. He had no further thoughts or feelings—except that he half started to retreat behind the closing portal.

"Oh, Howard, Howard!" she cried.



WAITING FOR ORDERS

SHIPS ~

By
John Masefield
With Pictures by Alvin Langdon Coburn

THE ORE

BEFORE Man's laboring wisdom gave me birth
 I had not even seen the light of day;
 Down in the central darkness of the earth,
 Crushed by the weight of continents I lay,
 Ground by the weight to heat, not knowing then
 The air, the light, the noise, the world of men.

THE TREES

WE grew on mountains where the glaciers cry,
 Infinite somber armies of us stood
 Below the snow-peaks which defy the sky;
 A song like the gods moaning filled our wood;
 We knew no men—our life was to stand stanch,
 Singing our song, against the avalanche.

THE HEMP AND FLAX



WE were a million grasses on the hill,
 A million herbs which bowed as the wind blew,
 Trembling in every fiber, never still;
 Out of the summer earth sweet life we drew.
 Little blue-flowered grasses up the glen,
 Glad of the sun, what did we know of men?

THE WORKERS



WE tore the iron from the mountain's hold,
 By blasting fires we smithied it to steel;
 Out of the shapeless stone we learned to mold
 The sweeping bow, the rectilinear keel;
 We hewed the pine to plank, we split the fir,
 We pulled the myriad flax to fashion her.



OUT of a million lives our knowledge came,
 A million subtle craftsmen forged the means;
 Steam was our handmaid and our servant flame,
 Water our strength—all bowed to our machines.
 Out of the rock, the tree, the springing herb
 We built this wandering beauty so superb.

THE SAILORS



WE, who were born on earth and live by air,
 Make this thing pass across the fatal floor,
 The speechless sea; alone we commune there
 Jestling with death, that ever open door.
 Sun, moon, and stars are signs by which we drive
 This wind-blown iron like a thing alive.

THE SHIP



MARCH across great waters like a queen,
 I whom so many wisdoms helped to make;
 Over the uncruddled billows of seas green
 I blanch the bubbled highway of my wake.
 By me my wandering tenants clasp the hands
 And know the thoughts of men in other lands.

The sailing-ship is to-day so infrequent upon our steam-traversed waters that Mr. Masfield's poem and Mr. Coburn's series of photographs—like pictures out of the past—may furnish a permanent and pleasing memorial of a picturesque and fast-vanishing type of vessel.



A BONE IN HER MOUTH

The vessel is bark-rigged and leaning a little to the wind. The "bone" is the roll of foam or "Mother Murphy" under her bows as she advances.



"UP AND FURL IT!"

The foremast of a brigantine in fresh weather. The upper topsail is shown blowing about in its buntlines while the hands are going aloft to furl it.



A FRENCH BARK

The picture gives a lively sense of life on board ship during a day-watch in fine weather. The captain, with his hands in his pockets, stands outside the chart-house. Several hands are at work aloft on the yards.



DEAD CALM

A bark lying becalmed off shore, waiting for a tug to take her into harbor. The sails, however, are spilling, backing or lifting as if the vessel were anxious to be off again.



UNDER STAYSAILS

A large four-masted bark waiting for her orders under reduced canvas. She is homeward bound, for her anchors are over her bows, ready for letting go.



THE WANDERER

A four-masted bark running under reduced canvas in a gray sea. The curve of the bows and the sweeping line of the vessel's hull make what Hogarth has called "the line of beauty and of grace."

He That Cometh After

BY MARJORIE L. C. PICKTHALL



ADMISSION was by ticket only, and Hillard wondered how and where the man sitting next him had obtained one. He was, in that decorously neutral assembly, as conspicuous in his way as a gamecock among crows. His coat was of some sort of greenish khaki, strapped, patched, and pocketed over almost every available inch of its surface; his trousers did not fit him or the coat; his boots—Hillard could not see his boots, but he thought they were tan; his tie looked like a knotted red handkerchief; his hair was red, and he himself so scorched and reddened by sun that it seemed as if his cool gray eyes should have melted amid the fervent heat of his face. So much Hillard saw in his first casual inspection, as he sat awaiting boredom. After a bishop had introduced the speaker and the lecture had begun, he was too much interested in the slight black figure on the platform to spare much attention elsewhere. You know those bioscope pictures that show in a few minutes the life-cycle of a plant from seed to seed? Hillard says that Paul Raynor, with the aid of a magic-lantern and his own simplicity, was showing them thus the birth of a seed of law and love, the growth of light in darkness, of safety in the shadow of death. Not a soul in the audience could remain quite unmoved.

It was about half-way through that Hillard felt a tug at his sleeve. The man in the khaki coat was leaning forward intently, his elbow on the back of the chair ahead and his hand at his ear.

"What did he say, mister?"

"I beg your pardon. When?"

The man lifted his hand, impatiently. "Then. Before the last picture. I couldn't be sure—"

"Oh, he said he was probably the only man in the country who knew the language."

"Meanin' himself? Raynor?"

"Yes."

"Ah"—the man spoke with a certain jealous satisfaction—"so he thinks. But it ain't so. It ain't true."

"Indeed?" Hillard was curt.

"Nah. I know it."

Hillard looked at the interrupter, who, quick as an animal to read a rebuff, had drawn away and was once more listening to the lecturer with a bitter intentness. Something made Hillard sorry he had been curt; so that when the audience broke up in unusual enthusiasm, and he found himself descending the stairs, shoulder to shoulder with the khaki coat, he followed the impulse of repentance and spoke.

"An uncommonly interesting talk, eh?"

"Interestin'?" The man eyed him warily. "Yes, I guess it was interestin' all right."

Hillard smiled. "And you must have found it specially so, knowing the country and the people."

They had reached the pavement, and the man swung round almost threateningly. "Who says I know the country?"

"Well, I thought it likely, as you said you knew the language."

"Ah, so I did, mister, so I did. . . . And you was interested?"

"Why, yes. I think any one would be. To see the school, the little thatched church, the neat fields, all grown up in a couple of years, and all the work of two white men. . . . They're brave fellows out there; good men."

They had turned into the Park, pleasant with a sense of cool grass and damp borders. The man in khaki paused and sniffed luxuriously; the wariness had gone out of his face.

"Yes," he said, gravely, "they're good men. That man Raynor, now, he's a mix of holiness and horse-sense which you'd call uncommon. Yes, sir, uncommon. And all that good man

has"—he turned suddenly and laid his hand on Hillard's arm—"all that good man has, all he's done, he owes to Brad Timmins, who weren't good in any sense o' the word. Queer, ain't it?"

Hillard took him deftly by the elbow, turned him to a bench, and said, "Go on."

It came something like this:

"We were days and days in the grass-country, and that's a thing very bad for the nerves. You see nothing but grass, close-packed, stem and blade. We traveled blind as if we was in a tunnel, and the roof of the tunnel was the achin' sky. We'd brush through the grass as endless as water. And hot. . . . Brad and I we quarreled all the way up, and, what made it worse, we had to quarrel amiable. In a friendly voice, I mean, so the niggers wouldn't know. It's that way. It was about a girl; and he'd curse me to Kingdom Come in a tea-and-ices sort of tone that made me sick, and I'd answer accordin'. He was a hard case, was Brad. But pretty soon he forgot about the girl, and thought of nothing but what we'd come for.

"The heat was such, and the glare on all them leagues of yellowish grass, I give you my word I scarce knew when we got among the trees. I just looked up, saw it was dark, felt a warm splash on my face, and there we was in the forest. Nothing gradual about that country. One hour that blazin' grass; the next, them everlastin' trees. Grass couldn't have been no grassier, forest couldn't have been no treeier. It's that way. . . ."

He looked at a taxi throbbing beside the curb, watched it as it slid away on the smooth asphalt. "Over there we don't overrun things—dead things, I mean, like earth and trees and rivers. . . . Or are they so dead? Well, over here it's us that count; over there, it's them. Our life's nothin'. And it's not the people, either; they may be little better than beasts. But you could plant London, Paris, and Noo York among them trees, and it wouldn't make no differ—at least, not to last. Them things are so strong. It's that way.

"We was after ivory, and not green stuff that's been buried for years, wait-

ing for a good bargain, either. Brad he wanted it fresh. He wanted a good village on the edge of the forest where he could get more hunters and porters, and store his ivory, and send it back in lots. He didn't think or pray or want for a thing but ivory.

"We found a village. . . . Yes, Raynor's village. There wasn't no church then, nor no school, and the trees was thicker. Raynor's thinned 'em a lot, and quite wise. But I see he's took down some of our stockade, which ain't so wise. You see that picture of the reclaimed witch-doctor with the locket round his neck, a-hoeing his pumpkin-patch? Well, that feller, he run things, and the young headman was under his thumb. He was too clever for a nigger; he favored us for his reasons, and we favored him for ours, and things was very pleasant and comfortable all round.

"Brad and me we'd go off in the grass-country for days after the herds. Yes, and we had good luck. You wouldn't get such luck now, not anywheres. A wonderful great country under the moon, and the elephants moving. . . . Well, it's that way. And then we'd go back to our clean grass huts huddling on the edge of the trees, and we'd see the little fires at night and hear the girls chatter, and it would seem 'most like home. Then the young chief he'd come in and talk. A bright young feller, and we sort o' fascinated him. He got terrible fond of Brad Timmins. Brad he was a big, open-faced, hearty-speakin' sort, and it wasn't till you know'd him well that you'd see how tight his mouth shut and how hard his eyes was. He was always most fair and friendly with the natives, and they thought no end of him. Only that old witch-doctor, squatting in his hut among the rags and chickens—only he saw through Brad. He'd say, 'That white man would burn a whole village for the sake of one tusk,' and it was quite true. But the young headman would say, 'I am black and he is white, but he is my friend.' And the doctor, blinking his black eyelids with the gray lashes like a monkey's, he'd laugh. . . .

"We sent off three lots of ivory down-country. We'd a pile growing, and I—I was getting a bit tired of it. I wanted to take my share and make for the coast

and enjoy myself awhile. Well, it's that way with me. I ain't hard like Brad was. But he was like a shark over the ivory. He never got enough. He killed out that country—not for the lust to kill that sometimes takes a man, but because of the money in the ivory, which, I give you my word, is quite a different thing, mister. He was like a miser, too. He'd a store of the very finest tusks wrapped up like babies and buried under the floor of his hut. He just couldn't bear to part with 'em, though he knew they might sp'ile. He just loved 'em. No one knew they was there but me, and he didn't know I knew. They was his secret hoard, like in a book. I didn't care. I give you my word that I was half scared o' Brad Timmins them days, he was that mad on the ivory, though always most fair and friendly to them that helped him to it.

"I'm nothing to boast of in the way of softness, mister, as you can guess; but there's things. . . . Well, it's that way with me. You'll find a feelin' if you dig far enough, as the dentist said. There's a few things that reach home to me, and that young headman he was one of them when he pulled Brad out from under a charging bull. Yes, sir; right out from under. And boosted him up a tree, and nipped up himself, and Brad he shot the bull. It was a fine thing. 'You'll give him a gun for that,' I says to Brad. And Brad he says: 'You mind your own business. I've no guns to spare.' Then I knew he'd do it cheap, and I was ashamed, and I give the nigger my own third gun, and told him it come from Brad. After that there wasn't a thing he wouldn't have done for Brad, and not because of the gun, but because he'd saved his life. Yes, it's that way. Queer, ain't it?

"Well, that country was just about used up; all our ivory was on its way south, and I wanted to follow it. But Brad he would go on. He was set on traveling round the edge of the tree belt till he found fresh elephant-country, using the village as a base camp. He had his way, as a man who don't care nothin' for nobody else 'most generally does. The village howled with grief, all but the old witch-doctor, who made our arrangements for us. At the end of all the talk

he said something that sounded like 'Mabendy.'

"What's that?" said I.

"He waved his hands toward the forest. 'Very bad people,' he said; 'come and fight, try and take the village. If they take it, they eat us.'

"And a tough morsel you'd be,' I thought to myself. And Brad he laughed. The headman was there, too, and generally when Brad laughed he'd laugh. He didn't now. He said: 'It is very bad. They are as many as the leaves, and their arrows are strong. They came once before, and we beat them off, but they killed many of our fighting-men. Now our huts are full of children again, but they are little, and I have just taken my third wife, whom I love. It is very bad.' He laid his hand, which was black as a coal and delicate as a girl's, for a moment on Brad's. 'It is very bad if they come while you, a great warrior, are away. But I will send a messenger, and then you will return and help us.'

"Yes. He said it just like that. Not as a question. He thought Brad was his friend, you see, and spoke accordin'.

"Brad Timmins he looked at me with one big wink, but I looked at my boots. Later I said to him: 'If Mabendy—whoever he or they are—comes, and you're sent for, and you don't go, you'll lose your face. You won't get no more hunters and beaters out o' that village.' And he swore at me with pure astonishment for a meddlesome grannie that minded what a pack of niggers thought. Yes, he swore amazin'."

A girl passed, wearing small, high-heeled, patent-leather shoes; the man in khaki watched them gravely until the girl was out of sight. Then he said, suddenly, "But not so bad as when the message come," and was once more silent.

"Then Mabendy came?"

The man in khaki looked at Hillard, nodding gravely. "Yes, mister. As we heard by special messenger, two days out—a boy with a rag round his head. He come reeling up our line and rolled at Brad's feet, gasping out a word or two. And Brad he began kickin' him cruel.

"Whatever are you doin'?" I says, pulling Brad back. He was in a breath-

less rage, and couldn't speak for a minute.

"'Those f-fools,' he stutters, 'those fools! Do they think—' His voice ran up to a sort of yell. And then, all of a sudden, he stopped, gaping at me like a fish, and his jaw workin'.

"'What is it *now*?' I says.

"He lets out a sort of whisper—'My tusks—' And the next moment, mister, I give you my word, he was beatin' our boys with a gun-butt to turn 'em round quicker."

The man leaned down and brushed some dust from his outrageous trousers. "Yes. He'd remembered those tusks, you see—those choice tusks that I wasn't expected to know of. Yes; buried under the floor of his hut. He was afraid Mabendy'd find 'em. So we was goin' back. . . ."

He was silent again. When he did speak, it was unexpected.

"These pants 're his."

"Whose?"

"Brad's. He was a bigger man than me."

"Did he give them to you?"

"No, mister; I shouldn't say gave. . . . Found 'em, I did—after. Couldn't find anything else; it'd all been took and distributed. No, not exactly stole; more for relics, like the Cath'lics."

"Then you got back to the village?"

"Yes, we got back—in a little more than thirty hours—half dead, because of the ivory. . . . There was a little hillock, beyond arrow-shot, overlooking the village. We was goin' to spy out a bit from this. We hadn't met no enemy. The sun was settin' behind us, behind the great grass-country—settin' terrible bright, and every leaf and branch on the edge of the forest was sharp and distinct in a great blaze of gold light. Never see such light here, mister. We left our boys on the ground, and Brad and me we crawled up that hillock to have a look. . . ."

"The first thing that struck me was the quiet. It was all so quiet. Not till you saw that little black ripple and eddy among the huts would you have guessed that it was men fighting—for their homes and their kids—as you or me might do. It was the absence o' fire-arms that made it seem so quiet.

"I didn't see it all so quick as Brad; he was ahead of me. When he saw the fight among the huts he gave a cry, kind of as if he was hurt. I guess he was. Then his breath seemed to go from him, and he stood up clear on the top of the mound, his arms out, cursing in whispers—because of the ivory.

"That great gold light seemed to beat on him like water. I can't describe it, mister. He seemed to grow bigger, to tower over the huts, to be as huge as one of the trees. To those poor harried folk in the shadow he must have shown, I take it, like a god, a deliverer—a savior—there in the light, with his arms spread out. Come to save 'em, eh?"

"I give you my word for it, the whole fight was held up while you could count twenty, while they stared up at this great gold figure on the hillock. Then—we was out of arrow-range, but some one had an old breech-loader—Brad he went down, coughing. When I ran up, 'Damn you!' he groans. 'Don't stop here. Get the tusks out, you fool.' . . . Yes, he'd forgot I wasn't supposed to know about them. They was the last thing he thought of, I guess—this side."

"Then—?"

He began again with a start. "Then our men from the village rushed up behind me, mad. And we went down. . . ."

"I don't remember much else, mister. I never do. Some takes it this way, and some that. I got a crack on the head, too, and when I come round a few days after, Brad Timmins he was dead and buried *and* what you might call canonized. Yes, sir.

"Which way? Well, for coming back at the call of his friend in need, I suppose, and losin' his life over it. 'A man of great heart is he who will go into the dark night at the word of his brother,' said the young headman to me; I believe it says much the same thing in the Bible. . . . And the old witch-doctor pipes up, 'If he was indeed a man, O child!'

"Mister, I saw the beginning of what you and your kind would call a very curious process—the making of a god. Me, I simply didn't count, though I'd done a lot more than stand on top of a hill in the sunset. Why, I was all blacked up with the back-spit of my old

Colt. It's that way. . . . I went to look at Brad's grave, and it was all planted round with holy bushes and a mess of rags and feathers and pots and pumpkins. And while I stood there a woman led her little boy up to the grave and set his little black hand like a monkey's paw on the earth, and said something to Brad. And in two weeks it was rumored that Brad didn't like folks round there after dark. And in three it was said that as he stood on the hillock he'd gathered the sun rays in his hands and turned them into the blinded faces of Mabendy. Our village had got off uncommon cheap, and it was all laid down to Brad Timmins. 'Most unreasonable. But it's that way. . . .

"And the stamp of Brad Timmins was on every white man after that. He became the type—what you'd call the symbol, mister. He, in his grave there, smoothed the way for Raynor. Raynor, he was listened to because of Brad Timmins. You may say the church was built by Brad, and the schools laid on him as a foundation-stone. And all the time . . . Well, what gets me is, who'll have the credit, eh?"

"And the ivory?"

The man in khaki coughed uneasily. "I give you my word, and you may set me down for a fool, I left the ivory where it was. I guess it's there still. They'd have known. . . . Poor devils in the dark. . . . I guess I've kept you an uncommon time, mister."

"Not too long." Hillard drew out a card. "This is my name and address. Will you take it, and—come and tell me some more any time you're inclined?"

"Thank you; I'd be pleased." He got up and shook hands absently, and turned away. But he came back.

"Raynor and his kind they don't know. They can't know. Stands to reason. . . . But you saw the picture of that old witch-doctor hoeing his pumpkins that innocent? Yes? And the locket made o' cocoa-tins round his neck? Yes? There's the heart of Brad Timmins in them cocoa-tins." He moved off again, pausing only to say, gravely, over his shoulder, "And I guess it rattles about inside like a dried bean."

Then he went, and Hillard watched him walking cautiously among the well-dressed crowd, as if he were afraid of tripping over the roots of trees, the blinding spears of the elephant-grass.

The Brook

BY EDITH M. THOMAS

WHENEVER we came, in our walk, to the bridge and leaned over to look
At the sliding warp of the water, so thin and so silvery bright—
Leaned over to listen,—to hear the flattering voice of the brook,

We two, together,

I used to think it was Life and Love that were laughing outright,
In that sweet June weather. . . .

Now, we two apart,

And forever!—I know that the voice I hear is my crying heart!

The Ninth Man.

A STORY IN TWO PARTS—II

BY MARY HEATON VORSE

The tyrant Egidio Mazzaleone has taken by storm the city of San Moglio. Instead of putting the inhabitants to the sword, he issues an edict that all the people are to pass before him in the public square. To each ninth man is given a ballot of black ebony, and the announcement is made that each shall secretly designate who shall be put to death. The reaction of relief that the city is to be spared is speedily followed by a confusion of emotions as the day of the balloting draws near, and holders and non-holders of the ballots contemplate the power of life and death that has been scattered amongst them. The story is told by Matteo, a page in the household of Count Bartolommeo Conti.

CHAPTER VIII



FOR a time it seemed as though the lust for revenge held sway in San Moglio. None thought of aught but killing, from our beautiful and arrogant lady, who sat brooding while she held death in her hand, to the very children who prattled in the street concerning whom they would kill.

Then came the thought of being killed. It came silently, like a frost in early summer. Death was still the thought of San Moglio, but each man now feared his own. The red desire of killing and of revenge turned pale, and by each man's hearthstone sat a cold little shadow of fear. I thanked God I had made no man my enemy. There were those who had tried to leave the city, but had been turned back with stern menace by Mazzaleone's men, and we knew that those who were caught in attempted flight would be incontinently killed. The fear that sat with us gave bravery to some timid ones, and these the men caught, and such pieces of their bodies as were left when the soldiers were through with them were burned in the public place.

Under the stress of fear many an odd marriage took place. It was said that to save her father's life young Concetta da Moreale was married to Bernabo de Montemarte instead of to Donati, her betrothed, and that the Donati had sworn vengeance on Bernabo, who

laughed and said he had not long to live anyway, and he and his would take life for life.

Many an old debt was paid. Enemies of long standing embraced and swore friendship, each fearing the other, since no one knew in whose hands death lurked. Simon, the old usurer, who lived next me, and had a face like a scholar and talons like a hawk, received threatening letters every day, demanding of him that he should remit this and that debt; and his wife, almost as great a miser as himself, would come daily to my mother and weep, telling how that as yet he had not remitted one stiver.

I had heard that my cousin Gemma was seen of an evening coming out from the back gate of the Mancini's garden; and stung with shame—for all knew young Mancini, his beauty and his profligacy—I waited for her homecoming, and says I:

"What now, cousin?"

And she looks up at me with a wan smile. "Dying, I please myself, cousin."

"Dying?" says I, gaping at her.

"Aye," says she, "for my two gallants love me so well that each would kill me for the other's spite, and now they have so much for which to kill me, and I have had my heart's desire."

So whether in my mother's house or the palace of the Conti, Death brooded. But his darkness was blackest at the palace. Mazzaleone's long shadow was ever at our door and the whole town gaped at the trio of them—my lady, rosy as with love, between Mazzaleone,



Drawn by Frank Craig

Engraved by Nelson Demarest

OUR BEAUTIFUL AND ARROGANT LADY SAT BROODING

lean and pale as a drawn sword, and Count Bartolommeo, red and powerful in his lusty joy of life. The town talked openly that my lady would kill Bartolommeo and that then Mazzaleone would find a bride, but none doubted that Bartolommeo's heavy fist would fall first. So the shadow of death distorted the faces of all dear to me.

On my dear lady's it cast a softness and joy more terrible than aught else. She grew young in the presence of Mazzaleone, and when she sat alone she seemed as one who hugs a sweet secret.

It was in that day that I shook with an ague of disgust for life, and I wished aloud in my ignorance that death would menace me as well; and then, as if in answer to my wish, there came to me in my room Simonetta, my little friend, of whom I had less thought of sweethearting than had she been my sister. She had been crying, but now her eyes were clear.

As I looked at her she cried, "Oh, Matteo, I have had to come to you. Before you die, I want to tell you that I love you. I have always loved you, Matteo."

Had not dismay given me thought, I could have seen how vain were my boasts of a love of death. When ever did a young and lovely sweetheart come less desired to any man? I had not sense enough left to play the gallant.

"Death?" I cried. "And why death, Simonetta?"

"Oh!" she answered, wringing her hands, "it is the shoemaker's lame son, Oreste. He hates you, Matteo!"

A weight was lifted from me. I hardly knew the lad. Well I remembered him sitting all day before the cobbler's door, and sometimes dragging his legs painfully behind him, like a lame dog. So why should he hate me? So I fell to comforting Simonetta, and found the comforting of her sweet. But the thought of the shoemaker's son stayed with me and tormented me in my sleep, and in the early morning I made my way to the shop, and he sat in his little chair, grinning horribly.

He said: "Ha! you have come. They brought thee word, Matteo. Now it is my turn to love life, for it is better to have crooked legs and live ones than

straight legs and dead ones. Be proud of your straight legs while you may, Matteo." And he spoke to me with such spite and such venom that it distorted the face of him.

"And what have I done to thee, Oreste?" I cried.

"When I was little and would have played with you, you ran away. And what have you done to me?" says he. "Morning and night you have passed me by, a living reminder of what I was and what you were. Morning and night you have made my lot bitterer to me, for all the things that I had not you had. But now I shall soon have that which you have not. Morning and night, when you were wont to pass by here, there will be a happy and rejoicing time for me instead of one of shame and envy."

So astounded was I, I had no word for him, for I had never thought of him. I remembered, indeed, that when I was a lad I had plagued him, thoughtless, as had the other lads.

"But I never hurt you, Oreste," I faltered. And he mocked me.

"The serene lord has forgotten that he took from me the only sweet thing I ever had. When we were lads, Matteo, I had a little sweetheart. When the others ran away and would not play with me, she sat with me. When they mocked me, she comforted me. Then you came one day and taught her to play with you, and to laugh at me like the others. Since that day I have known the worth of pity, and have taken none of it."

Thus he drowned me with the pent-up venom of years. And I had gone to him assured that morning, and having found that I had a sweetheart instead of a friend in Simonetta, and feeling no little pride in myself, therefore, I now slunk away, having received a death sentence from a mad and relentless judge.

I went to my own home, and I had hardly got within the doors when Simon the usurer's wife came crying and shrieking to us. My mother and I ran with her, not making head nor tail of her lamentations. She kept repeating over and over, "He was so afraid of death he has killed himself!" We thought her gone daft, until in the courtyard gate we

came upon Simon himself, swinging where he had hanged himself. And he swung to and fro gently in the morning breeze, a wagging pendulum of fear.

I was now no more a young philosopher with the keen eyes of Mazzaleone. No longer did I move upon the outside marveling over the turpitude of men. Now I knew why Gemma had sought her secret and shameful love, and why my lady sat with her black ballot in her hand, and why Simon the usurer had killed himself, for there were times when panic was in my breast and I felt I had best stick my own knife in my breast, and not wait for who knows what death at the hands of Mazzaleone. I knew why men and women sat silent and brooding, for I sat that way also. I pondered this and that means that I might find of ridding myself of the cobbler's son. So I, together with the rest of San Moglio, brooded with fear in the thoughts of death and thoughts of murder. And the cobbler's son read my thoughts, for he stayed well withindoors and grinned at me as I passed.

For comfort I sought Brother Agnello, and found him preaching to some gaping women at a street corner, telling them that through the mouths of children it had been revealed to him that it was God's will that he should take the blood of San Moglio on him, but his words were to me like the babbling of a madman, for I sat now in the dolorous heart of San Moglio and I knew that its heart was full of hate. The sight of him became bitter to me, and it seemed to me I encountered him always when I went abroad, and the blond child with him. Now the children tormented him, now men stopped and listened to him for a moment and passed on, laughing. A few old women listened to him, but for the most part he walked unnoticed up and down the streets or was mocked as a fool.

My lady saw him from her window, thus talking at a street corner.

"What does the Brother Minor, Matteo?" says she.

For some time past she had been light of heart; almost had she the gay innocence of a child. It seemed that the aching wound of her spirit had found some ease.

"He preaches," I made reply, "that all in San Moglio shall cease from hating and killing and shall love one another." I spoke bitterly. "He begs them to place their ballots of death upon him, as he is already as one dead, and he has for disciple this blond child with him."

At this she sighs. "Poor, gentle brother!" says she. "Poor gentle flicker of mercy and pity!"

CHAPTER IX

NOW together with many others I turned myself to the church to try there to find some comfort; and on the next Sunday I and all our household were at mass, and in his insolence Count Bartolommeo had asked Mazzaleone to attend with us, for, like a man who cannot leave a wound alone, but must for ever be picking at it, he seemed to find a perverse pleasure in throwing my lady and our town's conqueror together and watching the joy she had with him. Shy she was with Mazzaleone, and sweetly bold also, as though she had gone back to the days of her little childhood when she had played with the lean man, Egidio.

Small comfort was mass to me this day, and small comfort the preaching afterward, for there was in it the fear of hell—as though it were not already burned into the heart of each one of us!

"*One-ninth of you are to die!*" was echoed to us like a tolling bell; more sure than the pestilence, more sure than war. One-ninth of this wicked city was to die, was the comfort that the priest gave us. It was as though death brooded in a dark cloud over that still and frightened congregation. We were to die, and some of us knew at whose hands, and some did not, and few there were who did not fear the stab in the dark.

In that cathedral we all drank deep of the black draught of terror, and the fear in one man's eyes found a mirror in the fear in every other man's, until I believe that as we went out into the sunlight many and many a one was not far from the fear that killed Simon, that intolerable fear of death which prefers death to the fear of death. I know that I should have liked to run from the

accursed place, for so was the cathedral to me; and the preaching brother, instead of being a priest of God, seemed to be a priest of Terror itself.

As we walked out in the sunlight we saw coming across the *piazza* a strange procession. At the head was Brother Agnello and the little maid who now no longer quitted him. There was a witless girl following him, with her baby in her arms; and there, strangely enough, was Tommaso, an armorer, a man of some substance and accredited of hard, good sense; and behind him a tall, gangling youth of good family but much shunned by his mates as a senseless sort of dreamer, one Ercole de Fabriano. And this assembly was completed by a little hobbling company of age and misery. Thus they faltered across the *piazza*, a thin, wavering band of pity.

My lady, whose gladness had suffered in the cathedral, as must needs any one in that terrible place of terror, said to Mazzaleone, "This is the Brother Minor of whom I told you, who wishes to take our sins upon himself."

Mazzaleone beckoned to him, and his men held back the crowd as Brother Agnello approached.

"Tell the people what you wish," says Mazzaleone to him in that gentle voice of his that one hears from so far.

Then says Tommaso, with heat, "He sees no sense in your useless slaughter, nor do I, and takes that slaughter on himself; and I, as a sensible man, am with him."

"And are you the only man of sense," asked Mazzaleone, "in all San Moglio?" And one would have sworn his voice was sad. "Now speak," says he. Thus was the coal of speech laid upon the lips of Brother Agnello.

So there he faced that congregation who, under the ban of death, streamed forth from the cathedral and from hearing the word of God preached to them. And they were held back by Mazzaleone's men.

"Oh, my brothers!" cried he. "Oh, my brothers, slay not one another, but cast your ballots for me, unworthy, and deliver yourselves from sin and the pain of death, for I am as one dead."

What he said more I could not hear, for a murmur went through the com-

pany; then they barked their laughter at him like hungry wolves.

Mazzaleone raised his hand and the men set down their pikes which had formed a bar, and the congregation swarmed forth, each man carrying with him his burden of fear and hate, and the little company of mercy was swallowed up.

Says Mazzaleone, "It is easy to lead a company to victory with the voice alone, but it is only with a sword one may stop the rout of panic or an army when it loots a town."

CHAPTER X

AS I have shown, each man within our gates brooded on death; but there were larger doings afoot than such small killings as glut one man's hate or satisfy one man's desire of profit. Higher hates than these there were, and greater discomforts than an older brother sitting in the place that a younger coveted; greater riches to be snatched than that of a relative too slow in dying.

The Degli Oddi and the house of Da Sala had long striven for power one with another, and at varying times had split the city in two, and the old rivalry had been given an edge of hate through the marriage of Beatrice degli Oddi to Ugo da Sala, and now they carried on a novel warfare. The rival houses dreamed wholesale assassination for their own ends.

There began through the town a buying up of the black vote of death. This I knew because the Conti supported the house of Da Sala, and day by day they met to discuss and to count their gains and whisper among themselves of the activity of their enemy, and though the vote was to be given secretly, they devised means by which they might keep an eye upon their own men whom they had bought and mete out punishment to them later, or beforehand fill them so full of the fear of some less easy death that they might be sure of their word.

Thus they trafficked for men's lives in men's greed. And I, as scribe, kept the lists. Much talk there was among them as to what black hatred could have

possessed the soul of the cobbler's lame son, that his ballot could not be bought from him, for ever he made the same answer to Count Bartolommeo's steward, when asked his price:

"Sound legs," says he; "nothing less!" and laughs at himself.

One day Ugo da Sala asks, "Are all accounted for in your household?"

"All but the ballot of my lady," Count Bartolommeo makes reply.

"Ah!" said Count Ugo da Sala, "I did not know of hers. And her disposition of it?"

"I have my private use for it," replies my lady, and her voice sounded light of heart. And at this my hand tightened on the arms of my chair.

Meantime the mind of our Podestà, Messer Gubbio di Grollo, had further imaginings, and he called together a great conclave of all the principal men and nobles, and in this assembly sat also Mazzaleone and his captains. He was a spare man, Messer Gubbio, with the long face of a horse, and wind when he talked as long as his face; but for all that a just man and a man of force. He made a long speech which went to the effect that too long had fear and hatred rioted among us. Since one-ninth of the town were to die, we should turn this fact to our advantage, as a wise man might turn any event in life, however grievous.

"So," says he, "let us all sacrifice to the common good our factional hates and our personal revenge. As a vigorous tree acquires vigor by pruning, let us prune the town of San Moglio, and let us see that the ninth that are to die shall be those who are not beneficial to a strong state: the weaklings, the feeble-minded, the paupers, and such few as are bitten with the madness of a too overweening ambition."

As he spoke I saw that a great mirth had been lighted in Mazzaleone, and that the so reasonable speech of Messer Gubbio filled him with silent laughter. Messer Gubbio went on to counting out each *contrada* of the city that lists might be made of those who have the ballot, and how each great house and each man of importance in each *contrada* should possess himself of the people's confidence.

"But," says some one, "what then of the ballots of the poor and the maimed and the unworthy and the weaklings themselves whose pruning shall help our town? What of their ballots? Shall weak kill weak?"

"Oh," says Messer Gubbio, "those will be easily bought up for gain." And all in the company nodded and bowed together as gravely and discussed as gravely as the Podestà himself.

Only Ludovico da Casamatto, a stern old noble, sprang to his feet, and says he: "Away with your slaughter of your townsmen! My blood be on my own head!"

And young Giuliano di Donati, a wild youth, but one of great bravery and pride, "And mine, as well!"

"And mine!" cries another, a cadet of the Moreale.

And Messer Gubbio: "Sirs! Sirs! Are not your lives of more value than those of a witless girl or a blind beggar? Consider."

Then cries out the angry old Lord Ludovico: "I have considered for the hour past, until the blood of innocents and the unfortunates is swilling about my ankles."

Now a dispute arose high on this side and that, many for the plan, and some against it. As for Mazzaleone, he took his own terrible and silent joy in the spectacle as one who bathes upon a hot day, so did he bathe in the ebb and flow of the passions of men.

And in the midst of this dispute there came the shrill noise of the singing of children, and from the back of the hall came down the Brother Minor, Agnello, and the blond child beside him, and following his band, to which had been added a woman or two and some youths and maidens; and the wavering voices of the old men and the shrill piping of the children cut through the talk as a tiny ray of light the black darkness of night. Silence followed in their wake, and all stared at them in amazement.

Then says Brother Agnello in his deep voice like a sweet bell: "In the name of Christ my Master—Messer Gubbio."

"What do you wish?" says the Podestà.

"The gift of five minutes," says he, and smiles upon us.

Some there were who cried, "Cast him forth!"

And others, "Let him speak."

Old Ludovico Casamatto cried out in his hot, angry voice: "Let him speak, say I, for he asks in the name of Christ, and I have heard enough talk in the name of the devil these days past!"

He stood before them, his hand on the shoulder of the little maid, as though he were bathed in a pool of light, as though love itself shone from his eyes.

"O men of San Moglio," he cried out, "I am sent here that I, who am one already dead, may take away from you your fear. Cast upon me the bond of death, for who are you that you shall judge in this town what ninth are worthy to live and which must die? For who may judge such things but God?"

As the first day I had met him he had taken from my lady and myself our apprehension and left us with peace, so it seemed now that peace streamed from him in a great flood.

Then said Ludovico de Casamatto: "Here, brother, take mine, then, and I will go with you. Who follows me?" And many there were who joined him, and a hush fell upon all. Agnello stood awhile and embraced them in the silence of his regard, and then he walked out in silence from among them into the waiting crowd of poor people and of halt and lame who had heard of the beneficent design of Messer Gubbio and had come to learn their fate. When Brother Agnello appeared, and after him the little company of nobles, there arose a cry from all the stricken of San Moglio, and there were there the sons of women stricken with palsy and the children of blind fathers, and there were there the children of the poor, and they took Agnello up in their arms and bore him along.

And the noise of their shouts was the first glad thing we had heard since the fear of death had been over us.

CHAPTER XI

THEY bore him along triumphant on their shoulders, scaling the steep streets of San Moglio, and behind him hobbled the maimed and the very poor, and the very old, and the mothers

of feeble children, and all those innocents upon whom great fear had been cast by the wise plan of Gubbio di Grollo. And there came not a few of the nobles and the first men of San Moglio, some sick with the thought of killing, and others drawn by curiosity.

They bore him up to the little Piazza Ogni Santi, and he went out on a balcony above a doorway, and all of the misery of San Moglio was packed into this *piazza*, and the nobles were jostled among them, and far down the streets came others, until every street that led away was packed with the people of San Moglio.

They cried out to him, "Are we saved? Tell us, Agnello, are we saved?"

He waited until it was quiet through all the place, and then said he: "And who could harm you? For upon me be your blood; for it was for this that I was born."

And the words that he spoke, that had once seemed to me the ravings of a madman, now seemed as though they were spoken by the voice of God. I felt, when I heard him speak, as if I had been dying of thirst, and he gave me to drink. I had forgotten what hope was, and love, and, lo, here were both. And thus he delivered me, as he did all those wretched ones before him who had had to suffer not only the pains of poverty and of their feeble bodies, but also, under the wise plan of Messer Gubbio, the fear of death.

Brother Agnello called forth from all of us those fair things, love and hope, and he linked us together into a mighty army of love, and not one of us who heard him could have lifted his hand to kill his fellow-man. Hate was gone from among us: the San Moglio that I had seen turning to me the face of one who lives in hell was now full of the rejoicing of heaven, and we who heard him speak believed that for this end was Brother Agnello born.

Mighty and terrible is the tramping of an angry crowd, and red with lust a city drunk with the love of life, and worse a city that plays with the thought of death and rejoices at revenge, and terrible a city whose face is gray with fear. It seems as if no force there be on earth great enough to overcome such

things; and, lo, the voice of one man—unfriended, unhelped, with no other weapon but the love in his heart—had been stronger than all other things. I joined the crowd that went rejoicing to their homes, transformed from the children of fear and hate to the children of love and pity. But as I went past the cobbler's shop, the cobbler's lame son sat and grinned his hate at me, and as I went into the great hall Mazzaleone and my lady sat talking in low tones by the window, and she turned away a blushing cheek as though she were his sweetheart; and Bartolommeo in his lustful pride stood apart and talked with other ladies, yet his eyes rested for ever on the two by the window.

CHAPTER XII

AS I saw these sights I saw that we were still fast in the mire of hate, but I had seen the hearts of a multitude beating in tune to love; yes, I had seen hate turned into love. Late that day Mazzaleone, as was his custom, had me tell him the things which I had seen in the city, and of what had happened to Brother Agnello; and as I told him my heart beat high, for it was as though I had seen a miracle of God that day.

"And so you, Matteo," says he, smiling his wry smile, "believe that this lay preacher has been sent to take the sins of San Moglio on him and to keep the people from glutting their hates?"

"Sir," said I, "none could hear him without that belief."

He looked at me and there was a sort of pity in his gaze. "Men," says he, "are evil in their ways. Lustful and revengeful, Matteo. And in this town there is many a deep-rooted hate and many an old revenge that has dragged out its long span of years. In these days you and I, Matteo, have seen hate blossom and flower, and in fair gardens have we seen revenge put forth its dark and powerful roots. Can the few soft words of a preaching boy uproot such revenge as you and I have seen?"

"To God in His mercy all things are possible," I replied.

"Amen," he answers, "but where do you look here for God? Has he busied himself in softening the heart of the Da

Sala for the Degli Oddi? There is no peace for that old hate this side of death, and I know others more relentless than this. I have put a sure and sharp weapon in their hands and the sight of it has made them all come yapping for blood. What does he offer them, this poor Brother Agnello—poor Brother Lamb that shall so slake their ancient thirst for blood? Thirst for blood, Matteo, is sated by one thing—red blood sates it. Are Messer Gubbio di Grollo and his friends moved with pity, think you, as they sit even now, seeing what men they may summon to do their merciful work; and what men had he whose hearts chanted love and forgiveness?"

"They were the poor," said I, "and women—and some nobles, too," I added, stoutly.

"How much pity would they have, do you think, if they were offered riches, as they may be, any one of them, by to-morrow? They are the weak and the poor who form your Army of Pity—a little band that to-day sings halleluiah to God, and to-morrow will sell his brother's life for less than twenty pieces of copper. Where your town breeds one Ludovico Casamatto it spawns twenty of the breed of Sala. A knowledge of the hearts of men has been my business these many years."

"Hark," said I, for far off they were singing, and this time the piping children were drowned by full-voiced singing of men as a great procession moved along the street. Joy and light walked with them. Gladly would I have joined them.

"There are many who are not there," said Mazzaleone in his low, flickering voice. "I do not see the cobbler's lame son." Then he says, after a pause, "And what night shall my men slit his throat for you, Matteo?"

I looked at him without answering.

"And did you think," says he, "that I would let him wreak his spite upon my friend? It would be a great pity to have so merry a tongue silenced for the whim of a spiteful cripple. I will send my men when you wish—this very night, perhaps. For his malicious face does not please me as I go to and fro. What say you, Matteo?"

"I say I cannot, my lord," I answered in a low voice. It was as though some one else spoke within me, for God knows life would have been sweet to me without that jeering face that had taught me to know the black heart of San Moglio.

That evening, like a fool, I told Simonetta, and she wept in my arms, crying that I did not love her. "I would kill him," cried she; "I would stamp on him as I would crush a spider," and there came back to me Mazzaleone's words:

"And were you to find mercy in the hearts of all men, Matteo, yet would you not have softened the merciless hearts of loving women."

I hungered for the peace and rest that death of the cobbler's son would give me, and doing so perceived that the whole city of San Moglio was a battlefield as was my own heart; that each soul which had the power of life and death must fight thus dolorously, even as I did. I felt my own weakness, and the words that Mazzaleone had spoken, without love and without hate, from the depths of his knowledge of the hearts of men, echoed themselves in me.

As he had said, he had set men's feet keeping step to the tune of death, and Brother Agnello had cried to us above this march of death until all the heart of all San Moglio was torn. It is a strange thing to see a town having to fight life and death within itself. The company of pity which never wavered were happy, and those who sought death always were happier in their own way than those who wavered and swayed, as must I. Many a man I saw, and woman, who were athirst for blood as a hungry man for meat at one moment, and at the next moment put from them all thought of revenge and all thought of death, and then must go a-licking their chops again at the sweet thought of death.

When such battles fight themselves out in the silence of a man's soul it is bad enough for him, but when he feels his fellows fighting it, when the air is full of it and the town heavy with it; when the sweet faces of girls show its conflicts and the desire to kill comes into the placid eyes of mothers of children, then is one's own torment made tenfold.

When Mazzaleone asked me, "And

what do you think of it, boy?" I replied to him in my agony:

"I think, sir, that the taking of no city could have caused you more pleasure."

"I have seen a gallant fight," says he, "and a man lead a forlorn hope."

"Then let him win," I cried.

"Am I fate or God," said Mazzaleone, "to meddle with this vast spectacle? You do me too much credit. I am only one who sits watching by the wayside without meddling."

So the battle raged in me as it did through the city streets and in the houses and palaces, till the town was sick with its own doubts. Even among the houses of Da Sala and Degli Oddi had the voice of Brother Agnello penetrated.

"I had thought that this hate was made of harder stuff," said Mazzaleone to me. "Love is a terrible force, Matteo; so strong a solvent of the fierce and strong things of life that we should all beware of it. Few men have used it as a tool, for the reason that love in its pureness is rarer than the rarest jewels."

"But many have used hate," I told him, "as you have done. And what of us whose hearts must die on the battlefield of love and hate?"

So for that whole week through the battle raged in me as it did through the city. Now I longed for the death of the cobbler's son, and now the thought of having his throat slit in the dark sickened me. When I saw Brother Agnello my soul was bathed in light, and when I went into the shadowed house of the Conti it was as though the soul of me was bathed in blood, for Andrea and Malatesta, the Count's two brothers, were often there, holding long conversations with Bartolommeo about what none doubted, for in the pot-house and in the courtyards of the palaces, and in the palaces themselves, there was talk enough. All knew that Mazzaleone was with us as if there was his appointed place, and so did our lady receive him.

One day Simonetta heard Andrea say to our Count, "How now, brother; how long shall this shame persist, and when shall I rid you of it?"

"Wait," said my lord Count; "there is time enough, there is time enough."

"There's never time enough," said Malatesta, "for a woman to make a plaything of the honor of our house."

"Who says that any has done this?" says Count Bartolommeo. "Shall I be coward enough to plunge all San Moglio in blood because of tattling tongues?"

He stood there before them, black and powerful, a man to love, Simonetta reported him, for his sure courage and for his insolence. Menace there might have been in him, but no weakness ever.

Through this blackness my lady walked as though she saw nothing and heard nothing, until that I could have cried aloud to her to beware of Bartolommeo and his black brothers. Until each night as she went to her bed I thought that I might never see her again. I knew that Bartolommeo was fighting the fight as to whether he should be killed or kill. I knew that he was looking around with that shrewd mind of his to see what road there was to keep my lady and his own life. The days dragged by slow as the coming of death, yet they ran, and each day Mazzaleone said to me, "The days grow short; shall it be to-night?"

Each time I shook my head. So for a week all San Moglio fought; now its men and women drew themselves together in a knot of venomous hate, and again, with hearts calm and hate dead in them, listened to Brother Agnello, and none might tell who would gain the victory until but two nights and one day were left us—and Simonetta did not cease to cry.

"Let the others listen to Brother Agnello, but be sure that the cobbler's son will not."

So at last, for I loved life, "He shall die," I told her.

At that she kissed me and left me, and I felt I had betrayed my Master and that the triumph of love was far away; and I wept.

CHAPTER XIII

I HAD not much time for such womanish moments. Soon Simonetta returned to me, and there was fear in her face.

"It is Mazzaleone's bidding that you and I shall come to the foot of the garden," said she.

In our house that evening there was a great company assembled, since those who live under such a shadow as we do not love solitude. When we gained the great hall we stood aside while Mazzaleone was talking to this one or that one. Then says he to my lady:

"The night is warm. Shall we walk for a while in the garden?" Together they walked forth into the night. After a moment, as we had been bidden, we followed them. Our garden marches down, terrace by terrace, to the river. A narrow slit it is, and full of solemn cypresses, and at this season full of oleander bloom. It seemed to me as I walked past their ghostly flowers that I had never heard so much rustling among the leaves; unrest was in the air, and fear. I felt that there was some hidden menace about, and Simonetta shivered and slid her hand into mine. Then as we came to the foot of the garden where the high wall keeps out the river, I saw that the wall was alive with Mazzaleone's men-at-arms, and that behind each cypress stood one of the men of the Conti.

For a moment my lady stood alone by herself, while it seemed that the night waited, panting; the moonlight fell upon her and I marveled that any woman could look as sweet as she, and so happy when a sea of blood was lapping at her very feet. It seemed strange that anything with so innocent a look could live at the core of so much hate and so much conflicting desire.

So for a second it seemed that this night stood quiet to watch her, as did the men hiding in night's darkness. I knew that Mazzaleone's men waited and that among the cypress-trees waited the men of our house, all with their eyes upon her.

Then from behind us came the whispering sound of the soft drawing of swords, and I heard the voice of Mazzaleone say:

"Quick, toward the wall!" and he stood before her while Bartolommeo and Andrea and Malatesta leaped toward her. There was the sound of the men now unleashed, then her dear voice from the midst of them:

"Wait, my lords. It seems that here there is some mistake. And have you

thought, Egidio, that my lord Bartolommeo has taught me to trust men so that I would go with you? It is true," says she, "that I have been nursing to myself the thought of escape, and you yourself, Egidio, had given me it. And I thought of that escape in my own death, and for a while as one dying may wish to drink of a cool cup of water, I have taken pleasure in the friend of my childhood. For I loved your strength and I loved the subtlety of your wit, and they were the fairest things I had ever known. But in these latter days I have seen for the first time a strength that is beyond your strength and a power that makes naught of your subtlety. To this higher strength and power have I given my life. And now I say adieu to you, Egidio, and to you, Bartolommeo, I say adieu."

So alone she walked up the terraces one by one, and Mazzaleone's men vanished from the wall, and under each cypress-tree our men stood silent. Half-way up the garden she turned to a little door which led over the bridge, and by the door stood two of those whom we afterward came to know as the Poor Ladies of Santa Clara, and she went with them. From the other side of the bridge there came to us the singing of Brother Agnello's company of mercy.

Thus Mazzaleone and Bartolommeo suffered her to go. For they could have stopped her no more than death, and they could follow her as little as one may follow the soul when it flies from the body. And so they bowed their heads as before death.

CHAPTER XIV

I COULD not sleep, and before day broke I went forth into the silent streets and mounted to the Piazza Ogni Santi as though in search of Brother Agnello, for my soul thirsted for the sight of him. Though it was yet dark, I found him kneeling there, and with him many of his Company of Mercy, but he knelt apart as one praying by himself, so I knelt there among the others. And in the dawning light I saw that tears streamed down his cheeks, and I wondered if he, too, doubted. At sunrise he went into the church of Ogni Santi and confessed his sins and prepared as for

death, and came forth again, and again knelt. He walked as though he saw no one. But now there was a great peace upon his face, and thus all day he remained. All day he knelt and he spoke not one word nor moved, but knelt there silently before God, and silence was upon the *piazza* where he was. The crowd that came and went unceasing moved as silently as those who carry the dead. And the silence of the *piazza* gained to the street, and from the street to the houses and the palaces.

There was over San Moglio a hush as though the town held its breath in silent prayer. Yes, there was throughout that city the silence of those who pray beside the dead. In the palace of the Podestà sat Mazzaleone, his head sunk in his hands, and saw no one.

As noon struck, the silence of San Moglio was broken by the clanking of Mazzaleone's men as they went forth into the great *piazza*, and there they built a scaffold for the morrow. The noise of their hammerings echoed through the silent town through the hot hours of the afternoon, but none stopped to watch them, and few there were in the *piazza* save those who came and went, walking as on some urgent business. For all knew that silent above the town in the Piazza Ogni Santi Brother Agnello sat with God.

The noise of the building of the scaffold lasted through the day, and dusk came, and yet went on the noise of building, until at last it stood there complete, a monstrous emblem of hate and the lust of revenge.

Brother Agnello sat with God above the town, but as night came Hate came skulking forth. As the city had been quiet through the day, so it was restless through the night, for the scaffold and the darkness between them bred strange doubt in our hearts. Dark groups of people moved restless through the streets up to the Piazza Ogni Santi, and from there it seemed that they were sucked down to the great *piazza* against their will. Fear moved among them in the darkness of the night and whispered its warnings into their ears.

That quiet, restless ebb and flow of dark forms through dark streets gripped at my heart. I think it seemed to many, as it did to me, that Brother Agnello

fought alone against the devils that had so long ruled our hearts. As for me, I fought no more; I strove no more. I was weary with the fight, and with the other drifting shadows I drifted to the Piazza Ogni Santi and back again to the scaffold. And I cared nothing if to-morrow meant life or death so that it brought peace. I surrendered my spirit to the Brother Minor and found myself praying as if to a saint, "Save us if you can." In that night I ceased to be myself and became a part of the sleepless suspense of that waking town which knew not if to-morrow would see the scaffold an altar or streaming with blood. In the darkest hours I came on a lad I knew blubbing in a doorway. And when I asked him, "Why do you cry?" "I'm afraid of the devils," he whimpered. "The devils run through the streets, Matteo. The devils run and I fear them. Stay with me, Matteo." Many there were who said afterward that there were dark shapes among us who were no men of San Moglio; dark shapes herding us back for ever and for ever to the scaffold in the *piazza*. As the lad shook with fear I sat down beside him, and as I comforted him a wan peace came over me, and I sat there as San Moglio whispered to itself unceasing while it waited sleepless for dawn, as though all San Moglio were but one person, waiting to know if its soul were given to God or the devil.

The lad slept a little on my shoulder, and as the first grayness of dawn came he awoke, and we went together to the great *piazza*, and there on the scaffold we saw standing a dark figure. I knew that this was Brother Agnello. The *piazza* was full already of waiting people and of the restless sound of their muttering. I heard those who talked of devils and others who had heard children singing. As light came I saw that at the foot of the scaffold sat three of the Poor Ladies, and one of them was my own lady, and leaning against her was the little blond child. Around about were many of Brother Agnello's disciples and many of the Company of Mercy; and some were so weary that they slept. With the growing light the crowd grew until the *piazza* was filled with the people of San Moglio.

The gray of sleeplessness and fear and doubt was in their faces, and they all looked up to Brother Agnello as though imploring peace from him. Then the sun came and I could see his face. He looked on us with his gentle gaze and with such love as a mother who comforts her sick child and soothes it to rest. So he stood for a long while, and though he spoke no word I have never heard God's Word so truly preached.

Then beside me I heard a low sobbing, as of a woman who mourns the death of a dear son. The noise of her sobbing was a little noise, but one that was born in the very heart of grief. I heard a man's voice say, "Do not grieve, mother, since it was for this that he was born." I turned and saw the old woman who had first laughed her joy and revenge, and comforting her was the cobbler's lame son.

Many there were who wept, and this low sound so filled our ears that when the trumpets blared forth and the heralds cried that those with the ballots should form in line, their noise came to me as afar off, as a sound without meaning. As one in a dream I made my way through the crowd and joined the other scribes near Mazzaleone in the *loggia*.

He sat among his captains very grave and weary, and I knew he too had kept San Moglio's vigil. Not once did his eyes leave the Brother Minor. He sat there as one who does honor to a power mightier than his own.

Now all was silent. No one moved, no one spoke. And then the silence was rent by the brazen voices of the trumpets and by the heralds crying that the balloting should begin.

At that moment, and before any could cast a ballot, Brother Agnello took a short sword from the soldier who stood beside him on the scaffold, and cried out:

"Oh, God, accept my life unworthy for the lives of these!"

He drove the sword through his heart and thus he died. Then from all that great congregation of people went up a cry to heaven, and all sank upon their knees, while Mazzaleone arose and said to me:

"The ballots have been cast."

Darby and Joan

BY LOUISE CONNOLLY



WHEN I first saw him he was a very sallow, very bent little man, with a harsh voice, a sibilant manner of speech, and wonderfully clear and brilliant gray eyes.

He heard my inquiry with a "listening manner" which gave one the impression of an inward stillness—not of Quaker-like peace of soul, but as if a host of vociferous thoughts had been hushed by the raising of the master's hand. "Yes," said he, "we have the facts that you want, though not in the form that you ask for. A book was published on that subject in 1789 in England. It was largely a translation of a much better book published four years previously in Germany by an obscure German doctor named Wendt or Wundt. I have several brochures or magazine articles published in America between 1814 and 1859 by a Philadelphian named Rowl; and there is a French pamphlet written, curiously enough, by one Raoul LeBon, but it has in it nothing original. The most elaborate treatment of the subject was made by the German savant Grieg, and published eleven years ago at Leipzig. But there is a condensation of that in the encyclopedia that ought to serve any purpose of ordinary reference."

"How do you come to have made so profound a study of the matter?" I asked.

"I have made no study of it," he answered, in a matter-of-fact tone. "I happened to know the history of the subject as I know any other. As a matter of fact, it has been inquired for here only once before during the forty years of my incumbency."

The truth is that he did know every subject, apparently, in just that minute way. He spoke in a stilted fashion, with a bad accent, seven languages; read understandingly nine more; was a thorough botanist of the old-fashioned, classifying

variety; had calculated an eclipse—though whether of the sun or moon I never knew—at the age of twelve; and, indeed, belonged to the race, well-nigh extinct in these days of specialization, of the all-around scholar, the old-time librarian.

An old bachelor he was, very fond of waiting on the ladies, and much in vogue among the set of fashionable girls who aspired to intellectuality. There was something piquant in having as attendant a musty, absent-minded savant, who would come out of a day-dream and quote you a compliment from Cicero at a moment's notice.

The second time I met him was at a bazaar, where he escorted the beauty of the season, a girl of twenty. As he shuffled along at her side her lace wrap over his arm, and an amiable interest in his glowing eyes, the give-and-take of light badinage floated about him with an effect at once touching and bizarre. He seemed like a satyr amid a group of dancing nymphs.

Shortly thereafter my husband was offered a diplomatic position, and I spent twelve years abroad, necessarily losing touch with all but my closest circle of friends. And then we returned to stay, and began picking up the threads of the social web.

When I had been at home about a year there died a directress of the Darby and Joan Home for aged people. The position was offered to me, and I accepted.

The first meeting I attended was the yearly meeting, at which reports were read, account taken of the financial condition of the Home, officers elected, and a modest lunch consumed. I arrived too late to hear the reading of the reports, so the secretary took me into an alcove in the library and read hers all over to me. I remember it began: "Once more the year has rolled its course, bringing to us

the never-varying yet ever-new succession of sister seasons—timid spring, fervid summer, plaintive autumn, and hoary winter—each with its gifts of rich experience, and each demanding its toll of toil and care.” I know I was much impressed with the literary style of this production; it seemed to me surprising in a business document; and, besides, I had never suspected that poor, skinny, freckled Jennie Blake (only daughter of my father’s esteemed crony, General Blake, who married the third daughter of Lord Beauchamp—oh, Jennie’s blood was undeniable.) But no one ever thought her mind superior to her looks—she was made secretary because she was “such a faithful little soul.”

“Why, Miss Jennie,” said I, “that’s fine! I should think you would write for publication. You are so fluent.”

“Oh no!” said Miss Jennie. “I only write for my own satisfaction in self-expression, and on occasions like this.”

The home I found to be an institution, containing inmates, and run by a governor, matron, and helpers, all under a board of lady directors. It has a big endowment, and every inmate has to pay five hundred dollars on entering, and leave to the home any other capital, whose interest, however, he may enjoy during life. Besides, it is a very popular charity, and the lady directors are always giving bazaars, kermesses, and other forms of social activities in its name, so that it is well off for income, and is housed in a stately, well-appointed building surrounded by handsome grounds. It cannot, however, extend its sphere of usefulness much, because it was dedicated in the beginning to “gentlemen and gentlewomen of fallen fortunes residing within the city limits for at least ten years before applying for entrance as inmates.” No one who has always been poor or who belongs to plain people can enjoy the advantages of the home, and the city’s supply of reduced aristocrats is limited.

It is the business of the directresses to visit the home in turn, so that two directresses are due there each day. I always feel meddlesome when I go to a place of that sort and pry into its affairs—though, of course, it isn’t really prying, but rather a necessary oversight.

The present governor is a mild-mannered, elderly little man, who would make a pretty good inmate if he were to the manor born; and his wife is a rather pretty, ostentatiously refined woman. She is so outrageously flattering and subservient in her manner to us ladies that I can’t help suspecting that she bullies the inmates to balance things; but all the other ladies assure me with one voice that we are in wonderful luck to have so ladylike and tactful a person in the place.

I can’t seem to bring myself to do my duty as a visiting directress. Mrs. Spencer, now, seems to enjoy her day at the home. She has long tales to tell of the wisdom of the matron in dealing with the eccentricities of the inmates. There is old Mrs. Paxton, for instance, who needs coffee, but won’t drink it because she can’t have the cream in the cup before the coffee is poured; and poor old Dr. Lee, who storms and scolds three times a day because he can’t have his own brand of tea. “You see for yourself, Mrs. Vance,” says Mrs. Spencer, “that to set a cup full of coffee by each plate and then pass the cream and sugar is the only possible way of serving so many people.”

“But it seems to be only one guest who demands cream first,” said I, “and an empty cup.”

“There is where inexperienced ladies on the board often fall into error,” exclaimed Mrs. Spencer. “You can’t make exceptions; it’s impossible in an institution. It’s a fundamental principle, the matron says, and she is right. Once give old lady Paxton an extra cup, and the discipline of the entire cuisine would be upset. There’d be no system left.”

Soon after I was appointed on the board of the Darby and Joan Home I went to Paris for a visit, and was away a couple of months.

The first meeting of the board that I attended after my return was pervaded by a little flutter of suppressed interest, not accounted for by any of the usual business, so that I was not surprised, when the president asked, “Is there any new business to bring before the board?” to see Jennie Blake rise with a formal-looking document in hand, and to hear her, with a nervous little



HE WAS VERY FOND OF WAITING ON THE LADIES, AND MUCH IN VOGUE

throat-clearing, announce: "Madame President, I have a communication which, by the advice of two of our most experienced members, to whom I showed it before the present meeting began, I withheld at the point in our proceedings usually devoted to communications, lest the unusualness of its contents should disturb the judicial poise which I think we all feel should mark the deliberations of this board." If Jennie could have got another prepositional phrase in, I am sure she would have done so.

Then she read aloud, with unction, the following:

To the Board of Lady Directors,
Darby and Joan Home,
City of Mincing.

RESPECTED MESDAMES ["*Mesdames*," whispered little Mrs. Lathrop, excitedly],—As an inmate of the philanthropic institution which you so ably administer I feel it my duty to apprise you of any material change of attitude which I may experience toward the basal problems of life, and as a suitor for the hand [Suitor!] cried half a dozen at once. The word startled the assemblage like the explosion of a mine] of a female inmate of

this home, whose guardians you may ["Female inmate!" shrieked a chorus of utterly undisciplined board members], in a sense, be considered to be, I feel myself under double obligation to acquaint you with my intentions. Being of proper legal age, and under no constraint to act under your tutelage, my inamorata ["Mercy!" squealed the lady president, in exactly the shrill tone she employed as my John kissed her under the mistletoe when she was a girl of eighteen] and I might, of course, at any moment seek the nearest clergyman ["An elopement!" said the president, shuddering—"an *elopement*! And columns, simply columns, in the daily press!"], but the uniform consideration with which your honorable board has always treated us ["Well, he's a gentleman," murmured Mrs. Lathrop. "Oh, do keep still," said Mrs. Spencer, "and let us find out who it is!"], as well as our own sense of the reverence and propriety with which so sacred a subject as matrimony should be approached by those no longer tainted by the frivolity of youth [half of us were by this time on our feet and unconsciously clustering around Jennie, whose voice trembled as she read], lead us to place our intended future conduct before you before taking any irretrievable step.

["Thank God!" said the president.]

I therefore have the honor to request of you your consent and approval of my imminent entrance into conjugal relations with Mrs. Clarice Wainwright.

["Clarice! It's Clarice Wainwright. Old Lady Wainwright. Why, she's seventy-two!" A babel arose. "Do let Jennie finish," I cried. "Who's the man, Jennie?"]

Yours respectfully and cordially,
PHINEAS LIPPINCOTT.

So read Jennie. And we sank back into our places feeling that the universe crumbled.

"The Wise Man and the Beauty!" ejaculated Mrs. Spencer. "Truly, in the human heart folly never dies. How old is he, Miss Jennie?"

Jennie turned over the pages of her note-book to the Age Register and announced, "Phineas Lippincott, formerly librarian, entered two years ago, in the seventy-fourth year of his age."

The president groaned. "What is to be done? Is there any provision for such a crisis in the constitution?"

"None," said Jennie, pale but important.

"Let's have the Joneses up," suggested Mrs. Spencer, excited out of her usual veneer of propriety. "If they've let this scandal grow under their noses they ought to be instructed to stop it." A confused murmur of assent and dissent arose.

The president, who has a moral right to her office, being a woman of judgment and dignity—though subject, as a mortal, to slight lapses under a surprise—tapped sharply with the official gavel and, as we relapsed into silence, observed: "Ladies, I think that Mrs. Spencer's informal suggestion that the governor and matron be called before this body is a wise one; but Mrs. Spencer herself will, I am sure, be the first to admit that so grave a question as this should not be placed in their hands. Provided you approve of permitting me, in the office for which you have chosen me, to conduct the examination of Mr. and Mrs. Jones unaided—excepting as you may wish to hand me written suggestions during the interview (for the subject is a delicate one)—I shall be glad to receive a motion on the point."

Once more we were a board of solemn directresses. The motion was made.

"The Joneses" were summoned. They came.

Under discreet questioning—and the president did us proud as a cross-questioner—Mr. Jones attested with unseemly grins, which his wife's veiled frowns could not control, that the institution contained "three spoony couples and a universally spoony widower"; that the worst, because the slyest, of these couples was the couple in question; that much of his wife's time was spent in interrupting *tête-à-têtes* between these couples, and delivering reluctant aged ladies from the machinations of the universal spooner, but that by firmness and tact he thought they had the situation always under control. And his wife, though she softened his statements, confirmed them in essentials.

The Joneses were dismissed with thanks, and went, exuding curiosity.

"Madame President," said I, writhing under the vulgarity which it seemed to me threatened to engulf a really "delicate" affair, and in my ignorance of parliamentary usage digging a pitfall for my own feet, "I think that it would be well if you were to place this matter in the hands of a committee, to report, say, in three days, to a special meeting of the board, the board members being, in the interim, pledged to secrecy."

"May I consider that a motion?" said the president.

"You may," said I; and forthwith I found myself with Mrs. Spencer constituting the committee!

Incidentally, I am proud to add that the pledge of secrecy was absolutely kept. We really are women of honor. But I suffered a good deal for a day or two alone with John.

I served alone on that committee. Mrs. Spencer sprained her foot, and, officially, I was not sorry.

Phineas Lippincott received me graciously. He is too absent-minded to have manners, but he manages to convey in a dry way a feeling of refinement and of respect for the individuality of his interlocutor rather than of good will. When I hesitatingly broached the subject of his letter he said to me:

"My mother was a woman beautiful of soul, but homely of visage. My sister was a woman of fine mind, but plain,



"I BLESSED GOD THAT MY DREAM HAD PRESERVED ME LONELY TO THAT DAY"

devoid of grace and charm. As a gawky lad in my country home I used to long and hope some day to meet a 'lovely lady' who should combine my mother's gentle goodness and my sister's clear intellect with a type of beauty which I saw only in dreams and who would permit my homage and requite it with confidence and tenderness.

"All through the long years of my studious manhood the vision of my lovely lady has floated before me, and I have sought her as truly as ever knight of old sought the Holy Grail; and I have served her, too, though unfound, keeping my heart pure, my thoughts high, my deeds generous to those who needed service, however displeasing they might be in outward seeming, for her sake. I never entered a place where women were gathered without wondering, 'Will she be here? Is this she?' I have had many friendships with women of all ages and conditions, and have learned to admire the characteristic virtues of the sex and

to condone its faults, but the lovely lady never came. Perhaps, if I had been the one to be sought, and one of the dear girls with whom I companioned had solicited my love, I might have responded and have taken a reasonably satisfactory substitute to my breast. I think many (both men and women) do this. But I was so displeasing in personal attributes that there was little chance of any girl making advances to me. You see, I am so absent in manner that the young think me deaf, and I have had ample opportunity of overhearing their impressions of me.

"So the age-limit at which the library discards its employees came, and I had used little thrift during my long years of service."

"I know how lavishly, and on whom, you spent what you earned," said I; and he inclined an acknowledgment.

"So I entered the home," he ruminated, his glowing eyes lighting with a luster of which he was evidently un-

ashamed, "and I stepped one morning into this court, and I met Her—simple, gentle, kind, dignified, reserved, clear-headed, and sweetly beautiful. And I blessed God that my dream had preserved me lonely to that day; and I offered the homage of an old man's unsullied heart, and God gave me a miracle. Madam, that lovely lady loves me."

Now I was a committee of one to prevent a scandal in the Darby and Joan Home. And I said, quite brokenly: "I thank you very much, Sir Galahad, for permitting me to hear the tale of your very beautiful idyl. You may be sure that I will respect your confidence and further your wishes as best I can."

And he said, with a reticent smile: "Oh, I am not loath to tell the story. Those who respect it share its beauty, and those who do not cannot sully it."

So I went to see Mrs. Archibold Wainwright, *née* Clarice Kerr, whose husband, the scapegrace of a family of highest aristocracy and enormous wealth, is re-

ported to have hauled her about by the hair and squandered her fortune, whose father was an Austrian count—also of unsavory fame—and who was herself, when a girl, a famous beauty and coquette.

The Wise Man had made no mistake in his choice of the Beauty. She looked—she looks, for she is at this minute cutting down geraniums in my conservatory in a gray-silk gown, a white morning-cap, and white gloves—like a faded rose. I borrow the simile from one of Dr. Lippincott's poems. She had on a white challis with black figures on it—one must always describe her clothes; I don't know why; they are always only the drapings of her grace—and her soft gray hair was curled in front and looped back with side-combs, falling in fleecy curls at the back of her neck; and her brown eyes were soft and brilliant and full of intellect and integrity all at once, so that the whole world holds no eyes, of old or young, to compare with them;

and her cheeks were delicate pink and finely wrinkled; and her brow was high; and she had even, small teeth, just a bit tinged with ivory tone, behind tender lips. Her hands are delicately boned. The skin over the backs is the finest thing in the world; the palms are pink and soft as flower-petals; the nails transparent, and the movements of her hands are tender, exquisite, delicately expressive.

"Oh, dear Mrs. Wainwright," said I, "I am Mamie Carter, who married John Vance. I have a picture of you in a tin-type group among my mother's things in a hair-cloth trunk."

"Of course you have," said she, in a voice like silver chimes. I have a du-



"MY DEAR, HE THINKS SO HIGHLY OF ME THAT I AM ASHAMED"



"I NOW APPEAR WITH A SIMILAR OFFER TO ADOPT DR. AND THE FUTURE MRS. LIPPINCOTT AS PARENTS"

plicate in this old chest. But you resemble your father more than your mother, my dear."

We talked of old times, and I told her that I was a directress, and she laughed. Sleigh-bells ring when she laughs. There is nothing like it in the world. I would give half my private fortune to buy a laugh like that for my granddaughter, Mary.

"Tell me about it, please," said I.

"Dear," said she, "you have been happily married to a good man since your early youth. I could hardly bear to tell you of the sadness of it, were it not for the joy of it." And she sighed and smiled. Then she patted my hand and gave me her confidence.

"I longed, when I was young, to look up to a strong man who would be my protector, my knight. Oh, I was full of romance! I read Byron, and filled my

pillow with sighs. So when Archie, who was six feet five, with a big bass voice and a strongly featured face, held out his arms to me, I fell into them—I can't tell you details, my dear. But if your soul has true purity no pitch can befoul you. If ever daughter of yours marries grievously, remember that. From the day of my marriage I was widowed. Archie's death gave me excuse for grief, but I had felt it before. And I thought never again of any man in a romantic light—though I had many a good time, my dear, in my early widowhood."

"I'll wager," said I, in delight.

"My dear," said she, "all the while my soul craved one thing—reverence. I used to think it would heal the wounds of shame in my heart if I could be sure that I had the reverence of a really good man—if there were a really good man in all the world."

"I know," said I; "that's why I am proud of being John's wife. His feeling makes me seem to myself what he thinks me."

"My dear," said she, "the wisest and purest and noblest man—just the best man. My dear, he thinks so highly of me that I am ashamed."

I was a committee of one to dissuade Mrs. Archibold Wainwright from committing an absurdity, and I said: "I know. Isn't it wonderful? I really think that white brocade is what you ought to wear."

When I went home I spent all the rest of the day breaking engagements and refusing callers and forbidding the maids to bring me telephone messages and wandering over the house. Our house is John's ancestral home. It is a double house with a basement and three stories above, sitting in the midst of grounds whose ampleness worries the real-estate

agents. The furnaces and coal-bins occupy one half of the basement, and we used to have the kitchen and store-room on the other side, and the servants slept on the third floor. But when we came home we built a good annex at the back, containing kitchen, scullery, pantry, and servants' parlor below; and a number of single bedrooms, with baths, for the maids above. So now half the basement is empty except for the books left to John by his namesake uncle while we were abroad. And we have made a pool-room with three funny recesses out of the front half of the third floor, leaving the four back rooms, loosely packed with odds and ends, as a store-room.

When John came home that evening he found me camped out on an old lounge in the pool-room, with my "planning expression" screwed on so tightly that no banter could unscrew it.

"What is it?" said John.



HIS HAPPINESS IN HIS BOOKS AND THEIR MUTUAL DEVOTION ARE BEAUTIFUL TO SEE

"John, dear," said I, "do you think you would mind much meeting an occasional wraith in the halls of this house?"

"N-n-o," said John; "not if it were here on your invitation."

"What are you going to do with Uncle John's books?" I asked. "You don't want to use them yourself, that's sure."

"Mamie," said John, "you might as well give up trying to get me to give my uncle's books away. I am willing to leave them to the city library when I die, but I'll be hanged if I part with them during my life."

"Yet it will be an awful expense and trouble to have them shelved and catalogued," said I.

"Why don't you tell me about it?" said John. "Let it out of your system, do. What's up?"

So I told him the whole story.

And John looked at me understandingly. Oh, the joy that one has when one meets that understanding look! When I was a girl I was long undecided between John Vance and Halbert Sickles. There was nothing against either of them, and I didn't know my own mind. Then one day John looked at me with understanding, and we were engaged from that minute, with no question about it.

So now John looked at me with understanding. "All you'll have to do, Mamie, is to arrange the details. How are you going to manage it? And how do I come in?"

"We'll fix two bedrooms back of this room with a bath," said I, "and arrange a sewing-room in the alcove of this room and line the walls with shelves. Then we'll make a sitting-room out of the front of the basement, with a rug, and flowers in the window. It's a high basement. And we'll line that room with shelves. And we'll make a cunning dining-room out of the old kitchen, with a dumb-waiter from the pantry above. And they shall have their meals in their own dining-room, served by the second housemaid, except when we invite them to dinner. Oh, John!"

"Oh, Mamie!" said John. "Let's go to dinner."

When the special meeting of the board convened I had already inter-

viewed the president and Jennie Blake, so that there was no danger of the board's getting out of control. Everything was sure to be done decently and in order, however startling the disclosures made.

The president called the meeting to order, preliminaries were hurried through, and I reported that both of the inmates involved in the late disclosures were quite firm in their determination to carry out the matrimonial engagement into which they had entered, and it remained only for us to decide what course we would pursue in countenancing or protesting against their proposed conduct.

"Madame President," said Jennie Blake, "before this discussion begins I would like to notify the board that Judge John Vance, the ex-ambassador—a distinguished fellow-citizen of ours, and husband of one of our lady directors—is in the anteroom requesting audience with the board."

The news was received with composure, since several of the members had seen John's portly frame as the door was swung by the secretary in her preparations for the meeting; and I had distinctly seen him wink on one of those occasions at pretty little Mrs. Lathrop, who comes over frequently to play pool with us.

John was brought in. Greetings were exchanged, of a semi-social, semi-official tone. All the directresses, however easy their customary intercourse with the guest, felt a certain solemnity in the occasion. Here was a man, six feet two, and amply broad in proportion, with a voice a full octave below our deepest, and of goodly brawn, a man accustomed to appearing before European potentates, and himself a member of various boards that conduct big business, standing in the presence of our feminine board with a request to prefer. We all liked it.

John made a very good appearance, I must say. I never saw him do better. There is no superficial gallantry covering a veiled insult in John when he addresses a woman—much less a body of women. He managed to combine deference to our individual refinement with respect for our corporate importance.

"Madam President," said he,

"through the flattering confidence of one of your members" (the other members, all of whom had kept their pledge of secrecy, looked at me accusingly), "I have come into possession of facts which will, I hope, justify me in your eyes in preferring a request. Several of you are, I believe, also directresses of the Protestant Orphan Asylum, and business of this sort is frequently transacted there. Dr. Phineas Lippincott, A.B., A.M., Ph.D., LL.D., the distinguished bibliophile, when he consented to illuminate this institution with his learned presence, put himself to some extent into the financial guardianship of your board—I think to the amount of some three thousand dollars."

"Three thousand four hundred and sixty," murmured Jennie Blake.

John bowed. "And Mrs. Archibold Wainwright, whose beauty and virtue adorn the establishment, is similarly involved to the amount of about two thousand."

"One thousand nine hundred exactly," said Jennie.

"Very well," said John. "Now, as couples frequently come to the orphan-asylum offering to adopt the young inmates as children, I now appear before this board with a similar offer to adopt Dr. and the future Mrs. Lippincott as parents. And, since a withdrawal of these two inmates would lose to the home a future capital of something over five thousand dollars cash, I hereby offer to your board the sum of five thousand dollars cash to waive the claim of the home upon these present inmates."

"But really, Judge Vance," said the president, "it is inexpressibly generous of you to be willing to take care of our worthy if foolish friends; but there is no reason for your sacrificing five thousand dollars besides. The home doesn't get the money, anyway, until they die."

"Madame President, and ladies of the board," said John, "the truth is we don't want our dear if aged friends to feel that they cannot will their little properties individually to each other, or jointly to what and whom they please. Our personalities extend through and are amplified amazingly by our mundane possessions, and the broader and firmer the hold which this world makes upon

our adopted parents the better Mrs. Vance and I will be pleased."

We had a great wedding. We had it at the home, and they took a wedding-trip to Niagara Falls, and we had a reception when they came home. I hunted out Mrs. Wainwright's old cook and hired her daughter as second housemaid, with injunctions to look out first for Miss Clarice's comfort; and John pays Dr. Lippincott twenty-five a month as household librarian, so that they have over five hundred a year pin-money. His happiness in his books, and her delight in the running of the conservatory, and their mutual devotion are beautiful things to see.

But the effect which neither John nor I, in the unconscious arrogance of our benevolence, had properly calculated was the blissfulness of having reverend age in the house. When one of us says, as one of us often does, "What should we do without the children?" the other adds, "Or without the old folks?"

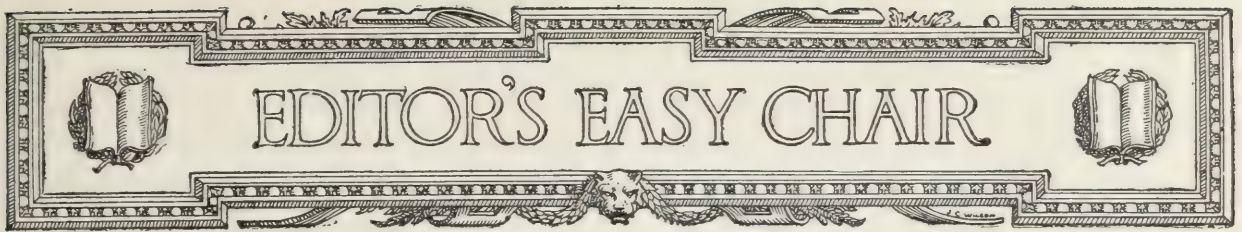
Professor Zangfeldt, making his adieus after a reception at our house the other day, said to me: "I find here with you a distinction that I meet not in many homes. I understand that you have wealth and position, and that your husband as a diplomat and you as an author have good repute, but there are other elements here which make a flavor more of an Old World kind. I hope I am clear without offense?"

"It is Mrs. Vance's parents who produce the flavor, Professor," said Jennie Blake, who was receiving with me. "She found the choicest specimen of the old aristocracy and the finest example of old-time learning, each of them in want of a daughter, when she came back from Europe, and she picked them up at a bargain. Now they adorn her parlors with the luster of an old-time grace, and they draw learned folks like you to her receptions, and the rest of us envy what we can't emulate."

"Yes," said John, "our home is blessed with the wisdom and beauty of a very dear and honored age through the presence of our adopted parents."

"What are you talking about, children?" said Aunt Clarice.

"About our blessings, dear," said I.



EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

LAST year a many years' exile from the ancient capital of New England had the fancy of repatriating himself for the winter, and, that the experiment should lack nothing of the intensest local character, he took a furnished flat on The Hill. In Boston you need not say The Hill with large letters, as it is printed here; if you say The Hill at all you mean Beacon Hill; there are other hills, as Copp's Hill and Corey's Hill, but you cannot mean any of these hills when you say The Hill.

The experiment had its painfulnesses. The Hill has the property of growing higher every day, and of varying in height not only to the ascending foot of the exile in his more than middle age, but of being much steeper in the afternoon, when one naturally returns from the *matinée* and needs the comfort of a gentle level, than in the forenoon when one goes out on some easy errand and comes blithely back. It has also the peculiarity, morning, noon, and night, of being always uphill; if you live on the top, by no chance do you come down to your dwelling in coming home. When it crowns itself with snow, as it begins to do in January and keeps on doing into April, the drift turns the feet into lead weighing each a ton; and sometimes when you ask the corner cabman (who abounds in Boston more than anywhere else) to drive you home from the *matinée* or your friend's lunch, he may refuse to do so on your owning that you live on The Hill. He probably incurs a penalty by his refusal, but nobody knows what it is, and he chances it.

Another thing is that The Hill is inhabited so largely by ghosts, which would not so much matter if one were not a ghost oneself, the ghost of what one was, but it is disagreeable to have other ghosts striking against you on the sidewalks at the street-corners in an interfusion which you find it very

hard to escape from. But when one has said this one has said the worst of living on The Hill, and little is left but praise for it in the experience of the repatriated exile. There is one supreme delight which seems peculiar to it, and which could have been imagined only in Boston, or if not that, quite, then has as yet been imagined only there. One heard incredulously some rumor of it before the hallowed season for it arrived, and one scarcely believed in it when it actually came to pass, and people began lighting the candles in their windows. One rather dreads the beautiful when it appears in a very voluntary form, lest it should turn out prettiness, but when the candles began to twinkle in the windows of those stately old Mt. Vernon Street houses, and the less stately but not less charming houses of Chestnut Street and Pinckney, and Louisburg Square, one felt that the promise of beauty would be kept, and the spirit of Christmas would come to Boston as angelically as if there had never been centuries of Puritanism to cast it out as an evil demon. Arch after arch the rows of the candles were kindled on The Hill last Christmas Eve till the whole street glittered tenderly in the evening air. On the thresholds people were standing in friendly expectation, and behind the gleaming lights within the passer could see the dwellers standing, mostly in shadowy groups. But at one window chance had posed, in bright relief, two lovely heads as for an allegory of the season when youth and age are young together. Whose they were, the silvery head and the golden, that looked out from that pane with kindly shining eyes, remains the secret of their owners. The repatriated exile did not know them, and if he had known them he would not tell here, such is the gentle influence of the season, even with inveterate literature. One may indeed go so far as fleetingly to note the

tastefulness of that whole interior, with the pictures on the walls, and the books on the shelves, and the elect journals and magazines on the library table; but of what interior on The Hill is not this a graphic suggestion? Or who knows but this very magazine may have been chief among those elect periodicals, enjoining reticence upon our modesty?

The climate of The Hill had not put on its rigor yet; the December night was as soft as if it had been November, or even October, and many refused wraps and protested they did not need overcoats. The walks before the houses began to be impeded with those who halted to look up at the windows, where the holly wreaths and garlands showed against the panes before the candles. Some loiterers even suffered themselves to pass the gates of the deep-yarded Mt. Vernon Street houses, and to straggle up toward the doorsteps, where the dwellers kept themselves not inhospitably aloof; mostly groups of young girls come out with their dinner-guests to share the charming event with them. For we were all to take part in the pleasure, the better than pleasure, of hearing the Christmas Carols bidden back from the Old English times to echo in that New England air as if they had, down through the Puritan centuries, never let a Christmas Eve pass without their singing.

We waited for the carols to begin, not impatiently, but merely wondering when they would begin, when all at once they began, though just where on The Hill one could not say; and then they did not end for hours. That is the whole fact in a few words, but there was much more than the fact which could not be got in many words. From time to time the Waits, as one may fondly but inexactly call them, paused in the middle of the street and sang their carols, and then went on and paused again for another song; or did they keep singing as they walked? Who they were we did not ask; they were men and women voices rather than men and women; and there seemed to be several companies of them. At one place in Chestnut Street they seemed to be men's voices only, but always they were the heart-swelling utterance of the religious emotion which may be the best if not the most of

religion: they uttered love, worship, pity, hope; something wild, mystical, past imagining. The dim air lent itself to the effect, and the moving and pausing crowd, black under the vague trees, was our modernity remanded to the conditions of the race's younger life. Friends recognized friends and spoke gladly to one another as if they had not met for a long time; in the pauses of the singing we laughed for joy as we followed the Waits, and stopped when they stopped, and listened again till they came again to their sweet cry of "Noël, Noël!"

The progress of the singers, whether several bands or one, was through Mt. Vernon Street and Chestnut and Pinckney, and the convergence of their followings was in that dear old Louisburg Square where, under the leafless elms, the two unknown statues front each other from either end of the iron-fenced oblong, lost in the perennial puzzle of their own identity. Or was the puzzle the spectator's? The statues must have at least known themselves that Christmas Eve with those Christmas carols flowing tenderly round them, and if they had been originally meant for pagan philosophers, might have felt themselves turned into Fathers of the Church. It seemed a pity that night (or it seems a pity now) that if that holy singing could work such an effect in hearts of stone, the custom of it should not be restored everywhere. Even in Boston it seemed restored only on The Hill; one was not aware of its having returned to the Back Bay, or to the South End, so far as positive knowledge went, or even rumor, though it was contended that candles were lighted in the windows there. Christmas in the grosser form of holiday we have had increasingly these many years, since Dickens established the cult of it and repaganized the world-old festival in a saturnalia of overeating and drinking; and we all know what a weariness to the soul and body it has become in the shopping and the giving and taking of gifts. There is no lack either of ecclesiastical observance; the churches keep that going indoors, but the religion does not come outdoors to the people in the street elsewhere as it came last Christmas Eve on The Hill. That is,

not to our knowledge, though, for all we can make oath to, quite the same event may have befallen New York and Philadelphia and Chicago and San Francisco, on whatever corresponds in those cities to The Hill.

It must have taken time, it must have taken trouble, to prepare that lovely event, but so does it take trouble and take time—a lot of both—to shop for people whom you do not really want to give presents to, and think you must; and so does it take time and trouble for them to shop and return those presents which, Heaven knows, they never wanted. It may be said that more people have time and money than have voices, or than can learn to sing a Christmas carol, but besides doubting this, we have to suggest that those who cannot sing may go with the choral company and seem to sing. The people following in the street or on the sidewalks will not know; and besides, if those who sing badly have it on their consciences to sing anyhow, they can sing so low as not to spoil the effect. There will always be enough good singing to impart the poetry of the intention and to revive a gentle custom; and if it can be done in Boston, it ought to be as easily done, if it has not already been done, in those Sodoms and Gomorrah we have mentioned.

The capital of New England is now a Catholic city, yet it was not by the will or the usage of the Catholic majority that the Waits went singing their Christmas carols up and down The Hill. Rather it was the effect of Protestantism softening to what was lovely and lovable in the observance of the hallowed time, after the grim years when Boston was so forbiddingly a Puritan city, with a terrible conscience against every form of Christmas observance.

In one of those years, bleaker than any winter could make it, Judge Sewall, the magistrate who shared in condemning the Salem witches, and annually sorrowed for it before the Old

South Church, witnessed in his diary that he had seen on Christmas day as many righteous farmers standing with their wagon-loads of wood in the Boston streets as on any week-day of the secular year. Now, on Christmas Eve the Waits of the old English holyday, in a gentler palingenesis, go singing their carols up and down The Hill, and the crowd, heart-led, follows them through Mt. Vernon Street, and Chestnut and Pinckney, and Louisburg Square; and the candles shine down on them fondly from the windows of the houses, instead of averting their light in horror.

After all, leaving out the good works, which the Apostle held the best proof of faith, religion seems mainly to be an emotion of the natural piety which brings the human and the divine together, the prayer which rises consciously or unconsciously, the poetry which utters worship. It is part of the mystery which is a main part of our being and conditioning in the world, and perhaps if we had everywhere the Christmas carols as one had them last Christmas Eve on The Hill in Boston, they might fail of their finest effect; they might grow tedious and decay into disuse again from repetition. Yet Christmas comes but once a year, and one cannot have the carols too often with that space of time between. We who grow tired from waking old in the morning must remember the children who wake young, who cannot have a thing too often, who rejoice in any repetition as if it were a primal inspiration. What we are to do now more than ever is to hold fast by every tie that binds us to the promise of peace on earth, good will to men. Who knows but that before the Christmas day so near shall dawn a time of lasting peace may not have come to the anguished nations of the earth? Let us try to believe it, and in the world-old season of rejoicing, in the holiday of the eldest worship, long ago baptized Christian, let our hearts echo to the "Noël, Noël!" of the carol-singers.



EDITOR'S STUDY

AGAIN Christmas approaches. Never before has the brightness of the season been so overshadowed—the shambles of mortality threatening to blot out the promise of the Nativity.

The Reality may be mocked by shadows, but not effaced. We turn again to regard that promise with undiminished hope for humanity. All the seasons which shall return will fail to exhaust its full meaning, which has its continuing disclosure only in the making of a new humanity.

Strange as it may seem to us, a very long period elapsed before Christians began to celebrate the Nativity; and more than two generations had passed before there was a written record of it such as we have in the Gospels. The earliest of these Gospels—that according to Mark—contains no reference to the birth of Jesus. Among church festivals Easter has always been ranked chief. It was the Resurrection that chiefly impressed Paul, and in every case but his the apostles were witnesses to that event, chosen as apostles for that reason. Themselves convinced, they convinced others.

Among the Hebrews, this theme naturally appealed to the Pharisees, who were distinguished from the Sadducees by their belief in a resurrection, and whose original record had marked them as the most spiritually minded of the Jewish sects, and therefore by hereditary tendency most inclined to the acceptance of such an exemplar as the oral tradition of the sayings and doings of Christ set forth before there was any written gospel. In this pre-gospel period Paul was establishing Christian communities among the gentiles and writing epistles to them; so that in an almost incredibly short space of time Christianity was a working leaven in the world, having its apostles and converts, and even its martyrs.

In connection with this speedy tri-

umph, the Epistles have always been most interesting to the Christian scholar and interpreter as the earliest evidences of the vitality and character of the original oral tradition, cherished and reinforced during the first generation by vivid memories of a singular spiritual drama, which was concentrated within the few years of Christ's public ministration, without any apparent relation to the circumstances of His birth. But the purely spiritual significance and impressiveness of this drama are especially signalized by the fact that Paul, who was most eminently its creative interpreter, had directly no actual part in it. For him the oral tradition was a vital communication so effective that it was but a step from the sight of the dying Stephen, to whose martyrdom he was witness and accessory, to the exalted vision on his way to Damascus which changed his whole career; and he made the tradition, thus mystically reinforced, effective to the gentile world. He preached a gospel which he had not read, but which, nevertheless, had been distinctly and authoritatively articulated—a gospel of forgiveness, of grace, as well as of resurrection and immortality.

But it was as some new manifestation of immortality that Christianity first arrested the attention of mankind—whatever else it might have to offer, of rest for weariness, of pardon for trespasses.

Nothing was more common to the mind of Jew and gentile than the conception of everlastingly persistent mortal existence. Death did not strike the soul, annihilating or releasing, but sent it glimmering, a tenuous shade, into a World of Shadows.

What a glimpse of sane helpfulness Plato's *Phædo* afforded many pagan souls through the suggestions of release offered by Socrates in his last great Conversation! In the majestic cycle of Greek tragedy there was in that same great period of enlightenment one mo-

ment offered which might almost be called a Christian moment, in contrast with all other moments in that cycle so impressive to a pagan sensibility. Every reader of Browning's "Balaustion's Adventure" knows well that moment in the "Alcestis" of Euripides when Heracles returns from his wrestling with Death, bringing with him the living trophy of his triumph.

What chiefly must have impressed the pagan witnesses of the scene was not the sense of joyous relief as a result of the conflict, but a feeling of awe which was a reflex of the ghastly struggle, and which concentrated all attention upon Heracles himself, who at this moment discloses a redemptive aspect unfamiliar to all pagan conception and speculation. An inexpressible pathos is also attached to the hero in this saving act; for virtue seemed to have gone out of him, and he seemed to have taken within himself some accentuation of the mortality he had subdued. Himself he could not save. So near, in just that moment, when at sunset he brought Alcestis back to the halls of Admetus, did he come to a foreshadowing of the Christ! But it was only a shadow—a strange suggestion, lacking any spiritual context.

In the story of the Resurrection of Christ as told by the Apostles, the spiritual context was everything, as accounting for the original impression made upon the world by the Christian faith. As simply a miracle it would have been of little effect.

What impressed Paul in the face of the dying Stephen was that his eyes were looking straight into heaven. A new world, as opposite to Hades or Sheol as the zenith is from the nadir, had been opened to believers to whom had come this new faith. Here was rather an illumination of immortality than an eclipse of mortality. It was as if Death had been transformed and had taken to himself wings; it was the inert and outworn chrysalis he had left behind which men had hitherto called Death and associated with the dust and phantasmal shadows of the Underworld. The body itself was subject to this wonderful transformation—sown in weakness and raised in strength, sown a natural body and raised a spiritual body.

The power which restored Lazarus to his sisters; like that which restored Alcestis to her husband, however magical, might easily be forgotten, having no manifestly spiritual genesis or sequel. But this new doctrine was creative, altering the whole prospect of humanity. It was associated with a time and a place and a singular personality—with a concrete individual life and with facts in that life and concurrent articulate utterances that constituted altogether a spiritual drama leading up to the one culminating fact which seemed fitly to seal this living testament.

The communication was creative, immediate, compelling. It was not addressed as an argument to the human intellect. It seems rather to have been applied than addressed to humanity, to have immediately met and become a part of human sensibility and experience. It was not an appeal to vulgar superstition. The element of miracle in it, like that implied in the operation of healing, was itself an incident of redemption. The miracle of the Resurrection was not physical, but spiritual; if it seemed like a violent break of eternity into time, it was for no temporal issue, but for the illumination of an eternal reality.

The Christian movement itself, during its first century, was as real a miracle as anything then or later referred to as its foundation. This is especially true of the course it took in the West—an almost unnoticed living current running everywhere through the Roman Empire. The eager acceptance and assimilation of the new faith by peoples all of whose temperaments, habits, and traditions ran counter to it, were inexplicable on any natural or logical ground. There was no appeal to worldly aims or ambitions; no incitement to class resentment or revolt; on the contrary, all men were enjoined to love even their enemies and to submit themselves to them who were appointed rulers over them. There was to be but one warfare—that by which the spiritual man was to subdue the natural man, in the interests of an eternal life.

For lack of any external compulsion to so radical a change in human purpose and disposition—in the human heart itself—leading to an entirely new

kind of enlightenment and culture, in which all humanity might be participant, we are obliged to believe that a turning-point had been reached in the evolution of this humanity. There was manifest a new creation, the working in human history of a principle which, as a factor in that history, was without precedent, uninitiated by any visibly pre-existent organization or authority. That is the mark of all creative evolutionary procedure. We say of such an emergence that it comes "in the fullness of time," but we say this after the event, only then noting some leverage of time, some midwifery of circumstance. Humanity was doubtless waiting for this manifestation within itself of a kingdom possessed by the human soul eternally and in its own right, yet aware of it only in the very light of that manifestation.

And here it was, that kingdom already in the making, living and growing and possessing the world, before there was any definite written record of the personal life which was the light and pulse of the Christian community! That life was so identified with healing virtue, with the principle of redemption, that this immediacy seemed to forbid the attempt at a detached memorial until heresies and dissensions arose within the community, and some coherent and authoritative written narrative seemed necessary, especially as the original apostolate was already passing.

It was then that attention was for the first time fixed upon the Nativity. This movement which had grown so swiftly and marvelously, until it promised to fill the whole earth—what was its first earthly appearance? And that Life which was always thought of as inclosing the whole movement—after what wise was its earthly birth? These were questions sure to be asked when those concerned began to ask questions at all. Evidently they did not press upon Mark, but Matthew and Luke wrote out of a different atmosphere—one telling the story of the wise men from the East and their guiding star, but saying nothing of the shepherds; the other telling the story of the shepherds, but saying nothing of the magi. Both assert the miracu-

lous birth, Luke dwelling upon the annunciation and telling of Mary's visit to her kinswoman, Elizabeth. Out of the two narratives is composed that impressive picture of the Holy Family, the manger, the wise men, the angels, and the shepherds which is so familiar to every Christian child, but every lineament of which disappears from the presentment in the Fourth Gospel, leaving only the eternal background: "The Word became flesh and dwelt among us."

This spiritual note, interpreting the Nativity, not distinctly uttered before, even in the Annunciation and the angel's song to the shepherds preluding Luke's Gospel, became the dominant note—that of the regeneration of humanity. The idea of regeneration had been implied in the Resurrection, but there it had been placed over against mortality. Here, in the Fourth Gospel, it is embodied in the Nativity, and we are not surprised that so early in this Gospel we find the story of Nicodemus, in which the birth of every child is made an emblem of the new birth. In the other Gospels also the Master is represented as referring to the children, saying, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

In this thought of children, as in many other things indicating the plasticity of Nature to the Spirit, we seem in the Gospels to breathe an atmosphere very different to that of the Pauline Epistles, freer from solitudes and less disturbed by the shadows of an impending cataclysm involving the whole world. It seems to have a morning as well as the afternoon and the evening; and we are inspired by a hope of an earth-dwelling humanity as having a birthright as well as a death-right.

The spiritual note of the Fourth Gospel has expanded with the growing enlightenment and culture of Christendom until we have come to see the natural man and the natural world in their eternal ground. If every new generation is a recrudescence of our earthly human nature, yet it is always the eternal Logos that is becoming flesh, creating anew for us even our earthly existence. The Reality is not that of a world given us, or ever to be given us, in completeness. It is for our realization.



The Legend of the First Cam-u-el

AN ARABIAN APOLOGUE

BY ARTHUR GUITERMAN

A CROSS the sands of Syria,
Or, possibly, Algeria,
Or some benighted neighborhood of barrenness and drouth,
There came the Prophet Sam-u-el
Upon the Only Cam-u-el—
A bumpy, grumpy Quadruped of discontented mouth.

The atmosphere was glutinous;
The Cam-u-el was mutinous;
He dumped the pack from off his back; with horrid grunts and squeals
He made the desert hideous;
With strategy perfidious
He tied his neck in curlicues, he kicked his paddy heels.

Then quoth the gentle Sam-u-el,
"You rogue, I ought to lam you well!"



Though zealously I've shielded you from every grief and woe,
 It seems, to voice a platitude,
 You haven't any gratitude.
 I'd like to hear what cause you have for doing thus and so!"

To him replied the Cam-u-el,
 "I beg your pardon, Sam-u-el.
 I know that I'm a Reprobate, I know that I'm a Freak;
 But, oh! this utter loneliness!
 My too-distinguished Onliness!
 Were there but other Cam-u-els I wouldn't be Unique."

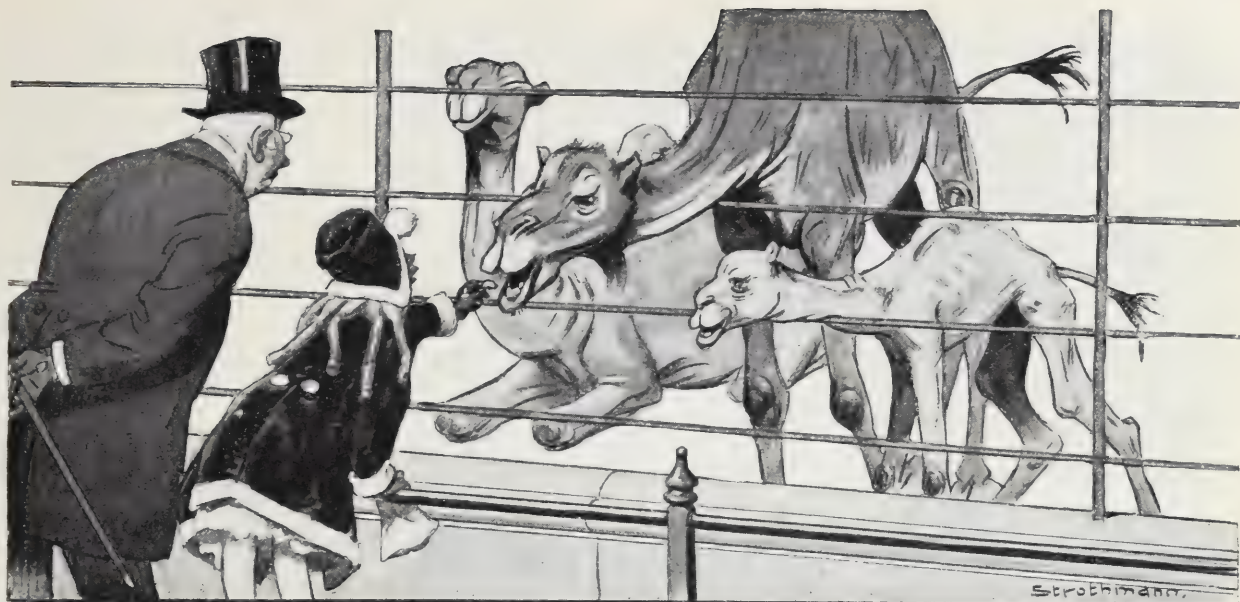
The Prophet beamed beguilingly.
 "Aha," he answered, smilingly,
 "You feel the need of company? I clearly understand.
 We'll speedily create for you
 The corresponding mate for you—
 Ho! presto, change-o, dinglebat!"—he waved a potent hand,

And, lo! from out Vacuity
 A second Incongruity,
 To wit, a Lady Cam-u-el was born through magic art.
 Her structure anatomical,
 Her form and face were comical;
 She was, in short, a Cam-u-el, the other's counterpart.

As Spaniards gaze on Aragon,
 Upon that Female Paragon
 So gazed the Prophet's Cam-u-el, that primal Desert Ship.
 A connoisseur meticulous,
 He found her that ridiculous
 He grinned from ear to auricle *until he split his lip!*



HE FOUND HER THAT RIDICULOUS
 HE GRINNED FROM EAR TO AURICLE UNTIL HE SPLIT HIS LIP!



THAT CAM-U-EL'S POSTERITY
MUST WEAR DIVIDED UPPER LIPS THROUGH ALL THEIR SOLEMN LIVES!

Because of his temerity
That Cam-u-el's posterity
Must wear divided upper lips through all their solemn lives!
A prodigy astonishing
Reproachfully admonishing
Those wicked, heartless married men who ridicule their wives.

Unreasonable Delay

A FORMER president of the National Civic Federation relates an incident of a certain Max Jacobs who had taken out an insurance policy on a building which he had recently purchased. Four hours later a fire broke out which consumed the entire block. The company could find no legal ground upon which to refuse payment, although they were firmly convinced as to the questionable origin of the fire. Later, in sending the check, however, the following comment was included in the letter:

"We note your policy was issued at noon on Friday and the fire did not occur until four o'clock of the same day. Why this delay?"

Forgot Grandma

A DEVOUT little Kansas boy had said his evening prayer, in which he invoked the Divine blessing upon a long list of relatives and friends, and had been warmly tucked into bed by his mother. As she left the room she heard him climb out of bed, fall upon his knees, and say, confidentially:

"Dear God, I forgot grandma. Wouldn't that jar you?"

Exempt

SEVERAL guests of a family hotel patronized a near-by Chinese laundry.

John Chinaman, with an eye to collecting his bills when delivering his clothes, generally made his calls on Sunday, when he would be more apt to find his patrons in.

A city teacher who lived at the hotel and employed John felt called upon to remonstrate with him for breaking the Sabbath.

"John," she said, "don't you know this is Sunday? You shouldn't deliver clothes on Sunday."

"Oh," replied John, his face lighting up, "that's all light. Me no Chlistian."

Expired

TO the grouchy-looking person who had boarded his car the conductor said, as he returned the transfer somewhat roughly presented:

"This transfer expired ten minutes ago."

Whereupon, with a growl, the man dug for a nickel, and, as he handed it to the conductor, observed:

"No wonder, with not a single ventilator open in the whole car."



When All Good Children Are Asleep

Compensatory

A NEW-YORKER tells of a young Irish couple in his employ, not long come from the "ould counthry." Shortly after their arrival the young wife, ambitious for learning, entered a night school, since her duties permitted of that.

One evening, when she returned to the servants' hall from school, the husband asked:

"An' phawt are ye learnin' now, Molly?"

"To-night," said Molly, thinking to have a bit of fun with Malachi—"to-night the teacher read to us about the laws of compensation."

"Compensation? What's that?"

"It's hard to explain, but it's something like this: If your sense of smell is poor, the sense of taste is all the sharper; and if you are blind, you can hear all the better."

Malachi reflected. "Sure," said he, "I see. It's loike this: For example, if a man is born wid wan leg shorter than the other, the other is longer."

Satan's Way

MRS. KILGORE was the pretty young wife of the elderly village pastor. One day she went into the city with a friend, and among other things bought a new frock.

"Another frock, my dear?" said her husband. "Did you need another?"

"Yes," said the wife, hesitatingly, "I do need it; and, besides, it was so pretty that the devil tempted me."

"But you should have said, 'Get thee behind me, Satan.' Have you forgotten that?"

"Oh no; but that was what made the trouble, hubby dear. I said, 'Get thee behind me, Satan,' and he did, but he whispered over my shoulder, 'It just fits you beautifully in the back!' And I just had to take it then."

Parental Pride

HE had become the happy father of twins, and his unbounded pride

in this twofold distinctive blessedness found expression on every occasion.

While conversing with a friend one morning at the entrance to his office-building, a young woman passed wheeling a baby-carriage containing a bouncing baby boy.

"Doesn't a woman look queer," said the young father, loftily, "with only one child!"

Anxious to Reciprocate

"THE palm for absent-mindedness," says a Princeton man, "is probably due a learned German on the faculty of my university."

"One day this professor noticed his wife placing a large bouquet on his desk.

"What does that mean?" he asked.

"Why!" she exclaimed, "don't you know that this is the anniversary of our marriage?"

"Ah, indeed, is it?" said the professor, politely. "Kindly let me know when yours comes around, and I will endeavor to reciprocate the favor."

Big Game

A SENATOR from a Southern state always has an abundance of good Southern tales at his command. Here is one he tells of some friends of his who were visiting in Savannah not long ago who chartered an old broken-down hack driven by a negro. The old fellow was a native, and of course was on his job in pointing out all the places of interest along the route. As they jogged along out in the suburbs a squirrel appeared in the road. That was sufficient to arouse intense interest in one of the party, who inquired anxiously:

"Do you have any big game around here?"

"Yas, suh; indeed, suh," replied the darkey; "we has baseball."

An Exciting Accident

THE small boy who was visiting on his grandfather's farm sent his mother the following letter:

DEAR MOTHER,—I am having an awful good time, and have seen lots of animals and an accident. It was an exciting accident. You know Bill Hitchcock, the hired man's neck? Well, he fell in the creek up to it yesterday.

Your loving son,

JIM.

"A Little Learning"

A LADY whose reach in the matter of classical terms far exceeded her grasp was one day calling on the wife of a staid and dignified professor in one of our well-known universities. The conversation had turned to vacation trips and sojourns abroad, when suddenly the visitor inquired:

"Mrs. Blank, when does your husband take his Bacchanalian year?"

The hostess was too confused to state.

A Solomon-like Answer

THE following question was put to some young pupils in a Philadelphia public school:

"There is a family of five children. The mother has only four potatoes to divide among them. She wants to give each child an equal share. What is she to do?"

Silence prevailed in the class-room; every pupil was calculating diligently. Finally one boy put up his hand.

"Well, Sammy, what would you do?" asked the teacher.

"Mash the potatoes, ma'am."



*"Mother, don't ye think I'd better hide all these old toys?
I'm afraid Santa Clause'll think I don't need any"*



The Discovery

"'Twas the week before Christmas"

Not a Family

ESTHER, aged eight, distressed her mother by grumbling because Santa had left her but two dolls.

"Why, Esther," she said, "think of the families where the little girls have only one doll, and many where there will be one doll for four or five children! Your aunt Mary packed a Christmas basket and put in one doll for a family with fourteen children!"

"Oh, mother," replied Esther, "that wasn't a family; that was a poor-house!"

Paid for Her

LITTLE Gladys accompanied her grandmother to church one morning, and when the contribution-plate came around she dropped in a couple of pennies her father had given her. The old lady was about to contribute also, when Gladys murmured, audibly: "Never mind, grandma; I paid for two."

Canned

MRS. FLETCHER went up to the city one morning to do some shopping. She was looking for some house furnishings, and went to a large department store.

Walking up to a tall, blond floor-walker, who was walking slowly down the aisle in a languid and elegant manner, she said:

"Will you please tell me where I can see the candelabra?"

"All canned goods two counters to the right," replied the official guide, briefly.

Its Drawbacks

AN American who spends much of his time in London tells of an auctioneer there who, in addition to a fine personal appearance and splendid elocutionary talents, possessed considerable culture and knowledge of human nature.

At a book sale this gentleman would read with exquisite taste passages from the books he was selling, with brief

biographies and criticisms of their authors, reciting hexameters from Greek and Roman classics, and rendering passages from humorous writers with a tone and air so ludicrous as to set the room in a roar of laughter. Thus he often won higher prices for books than those got at the shops.

An amusing example of his cleverness in extolling an estate is the language with which he once closed a highly colored description of the property he was selling. For a few moments he paused, and then said:

"And now, gentlemen, having given a truthful description of this magnificent estate, candor compels me to admit that it has two drawbacks—the litter of the rose-leaves and the noise of the nightingales."

Not What She Meant

TEACHER: "Now then, all together, once more: 'Little drops of water'—and for goodness' sake put a little more spirit into it!"

Wanted Her Own

A YOUNGSTER who had been brought up according to the latest prophylactic methods, and had had it profoundly fixed upon her small mind that there is necessity for individual possessions, astonished her mother one evening by refusing to say her prayers.

"Does daddy pray to God?" inquired the small miss.

"Yes, dear."

"And you, too, mother?"

"Yes indeed."

"And Robbie and Sue, too?"

"Why, certainly, Peggy!"

"Very well, then," asseverated Peggy, with a determined lift to her chin. "I don't care

to pray to Him. You get me a God of my own and I'll pray, but so many people have used this God that I don't think it would be healthy for me."

Cecilia knew

"CECILIA," said the Sunday-school teacher, beginning the review lesson, "what name is given to people who suffer willingly for their religion?"

Ten-year-old Cecilia looked blank.

"Come, come!" urged the teacher. "You know, Cecilia. It begins with an M—"

Cecilia's face cleared. "Oh yes, of course I know," she beamed. "*Mutts!*"



"The False Alarm"



PROFESSOR SIMEON (the "lion" for Mrs. Kulture-Fadd's week-end): *"How did you pick me out so easily from the crowd? I had scarcely alighted when—"*
 CHAUFFEUR: *"Sure, sor-r, they tould me what ye looked loike—the rest was aisy."*

Brothers

BY MARIE LOUISE TOMPKINS

A BROTHER is a kind of boy
 That's got a right to stay
 Around th' house you live in
 Ev'ry single night an' day!
 An' he can eat your candy up
 An' n'en he doesn't care
 If you call him th' *awf'lest* names—
 "What made me leave it there?"

But if I touch one of *his* things
 You ought to hear him scold;
 He doesn't use so many words,
 They burn you blue an' cold.
 An' he don't feel real sorry 'cause
 He went an' made me cry,
 An' n'en he'll "boss me round," an' I'll
 Forget it by an' by.

Now I must tell you 'bout a boy
 (He is a brother, too);
 Tom "hasn't any use for him,"
 He laffs at things he drew,

'Cause sometimes he plays dolls wif me;
 An' w'y I got all red
 Tom called him "sissy," an' some day
 He's goin' to punch his head.

I "beat" him climbin' up a tree—
 He keeps his blouse *real* clean;
 My gram'ma shook her head at me,
 I'm "not fit to be seen."
 I "hatch up" all th' mischief, 'cause
 I guess he doesn't dare
 All by hisse'f—he'll follow *me*
 'Way deep in, anywhere.

W'en Gram'ma gets me "all fixed up"
 I couldn't make Tom say
 How 'tis I look, not if I stood
 An' asked him 'bout all day.
 He only pulls my curls an' says,
 "Hum!—where'd you get th' dress?"
 It's kind of funny—but I like
 My kind of brother bes'.



Painting by C. E. Chambers

Illustration for "The Turmoil"

THEY HAD FORMED A LITTLE CODE OF LEAVE-TAKING

HARPER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. CXXX

JANUARY, 1915

No. DCCLXXVI



With Lincoln at the White House

From the UNPUBLISHED DIARIES of JOHN HAY

Compiled and Edited by William Roscoe Thayer



JOHN HAY stood on the platform at the Capitol when Lincoln was inaugurated on March 4, 1861; and he stood by the bedside in the little room in Tenth Street when Lincoln died, assassinated, on April 15, 1865. In the intervening four years he saw the great President in all his moods, on all sorts of occasions, with visitors great and small. In this paper I shall endeavor to make a mosaic, or composite portrait, from the young secretary's records of Lincoln in these various aspects.

The late Richard Watson Gilder once said: "Amid all the burdens he had to carry, Lincoln had one compensation—John Hay for a companion." And it is evident from every page of the diary that Hay was a most sympathetic companion. He revered Lincoln's character, delighted in his humor, and still kept the artist's detachment which enabled him to set down clearly what he saw clearly. Reverence did not blind him to the droll or homely side of his hero. By his combination of discernment, vivacity, and literary ability, Hay was the ideal diarist for those unique four years in the White House. We can only regret that his incessant duties prevented him from making an uninterrupted chronicle of the entire period.

For a long time after Lincoln became President not only the public, but officials at Washington and the members of his own Cabinet, failed to discover that he was a masterful man. Belief in his mediocrity—not to say incompetence—was summed up in Seward's astounding letter, in which he said that if the President would allow the Secretary of State to run the administration all would go well; and he hinted that, as the inexperienced Western politician could not be expected to understand such difficult business, he was fortunate in having a great Eastern statesman to instruct him. It is to the credit of Nicolay and Hay that they early perceived that Lincoln was not merely an odd and unconventional figure, but a leader of extraordinary ability.

From the outset, life in the White House, like that of the Lincolns in their Springfield home, was very simple. The President himself could never be harnessed into conventions, whether of dress or ceremony. He allowed every one to approach him, with the result that the halls, corridors, and rooms of the Executive Mansion swarmed with office-hunters of both sexes, besides idlers, curiosity-seekers, and persons who had some business to call them there. Hay and Nicolay did their best to screen him from the selfish and the importunate, and his older friends begged him to save

his strength from this unnecessary drain; but Lincoln held that, as the President belonged to the people, he ought to be accessible to every one.

The danger that might come to him from being unprotected did not weigh upon Lincoln. His farmer cousin, Robert Lincoln, told Hay long afterward that in 1860 he talked to "Abe" about assassination. "Abe said: 'I never injured anybody. No one is going to injure me.'"

And yet Fort Sumter had scarcely been fired upon before Hay's attention was called directly to this possibility. Late in the evening of April 18th two ladies asked to see the President. Hay received them and found that one of them was Mrs. Lander, a popular actress of that generation, who, "after many hesitating and bashful trials," explained their errand:

Some young Virginian—long-haired, swaggering, chivalrous of course, and indirect friend—had come into town in great anxiety for a new saddle, and, meeting her, had said that he and half a dozen others, including a daredevil guerrilla from Richmond, named F., would do a thing within forty-eight hours that would ring through the world. Connecting this central fact with a multiplicity of attendant details, she concluded that the President was either to be assassinated or captured. They went away, and I went to the bedside of the Chief *couché*. I told him the yarn. He quietly grinned.

Hay adds:

I had to do some very dexterous lying to calm the awakened fears of Mrs. Lincoln.

With the overt act of war in South Carolina, to which Lincoln responded with a call for seventy-five thousand volunteers, the White House was turned into a barracks. A command of Jay Hawkers from Kansas, with "some of the best material in the East," occupied the East Room. Threats of an attack on the Executive Mansion and rumors that the President was to be kidnapped kept Hay on the alert, both being under his special care.

About midnight [he says] we made a tour of the house. Hunter and the Italian exile Vivaldi were quietly asleep on the floor of the East Room, and a young and careless guard loafed around the furnace fires in the

basement; good-looking and energetic young fellows, too good to be food for gunpowder—if anything is.

The blocking of the passage of Union troops through Baltimore caused, and with reason, the greatest alarm. Conservative Baltimoreans, fearing that the government might make reprisals, hurried to the White House.

They spoke of the danger of the North being roused to fury by the bloodshed of to-day [April 19] and pouring in an avalanche over the border. The President most solemnly assured them there was no danger. "Our people," he said, "are easily influenced by reason. They have determined to prosecute this matter with energy, but with the most temperate spirit."

Meanwhile, all eyes and hopes were fixed on the coming of the relieving troops.

This morning [Hay records on April 21st] we mounted the battlements of the Executive Mansion, and the Ancient took a long look down the bay. It was a "water-haul."

Though inwardly in great distress, Lincoln preserved in public his usual unruffled manner, and so successfully that strangers thought him either indifferent or shallow. Only once, in his private office, after peering down the Potomac for the ships which were to bring the troops, believing himself to be alone, he exclaimed, "with irrepressible anguish," "Why don't they come! Why don't they come!"

On April 25th the blockade was raised; and the President, who "seemed to be in a pleasant, hopeful mood," said:

"I intend, at present, always leaving an opportunity for change of mind—to fill Fortress Monroe with men and stores; blockade the ports effectually; provide for the entire safety of the capital; keep them quietly employed in this way, and then go down to Charleston and pay her the little debt we are owing her."

Washington began to swarm with strange figures.

It was melodramatic to see Cassius Clay come into the President's reception to-day [Hay writes]. He wore with sublimely unconscious air three pistols and an Arkansas tooth-pick, and looked like an admirable vignette to twenty-five cents' worth of yellow-covered romance.

Another frequent visitor to the White House in those days was Carl Schurz, the young German exile, who fled from despotism at home to become one of the most genuine of Americans.

The Seventh Regiment band played gloriously on the shaven lawn at the south front of the Executive Mansion [Hay records on April 26th]. The scene was very beautiful. Through the luxuriant grounds the gaily dressed crowd idly strolled, soldiers loafed on the promenades, the martial music filled the sweet air with vague suggestion of heroism, and C. Schurz and the President talked war.

A fortnight later, while the Marine Band played on the south lawn, Schurz sat with Lincoln on the balcony.

After the President had kissed some thousand children, Carl went into the library and developed a new accomplishment. He played with great skill and feeling, sitting in the dusk twilight at the piano until the President came by and took him down to tea. Schurz is a wonderful man. An orator, a soldier, a philosopher, an exiled patriot, a skilled musician! He has every quality of romance and of dramatic picturesqueness.

In the diary things great and small are sprinkled together, just as they are in life. Here are two trifles which, nevertheless, were worth jotting down:

Three Indians of the Pottawattomies called to-day upon their Great Father. The President amused them greatly by airing the two or three Indian words he knew. I was amused by his awkward efforts to make himself understood by speaking bad English—*e. g.*, "Where live now? When go back Iowa?"

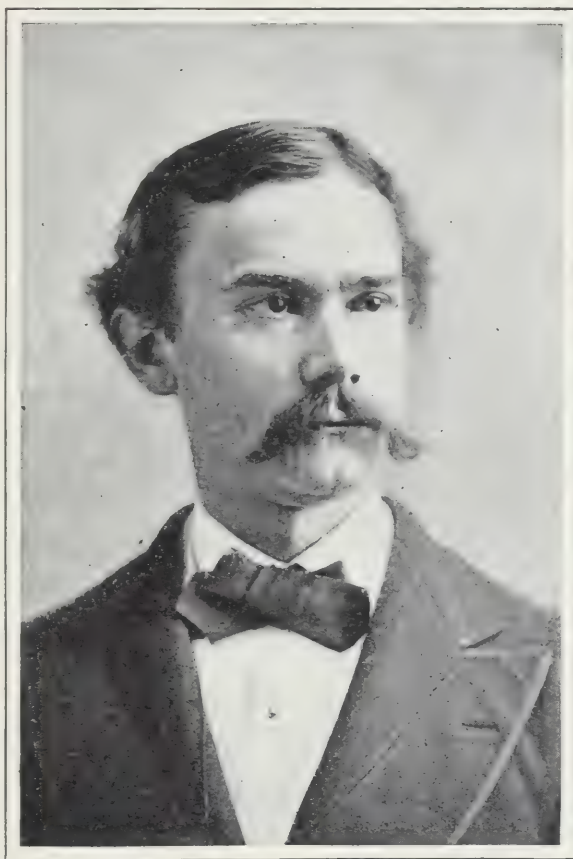
October 21, 1863,—B. came in this morning with a couple of very intelligent East-Tennesseans. They talked in a very friendly way with the President. I never saw him more at ease than he is with those first-rate patriots of the border. He is of them really. They stood up before a map of the mountain country and talked war for a good while.

And here, under date May 7, 1861, is matter of capital importance:

I went in to give the President some little items of Illinois news [Hay writes], saying, among other things, that S. was behaving very badly. He replied with emphasis that S. was a miracle of meanness; calmly looking out of the window at the smoke of two strange steamers puffing up the way, resting the end of the telescope on his toes sublime.

Hay referred to Browning's suggestion that the North should subjugate the South, exterminate the whites, set up a black republic, and protect the negroes "while they raised our cotton."

"Some of our Northerners seem bewildered and dazzled by the excitement of the hour," Lincoln replied. "Doolittle seems inclined to think that this war is to result in the entire abolition of slavery. Old Colonel Hamilton, a venerable and most respectable gentleman, impresses upon me most earnestly the propriety of enlisting the slaves in our army." (I told him his daily correspondence was thickly interspersed by such suggestions.) "For my own part," he said, "I consider the central idea pervading this struggle is the necessity that is upon us of proving that popular government is not an absurdity. We must settle this question now, whether in a free government the minority have the right to break up the government whenever they choose. If we fail,



JOHN HAY

At the time of his Secretaryship to President Lincoln

it will go far to prove the incapability of the people to govern themselves. There may be one consideration used in stay of such final judgment, but that is not for us to use in advance: That is, that there exists in our case an instance of a vast and far-reaching disturbing element, which the history of no other free nation will probably ever present. That, however, is not for us to say at present. Taking the government as we found it, we will see if the majority can preserve it."

This statement, spoken offhand to his secretary, reveals the foundation of Lincoln's judgment on the War of the Rebellion: there was at stake something more precious than the preservation of the Union, something more urgent than the abolition of slavery—and that was Democracy. Two years and a half later, in his address at Gettysburg, he put into one imperishable sentence the thought of which this was the germ.

The President's unconventional habits come in for playful mention. On hearing that the son of an Irish earl was about to visit Washington, Hay writes to a friend:

I hope W. will find it out and by way of showing him a delicate attention take him to the observational settee whence, on clear afternoons, is to be seen, windows favoring, the Presidential ensarking and bifurcate dischrysalisizing.

By the autumn of 1861 the White House settled into the routine of war, in which the constant expectation of news from the front, and the dread lest it be bad news, caused an incalculable strain. The first of these bitter experiences, and perhaps the worst, occurred during the night after the rout and panic of First Bull Run, when Lincoln stayed till morning in his office, hearing reports from fugitives and taking steps to defend Washington against the expected Rebel attack.

The following spring the capital was again thrown into consternation by the terrible Rebel gunboat, the *Merrimac*.

Sunday morning, the 9th of March, the news of the *Merrimac's* frolic came here. Stanton was fearfully stampeded. He said they would capture our fleet, take Fort Monroe, be in Washington before night. The President thought it was a great bore, but blew less than Stanton. As the day went on the news grew better. And at four o'clock

the telegraph was completed, and we heard of the splendid performance of the *Monitor*.

Lincoln, however, seldom showed alarm over bad news from the field. Disappointment he did not hide, but he would not admit discouragement. How finely he controlled himself appears in this snap-shot record at the time of Second Bull Run:

Everything seemed to be going well and hilarious on Saturday [August 30, 1862, writes Hay], and we went to bed expecting glad tidings at sunrise. But about eight o'clock the President came to my room as I was dressing and, calling me out, said: "Well, John, we are whipped again, I am afraid. The enemy reinforced on Pope and drove back his left wing, and he has retired on Centreville, where he says he will be able to hold his men. I don't like that expression. I don't like to hear him admit that his men need holding."

After a while, however, things began to look better, and people's spirits rose as the heavens cleared. The President was in a singularly defiant tone of mind. He often repeated, "We must hurt this enemy before it goes away." And this morning, Monday [September 1st], he said to me, when I made a remark in regard to the bad look of things: "No, Mr. Hay; we must whip these people now. Pope must fight them; if they are too strong for him, he can gradually retire to these fortifications. If this be not so—if we are really whipped, and to be whipped—we may as well stop fighting."

Lincoln's nocturnal visits to the little room where the young secretary slept were due sometimes to his desire to tell the latest news and sometimes to share a good story or to relieve his own sleeplessness by a little talk with a sympathetic listener. Hay saw the ludicrous side not less than the deep human side of these apparitions. Thus he records, on April 30, 1864:

A little after midnight, as I was writing those last lines, the President came into the office laughing, with a volume of Hood's works in his hand, to show Nicolay and me the little caricature, "An Unfortunate Beeing," seemingly utterly unconscious that he, with his short shirt hanging about his long legs, and setting out behind like the tail-feathers of an enormous ostrich, was infinitely funnier than anything in the book he was laughing at. What a man it is! Occupied all day with matters of vast moment, deeply anxious about the fate of the greatest

army of the world, with his own plans and future hanging on the events of the passing hour, he yet has such a wealth of simple *bonhomie* and good-fellowship that he gets out of bed and perambulates the house in his shirt to find us, that we may share with him the fun of poor Hood's queer little conceits.

A few weeks later there is reference to a similar visit, with mention of Lincoln's weight:

The President came in last night in his shirt and told me of the retirement of the enemy from his works at Spottsylvania, and our pursuit. I complimented him on the amount of underpinning he still has left, and he said he weighed one hundred and eighty pounds. Important if true.

Although Hay was officially rated as one of the President's secretaries, and drew his small salary as a departmental clerk, his service in the White House was really that of a factotum. He drove out with Mrs. Lincoln; he made friends with the President's two younger sons, of whom the lively William died during the first year in the White House; he accompanied the President on personal or public business. Once, when they went to inspect the statuary of the east pediment of the Capitol, the President, with the eye of an expert, objected to the statue of the wood-chopper, "as he did not make a sufficiently clean cut." On two evenings they tried a new repeating rifle, with which "the President made some pretty good shots." An irrepressible patriot came up and, "seeing the gun recoil slightly, said it

wouldn't do—too much powder; a good piece of audience shouldn't rekyle; if it did at all, it should rekyle a little forrid." On another evening they visited the Observatory, where "the President took a look at the moon and Arcturus.

I went with him to the Soldiers' Home, and he read Shakespeare to me—the end of 'Henry V.' and the beginning of 'Richard III.'—till my heavy eyelids caught his considerate notice and he sent me to bed."

Lincoln "read Shakespeare more than all other writers together," and he went occasionally to the theater. His favorite plays were "Hamlet," "Macbeth," and the histories, especially "Richard II." He often quoted from the last the amaranthine passage beginning:

Let us sit upon the ground,
And tell sad stories of the death of kings.

For relaxation he turned to Thomas Hood and to Artemus Ward, Nasby, and other professional jokers of the time. But most of his evenings he spent in his office, unless there was a dinner-party.

On December 13, 1863, Hackett, the actor, passed the evening at the White House, and in their talk the President showed "a very intimate knowledge of those plays of Shakespeare where Falstaff figures. He was particularly anxious to know why one of the best scenes in the play—that where Falstaff and Prince Hal alternately assume the char-



CASSIUS M. CLAY

Previous to his appointment as Major-General in the Army
From the collection of Frederick H. Meserve

acter of the king—is omitted in the representation. Hackett says it is admirable to read, but ineffective on the stage." Two nights later the President took his secretaries to Ford's Theater to see Hackett as Falstaff in "Henry IV." He thought that Hackett misread the line, "mainly *thrust* at me," which should be "mainly thrust at *me*." Hay dissented. "The President thinks the dying speech of Hotspur an unnatural and unworthy thing—and who does not?"

I went last night to a Sacred Concert of profane music at Ford's [Hay writes in his whimsical vein to Nicolay, June 20, 1864]. Young Kretchmar and old Kretchpar were running it. Hs. and H. both sang—and they kin if anybody kin. The Tycoon and I occupied a private box, and both of us carried on a hefty flirtation with the M. girls in the flies.

Here is the first record of a famous saying:

The President to-night [December 23, 1863] had a dream. He was in a party of plain people, and as it became known who he was they began to comment on his appearance. One of them said, "He is a very common-looking man." The President replied: "The Lord prefers common-looking people. That is the reason He makes so many of them."

Under date September 23, 1862, we have a still more memorable entry:

The President wrote the [Emancipation] Proclamation on Sunday morning [September 21st] carefully. He called the Cabinet together on Monday, September 22d, made a little talk to them, and read the momentous document. Mr. Blair and Mr. Bates made objections; otherwise the Cabinet was unanimous. The next day Mr. Blair, who had promised to file his objections, sent a note stating that, as his objections were only to the time of the act, he would not file them lest they should be subject to misconstruction.

I told the President of the serenade that was coming, and asked if he would make any remarks. He said no; but he did say half a dozen words, and said them with great grace and dignity. I spoke to him about the editorials in the leading papers. He said he had studied the matter so long that he knew more about it than they did.

At Governor Chase's there was some talking after the serenade. Chase and Clay

made speeches, and the crowd was in a glorious humor. After the crowd went away, to force Mr. Bates [Attorney-General] to say something, a few old fogies stayed at the Governor's and drank wine. . . . They all seemed to feel a sort of new and exhilarated life; they breathed freer; the President's Proclamation had freed them as well as the slaves. They gleefully and merrily called one another and themselves Abolitionists, and seemed to enjoy the novel accusation of appropriating that horrible name.

After General Grant began operations in Virginia, Lincoln paid more than one visit to the army. Hay records, on June 23, 1864, his return from headquarters:

The President arrived to-day from the front, sunburnt and fagged, but still refreshed and cheered. He found the army in fine health, good position, and good spirits; Grant quietly confident; he says, quoting the Richmond papers, it may be a long summer's day before he does his work, but that he is as sure of doing it as he is of anything in the world. Sheridan is now on a raid, the purpose of which is to sever the connection at junction of the Richmond and Danville railroads at Burk's, while the army is swinging around to the south of Petersburg and taking possession of the roads in that direction.

Significant was Grant's remark to the President that "when McPherson or Sherman or Sheridan or [James H.] Wilson is gone on any outside expedition, he feels perfectly secure about them, knowing that, while they are liable to any of the ordinary mischances of war, there is no danger of their being whipped in any but a legitimate way." Grant "seems to arrive at his conclusions without any intermediate reasoning process, giving his orders with the greatest rapidity and with great detail. Uses the theoretical staff-officers very little," one of his subordinates told Lincoln.

Newspaper criticism rarely disturbed Lincoln, but he followed it closely in order to watch the shifts in public opinion. He was very much amused when at the beginning of the war the New York *Times* warned him that his Cabinet must resign at once and that he would be deposed. The New York *Tribune* was cantankerously hostile; the New York *Herald* blew cold; the *World* was hotly abusive. Still, the President

neither retaliated nor bore a grudge. Of two other editors Hay writes:

The President, loafing into my room, picked up a paper and read the *Richmond Examiner's* recent attack on Jeff Davis. It amused him. "Why," said he, "the *Examiner* seems about as fond of Jeff as the [New York] *World* is of me."

September 23, 1864, — Senator Harlan thinks that [J. G.] Bennett's support is so important, especially considered as to its bearing on the soldier vote, that it would pay to offer him a foreign mission for it, and so told me. Forney has also had a man talking to the cannie Scot, who asked plumply, "Will I be a welcome visitor at the White House if I support Mr. Lincoln?" What a horrible question for a man to be able to ask! So thinks the President apparently. It is probable that Bennett will stay about as he is—thoroughly neutral—balancing carefully until the October elections, and will then declare for the side which he thinks will win. It is better in many respects to let him alone.

The diary indicates how much uncertainty was felt at the White House over Lincoln's re-election in 1864. It confirms also other reports of Lincoln's disinterestedness. He wished to be re-elected in order to finish the work of suppressing the rebellion and re-establishing the Union, but if any one else could do this better he would stand aside.

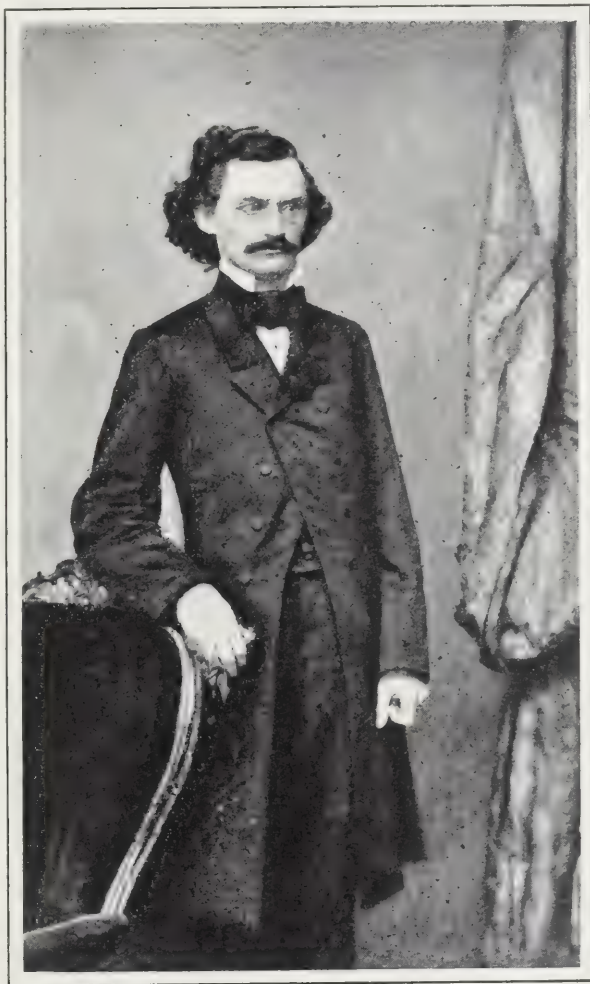
His chief competitor for the Republican nomination was a member of his own Cabinet, Salmon P. Chase, the Secretary

¹ Editor of the *New York Herald*.

of the Treasury. Although Lincoln knew of Chase's intrigues, he apparently did nothing to thwart them. Hay, on returning from a trip to New York, told the President what he had heard there of Chase's efforts "in trying to cut under" for the Republican nomination.

[Lincoln said] it was very bad taste,

but he had determined to shut his eyes to all these performances; that Chase made a good Secretary, and that he would keep him where he is. "If he becomes President, all right! I hope we may never have a worse man. I have all along seen clearly his plan of strengthening himself. Whenever he sees that an important matter is troubling me, if I am compelled to decide it in a way to give offense to a man of some influence, he always ranges himself in opposition to me and persuades the victim that he [Chase] would have arranged it very differently. It was so with General Frémont; with General Hunter, when I annulled his hasty proclamation; with General Butler, when he was recalled



CARL SCHURZ

At the time of Hay's first meeting with him
From the collection of Frederick H. Meserve

from New Orleans; with the Missouri people, when they called the other day. I am entirely indifferent to his success or failure in these schemes so long as he does his duty as the head of the Treasury Department."

Magnanimity such as this has had few parallels. It would be unthinkable in the case of a Richelieu or a Frederick or a Bismarck.

Lincoln continued to appoint, at Chase's suggestion, officials who would work in Chase's interest. When Hay remonstrated, "he laughed, and said

he was sorry the thing had begun, for, though the matter did not annoy him, his friends insisted that it ought to." But by an adroit turn of the tables the President, supporting Seward in the raid which the Senate made on Seward, caused the too-impetuous Chase to resign. Chase supposed that he would thereby bring the President to terms. Far from it.

"When Chase sent in his resignation [the "back-woods Jupiter" said to Hay] I saw that the game was in my own hands, and I put it through. When I had settled this important business at last with much labor and to my entire satisfaction, into my room one day walked D. D. Field and G. Opdyke, and began a new attack upon me to remove Seward. For once in my life I rather gave my temper the rein, and I talked to those men pretty damned plainly. Opdyke may be right in being cool to me. I may have given him reason this morning." [October 30, 1863.]

Another of Lincoln's characteristic traits—his mercifulness—appears in this episode:

To-day [July 18, 1863] we spent six hours deciding on court-martials—the President, Judge Holt, and I. I was amused at the eagerness with which the President caught at any fact which would justify him in saving the life of a condemned soldier. He was only merciless in cases where meanness or cruelty was shown. Cases of cowardice he was specially averse to punishing with death.

He said it would frighten the poor fellows too terribly to shoot them. . . . One fellow who had deserted, and escaped after conviction into Mexico, he sentenced, saying, "We will condemn him as they used to sell hogs in Indiana, as they run."

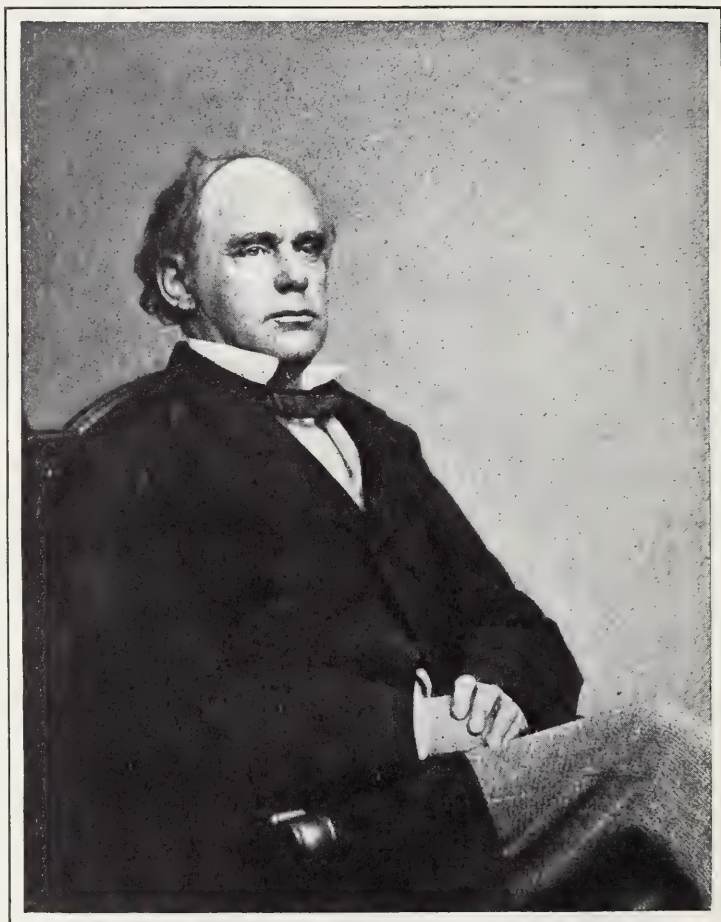
Lincoln possessed that power of resilience without which even master statesmen cannot carry through such a task as his. Thus, on August 7, 1863, only a month after Gettysburg, Hay writes to Nicolay:

The Tycoon is in fine whack. I have rarely seen him more serene and busy. — He is managing this war, the draft, foreign relations, and planning a reconstruction of the Union all at once. I never knew with what a tyrannous authority he rules the Cabinet till now. The most important things he decides, and there

is no cavil. I am growing more convinced that the good of the country absolutely demands that he should be kept where he is till this thing is over. There is no man in the country so wise, so gentle, and so firm.

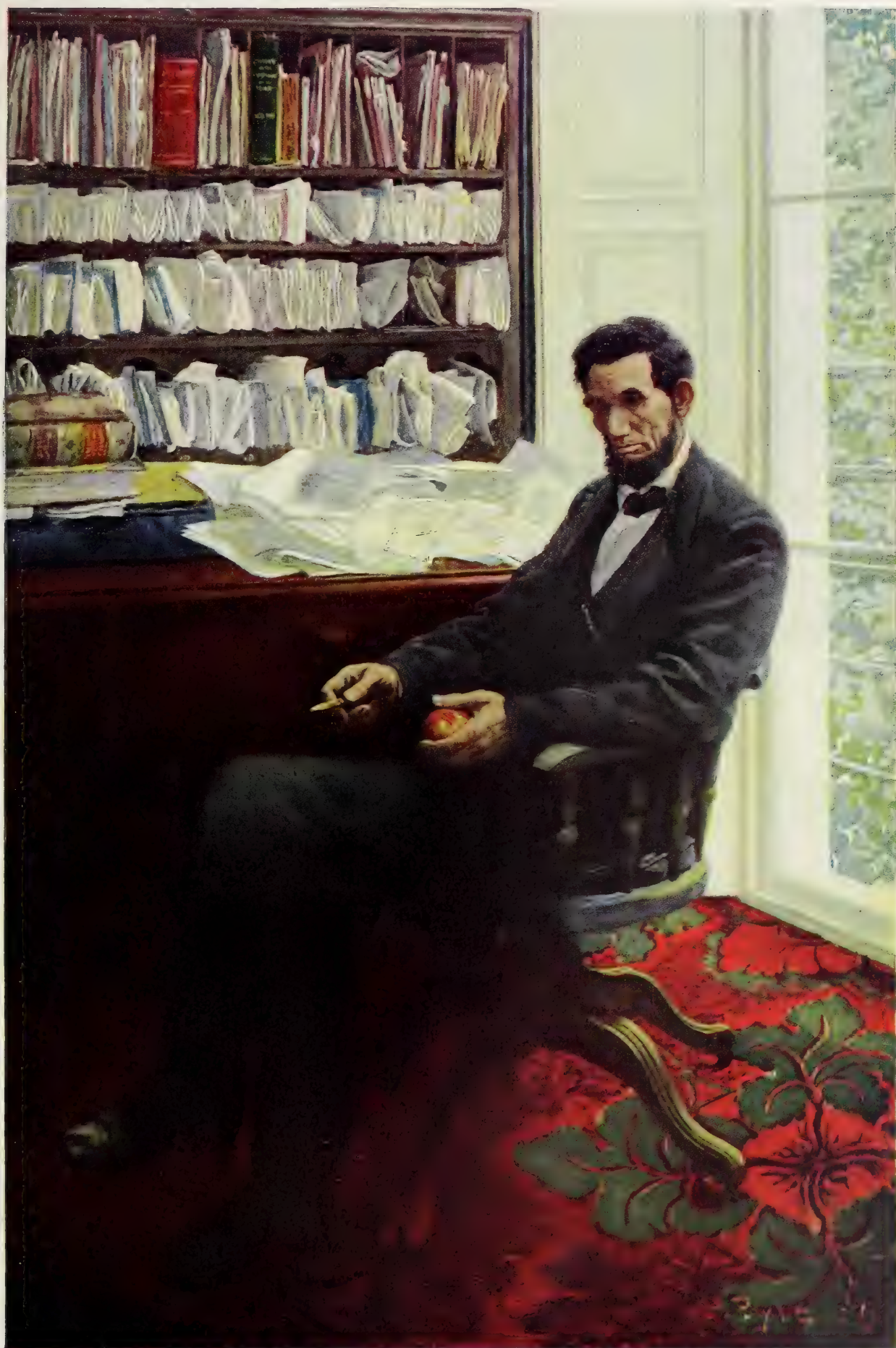
On August 9, 1863, Hay says:

This being Sunday and a fine day, I went down with the President to have his picture taken at Gardner's. He was in very good spirits. He thinks that the rebel power is at last beginning to disintegrate; that they will break to pieces if we only stand firm now. Referring to the controversy between two factions at Richmond, one of whom believed still in foreign intervention, Northern treason, and other chimeras, and the other, the administrative party, trusts to nothing but



SALMON P. CHASE

Secretary of the Treasury under President Lincoln



ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Painted for "Harper's Magazine" by Howard Pyle, 1907

the army, he said: [Jefferson] "Davis is right. His army is his only hope, not only against us, but against his own people. If that were crushed, the people would be ready to swing back to their old bearings."

One of Lincoln's informal remarks to Hay will interest those who study the constitutional aspect of the war. In his message to Congress, in December, 1863, the President set forth his view on the seceding states. Senator Sumner, who usually criticized Lincoln, now spoke with great gratification of the message. On hearing this

The President repeated [to Hay] what he has often said before, that there is no essential contest between loyal men on this subject, if they consider it reasonably. The only question is: Who constitute the state? When that is decided, the solution of subsequent questions is easy. He says that he wrote in the message originally that he considered the discussion as to whether a state has been at any time out of the Union as vain and profitless. We know that they were—we trust they shall be—in the Union. It does not greatly matter whether in the mean time they shall be considered to have been in or out. But he afterward considered that the 4th Section, 4th Article of the Constitution empowers him to grant protection to states in the Union, and it will not do ever to admit that these states have at any time been out. So he erased that sentence as possibly suggestive of evil. He preferred, he said, to stand firmly based on the Constitution rather than work in the air.

Memorable is Hay's account of the trip to Gettysburg, where President Lincoln spoke at the consecration of the Soldiers' Cemetery. The Presidential party left Washington on November 18, 1863.

On our train were the President, Seward, Usher, and Blair; Nicolay and myself; Mercier and Admiral Raynaud; Bertinatti and Captain Isola, and Lieutenant Martinez; Cora and Mrs. Wise; Wayne MacVeagh; McDougal of Canada, and one or two others. We had a pleasant sort of trip. At Baltimore Schenck's staff joined us.

Just before we arrived at Gettysburg the President got into a little talk with MacVeagh about Missouri affairs. MacVeagh talked radicalism until he learned he was talking recklessly. . . .

At Gettysburg the President went to Mr. Wills's, who expected him, and our party broke like a drop of quicksilver spilled. MacVeagh,

young Stanton, and I foraged around for a while—walked out to the College, got a chafing-dish of oysters, then some supper, and, finally, loafing around to the Court House, where Lamon was holding a meeting of marshals, we found Forney, and went around to his place, Mr. Fahnstock's, and drank a little whiskey with him. He had been drinking a good deal during the day, and was getting to feel a little ugly and dangerous. He was particularly bitter on M[ontgomery] Blair. MacVeagh was telling him that he pitched into the Tycoon coming up and told him some truths. He said the President got a good deal of that, from time to time, and needed it.

We went out after a while, following the music to hear the serenades. The President appeared at the door, said half a dozen words meaning nothing, and went in. Seward, who was staying around the corner at Harper's, was called out, and spoke so indistinctly that I did not hear a word of what he was saying. Forney and MacVeagh were still growling about Blair. We went back to Forney's room, having picked up Nicolay, and drank more whiskey. Nicolay sang his little song of the "Three Thieves," and we then sang "John Brown." At last we proposed that Forney should make a speech, and two or three started out . . . to get a band to serenade him. I stayed with him; so did Stanton and MacVeagh. He still growled, quietly, and I thought he was going to do something imprudent.

Then follows an account of the serenade and of the bibulous Forney's speech, in which in tipsy fashion he mingled drollery and gravity. When the crowd greeted him with shouts he said:

My friends, these are the first hearty cheers I have heard to-night. You gave no such cheers to your President down the street. Do you know what you owe to that great man? You owe your country—you owe your name as American citizens."

After "very much of this," Hay adds:

W. MacVeagh made a most touching and beautiful spurt of five minutes, and Judge Stevenson of Pennsylvania spoke effectively and acceptably to the people. "That speech [of Forney's] must not be written out yet," says Young as we went up-stairs. "He will see further about it when he gets sober." We sang "John Brown" and went home.

Quite Shakespearian is this low-comedy interlude, coming just before the stately scene of consecration. Perhaps,

after all, nature sometimes emulates Shakespeare.

In the morning [of the 19th, Hay continues] I got a beast and rode out with the President and suite to the cemetery in the procession. The procession formed itself in an orphanly sort of way and moved out with very little help from anybody; and after a little delay Mr. Everett took his place on the stand, and Mr. Stockton made a prayer which thought it was an oration; and Mr. Everett spoke as he always does, perfectly; and the President, in a firm, free way, with more grace than is his wont, said his half-dozen lines of consecration; and the music wailed, and we went home through crowded and cheering streets.

Though brief, Hay's description of the delivery of the Gettysburg address serves. In the History, he and Nicolay devote a dozen pages to the occasion, and, writing by the light of a quarter of a century, they assign to it an immediate recognition which few of those who heard it were aware of.

On November 22, 1863, he notes that "the President is very anxious about Burnside." On the 24th the tone changes:

To-night the President said he was much relieved at hearing from Foster that there was firing at Knoxville yesterday. He said anything showing that Burnside was not overwhelmed was cheering: "Like Sallie Carter, when she heard one of her children squall, would say, 'There goes one of my young ones—not dead yet, bless the Lord!'"

The elections of October, 1864, went far to relieve the anxiety of the President's supporters. He, with Hay, heard the returns at the War Department. Indiana, Pennsylvania, Illinois, New York sent Republican indications early.

The President in a lull of despatches took from his pocket the *Nasby Papers* and read several chapters of the experiences of the saint and martyr Petroleum V. They were immensely amusing. Stanton and Dana enjoyed them scarcely less than the President, who read on, *con amore*, until nine o'clock.

Reports from the hospitals and camps showed wide differences of opinion among the voters. The Ohio troops voted about ten to one for Union, but "Carver Hospital, by which Stanton and Lincoln pass every day on their way to the country, gave the heaviest opposition vote—about one out of three. Lin-

coln says, 'That's hard on us, Stanton; they know us better than the others.'"

The Presidential election took place on November 8th. The White House, Hay reports, was still and almost deserted throughout the day. The President said to him:

"It is a little singular that I, who am not a vindictive man, should have always been before the people for election in canvasses marked for their bitterness—always but once. When I came to Congress it was a quiet time. But always, besides that, the contests in which I have been prominent have been marked with great rancor."

That evening they spent at the War Department. From the first the returns were most encouraging, and Lincoln's good humor added to the gaiety of the company. When Eckert came in, "very disreputably muddy," the Tycoon was reminded of a story.

"For such an awkward fellow," he said, "I am pretty sure-footed. It used to take a pretty dexterous man to throw me. I remember the evening of the day in 1858 that decided the contest for the Senate between Mr. Douglas and myself was something like this—dark, rainy, and gloomy. I had been reading the returns and had ascertained that we had lost the legislature, and started to go home. The path had been worn hog-backed, and was slippery. My foot slipped from under me, knocking the other one out of the way, but I recovered myself and lit square; and I said to myself, '*It's a slip, and not a fall.*'"

When Fox, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, said that retribution had overtaken Hale and Winter Davis, "two fellows that have been specially malignant to us," Lincoln replied:

"You have more of that feeling of personal resentment than I. Perhaps I may have too little of it, but I never thought it paid. A man has not time to spend half his life in quarrels. If any man ceases to attack me, I never remember the past against him."

Toward midnight [Hay adds, in his memorandum of this historic occasion] we had supper. The President went awkwardly and hospitably to work shoveling out the fried oysters. He was most agreeable and genial all the evening. . . . Captain Thomas came up with a band about half-past two and made some music. The President answered from the window with rather unusual dignity and effect, and we came home.

In the morning I got a boat and rode out with
 the President to the Gunter in the procession. The
 procession took place in an ordinary sort of way
 & moved out with very little pomp or display &
 after a little delay Mr. Everett took his place at the
 stand - and Mr. Stockton read a paper which
 thought it was an oration - and Mr. Everett spoke as
 he always does gracefully - and the President in a
 few words, with more grace than is his wont said
 his well known words of consecration and the
 music waited and we went home. The
 crowds and cheering struck. See all the
 particulars in the daily papers.

Great Mr. Lincoln ^{also} coming in and Mr. Mc
 Call went down to dinner on board the
 U. S. R. C. Can. I was more than usually struck
 by the intimate personal relations that exist between
 men that hate and detest each other as
 cordially as do those European politicians.

We came home the night of the
 19th.

A PAGE FROM HAY'S DIARY

Recounting Lincoln's visit to Gettysburg, November 19, 1863

Hay has left almost no record of his last months in the White House. Tired of secretary's work and eager to see active service in the field, he resigned. At the President's request, he stayed on until April. Quite unexpectedly the Secretary of State appointed him first Secretary of Legation at Paris. Just a fortnight after Hay wrote to his brother to announce this change of plan his life at the White House and his association with his great companion came to a tragic end.

Hay writes as follows of the way in which the news of Lincoln's assassination reached the White House:

A crowd of people rushed instinctively to the White House and, bursting through the doors, shouted the dreadful news to Robert Lincoln and Major Hay, who sat gossiping in an upper room. . . . They ran downstairs. Finding a carriage at the door, they entered it and drove to Tenth Street.

Hay watched near the head of the President's bed throughout the night. Gradually the slow and regular breathing grew fainter, and the "automatic moaning" ceased.

A look of unspeakable peace came upon his worn features. At twenty-two minutes after seven he died. Stanton broke the silence by saying, "Now he belongs to the ages."

The Captive Bridegroom

BY MARGARET CAMERON



AT ten o'clock on the morning of the fifth of June, Ned Brainard would have described himself as the happiest man on earth. The trouble began at precisely nine minutes past ten, although, like many another avalanche, it started with an inconspicuous and apparently negligible pebble, which up to that time had been in no way distinguishable from the rest of the gravel of which it was a part.

Something less than four days before, Brainard and Leslie Hayne had been married at her home near Richmond, and they were to sail at three o'clock that afternoon, on a comfortably deliberate and unpretentious ship, to rediscover Europe in the light of each other's eyes. To Ned, who had even more than the normal masculine dislike of being conspicuous, the wedding had been somewhat in the nature of an ordeal. He would have preferred the simplest possible ceremony, in the smallest possible company, and an immediate escape with Leslie to the anonymity of a big hotel in a strange city. However, when he had perceived her delight in planning the large and fashionable marriage feast upon which her heart was set he had not only prepared to play the game her way, but had offered to cancel his booking on the modest *Atlantis* and take passage on one of the huge and sumptuous liners his soul abhorred, as possibly more in keeping with his bride's ideals of a properly conducted honeymoon. It was with lively satisfaction that he had received her veto of this suggestion.

"When I go to sea," she had written, "I don't want to go in a New York hotel. I want to go in a boat."

Therefore, having engaged a suite on the "boat" in question, there was not a cloud even so large as a man's hand in Brainard's sky at ten o'clock that morn-

ing, and the pebble had not yet been called to his attention. To be sure, a few scattered bits of bright paper caused him a moment's uneasiness. He eyed them resentfully, exclaiming:

"Suffering Mike, there's some more confetti! Where did that come from?"

Leslie, more adorable than ever in a negligée of rosy mist, giggled irrepressibly as she glanced up from the letters she was reading.

"Did you ever see anything stick like it does? But I've turned everything inside out and upside down, and brushed and brushed *and* brushed—and that's the very last speck of it."

"Well, thank the Lord we haven't got that to go through again! No rice and old slippers and things at the dock, anyway," he remarked, comfortably.

"Sounds like you didn't enjoy getting married."

"You know better! Wasn't I getting married to you? But, after all, once is enough, isn't it? It was all very well, leaving Richmond in a regular cloud-burst of confetti and old shoes. We could shut the door of our state-room afterward and keep out of sight. But a ship's not like a train, and I'm hanged if I'd relish starting across the Atlantic tagged with white-satin ribbon and oozing rice at every fold! However, we're safe enough here. Nobody knows us."

"My goodness! there are folks enough know me." She chuckled, infectiously. "Girls I went to school with; and boys from home, in business here—lots of them. I reckon if they knew we were going on the *Atlantis* they'd be on hand. All that saves us is that they don't know."

"How about these people who are coming to luncheon?" he asked, rather anxiously. "They won't go to the ship and try to be funny, will they?"

"My goodness, no! Cousin Caroline's about fifty, and Mary Fairfax never did anything she could get out of in her

whole life. They won't make any trouble." Laughing, she tore open the last envelope and unfolded the sheet it contained. As she read the message scrawled upon it, all the merry curves of her face flattened and drooped, and she took a quick, gasping breath.

"What's the matter? What's happened?" asked her husband. It was nine minutes past ten, but to him the pebble was still only an indistinguishable unit in a gravel bank.

Leslie read on absorbedly until she reached the end of the short letter, and then she laid the sheet in her lap and looked distressfully at her husband, exclaiming, "Well, we've just got to help that boy somehow!"

"Help who? What is it?"

"It's George—Mammy Liza's George. He's in jail, and—oh, Ned dear, you'll have to get him out!"

"My dearest girl!"

"Yes, I know—but, you see, there's only us to do anything for him—and he's in the toms!" Her horrified tone suggested living sepulture.

"What for? What did he do?"

"He got into trouble with one of the tenants. He was elevator-boy in an apartment-house, and Mammy Liza says"—Leslie read from the letter—"When the man tried to beat him up, George up and cut him, and they put him in jail."

"Well, they would, you know, under those circumstances," Brainard mildly submitted.

"But he did it in self-defense!"

"If he can prove that, he's all right."

"Suppose he can't prove it?"

"Then I'm afraid he's in bad."

"Well, we've just got to do something for him. Where are these horrible toms?"

"Way down-town somewhere, I believe." He suppressed the smile evoked by her use of the plural, suggesting long lines of catacombs.

"You can find them and go to see him, can't you?"

"That wouldn't get him out of jail. It would be better to—"

"Couldn't you get him out on bail or something?" she interrupted, intent on her own plan.

"I'm afraid there isn't time for that, dear. We must leave here by two o'clock, at the very latest, and if there should be any delay we might miss the ship. Suppose, instead—"

"Then we'll just have to miss it, that's all!"

Brainard stared. "You don't mean to say you'd give up sailing to get this no-'count nigger out of jail?" he asked, slowly.

"He's not a 'no-'count nigger'!" Leslie protested, indignant pink spots in her



"WE'RE SAFE ENOUGH HERE. NOBODY KNOWS US"

cheeks. "He's a good boy. He works all the time—'most all the time, anyway—and sends money to his mother every month, and you can't say that for many darkies. Anyhow, it's not Mammy Liza's fault that he's in trouble, and I just can't be happy unless we do something for him."

"Sure we'll do something for him," cordially agreed her husband. "Now listen. I know several lawyers in this town, Chicago men, mostly"—Brainard was from the West—"and, though none of them is in criminal practice, I think any of them would take an interest in this boy. Now, suppose I get one of them on the 'phone, explain the circumstances, and tell him to see that George has competent counsel and every possible chance, and to draw on me for funds—how about that, eh?"

"Y-yes—that's mighty sweet and generous of you, honey, but—would a busy lawyer *really* take an interest in a poor darky because another lawyer asked him to, because you asked the other lawyer, because I asked you, because

his mother was my mammy? Sounds mighty like 'The House that Jack Built' to me!"

"It does, rather, when you put it that way," Brainard laughed, "but I promise to fix it so somebody will take a real, sure-enough interest in George. Will that do?"

"You certainly are a comfort! And you'll tell George, so he'll know we're looking out for him, won't you?"

"Tell him? Cæsar! You don't expect me to go and see him, too, do you?"

"Why, surely! Maybe a lawyer isn't all he needs. Maybe he's sick. Maybe they don't give him enough to eat. Maybe he hasn't any money. How am I going to know without you see him?"

"But, my dearest, all this takes time—and time's what we haven't got! I must locate one of these lawyers, and in summer they're likely to be out of town, so I may have to try several—and it's more important that he should have a good lawyer than that I should see him."

"Then I'll just have to go down to those tombs myself."

"My dearest, you can't do that!"

"But don't you see that I can't go away without I *know* that boy's all right? He's Mammy Liza's boy—her baby—and she thinks he's mighty near all there is."

"Yes, I know, love, but if I arrange it all with the lawyer—"

"Seems like you-all up North never can understand how we feel down home about our mammies." Leslie's sweet brown eyes were full of tears, and there was a catch in her pleading voice. "Why, Ned, I just love that old black woman! She's taken care of me all my life. And now when she's written to me for help, just like—just like I'd write to you—how can I go away off yonder with you and be happy without I know for sure that no harm's coming to her? I couldn't. I just couldn't!"

"Dear love, I'll go! Don't you dare to shed that tear!" He kissed her wet eyes and quivering lips and won them back to smiles again. "I'll manage somehow, but I'm



THE "SPHERE" MAN LISTENED ATTENTIVELY

afraid I can't get here in time for your luncheon."

"Oh, can't you?" For an instant her face was wistful. "Well, Cousin Caroline and Mary Fairfax will understand; and you won't mind if I ask them to stay until you do come, will you? Because I certainly do want them to see my husband!"

"Anything you want goes! Now, I'll order luncheon, and pay the bill, and arrange about the taxi and the luggage, and tip everybody in sight, so nothing will delay us at the end—and if I'm late you'll be all ready to start, won't you?"

"I certainly will. But if you find you're going to be as late as all that, why can't I meet you at the boat?"

"Would you be willing to do that?"

"Well, I shouldn't like it much, but I'd rather do it than have you not see poor George. I just can't bear to think of that boy in those tombs!"

"I suppose you'd be happier about him if he were in Sing Sing?" he suggested, laughing.

"Well, it certainly does sound more cheerful. 'Tisn't like I'd have to go alone to the boat. I can take Cousin Caroline and Mary Fairfax with me."

"Good! Then if I'm not here by two o'clock, you take the ladies and go to the dock, and I'll meet you there. Of course I'll telephone in the mean time, but, whatever happens, don't wait a minute after two, for we must make that ship. Sure you don't mind?"

"No, indeedy! Aren't you doing it all for me? And you'll surely see George?"

"I'll surely see George."

First making all necessary arrangements for a quick departure later, Brainard began trying to reach his legal friends by telephone, only to learn that one was ill, one was in Europe, one—a patent attorney—was in Washington, and the fourth was not in his office and was not expected there before three o'clock. He was not discouraged, however, for by this time he had remembered that among the members of his college fraternity was Tom Bidwell, city editor of *The Evening Sphere*, upon whose good offices he might confidently rely, and accordingly he called him up.



"WITH YOU?" ASKED THE MAN AT THE GATE

When Ned had established his identity the busy editor was very cordial, and not only agreed to see that George had able counsel, but promised to take a personal interest in the boy. He suggested also that, inasmuch as Brainard was in haste, a cicerone familiar with the routine of the Tombs might facilitate his business there, and offered the services of Bob Wilson, the reporter covering the criminal courts for *The Evening Sphere*, a courtesy promptly and gratefully accepted.

After hastily outlining all this to the delighted Leslie, the young husband set forth, tenderly conscious that at his wife's behest he was about to do a good deed in a naughty world, and highly resolving to keep himself always sensitized to her unselfish and ennobling influence. In this exalted mood he arrived duly at the Criminal Court House, where Wilson awaited him in the reporter's room.

The *Sphere* man listened attentively while Brainard told his story, and then asked:

"When did this happen?"

"We don't know exactly, but it must have been very recently, for his mother knew nothing about it when we left Richmond, three or four days ago."

"All right. Come on," said Wilson, pushing some sheets of copy into his desk. "I guess we can find it."

They went into the office of the court, where an obliging young man opened an enormous book and after a little search found the entry: "George Johnson, 26. Assault, first degree. Indicted June 1st." In another room another young man assured them, after consulting another enormous book, that George Johnson was still in the Tombs, and that the case was on the calendar of Part Fifteen of the Court of General Sessions.

"Now we'd better go and see Aldrich, the Assistant District Attorney," Wilson suggested, looking at his watch. "He'll be going out to lunch pretty soon."

He led the way to Part Fifteen, and was about to introduce his protégé to the man they sought when Brainard chuckled a little and said:

"Hello, Petey."

The lawyer looked up with an astonished stare, and then sprang to his feet, exclaiming:

"Blinky Brainard, by all the powers!"

They explained to Wilson that they had played opposite each other in some of the hardest-fought football games a dozen years before, and fell to exchanging questions and reminiscences. Presently Brainard remembered his errand and told Aldrich all about the case of George Johnson and his own connection with it, including the fact that he was to sail for Europe with his wife within three hours. He did not, however, mention that they were setting out on their wedding-journey. At the moment this seemed to him an unnecessary and irrelevant detail. The attorney listened unresponsively, but when he spoke his words atoned for his apparent indifference.

"You go over to the Tombs and see Johnson," he said, "and make sure that he really acted in self-defense. If the case is as you heard it I'll send for all the witnesses and examine them before trial. Then if I'm convinced that the jury wouldn't convict him, I guess the

court will accept a suggestion to dismiss the indictment. By the way, if I'm not here you'd better leave a note telling me what you find. I wish I could ask you to come back and have lunch with me, but I have an appointment in about half an hour that I can't sidestep."

Brainard explained that in any event his time was too limited to permit of luncheon, warmly thanked Aldrich for his promised co-operation, and continued his quest under the reporter's guidance. He would have liked to find a telephone and tell Leslie the good news immediately, but restrained the impulse after looking at his watch, and accompanied Wilson without further delay to the imposing granite entrance of the City Prison, where they found a long queue of people carrying food for their imprisoned friends. A pervasive odor of fried ham poignantly reminded Brainard that the luncheon-hour was at hand, and he hoped he would have time, after his interview with George, to hunt up a lunch-counter and snatch a sandwich to appease his already stirring appetite.

"With you?" asked the uniformed man at the gate, with an affable nod to the reporter and a glance at his companion; and when Wilson replied in the affirmative he nodded again and admitted them.

The crowd was dense in the lobby of the prison, but the newspaper man pushed through it, conveying Ned to one of the high desks at the left of the entrance, where they found a Deputy Commissioner of Correction, who, upon learning their errand, called:

"McLean."

"Yes, sir." A young clerk with reddened eyelids and somewhat swollen features approached, sneezing as he came.

"Take this gentleman up to see the prisoner he wants," commanded the deputy. "Good day. Glad to have met you."

"You're all right now," said Wilson. "I'll go back to the shop. Don't mention it. Great pleasure."

He shook hands and vanished in the moving throng, and Brainard's new guide conducted him through another heavy grill, guarded by two more men in blue, and past a long line of visitors



"HELLO, MAC. STILL GOT THAT COLD?"

waiting to get identification cards, without which no stranger may pass either in or out through the doors guarding the tiers of cells.

"You won't need a card," McLean explained, thickly. "You'll only be here a few minutes, and the keepers on the tiers will remember you."

He paused before a bulky register and ascertained, between sneezes, that "George Johnson. Assault, first degree. Indicted June 1st," was confined on Tier 3, after which he went on to a door at the foot of a stairway. The keeper hailed him sympathetically.

"Hello, Mac. Still got that cold?"

"Yep. Keep catching more all the time," was what McLean tried to say, but the best he could do was, "Geeb gatchi'g bore all dhe dibe."

"You'd better take a couple of days off and go to bed."

"Guess I'll have do. Say, do'd forged dhis ge'dlebad. He'll be bag id a few bidits — kachoo! — a'd he hasn'd ady gard. Do'd fail to led hib oud."

"All right," returned the keeper.

At the top of the stair another man in blue sat before another grill, and, like the rest, he nodded pleasantly to McLean as he admitted them. While they were climbing the next flight of steps Brainard tentatively inquired:

"A card isn't necessary at that last grill?"

"Sure id is! Bud he'll rebebber you."

"I think you forgot to tell him that I haven't any, didn't you?"

"Did I? Well, I'll dell hib whed I go bag. Thad'll be all righd."

When they arrived on the third tier the clerk introduced Brainard to the keeper, whose name was Shanley, and briefly explained his errand, while the visitor glanced curiously about at the lobby, the desk, and the cells extending in long rows on either side of narrow corridors.

"You're all righd dow," McLean concluded. "Good-day. You're welcob." Sneezing, he disappeared down the stairway.

Shanley looked in his big book and found that "George Johnson. Assault,



"RIGHT DOWN THAT ALLEY. YOU CAN'T MISS IT"

first degree. Indicted June 1st," was in Cell 336. "Right down that alley," he directed. "You can't miss it."

As Brainard turned the corner and walked alone through the corridor, his heels clattering on the stone floor, the gloom of the prison rolled down upon him like something tangible. The corridor was full of sunlight, but the light itself seemed to have had all the vitality strained out of it, the prison smell assailed his nostrils, the air seemed heavy and dead, and he gasped, with a vague feeling that he was struggling against some noisome, overwhelming miasma. He was oppressed, too, by a sense of the wretchedness of the men peering at him from their close steel cages, though he could not bring himself to look at them. The thought of Leslie alone cheered him. Again he resolved to tend faithfully every little candle she might light, now that he actually beheld one of the dismal spots a far-thrown beam might shine upon.

Two negroes looked through the bars at him as he stopped before 336, and he spoke to the younger and blacker one.

"You're George Johnson, aren't you?"

"Yassuh."

"Well, I'm Mr. Brainard, Miss Leslie's husband."

"Yassuh?" The response was ready enough, but the tone seemed tinged with uncertainty, so Ned added:

"You knew Miss Leslie was married, didn't you?"

"N-no, suh. No, suh, I don' jus' rightly 'member 'bout that."

"Well, she is. She's here in New York—been here two or three days, but she only heard this morning from your mother that you were in trouble."

"F'om—f'om *who*?"

"From your mother. What's the matter?" The man had fallen back a step and turned a queer, muddy gray. "Did you think your mother didn't know it? My wife had a letter from her this morning asking us to help you."

"Y-yassuh—n-no, suh," stammered the negro. "I don' wan' know no mo' 'bout it! P-please, suh!"

"You don't want to know—What the devil's the matter with you? Don't you understand that Mrs. Brainard—your Miss Leslie—wants to help you? I'm here to see what we can do for you."

"N-n-nothin, suh. Nothin' 'tall. I don' wan' nothin' to do wid sperrits! No, suh!"

"Well, I should say myself that your acquaintance with spirits was sufficiently extensive," said Brainard, severely. "Look here, Johnson. I've already got Assistant District Attorney Aldrich interested in your case, but it isn't going to help you much if I tell him I found you drunk."

"No, suh; I ain't! Fo' de Lawd, I ain't drunk. But I don' wan' nothin' to do wid sperrits an'—an' mejums—an' h'ants!"

"Good Lord! Who's asking you to have anything to do with mediums? Now listen—and try to understand. Your mother wrote—"

"Fo' Gawd, suh," wailed the ducky, "fo' Gawd, she cayn't! She daid!"

"Who's dead?"

"My mothuh, suh. She been daid mos' ev' sence I c'n 'member, an' I done tol' you I don' wan' nothin' 'tall to do wid 'er now!"

"I thought you said you were George Johnson?"

"Yassuh, I sho is George Johnson."

"From Richmond?"

"No, suh. I come f'om Alabama, suh, an' I don'—"

"Oh, I see! You're not the man I'm looking for, at all. He's from Richmond. Do you know whether there's another George Johnson in the Tombs?"

"Yassuh, they is." The man at the back of the cell came eagerly to the grating. "They's a George Johnson in 349."

"What's he in for?"

"I don' jus' rightly know, suh, but I heerd he done cut a man."

Brainard thanked him and hurried away. In 349 he found a good-looking young mulatto who said he was George Johnson, and admitted, not without a ring of satisfaction in his voice, that he sut'nly was indicted for assault. He also informed his visitor that the complainant was a snake in the grass, whom he had always believed to be his friend, and that when he had discovered his perfidy he done trimmed him up good and proper.

"Capital!" said Brainard. "But you're not my man, either. I'm looking for a George Johnson who came from Richmond. Do you know where he is?"

Loath to lose so soon a sympathetic listener, the occupant of 349 volunteered further picturesque details concerning his own career, and it took some cross-examination to wring from

him the reluctant admission that possibly still another Johnson might be found in 324, whither Brainard pursued his quest. He found the third Johnson, who was middle-aged and said his name was Jasper.

By this time Ned was not only beginning to perceive that he might as easily hope to find the traditional needle in a haystack as to locate a negro in the Tombs by the Socratean method, but he was also acutely conscious that all this searching and questioning had consumed a good deal of time and that as yet the beam of his little candle had made no appreciable impression on the surrounding murk. Mammy Liza's George might be in any one of six hundred cells, and the quickest way to find him would be to return to the office of the Criminal Courts and again consult the register. Accordingly, he turned into the lobby.

There was nothing especially terrifying in the aspect of the keeper, busily copying entries from some large, loose sheets into his book; but at sight of him Brainard gasped and stopped short, blankly staring. It was not the man



"YOU GET BACK INTO YOUR CAGE BEFORE I DO SOMETHING TO YOU!"

who had admitted him. After the first shock of surprise, however, he reflected that probably Shanley had gone to luncheon—it was now half past twelve—and undoubtedly the relief had been informed as to his presence, so he approached the desk with renewed confidence and a pleasant smile.

"I guess I'll have to go back to the Criminal Court House and start over again," he began, genially. "I don't find—"

"What's that?" The keeper lifted a surprised, surly face. "You'll what?"

"The prisoner I'm looking for doesn't seem to be on this tier," explained Brainard, more carefully, "so I suppose I'd better go back to the register—"

"Say, you'd better close your face and jump into your box before something happens to you," said the officer, poisoning his pen for the next entry and again looking down at the page. "How'd you get out, anyway?"

"You don't understand. I'm a visitor, not a prisoner."

"Where's your visitor's card?"

"I haven't any card, but—"

"Well, you get back into your cage before I do something to you!" There was an angry rasp in the man's voice as he pushed back his chair and closed a big fist, displaying three white knuckles like hungry teeth sticking out through a mass of black bristles.

"If you'll just let me explain—"

"Explain nothin'! I'm not the Court. Do you get back, or do I put you back? Huh?"

For an instant Brainard hesitated; then, remembering that for the moment the big fist represented constituted authority and that there were several other grills between him and freedom, he yielded to discretion and withdrew to the corridor. Safely around the corner, he looked at his watch and found it was twenty-five minutes to one. Doubtless the regular keeper would be back at one, and, while the delay would make it impossible for him to return to the hotel, he could still see George, provided his next attempt to find him was successful, and reach the dock in time to meet Leslie and her cousins.

For half an hour he paced the corridor, nursing a clamorous appetite and

occasionally peeping to see whether Shanley had returned, but taking good care to keep out of sight of the irritable man at the desk. It was ten minutes past one when he heard the clang of the grill at the head of the stairs and discovered that the second guard had been relieved—by a third! The newcomer was not Shanley. That was when Brainard felt his first real qualm. Quickly regaining his poise, however, he stepped briskly into the lobby.

"Morning," he said. "Shanley not coming back?"

"No. His boy's hurt, and he had to go to the hospital," the new keeper vouchsafed, eying him unresponsively.

"That's awkward for me." Ned kept his tone light and laughed a little. "My name's Brainard. I came in here to see a prisoner, and—"

"Where's your card?" The guard's eyes narrowed slightly.

"That's it! I haven't any. A clerk named McLean brought me up here—"

"Uh-huh. Well, you go back and wait till he comes after you," advised the officer. "I'm wise to you, and it don't go. See?"

"But you don't understand," Brainard persisted. "McLean introduced me to Shanley, and Shanley said he'd let me out when—"

"Maybe Shanley will, but I won't. See? Now, you g'wan back where you belong, or I'll—"

"Look here, Mr. Keeper." Ned resorted to persuasion. "Listen a minute, won't you? This is straight. I can't go back to my cell, because I haven't any, and I'm in a devil of a hole. McLean passed me in, and said you people would remember me and I wouldn't need a card. Now, what am I going to do?"

Evidently impressed by his manner, the man subjected him to a searching gaze, finally asking slowly,

"How'd you get past the other grills?"

"McLean brought me, I tell you, and the keepers promised to remember me."

"Uh-huh." The guard maintained his steady stare. "Well, I'll ask Smith, on the second tier. If he says it's all right, it goes."

"He's the only one of the lot McLean didn't introduce me to!" Brainard's



"WOULDN'T IT BE TERRIBLE IF HE SHOULD MISS THE BOAT?"

attempted smile turned out a sickly effort, and the keeper's face instantly hardened. "But he promised to tell him when he went out. I guess he'll remember me, anyway."

"Uh-huh. That 'll be about all from you. You're pretty smooth, but there's nothin' doin'. See? Now, you g'wan back and stay there!"

"But—"

"Beat it!"

The big man's tone and gesture were such that Brainard stayed not upon the order of his going, retreating rapidly to the comparative seclusion of the corridor, where he paced to and fro, irritated, disconcerted, but not yet really alarmed, and still confident that he would manage somehow to extricate himself from this absurd predicament in time to catch the steamer. When occasionally a sickening doubt obtruded he shook it off, impatiently telling himself that, however such things might seem to threaten, they never actually happened to mature and responsible people. He tried to formulate plans to meet every possible emer-

gency, but was too hungry to think clearly, and at half past one, having given the keeper fifteen minutes in which to regain his equanimity, the bridegroom again emerged into the lobby.

The custodian at the desk looked up with a savage frown at his approach, exclaiming: "Say, young feller, if you know what's good for you—"

"All right, Mr. Keeper," said Brainard, pacifically, as he detached a yellow-tinged bank-note from the impressive roll in his hand. "I understand your position perfectly, and I'm sorry to trouble you again, but I've got to get out of this place somehow, even if I haven't any card. There are plenty of people to identify me, if I can only get at them. There's that man McLean—and a reporter named Wilson, over at the Criminal Courts—and Assistant-District-Attorney Aldrich is an old friend of mine. Any of them will vouch for me, and I'm perfectly willing to pay for messengers—and haste," he added, significantly. "Now, what can you do for me? Can you fix it so I can see the warden?" He



"OH, PLEASE, I MUST SEE THE CAPTAIN!"

met the guard's keen scrutiny with clear and steadfast eyes.

"Sure," the man finally conceded. "I guess I can fix that all right."

"Thank you. That's very kind of you. I'll be even more obliged if you'll arrange it quickly. I have an important engagement at three o'clock, and every minute counts now."

"Sure," said the keeper again, evidently impressed. "I'll do what I can for you."

"I—I suppose you couldn't let me use a telephone? I want to talk to my wife."

"You'll have to fix that with the warden."

"All right. Hurry it all you can, please."

The keeper faithfully did his best, but twenty minutes passed before word came up that the warden would see Brainard in his office, and while the young man was being conducted thither some one

else claimed the warden's attention, so it was after two when he was free to listen to Ned's rapid sketch of his predicament. The officer was courteous, even sympathetic, but firm.

"You understand, Mr. Brainard, that I don't question your word," he said, "but under the circumstances you'll have to be identified before I can let you go."

"Then will you send for McLean, please? He's the nearest man. And may I telephone to my wife? We're due to sail on the *Atlantis* at three o'clock."

"The dickens you are!" exclaimed the warden, and hastily summoned a messenger, while Ned reached for the telephone.

Learning that Leslie had left the hotel, he arranged to have one of the clerks follow her with a message that her husband had been unavoidably detained, but would arrive at the dock very soon. In case he was not there by ten minutes

of three she was to see the captain, whom Brainard knew, and ask him to hold the ship a few minutes, if possible.

As he hung up the receiver the warden's messenger returned, saying that McLean had gone home sick.

"I was introduced to two other men," said Ned. "One of them sat at a high desk to the left of the door where we came in, and told McLean to take me up—no, I don't know his name—and the other was the keeper at the foot of the first stairway. Perhaps they'll remember me."

As the warden despatched the messenger for these men Brainard called up the Criminal Court House by telephone and began a frantic and futile search for Aldrich and Wilson, neither of whom could be found. He left urgent requests for each of them to call up the warden's office at the earliest possible moment, and again looked at his watch.

The men whom the warden had called both remembered that some one had been taken into the prison under the circumstances Brainard described, but neither of them could positively identify him as that person. The deputy commissioner had not noticed Wilson's friend especially, and the keeper said McLean told him his man would be there only a few minutes, so he had instructed his relief at lunch-time to let him out and supposed he had done so. This relief guard was not in the building.

"But aren't you satisfied now?" Brainard demanded. "Both these men have agreed that just the thing I have described happened."

"That's not sufficient. You will understand that letting an unidentified man out of this place is a very serious business. The prisoners frame up all sorts of schemes, and we take no chances."

"But—look here, man. I've got to catch that ship! It—it's our wedding journey! I was married four days ago."

"That so?" The warden's expression softened, but only for a moment. Shaking his head slightly, he added, with a level, penetrating glance, "I'm sorry—but you sure chose a bad day to visit the Tombs!"

Having again obtained permission to talk to his wife, Brainard called up the dock and attempted to have her summoned to the telephone, but the man at the other end scoffed, nor was he moved by promise of reward.

"Say," he said, "there's four million people here, with seven million bundles! The devil himself couldn't find anybody in that crowd, and the first gong's rung already."

At that very moment a perspiring and

somewhat wild-eyed young hotel clerk was proving the truth of this statement as he struggled through the massed humanity on the decks of the *Atlantis*, vainly appealing to preoccupied officers and distracted stewards to help him find Mrs. Brainard. He had managed to

reach the Brainards' suite, which he found lavishly banked with flowers, hung with white streamers, and littered with confetti; but the bride had fled to the less conspicuous deck, whither he pursued her, still undelivered of his message. Later, he made an effort to return to the suite and leave a note testifying to his endeavor, but by that time it was impossible to make any headway against the strong current to-

ward the gangway, and eventually he gave it up and went ashore, reflecting that probably Brainard had arrived.

Meanwhile, on the crowded boat-deck, surrounded by the laughing group of friends whom she had found in possession of her suite upon her arrival, Leslie anxiously wondered where Ned could be.

"Wouldn't it be terrible if he should miss the boat?" she exclaimed, for the hundredth time.

"My sakes alive, Leslie Hayne! Do you think that man's going to miss anything you're on?" demanded one of the girls. "Of course he's here somewhere, and I reckon he's about demented trying to find you-all. You'd better have stayed in your cabin, where he'd be sure to look for you."

"Ned won't look for anything in that cabin after he once gets his eye on it," said the bride, laughing.

"Maybe that's what's the matter," suggested a man of the party. "Maybe he's seen it and is keeping out of sight until we're all ashore."



"HE'S HERE! HE'S ON BOARD!"

"N-no; he's no coward, and I reckon he'd face the music," Leslie replied, "but Ned certainly does hate to be conspicuous. Oh, suppose something has happened—an accident or something!"

"Nothing's going to happen to a bridegroom," easily assumed one of the men. "He's on board somewhere. For that matter, so's Jack Cotharin. I saw him come up the gangway half an hour ago, and he's still hunting for us."

"Alice Jackson, too," added a girl. "She said she'd surely be here, but who's seen her? All that worries me is that your precious husband won't find us in time to receive our parting blessings," whereat they all laughed, and the visitors surreptitiously felt for their concealed bags of confetti.

It was perhaps half an hour later—just after the gangway had been withdrawn—that a pallid young woman, whose modish raiment was sprinkled with scraps of bright paper, stopped an officer hurrying along the deck and cried: "Oh, please, I must see the captain!"

"Captain's on the bridge, madam," he returned, and would have passed on.



HASTENED TO THEIR BEGARLANDED CABIN TO AWAIT HIM

"But my husband—he's missed the boat—and I want to get off!"

"Are you sure he's not on board?"

"Oh, sure! Sure! I've been all over the boat—everywhere—"

"You may easily have missed him in the crowd, madam. We've a very full passenger-list."

"Oh, I know he's not here—and he's a friend of the captain's—he's crossed with him ever so often—and if Captain Haslett only knew that Mr. Brainard hadn't come—"

"Brainard? Are you Mrs. Brainard? Suite A? Did the gentleman find you?"

"No! What gentleman? When?"

"When the crowd was thickest here some gentleman was looking for you. He seemed very much upset because he couldn't find you."

"Oh, that must have been my husband!"

"Young man—gray clothes—smooth face—deep voice," enumerated the officer, and laughed as she nodded eagerly. "Well, he's probably still chasing you around the ship. If you'll go to your cabin and stay there I think you'll find he's on board all right."

She paused just long enough to call to her anxious friends on the dock: "He's here! He's on board!" and hastened to their begarlanded cabin to await the bridegroom, who was sitting at that moment in the warden's office, faint with hunger, his watch in his hand and futile fury in his heart.

Almost an hour later, from his post beside the warden's open window, Brainard espied, in the crowd outside, a hurrying, preoccupied, and receding figure that brought him to his feet with a yell.

"Hi! Hi! Aldrich!" he shouted. "Hi! Petey!"

The lawyer looked up, stared a moment, and wheeled toward the entrance, presenting himself at the warden's door just as that officer's telephone-bell rang.

"For the love of Mike, come in here and get me out of hock!" Ned implored.

"Here's Wilson," the warden said, smiling. "Never rains but it pours, eh?"

"Well, we need rain," said Brainard. "It's been some drought!"

Notwithstanding the warden's assurance that Wilson's presence was no longer necessary, the newspaper man

smelled news and hurried over, eager for "the story."

"Good Lord! Haven't I trouble enough now?" cried Brainard. "For Heaven's sake, man, be human! Keep this out of print! I've missed my ship—"

"Have you actually missed it?" Aldrich asked.

"Sure I've missed it! She sailed at three-twenty. And I can't find my wife at the dock or the hotel or anywhere, so I suppose she's on board—alone," he added, grimly.

"Well, you can reach her by wireless," Wilson comforted him, "and arrange for her to meet you on the other side. By George, you can meet her! The *Transitania* sails at one o'clock to-morrow morning and docks two or three days ahead of the *Atlantis*!"

"Yes, I know, but—oh, well, I suppose I may as well make a clean breast of it!" Brainard cast reserve to the winds. "This is our wedding journey."

"Your wedding?—Moses, mother of Mike!" joyously crowed the reporter. "It's a sin to kill this story! Let me use it. I'll call it 'The Captive Bridegroom'!"

"Not on your life!" Brainard told him. "Tom Bidwell and I are frat brothers, and if you ever print this tale I'll have your scalp! Where's the nearest telegraph-office? I want to send a wireless. Thank God, nobody on the *Atlantis* knows about this bridal business, anyway!" he added, little dreaming that Leslie, convinced that he must be dead, lay weeping wildly in a very riot of bridal emblems, and that sundry rumors concerning "that poor deserted child" were already finding their way about the ship.

"What sort of accommodations did

you get on the *Transitania*?" Aldrich asked, when, all necessary business having been transacted and several cheering wireless messages sent and received, the two friends were dining together.

"Pretty rotten, I guess," Brainard returned, "but I can't help that."

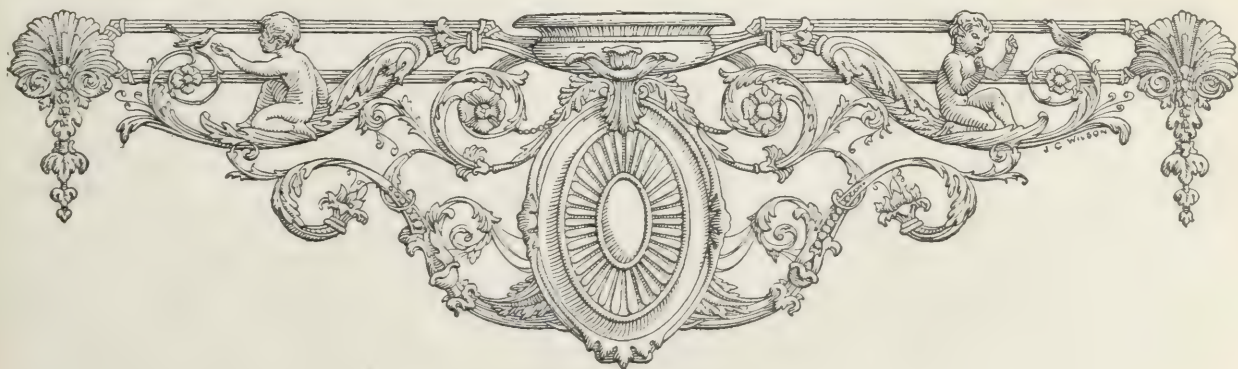
"Perhaps I can," said his friend. "I know Knowles, the captain of the *Transitania*, very well indeed, and he's a bully good sort. I think he'll manage to fix you up somehow."

He did. When he had heard the story he took Brainard into his own cabin until "the fastest steamship afloat" overtook the slower vessel. Then, by an arrangement between the two captains, of which Brainard knew nothing until the smaller ship was sighted, the great *Transitania* slowed down, the bridegroom descended the ladder lowered for him to the waiting small boat of the *Atlantis*, and amid the cheers and plaudits of several thousand enthusiastic spectators, the orchestras of both ships playing nuptial music on the decks, was borne over the swelling bosom of the deep to the bridal bower. As he mounted the ladder, shrieking siren and bellowing fog-horn added their voices to the congratulatory din, and at last, in a swirling hail of rice and slippers, he was reunited to his rejoicing but embarrassed bride.

That night at dinner, when the story had been told and retold in varying aspects, it occurred to Captain Haslett that one important detail had been omitted.

"By the way, Brainard," he said, "where *was* that nigger?"

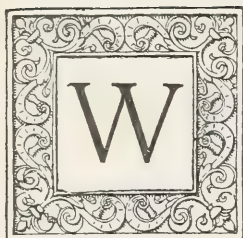
"Oh, didn't I tell you?" Ned laughed. "He was acquitted, on the ground of self-defense, two days before we were married."



Can Our Diplomatic Service be Made More Efficient?

BY DAVID JAYNE HILL

Former Ambassador of the United States to Germany



INTER had passed, and the yellow patches of blooming crocuses in Lafayette Square gave evidence that spring had already arrived, as the Hon. Mr. Leaduson, M.C., paused for a moment on the asphalt pathway near the center of the square.

The reason was soon evident, for the venerable figure of his friend, Mr. Justice Evenweight, who had just left the White House grounds, was slowly approaching.

As the two met near the spot where General Jackson rides his frantic steed, the Representative extended his hand in salutation as he exclaimed, "I was this very moment thinking of you!"

"And, what is equally strange, I was thinking of you," returned the Judge. "I was just lamenting the fact that our fond hopes of last December have melted away with the departing snows. Congress will soon adjourn, and I see that your plan for standardizing the diplomatic service is not yet out of its cradle."

"You are right," was the reply; "it is not yet out of its cradle, and at present it is tranquilly sleeping; but you will yet find that this infant has a voice, and is every day gathering new vigor for making itself heard. When it awakes, its cry will resound from Boston to San Francisco. Then all the politics in the world cannot rock it to sleep again."

"You are an optimist, Leaduson," replied the Judge, laughing. "As for me, I have about abandoned hope. You evidently go upon the principle that whatever is reasonable will happen. I have too often seen the unreasonable triumph, at least for a very long time. Aristotle, you remember, defined 'man' as a 'rational animal,' and he was partly right, for undoubtedly man possesses reason; but it is too frequently a

dormant faculty. The world seems to be governed by interests and passions, rather than by principles. The chief trouble is that we Americans are such busy people we have no time for any but the most practical questions; and foreign affairs are, indeed, foreign to most of us. We are all preoccupied with our private interests, and these are only remotely touched by questions pertaining to the diplomatic service."

"Do you really believe that?" inquired the Representative, as they turned to pursue their way together. "I once regarded this whole matter as of slight importance, but I have come to think that we are all affected by the success or failure of American policies, which have in recent years become so wrapped up with world politics that we cannot escape being benefited or injured by what is going on outside of our own country and by the attitude of other nations toward us. We cannot afford to lose our national prestige in the world, and especially in our own hemisphere."

"You speak of the importance of American policies. I have just been reading a book on foreign trade, in which the author says: 'The United States is not found guilty of a continuous foreign policy, except on the broadest and most fundamental lines'; and I think the statement is quite true. What is the use of diplomatists without a policy? And what is the use of a policy that is merely casual, extemporaneous, and inconstant? The truth is, we are in danger of getting the cart before the horse in this matter. We talk of a 'service' without having first considered what ends are to be served. If the people really felt the need of something, if they had before them definite lines of action in the field of diplomacy, they would be anxious enough about results, and about the agencies by which results were to be pro-

duced. As it is, they are still asking the question which an eminent American jurist asked about twenty years ago, when, after it was remarked that a certain action would create 'a bad impression abroad,' he scornfully demanded, 'What have *we* to do with *abroad*?'"

"That might have sounded well enough twenty years ago," replied the Representative "but it will not do to talk in that way to-day. We have become a world-power, and have interests in every quarter of the globe. Twenty years ago the whole volume of the foreign trade of the United States amounted to only a little more than a billion and a half dollars, our exports being mostly the product of our fields; but to-day it is nearly five billions, and our manufactures are largely represented. Our people are reaching out for a still greater share in the world's market. One of the tasks of diplomacy is to extend and protect the industrial and commercial interests of our citizens. To do so effectively requires not only intelligent guidance, but extensive knowledge; not merely scraps of information pigeon-holed in government departments, but a comprehensive grasp of the state and conditions of trade throughout the world, to be acted upon in conference with our enterprising business men, and vigorously reinforced by persons who, through their accomplishments and experience, would be qualified to stand with the expert diplomatic representatives of competing countries. Behind all this, however, there must be a clearly defined general policy which will take into account the purposes and susceptibilities of other governments."

"Do you not think we are a little too home-bred for that?" retorted the Judge. "Do you fancy that our political methods will ever take much account of foreign conditions? For my part, I am of the opinion that our people have made two mistakes, and are likely to go on making them: first, in thinking that other governments are as indefinite in their foreign policies as our own; and, second, in considering all foreigners as in some way our inferiors, and thus underestimating their powers of competition. As a matter of fact, they have been in the habit of sending us back some of

our own products, after increasing their value by from sixty to eighty per cent. by the skill they have exercised upon them. Worst of all, our exports are often resold in foreign markets at a handsome profit to the foreign dealer, because we ourselves do not yet know how to place them. We not only send them in foreign ships; we leave them to be distributed by foreign merchants."

"I am aware of these facts, Judge," remarked the Representative; "and I know, too, that we are behind other countries in the support we offer to our foreign trade, in spite of the fact that we have recently given it much attention. One great obstacle to our success is found in the fact that it is in our traditions as a people to regard public office as an honor to be sought rather than as a position of service to the community. In our business life we seek out and employ the most qualified experts for every branch of industry, but in our public life expert knowledge and experience have often counted for nothing. Of late years we have come to realize the value of training in the merely clerical positions; but these, of course, have no influence upon questions of public policy, and no competency for the formation of great plans requiring continuity of action in their execution. In the higher and responsible offices we have no standard of fitness and little permanence of tenure. The highest appointments are made mainly for purely political reasons. Every new chief, after he has learned from the permanent staff the alphabet of his office, is anxious to distinguish his brief administration by some innovation, which is usually merely experimental and is often soon abandoned. How can we expect our official novitiates to equal the veterans with whom they have to do business? It is not surprising that we always remain in our official childhood, with little prospect of ever growing up!"

"You seem to overlook," returned the Judge, "the advantages resulting from frequent changes in office. We, at least, very soon get rid of palpable incompetence."

The Representative, who had not noticed the expression of countenance with which this remark was uttered, gazed at the Judge a moment in mute surprise.

"So you are content, are you," he queried, "to rest the fortunes of the country upon the mere chances of politics? I am seeking a real remedy, not simply a mental palliative. I would like to see the country take an interest in expert knowledge in the highest as well as the lowest places. What does the protection of the civil service amount to if it only succeeds in keeping at their desks a number of government clerks, and can do nothing to secure special fitness in those who direct their activities? It is a good deal like placing a well-disciplined army under the command of an untrained general."

"I entirely agree with you," replied the Judge, smiling, "but we have no method in our system of government for distinguishing between our fellow-citizens. I recall the remark of Lowell, that 'one man is as good as another until a real man is wanted.' The practical difficulty is in finding the 'real man' at the moment when he is most needed."

"How would it do to keep him on hand, when you have once found him?" insinuated the Representative.

The Judge laughed sympathetically, and answered: "It would be difficult to do that until we have radically changed our conception of public office. The fact is, we have never grown up to the idea of 'public servants.' We have been taught to regard public offices as 'honors' and 'rewards,' which men are supposed to 'deserve'—not for their qualifications or past public services, but for the devotion they have shown to a party or a person. We sometimes call these offices 'jobs,' which is relatively innocent; and even 'spoils,' which illustrates how far we are from a right estimation of what 'offices' really are intended to be. I have often wished that some philologist would trace for us the history of the Latin word *officia* from its original meaning down to the degenerate use we make of it. Imagine an American school-boy translating Cicero's famous essay on 'Duties,' *De Officiis*, as 'Concerning Spoils'!"

"But how can we expect an improvement in our public life, and especially anything so mature as a consistent foreign policy—which cannot be created in a day—so long as we regard official posi-

tion as a remuneration rather than a place for responsible public service?" demanded the Representative. "The difficulty with which we have to contend is, really, hostile to the spirit of our institutions. It is a survival of an aristocratic régime which we have intended to abolish. It is as much as possible undemocratic to consider that public offices have been designed as 'honors.' That conception belongs to an entirely different system of things. We ridicule the European passion for 'orders' as an exhibition of aristocratic pride, and we forbid our public officers to accept them from foreign governments; and yet the foreign practice is, in one respect at least, more sensible than ours. Is it not more reasonable to obtain the service first, and bestow the 'honor' afterward, in the form of approval of the way the service has been performed? We, on the contrary, make the office itself the 'honor'; and the longer it is held, and the more qualified the incumbent is to continue to perform its duties, the more we exclaim, in the language of a distinguished statesman, '*He has already had his plum!*'"

"Won't you come in and lunch with me?" asked the Judge as they paused for a moment before a large brick dwelling which the latter was evidently intending to enter. "I am expecting Channing, who happens to have a case in the Supreme Court, and one or two others whom I have asked by telephone to come and meet him. Everything will be quite informal. Channing and I were in college together."

"I shall be delighted to meet the Ambassador," was the prompt reply as they ascended the steps. "I have long wanted to get his views on the subject you and I have discussed together."

A quarter of an hour later a group of six gentlemen was gathered about a round table in the Judge's comfortable dining-room. Opposite the host sat the ex-Ambassador—a venerable gentleman with a Greek profile that might have done credit to Praxiteles, and upon whose iron-gray head it was difficult to believe that the snows of seventy-six winters had fallen. On the Judge's right was placed a member of the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate; on

his left, the Hon. Mr. Leaduson; while the principal guest was flanked on his right by an eminent American historian, who was faced by the editor of a Western daily newspaper.

"Leaduson and I," remarked the Judge, "were discussing, when we came in together, the importance to the nation of our diplomatic service. You, my dear Channing, having been one of its brightest ornaments, should be able to tell us something about it—particularly how it might be made more useful to the country."

The ex-Ambassador was silent for a moment, then modestly replied: "It is a subject to which I have given much thought, but, having held but a single post, and that in a country with which our relations are excellent, I have no fixed theory about it. I can only reason from my own experience. What has most impressed me is the fact that during the six years of my mission I received from the Department of State only one instruction of real importance."

"In your case, Mr. Ambassador, even that must have been quite superfluous," exclaimed the Senator. "You were in every way competent to be your own chief."

"You flatter me, Senator," was the quick reply; "but it was not a question of competence; it was a question of co-ordinate action. There were a score of negotiations which would have involved the co-operation of several of my colleagues, and only in this single instance was there any general plan of action. I was never informed as to what any one else was doing at any other post, or how my own action was related to the action of others; yet it was evident that the representatives of the opposing interests were not thus left in the dark. Each of the countries involved had its own system, but we had none. I do not recall that I was even once instructed to give information regarding what my foreign colleagues were doing."

"That is because you kept us so well informed," observed the Senator.

"It was only toward the end of my mission that your compliment could have been deserved, Senator," replied the Ambassador. "When I accepted my appointment I stepped without warning

from a busy law-office to a position of the highest rank in the diplomatic service, without time for the slightest preparation. The so-called 'instruction period' of thirty days gave me barely sufficient time to pack my trunks. I was in Washington for only two hours before I sailed for my post. The Secretary of State being absent, I saw no one but the Assistant Secretary. He advised me to consult the files of the department and to read over the correspondence between it and the embassy for at least the previous year, but I did not have time to do so."

"But, of course," observed the Senator, "when you arrived at your post you found your secretaries fully informed and able to prompt you regarding current business."

The Ambassador looked a trifle amused. "Perhaps my case was exceptional," he continued, "but it was certainly not without embarrassment. Two weeks before my arrival the secretary of embassy had departed for another post. The second secretary was also transferred three weeks afterward. The third secretary soon resigned on account of illness, and of the three new men who came to replace this staff not one knew the language of the country. As I was myself not a linguist, having forgotten the little French I studied in college, we had no avenue of communication except through the clerks."

"Really, I am surprised to hear this," exclaimed the Senator. "I thought our secretaries were exceptionally bright and well-educated young men."

"And so they are," added the Ambassador. "All my secretaries—and I had a number of them during my mission—were men of college education, well-bred, charming fellows. I had no fault to find with them. They were like sons in their personal attentions to me, and they could not have been more willing to perform every duty. We were, however, altogether a rather helpless lot."

"Is it possible," demanded the Historian, rather indignantly, "that our government continues to send out secretaries who do not know the languages? I thought all appointees were now required at least to speak French."

"Two of my secretaries spoke French

to a certain extent, and one of them spoke Russian. Another spoke Japanese; but, as it happened, not one of them spoke the language of the country to which we were appointed. Still, I have no right to complain, for they were all better linguists than I."

"But how did it happen," inquired the Editor, "that not one of these young men knew the language of the country? There must be in the service others who knew it. There is, I believe, a Bureau of Appointments in the Department of State. Why were misfits sent, when better adapted persons could have been found?"

"It was certainly not the fault of my young men that they were not better fitted for their work," resumed the Ambassador. "They were willing to do anything demanded of them; but, without being informed in advance, or afforded an opportunity to instruct themselves, they had been suddenly ordered to pack up, and had been transferred, at considerable expense to themselves, from the other side of the globe. One young man whose name I could mention was assigned to seven different posts in six years. If he had not possessed an ample private fortune, these removals, by which he was transferred from Egypt to Mexico, from Mexico to Athens, from Athens to Tokio, from Tokio to Berlin, from Berlin to St. Petersburg, from St. Petersburg to London, and finally from London to Paris, would have financially ruined him. As it was, he did not have time to make a deliberate study of any one of the countries in which he lived."

"But," urged the Editor, "how could the Bureau of Appointments ever inflict upon a young man such a kaleidoscopic career as that? It was enough to make his head swim!"

"The Bureau of Appointments has absolutely nothing to say about it," broke in the Representative.

"It is the President who makes the appointments," observed the Senator.

"It is inconceivable," continued the Editor, "that the President should send a man to seven posts in six years. Such a performance is wholly inexplicable."

"Not at all," responded the Representative. "The number of posts, the location of them, the preparation for

them, the duration of an appointment, and the moment of transfer are questions which have never troubled the mind of any living man. The President and the Secretary of State give these matters practically no attention. The chief of the Bureau of Appointments has no authority and no responsibility whatever. He gets a card, or a list, from some one who has received orders to make certain changes, and he simply does what he is told to do. Letters or telegrams are sent to a series of men to change places. In this there is little or no consideration of personal fitness, and absolutely no previous preparation. A man who has leased an apartment for two years, who may have moved into it only two months before, is ordered to present himself within a week at a capital thousands of miles away. An excellent German scholar is sent to Spain, without knowing a word of Spanish. A man who has acquired Russian is sent to Central America. A man who is an adept in Spanish is packed off to Turkey."

"Why, this seems impossible!" exclaimed the Editor. "The public has no idea of this. It is shameful!"

"I have made no statement," alleged the Representative, "which I could not confirm by citing specific instances."

"Why is it that these purposeless and practically unconsidered changes are made?" asked the Editor. "One would suppose that there must be in the Department of State an exact record of the special qualifications of every individual in the service, together with full information regarding his condition in life, and that assignments to posts would be based upon the specific fitness of each individual for the work to be done. Not only this, but that some one in authority would be looking forward to possible contingencies and have men preparing for changes, so that, when the time came for a transfer, a man would be ready, and would be sent where his services would be most useful. No ambassador would then have occasion to say, 'we were rather a helpless lot!'"

"You are quite right, Mr. Editor, in your statement of what should be," returned the Representative. "All the information you mention is on file in the Bureau of Appointments, but your plan

cannot go into practical operation until there is a radical change in the method of making assignments. No business man would ever adopt the method now in vogue, but we are not doing these things on business principles. There are two vices in our present system—personal preference and official influence.”

“What do you mean?” demanded the Senator, somewhat testily. “All candidates who enter the diplomatic and the consular services are now subjected to a preliminary examination by an examining board.”

“That is true, but it is not by law; it is only by executive order, and whatever is done is without the slightest control. When men have passed the examination they must still wait for appointment. But, even when appointed, there is no person in charge of the service who has authority to place the men where they should be placed, or who is responsible for the results of their assignments.”

“It is the President who is responsible,” retorted the Senator. “He nominates to a definite position, and the Senate confirms.”

“Quite true,” replied the Representative. “The Senate confirms; but do not individual Senators suggest, urge, and insist upon certain assignments?”

“Certainly, the Senate has something to say about these appointments and transfers. That is its constitutional right. Such officers are appointed ‘with the advice and consent of the Senate.’”

“Does the Senate take any responsibility for these appointments? Does it ever in any way examine the candidate? And, above all, does it ever concern itself with the *special* fitness of the particular nominee for the specific post to which he is to be assigned?” demanded the Editor.

“That,” replied the Senator, “is not considered the Senate’s business. It has a right of confirmation, and it would not confirm any one to whom a Senator from the nominee’s state seriously objected.

“The President, then, must quite as seriously take into account the wishes of the Senators. When they have expressed their preferences, it is for him to choose between them. He does not, therefore, freely and spontaneously

nominate. He must first negotiate. Thus, it seems to me—since a new confirmation by the Senate has each time to be obtained—not only every original appointment, but every transfer in the service, is, in fact, a transaction,” observed the Editor.

The Senator appeared somewhat perturbed, but not altogether discomfited.

“Well,” he replied, after a pause, “what if there is a transaction? The Senate does not go beyond its constitutional right. How do you interpret the expression ‘with the advice and consent of the Senate’?”

“Certainly the expression does not mean ‘at the request and upon the urgency’ of one or more of the Senators,” replied the Editor, rather crisply. “And if the Senate has, as you say, the constitutional right of confirmation, what becomes of its constitutional *duty* in the matter? This division of authority simply results in the elimination of all responsibility. How can the public hold the President responsible for appointments which he does not freely make?”

“You are unreasonable, sir,” retorted the Senator with visible irritation. “He *does* make them freely.”

“In a metaphysical sense, he does,” broke in the Historian, “but in a practical sense he is obliged to consult Senatorial preferences, or his nominations will not be confirmed. It appears that these preferences are sometimes not merely negative; they are often positive, and sometimes even mandatory. Does not the President frequently defer sending in his diplomatic and consular nominations, even when vacancies have long existed, until certain legislation is previously passed by the Senate? Is this merely for the good of the service, or does it have other bearings? There is no one here who does not recall such instances. If necessary, I can cite them. But what relation has this selection of time to the qualifications or adaptations of the nominees? Why are these nominations reserved until action of Congress on other matters is taken? What have they to do with questions of general legislation?”

A somewhat embarrassing silence followed this rather searching series of interrogatories, and a suspicion seemed to

be forming that this conversation might lead to something beyond mere table gossip.

The Judge, whose tact as host now seemed to be called into requisition, did not wait for a reply. "It seems to me," he said, "hardly just to impute blame in cases where public officers have, for obviously natural reasons, drifted into a way of doing things that may not be perfectly ideal, but has, nevertheless, created a tradition that has gradually come to govern practice."

"It is far from my intention," interrupted the Historian, "to cast aspersions upon any individual or group of individuals. We have entered upon a subject that is full of public interest because it affects the efficiency of the public service. There is, of course, nothing improper in inquiring after facts; and it is certainly desirable that their implications be considered. We are none of us, I am sure, speaking in terms of censure. We are probably all equally interested in the public good. If our methods are wrong, our one aim should be to see how they may be improved."

"I must confess," observed the Senator, "that in pursuing immediate ends we have not always sufficiently considered remoter consequences. For my part, I entertain no spirit of partisanship in these matters, and I have no disposition to defend the traditions into which we have, as I think, unhappily fallen. I believe that the authors of our Constitution, in associating the Senate with the President in the appointment of public officers, intended to promote thereby the efficiency of the branches of the public service that might be affected. The aim was, no doubt, to secure the best men for the work they had to do. If the methods that have been followed are not the most efficacious for accomplishing that purpose, our plain duty is to see how we may improve them. I am sure there is not a single member of the branch of the government to which I have the honor to belong who would not say the same."

"The question is, then," said the Judge, "what can be done in the matter of assignments to render the foreign service more efficient? What would you recommend, Channing?"

"Summing up what has been said here," replied the Ambassador, "we started out from the assumption—or the fact, if you please—that our foreign service is not as efficient as it might be because the men sent to particular posts are not always selected with special regard to their duties; that they are not given a chance to be fully prepared for the special work they have to do, and that they are sometimes arbitrarily moved about. We seem to have found the cause of this in the absence of sufficient attention to the details of the service by some responsible authority who could be held accountable for the results. It has been intimated that this happens because of outside influences which affect the free and intelligent exercise of the appointing power. If this be true, the remedy would seem to lie in removing these causes and in instituting such supervision of the service as would obviate these disadvantages. We shall gain nothing by recriminations of any kind. If it be true that influential persons, no matter who they are, interfere with the proper conduct of the service, such interference should be made impossible."

"Do you think, Mr. Ambassador, that the reason why your staff was not, at the time you spoke of, as well adapted as it might have been to the particular post, could be found in outside influences, such as the pressure of interested friends, official or non-official, for those particular appointments?" inquired the Editor.

"I am not prepared to say that," was the prompt response. "I may be wrong, but my opinion is that the trouble resulted from the lack of system; or, to be a little more exact, from a procedure which renders impossible any system whatever."

"I do not quite understand you," broke in the Editor.

"I mean," the Ambassador resumed, "that, so long as it continues to be the practice for persons of influence to go to the appointing power and present urgent claims to this, that, or another particular post, and to bring collateral official influence to bear in the matter of assignments, it is quite hopeless for those who, if left free to act from service considerations alone, might put the right man in the right place and keep him there, to

carry out a consistent plan of action. If such influences are permitted to affect the appointments, it is impossible to secure the best results. An officer who has to depend simply upon his record, and who either cannot or will not appeal to this kind of influence, is quite certain to be displaced, even at the height of his efficiency; and another person, wholly unadapted to do his work, is likely to be assigned to it. In the army or the navy such interferences, for social or political reasons, would be utterly demoralizing. You simply cannot organize a service on that basis. Conscious competency will not long submit to it, and evident incompetency will be of frequent occurrence."

"You put it strongly, Channing," said the Judge. "But what can be done to remedy it?"

"I think," said the Editor, "the remedy is very simple. Let nominations be made to a *rank*, instead of to a particular *post* in the service. Then let a competent person, who can be held responsible for results, have complete authority to assign the individual officers to such places as he thinks them best fitted for by their record of service and their special qualifications. He could then look ahead, prepare men for their posts by instructing them regarding what they would in the future have to do, and thus render them ready for new tasks when their services were needed."

"And where will you find the perfect angel who, with a mind bent only on his task, and free from prejudice and partiality, would constitute the *deus ex machina* of this ideal system?" inquired the Senator. "It would be an office of such power and importance that a hundred persons would want it, and hardly any one would be fitted for it."

The Judge looked quizzically at the Representative, and a fleeting smile passed over his benevolent countenance.

"That seems to take us back to where we started in our conversation this morning, Leaduson," he said."

"Yes," was the prompt reply. "But, after all, the chief problem of human government is to find competent men entirely devoted to the performance of their duties, for without them no public policy can bear its best fruit."

"Without them, I would say, sound public policies cannot even be formulated," observed the Historian.

"On that point," interposed the Senator, "I think I must express a different opinion. Public policies are written in party platforms."

"That is not clear to me," added the Representative. "Party platforms are statements of ends to be attained. Practical policies, which are the means of realizing these ends, have to be developed as contingencies arise in the midst of changing circumstances. It is impossible to formulate definite policies, to be carried out regardless of conditions."

"It has been my lot," observed the Historian, "to study minutely public policies in their formation, development, and execution in many different countries during long periods of time. In the light of these studies, I think it best to avoid all dogmatic statements on this subject. Every separate country seems to have its own peculiar needs, determined by its extent, its natural resources, its environment, the qualities of its population, and many other fixed conditions. From these it is possible to deduce certain lines of action so evidently advantageous that there need be no debate regarding them. These elements of public policy result from a general consensus of expert opinion, and are of a demonstrable nature. There are, always, however, certain open questions which are legitimate subjects of controversy. These last are the only aspects of public policy with which party governments have to deal. The others are not, in fact, party questions, and should not be regarded as matters of party politics."

"How do you apply the results of this analysis to foreign policy?" demanded the Senator.

"To illustrate my meaning," continued the Historian, "such objects as the defense of the country, the protection of the life and property of American citizens abroad, the extension of foreign commerce, the avoidance of international misunderstandings, the execution of treaty rights, and the prevention of encroachments upon our sphere of influence by other Powers, belong to the first class of duties. These cannot well be

made the subject of party politics. The whole country ought to support the Executive in performing them. The 'mechanism'—if I may use the expression—by means of which these duties are to be performed should have nothing partisan about it. It consists of the army, the navy, and the diplomatic and consular services. These, all and equally, should be organized and maintained entirely apart from the influence of party politics."

"But how about the other questions which you say are legitimate subjects of controversy?" inquired the Senator.

"They must of necessity be left to the wisdom of the party in power, which will then be held responsible for results," was the reply.

"I see," exclaimed the Editor. "The 'mechanism,' as you call it—that is, the army, the navy, and the foreign services—should be built up on lines of technical efficiency for the work they have to do. The 'administration'—that is, the party in power—should then assume responsibility for the direction of this 'mechanism' in the accomplishment of the universally recognized objects for which it exists?"

"That is it, precisely," replied the

Historian. "The 'mechanism' belongs to the nation, the direction of it to the party the people have placed in power."

"But how does that differ from the present order of things?" inquired the Senator.

"Very materially," replied the Historian. "At present with every change of administration we tear down the 'mechanism' of the foreign service, and build it up anew on strictly party lines. What would you think if we did that with the army and the navy? What would you say if our great battleships were handed over to a lot of untrained persons at every change in the political administration?"

A general laugh greeted this sally, as the guests all arose from the table.

"Well, gentlemen," said the Judge, "I am sorry we must separate. We seem to have just reached the interesting point in the conversation. We have raised more questions than we have settled; but, assuming that our foreign service really means anything to the country, we ought to settle them. I wish some one would tell us just what we ought to do about it. Won't you all come and dine with me on Saturday evening?"

Thistledown

BY EDITH M. THOMAS

THISTLEDOWN boat—boat of the faery,
What do you carry—what can you carry—
What is more light than you?
"Light Love, that lured and flew!"

Thistledown boat—boat of the faery,
Where will Light Love tarry, where will he tarry,
When tired of the heavens blue?
"Light Love will fall in the dew."

Thistledown boat—boat of the faery,
Light Love is wary, of Sorrow is chary—
Slain blossoms his pathway strew! . . .
"There will be blossoms new."

Sour Sweetings

BY MARY E. WILKINS FREEMAN



JULIUS CÆSAR WHITTEMORE married Nelly Dunn. Miss Sarah Edgewater's mother's maiden name had been Dunn, and Nelly was her niece, her brother's daughter. Nelly and Julius had been born in adjoining houses in South Barr, and had lived next door to each other all their lives. Their marriage had been a foregone conclusion when they were children and attended district school. There had been little romance connected with it. Nelly had simply been the only girl in South Barr whom a young man who esteemed himself as Julius Cæsar Whittemore esteemed himself could marry, and Nelly, who had not much imagination, and very seldom went away from home to meet young men, did not dream of the possibility of marrying another man. Julius's father had died when he was a child; since then his mother had run the farm, and in a masterly manner. Julius was well-to-do. Nelly's father and mother, who were not especially prosperous, although they had enough to live on, were calmly pleased that their only daughter was to marry well as far as this world's goods were concerned. The week before the marriage, Mrs. Oliver Dunn, Nelly's mother, had driven her old gray horse over to Barr Center, and called on Sarah Edgewater.

"I am glad Nelly is to marry Julius," she said. "He is a likely young man, and there is considerable property. It will all come to Julius after his mother dies."

"I am glad Nelly is doing so well," said Sarah. She was very fond of Nelly, and had given her a goodly stock of linen for a wedding present.

"There is only one thing which troubles me at all," said Nelly's mother. "The Whittemores, and Julius Cæsar especially, do have such a great idea

of themselves — of the Whittemores — that I wonder, sometimes, if Nelly won't have considerable to put up with. Nelly has almost too good a disposition, if she is my daughter. I am afraid she will get real mushy and be afraid to say her soul is her own, before the Whittemores."

Sarah Edgewater sat up majestically. "Who," said she, "are the Whittemores, that they should put themselves up on a pinnacle above the Duns? The Duns are as good a family as ever lived in Barr. I don't except even the Leicesters, or the Edgewaters, or the Widners. What have the Whittemores done?"

"I really don't know, except be Whittemores," admitted Mrs. Oliver Dunn. She was a mild little woman, and in reality was somewhat intimidated herself by the Whittemores.

"That," declared Miss Sarah Edgewater, "is nonsense. I will admit that Mrs. Jane Whittemore has proved herself a smart business woman. The way she has run the farm and made a success of it since her husband died is a wonder; but we all know that Sam Whittemore, while he was a good, God-fearing man, was not one to set the river on fire; and as for her, she was a Quimby, from Barr-by-the-Sea, and her folks were poor, and her father used to keep a fish-market. He failed, too. Jane has shown herself smart, but she was only a Quimby, and the Quimbys were never thought so much of even before Barr-by-the-Sea was what it is now. Old Josh Quimby used to come over here every Tuesday and Friday, peddling fish. He was a good, honest man, but Jane has no reason to set herself up because of her own family, and as for the Whittemores — the Whittemores have just lived in South Barr ever since anybody can remember. Julius Cæsar's great-grandfather and his grandfather kept the grocery-store there.

"Well," said Mrs. Dunn, "I must say I am sorry that they do feel quite so much above other folks, because Nelly is easy put upon for a long while, then when she does get to asserting herself she is more set about it than a great many people who are flying out in a temper every other minute. But Nelly and Julius have grown up together, and they do think a lot of each other, and Julius is a good, steady young man, and of course I am glad he has some property."

"Yes," said Sarah, "love is all very well, and I have never believed in marriage without it, but property does keep love from getting into snarls sometimes."

Mrs. Oliver Dunn rose to go. "Of course you will not repeat what I have said about the Whittemores, Sarah," said she.

"I have never repeated anything except the multiplication table," replied Sarah with dignity.

"Because I am really pleased about it. I am glad to have Nelly settled. Her father hasn't got much, and Nelly isn't the kind of girl to battle with the world. It is all right, and what we have expected all these years, and very likely Julius, although he does seem to hold his head pretty high, may be easy to get on with. He sets his eyes by Nelly, and as for Nelly, well, she thinks Julius is just about right; but—"

"But what?"

Mrs. Dunn looked puzzled before her own reflections. "I don't know," said she, "but sometimes I wonder if it isn't safer for people to marry when they haven't known each other so long. I know they say it's just the other way around, but I don't know. Sometimes it seems to me that Julius and Nelly don't make any more of getting married than they used to of going to school together. Both of them are as calm as clocks about it. They have always ticked, and they go right on ticking. Nelly never gets all wrought up because Julius doesn't come over, or is late, and I don't think Julius would get jealous if she walked right off to meeting with another man before his eyes. There isn't one bit of romance about it."

"I never did think much of romance."

"You never got married."

A queer expression came over Sarah Edgewater's handsome elderly face. She was thinking of her own life. "Maybe that is the reason," she agreed. "I am glad the wedding-dress has turned out all right."

"It is beautiful!" declared Nelly's mother with enthusiasm. "Of course Nelly and I thought it would be more sensible for her to be married either in a traveling costume or something simple that she could wear afterward, but Julius and his mother were set on the white satin and lace for the church wedding, and Nelly is young, and she looks lovely in it. It will be a pity to lay it away, that beautiful satin, for she can never wear it in South Barr."

"No, she can't," said Sarah. "She might as well think of wearing a crown and scepter. But I'll give a party in her honor, and she can wear it in Barr Center once, anyway."

Nelly's mother beamed. "That is real good of you, Sarah," she said.

When Mrs. Dunn told her daughter Nelly after her return, Nelly, who was sewing on some wedding finery, did not seem much elated.

"I think that white-satin dress is too much dress for Barr Center," said she.

"Your aunt Sarah will have a large party, I think, dear."

"I don't care. Not one girl has anything as fine as that white satin to wear, and I don't think I shall wear mine."

"Oh, well, you can wear that pretty white net, with the blue sash," said Mrs. Dunn.

"That will be much more suitable," said Nelly.

Nelly was a lovely girl, very blond, with a sweet expression. It was only very seldom that a sudden firm set of her mouth, and a steady look in her pretty blue eyes, hinted of possible resources of firmness in her character. When she alluded to the white-satin dress her mouth was set and her blue eyes were steady. She did not at all approve of the white satin. She had yielded because it was her time for yielding, but she had never approved.

"After the ceremony that white satin will be folded away," said she, "and it will never be worn again; I have told Julius so."

"What did he say?"

"Only laughed. He doesn't care. He has his way about it." Nelly spoke half caressingly, half sarcastically.

"He is a man, and men are different," said her mother. "And he wants you to look nice, and so does his mother."

"His mother wants me to look nice because I am marrying her son," declared Nelly. "I suppose Julius does want me to look nice because he is fond of me—but his mother!"

Mrs. Dunn looked anxiously at Nelly. She was sorry that the young married pair were to live with Julius's mother. She would have been equally sorry if they had been going to live with her. Much as she loved her daughter, she had a prejudice against such arrangements. However, there was no way out of it; Mrs. Jane Whittemore could not be banished from her own property, nor could Julius build another house.

Nelly was married in the church—the little white Congregational meeting-house in South Barr. She swept up the aisle in her white-satin dress to a jiggling wedding-march played on the little melodeon by one of her school-mates, Etta Briggs. She heard people whisper. She was aware that she was ridiculous, but of course she was happy.

She was glad when the ceremony was over, and the reception, which Julius had insisted upon having in the large parlor of his mother's house, with a caterer and colored waiters from Leicester. Then she could slip out of her gorgeous wedding array into her blue-cloth traveling-suit, with a chiffon blouse.

After the wedding journey Sarah Edgewater gave the promised party for Nelly. It was then that Nelly was guilty of her first deception toward her husband. Not a word had been said about it, but she knew that he expected her to wear her white-satin wedding-dress. After supper she slipped across the yard; there was a narrow strip of yard between the Dunn and Whittemore places, and in the yard stood an old but prolific apple-tree. It was in full bloom when Nelly hurried under its spreading scented boughs. She had said that she wanted her mother to fasten her dress. Both Julius and his mother, Jane Whittemore, thought she referred to the white

satin. But Nelly clad herself in the white net, with the pale-blue sash and girdle, and returned to her new home enveloped in her pongee motor-coat.

Julius was waiting for her. He wore a linen duster over his dress-suit, and sat at the wheel in his touring-car.

"You had better sit on the back seat on account of your white-satin dress," said Julius. "There may be some oil in front." Nelly said not a word. She got into the tonneau, and sat there waiting for her mother-in-law, who soon came out in her long black-silk coat over the black-lace gown she had worn at the wedding.

"Take care of your white satin, Nelly," she said.

Nelly was saved the necessity of replying, for her own mother came hurrying across the yard and got in. Nelly's father was not well. Indeed, it was the beginning of the illness of which he died six months later, although then it was regarded as only a slight ailment. Nelly's mother, who had been a beauty, and was still charming, wore a lavender silk which dated back to her girlhood and had been made over for the wedding. She had no proper wrap to cover it, nothing except a plain little black coat. Mrs. Whittemore eyed her with veiled disdain.

"It is a pity you have to sit on the front seat, or else crush Nelly's white satin," she said, "for there is always likely to be oil in the front of the car."

Nelly made an involuntary movement, then checked herself. In her gentle fashion she was a fearless soul, but she was becoming intimidated before the situation. It would not injure her dress, not in the least; she preferred to sit beside Julius, but she lacked courage to say so.

Her mother bent her head, covered with an ancient white Brussels-lace scarf, and got on the front seat. She gathered up her lavender skirts carefully. "I don't think there is any oil on the seat," she remarked with a gentle quaver. She also was becoming intimidated before the situation. What would Jane Whittemore say, what would Julius Whittemore say, when Nelly's coat was removed and it was discovered that she was not wearing the white satin? It

was worse because the material had been given to Nelly by her prospective mother-in-law. What would be said?

Nelly and her mother were the first comers. When they removed their wraps in Sarah Edgewater's spare chamber Mrs. Dunn looked at Nelly, lovely in her delicate white net and blue, which brought out the blue of her eyes.

"What will they say?" she quavered.

Nelly smiled mildly. "I don't know," she said.

"I almost wish you had worn the white satin."

"I don't," replied Nelly, firmly. "Nobody else who is coming will wear anything so elegant. Eva Dennison, who is a bride, too, has nothing except a light-blue muslin. The white satin is not suitable."

"I don't know what they will say," said Mrs. Dunn, uneasily.

Mrs. Dunn, who had lived near the Whittemores for years, had failed to understand them, or Jane Quimby, who had married a Whittemore. If she had understood them, she would not have wondered concerning what they would say. She would have known that they would say nothing. Silence was the weapon in the armory of the Whittemore family. It was subtle, powerful, almost deadly.

When Nelly and her mother went down-stairs, into the pretty old room where Sarah Edgewater, her niece Amy Dinsmore, with her husband, Dr. Dinsmore, Dr. Tom Ellerton, her nephew, and his young sisters, Margy, Violetta, and Imogen, were assembled with Nelly's husband and mother-in-law, Jane Whittemore, there occurred at once a curious thing, partaking of the nature of a full stop in a musical composition. Mrs. Dunn had been relieved that Jane Whittemore, who had a weak heart and did not like to climb stairs, had removed her wraps in the hall below, thereby postponing matters. Now she wished that the discovery had been made in the dressing-room, with only the three present.

There was something terrifying in this hushed and mysterious gathering. Mrs. Jane Whittemore merely looked at Nelly, slim and pretty and girlish in her simple white net and blue ribbons, but

the look was formidable. Julius also looked, and from their expressions, which so exactly resembled each other, he and his mother might have been one soul. Neither said a word. Not at that time nor at any future time did Jane Whittemore say one word about Nelly's not wearing her white-satin dress, and not for years did Julius say one word. After that almost infinitesimal suspense, which was comprehended by only four people, there came a general greeting and conversation. The other guests arrived, and nothing ominous happened. Julius Whittemore's manner toward his young wife was quite what it should have been, so that people going home from the party that night said that Nelly Dunn had certainly married well, that she had a loving, handsome husband, and that his mother evidently welcomed her as her own daughter.

Nelly and her mother, going home with Julius and his mother in the car, talked of the party, of the people who had been present, of Sarah's kindness in giving it. Mrs. Dunn began to feel relieved. When she was in her own home she told her husband, Oliver Dunn, that she had felt a little anxious because Nelly had not worn her white satin when it was so evident that Julius and his mother had expected it, but she guessed it was all right.

"What did they say?" asked Oliver Dunn, hollow-eyed and flushed with the fever which had begun to sap his life.

"Nothing."

Oliver frowned. "When Whittemores say nothing, look out," he said.

His wife looked anxious. "You don't think—?"

"I think it will be a long time before something worth more than that white-satin dress is forgotten. Nelly had better have worn it."

"She thought it looked too grand—as if she were putting on airs before people about marrying a rich man."

"What Julius thinks and what his mother thinks is what Nelly has to consider now," said her father. "I wish she had worn it."

The next morning Nelly came over. Julius had gone to Barr-by-the-Sea, and his mother to Boston. Nelly was alone with her mother for quite a while. When



THERE WAS SOMETHING TERRIFYING IN THIS HUSHED AND MYSTERIOUS GATHERING

she came down-stairs she kept her face averted so that her father should not see that she had been weeping. She hurried home. She said she had to see to the luncheon before Julius got home. Everybody in South Barr except the Whittemores had dinner at noon. They had luncheon. Poor Oliver Dunn had seen Nelly's tear-stained face, and the minute she was out of hearing asked:

"What is the matter—the white-satin dress?"

Mrs. Dunn sat down opposite her husband and returned his anxious look.

"I suppose it is," she said. "Oh dear! How people do act over nothing!"

"You *suppose*? Don't you know? Doesn't Nelly know?"

"No, she doesn't. She thinks it is that, because there's nothing else. She says they went right on talking pleasant enough last night, but when she and Julius went up-stairs—you know Jane sleeps down on account of her heart—Julius just went into their room and began gathering together his brush and comb and business suit that he was going to wear this morning, and she said, 'Why, Julius, what are you taking all those things away for?' And Julius says, real pleasant: 'Oh, I want them early in the morning. I must go over to

Barr-by-the-Sea before nine.' And Nelly says, sort of wondering, 'But what has that got to do with moving your things?'—she says she never dreamed anything, he and his mother had fooled her so, appearing so pleasant. Then Julius said, 'Why, I want them in the north chamber, where I'm going to sleep to-night. I want to have them handy, of course.'

"Nelly said she just stood staring at him, and he kissed her and said good-night, with his arms full of clothes, and went out and into the north chamber, and she heard him turn the key in the lock. She says she wouldn't have gone near that door to save her life, but his turning the key in the lock about broke her heart. She just cried all night, and fell asleep toward morning, and the automobile going out of the drive woke her up. She says his mother acted just the same as ever at breakfast, but all the time she had a feeling as if there was something underneath. Mrs. Whittemore came to her to see if her bonnet was on straight before the carriage came to take her to the train, and said good-by, and wanted to know if she had errands for her to do in Boston. You couldn't have told what it was, but there was *something*. Nelly says if they would only *talk*; if they would only scold her for not wearing that white satin, she wouldn't mind, but this is awful."

"It is what I was afraid of all the time," said Nelly's father. "The Whittemores have got for temper what corresponds to dumb ague."

"It does seem as if a woman had a right to say what dress she would wear," said Mrs. Dunn, pitifully.

"Of course she had a right, and the right to wear it, too. That isn't the question. The question is whether having your own way about such a little thing is worth what I'm afraid the poor child has got to suffer to pay for it."

"Nelly has a will of her own, too," declared Mrs. Dunn. "She will stand a lot, but there was always a limit with Nelly."

"Yes, there was, but she'll be pretty fine ground down before she gets to it," said Oliver Dunn. He looked pale, and his wife got some port wine for him.

"Don't you worry, father," said she.

"If the worst comes to the worst, she

can come home," said Oliver, faintly, sipping the wine. "There isn't much, but there'll be enough for you two if you're prudent."

Mrs. Dunn said nothing. She rose and went out of the room. In the kitchen she leaned against the wall and wept silently. She was much alarmed about Oliver's health, and with reason. He died in about six months' time. The last words he said to his wife were about Nelly.

"Don't let her put up with too much," he whispered. "She is married, and she must put up with all she can, but don't let them smother all the life out of poor Nelly. Take her home."

Nelly's mother promised, and wept. There was no need to conceal her tears then. Oliver and his wife had known the truth for months. After the funeral Mrs. Dunn told Nelly what her father had said.

"Father thought that, of course, you ought to put up with everything reasonable," she said. "Your poor father and I—and I hope you feel the same way—always considered marriage vows very binding and sacred, but—"

"You know I do, mother," interrupted Nelly.

"Listen, dear, to what I have to say. I think your father felt a little afraid that matters might go too far—that you might lose your spirit—and he told me, and I want to tell you, that he felt and I feel that in such a case your old home is open to you."

"I married Julius," said Nelly, "and I can't let such a silly thing as my wearing or not wearing a white-satin dress make a difference between us so far as I am concerned. Of course I can't help what Julius does, or his mother."

"Is it just the same?"

Nelly nodded. She did not look particularly cast down. She had become accustomed to things, and, besides, she was a brave girl.

"They don't say anything?"

"Not one word. Julius just occupies the north chamber. He has moved all his clothes there, and as for his mother, she has gone back to her old place at the table."

"You don't sit at the head opposite Julius?"

"No. I came down to breakfast weeks ago and found her in my place. I never told you. I didn't say anything. I sat down at the side. Everybody was pleasant, but I knew they were watching me. I knew Abby, waiting on table, was watching me. That is one of the worst things about it—the servants gossip and watch, but they hear nothing." Nelly raised her head proudly. "I never say one word any more than the Whittemores do," she said. "And I am perfectly pleasant. The worst of it is I know they don't like that. They want me to ask questions and complain and cry, and I am afraid that in the end this ridiculous playing at being enemies will come true. I am afraid Julius won't care so much for me, but I can't give up when I know I am not in the wrong."

"You never said a word about the white-satin dress?"

Nelly flushed. "I did just once. One night when Julius was going into the north chamber I said—and I spoke loud, so anybody who was listening could hear—I said, 'If I had dreamed that you felt so strongly about it, I would have worn that white-satin dress to the party.' Then I just said, 'Good night, Julius,' and he said 'Good night,' and his voice sounded like ice slivering. Then he shut his door, and that was all."

"I think you have said enough."

"I do, too, and I did not put on mourning for poor father because I knew Julius and his mother don't approve of mourning. Here I am wearing bright colors."

"Your father would think that was best."

"Yes, I know he would," half sobbed Nelly. Then she said, "I have more to mourn for than poor father, perhaps."

"Perhaps you haven't. They always treat you pleasantly?"



HE SAID GOOD NIGHT WITH HIS ARMS FULL OF CLOTHES AND WENT OUT

"Yes, but the pleasantness has stings, and they make me feel it. Oh, mother, a girl is safer with her own father and mother. Nobody ever cares quite so much."

"It isn't right for you to talk so; you are married."

Nelly in her pale-pink muslin, sitting opposite her mother, looked suddenly old and stern. "Yes," she said, "I am married; and I know that married love is sacred and marriage vows are sacred, but married love can be cruel in ways that other love would never dream of."

Suddenly Nelly's face relaxed. She smiled across at her mother. "After all, mother," she said, "it might be so much worse. I really don't mind a bit not sitting at the head of the table, and I don't mind Julius's mother running the house as if I were visiting there, and I don't mind Julius's being so queer in little ways, as I did at first. I think it will all come right in the end, mother," she said, and rose to go home.

When she entered the Whittemore house, however, she found a more active grievance. The Whittemores certainly had strange tempers. It was as if they had grown weary of subtle animosity, which had seemed to fail of its mark. Nelly found the house in disorder; the two maids, under the superintendence of Jane Whittemore, were moving her clothes and all her personal belongings from her chamber to another, a small one exposed to the western sun; and they all knew that Nelly, who was of a nervous temperament, dreaded the hot afternoons and nights of summer. Directly under the windows of this new chamber was a tin roof which reflected the sunlight. The heat would be almost intolerable at times. Nelly stood still, watching the maids carrying her clothes across the hall to this small room, from which emanated a close, hot smell. She was deadly pale.

"Abby and Susan are moving your clothes, my dear," said Jane Whittemore, pleasantly.

"Why?" said Nelly, in a quiet voice.

"Your husband thinks it better for you to occupy the west room," replied Jane Whittemore, and not a discord disturbed the even cadence of her voice. She was a large, handsome woman, with her rippling hair and her voluminous skirts so finely disposed that she gave the effect of a statue.

Julius came up-stairs, and stopped and stared.

"I am telling Nelly that you think the west chamber is a better room for her," said his mother.

For one second Julius was man enough to flinch. Then he nodded, made an inarticulate noise in his throat, went into the north chamber, and slammed the door. Had Julius not slammed the door, Nelly would have gone home to her

mother that night. Tossing, unable to sleep in her hot room, she said to herself:

"Poor Julius, he is sorry for me. He can't quarrel with his mother, and he can't give up because he is a Whittemore."

She could not realize that her whole duty as a wife seemed to her husband and his mother to hang upon those shimmering satin draperies.

The next morning she looked forlorn as she sat at the breakfast-table. Julius cast a sly glance at her, and his face lengthened, but Nelly did not see it.

It was a very hot summer. Nelly's room was intolerable. During the days, whenever she could, she stole across the yard to her mother's and lay on the sofa in the cool north parlor. She did not tell her mother about her change of rooms. Julius's slamming the door had made her jealous of his honor with regard to that.

But as the hot days passed one after another, and the terrible close-nights, and Nelly's room became as a furnace with the direct heat of the sun and the reflection of the tin roof, she grew noticeably thinner and her beauty waned. Her pretty face was blotched and discolored; her blue eyes were red-rimmed. One unusually hot night, as Nelly was passing into her room, Julius, who had gone up some time before, stood in the door of her old one. Nelly had lingered as long as she dared down on the front porch because she so dreaded entering her heated room.

"You sleep in your old room to-night, Nelly," said Julius in a curious voice. It was more like the voice of a reluctantly relenting father than that of a husband—a father who feels that he should chide, yet yields through sheer pity.

Nelly looked piteously up in Julius's face. He stood aside to allow her to pass.

"I have taken your dressing-things in there myself," he said, awkwardly, and went suddenly, with a muttered "Good night" into his own room.

Nelly's old room was filled with a cool wind. She was so spent by the heat that she undressed quickly and got into bed, grateful for the release from her martyrdom in the roasting chamber opposite. She was almost asleep when she heard a quick step on

the stairs—a quick, heavy step that seldom sounded there—that of her mother-in-law. She heard the door of the opposite room opened and shut, then the door of her husband's room. She heard quite distinctly Jane Whittemore say to Julius, as if he had been a little boy in knickerbockers:

“Julius Whittemore, get up and come down-stairs; I want to talk to you.”

She heard a growl of remonstrance, then again the insistent voice: “Julius Cæsar Whittemore, you get up at once and come down-stairs.”

Then Nelly heard Jane go down, and presently Julius following her. The windows were all open. Immediately a storm of tongues raged in the room below. For once the silent rage of the Whittemores was broken. Nelly could not distinguish anything except an occasional word, but she listened to a stormy nocturne of temper and obstinacy. Then, after a long time, she heard Julius come up-stairs and enter his room, and she fell asleep.

The Whittemores' man was dragging trunks down from the attic early the next morning. The maids left the housework after breakfast and assisted Jane Whittemore with her packing. Nelly, frightened, ran across the yard to her mother's house. Julius had hardly even said good morning to her, and looked deadly pale, as did his mother. Nelly sped under the great sweet-apple-tree, whose branches hung over both yards, and entered her mother's kitchen. Mrs. Dunn was making little sponge-cakes after an old recipe which Nelly, loved. Nelly sat down and said nothing. She looked spent.

Her mother pulled a chair up beside her, sat down, and took her hands. “Now, Nelly Dunn,” she said, “you tell your own mother what is the matter.”

“I don't know,” Nelly replied in a listless voice.

“Don't know?”

“I don't know. That is the worst of it. I have always heard that when people thought other people acted crazy, they were crazy themselves.”

“What have they done now?” inquired Mrs. Dunn in a resigned voice.

“I don't know.”

“Why, you must know something.”

Nelly hesitated. She did not want to tell her mother about her being forced to sleep in the hot west chamber. She remembered that angry, sympathizing bang of Julius's door, and she felt disloyal.

“Julius was really not to blame,” said she.

“I never have thought he was the main one to blame,” said Mrs. Dunn. “Jane Whittemore can stir up as much mischief as the Evil One.”

“Well,” said Nelly, “Julius's mother moved my things into the west chamber.”

“Not that hot little room?” Mrs. Dunn's delicate old face flushed angrily. “When?”

“A few weeks ago.”

“And you have been sleeping in that stifling little room all through this terrible weather, when you have always felt the heat so much?”

Nelly nodded miserably. “Julius did not like my being there,” she said.

“Then why didn't he stop it?”

“I don't know.”

“I know. Everybody has always knuckled down to Jane Whittemore. But this about the room is nothing new, then. What is it now?”

“Last night it was so hot that Julius told me to go back to my old room, and she was terribly upset about it. They quarreled a long time. She called Julius down-stairs and had it out with him. And now, this morning, she is packing all her trunks. She is putting in everything she owns. I even saw her packing vases and books, and—I don't believe she will ever come back!” I suppose she is going to live with her sister out West—her sister Clara, who lost her husband awhile ago.”

“I don't see why on earth you are upset, if Jane Whittemore is going away,” said Mrs. Dunn. “I should think you would feel as if now you had a little chance of living in peace with your husband.”

Nelly shook her head hopelessly.

“Why not?”

“Julius is his mother's son. He is harder to me this morning than I have ever known him. He hasn't said a word, but he acts and looks hard. He will never forgive me for coming between him and his mother.”

"Coming between! Looks to me as if you had been taken by the shoulders and fairly pushed between. I don't see what you have done, Nelly. I think it is time for you to come home."

Nelly shook her head. "Not yet. I must wait a little longer, mother; it is a dreadful step to take."

"Well, maybe you are right," agreed her mother.

When Nelly returned to the Whittemore house she heard voices; Abby and Susan, the maids, were talking. Nelly entered quickly, and the voices stopped. She was so comforted by the kind looks of the girls that she nearly lost her self-control.

As she went out of the room she heard Susan say, "Poor little thing," and Abby reply, "For my part, I am glad the old lady has gone."

Nelly was not sure whether she was glad or not. It was something to feel that she would not have to encounter that subtle smiling disapproval and antagonism, but she feared lest Julius, who, after all, was his mother's son, and must regret her leaving home, might not visit it all upon his wife. Soon she was to know that he did.

He never uttered a word of reproach. Nelly was reinstated in her own room; she became the mistress of the house; she sat at the head of her table; but she knew, as well as if Julius had shouted the words in her ears, that he felt he had made a mistake in marrying her. She had brought, according to his reasoning, dissension into his home. He went quietly about; he attended to his farm; he read the newspaper and books on gardening of an evening. He retired early to his north room, and his light shone out until late at night under the door-sill.

Julius read much in these days. He never spoke unkindly to Nelly. He never even gave her an unkind look; but cold politeness was worse than open unkindness.

Nelly bore with the situation a year; then when the summer had come again, and the apples on the tree in the yard were just forming, she spoke out. It was after dinner one hot night. She called Julius into the parlor, which was rather a magnificent room after Jane

Whittemore's ideas. It was resplendent with red-silk damask, lace draperies, one or two really good oil-paintings, Royal Worcester vases, and a Parian marble statue in a corner. Nelly almost never entered it. She called Julius in there now because it was the most isolated room in the house. Thin and pale and pretty in her pale-blue muslin, she stood before her husband at one end of the faintly glowing room, and spoke.

"Julius," she said, "I think the time has come for me to speak. I have been silent a long time."

Julius stared at the wall over her head. The paper had large gold and silver arabesques. "Well?" he said.

"I think you had better send for your mother to come home, Julius."

Julius lowered his eyes to her face. "Why?"

"Because I am going over to mother's to live."

Then Julius spoke. His voice was terrible, although not raised above conversational pitch.

"Go," he said. The room faced the yard, and the old apple-tree tossed its fruit-laden branches in the gathering dusk. Julius looked at it. "When that sweet-apple-tree has sour apples under it, then I will ask you to come back."

"Yes, Julius," said Nelly.

"I will allow you enough to live on."

"My father left enough for mother and me to live on," Nelly replied, with mild pride, and fluttered out of the room. She gathered a few belongings together and crossed the yard to her mother's.

"I have come home at last, mother," she said. She was curiously calm, although her mother wept.

"I knew you couldn't stand it," sobbed Mrs. Dunn.

"You must never think Julius said or did an unkind thing," said Nelly.

"I don't know what you call unkind; I don't suppose he *beat* you."

"I am going to live with you here, mother, and we shall be happy together, but we must never talk about Julius," said Nelly.

Mrs. Dunn pursed her lips. "I suppose I can ask if Jane Whittemore is coming back?" she remarked in a slightly aggrieved tone.

"I suppose she is; I told Julius he



HE CAME WHEELING MORE APPLES, WHICH HE SCATTERED ON THE GROUND

had better send for her. He ought to have somebody to keep the house."

"I should think Abby could do it."

"I suppose she could, but it seems natural that Julius should want his mother back and would send for her."

"I wonder if he will," said Mrs. Dunn, with a queer expression.

For a while South Barr hummed with gossip. Then it was quiet. Julius did not send for his mother. At all events, she did not come.

Sometimes Nelly watched furtively when Julius moved about his yard. It seemed to her he grew thin, and that the elasticity went from his step. She herself looked better than she had. One day during the next winter, Julius in his car met her walking, with her cheeks glowing pink above her dark furs. He thought her lovelier than he had ever seen her.

Julius was wretchedly unhappy. His

mother wrote, proposing that she return. He sent her a large check and advised her to remain with her sister. It seemed to him that he could not endure the mere sight of his mother's handsome, complacently triumphant face.

Winter passed, and spring and summer. The sweet-apple-tree in the yard was bent low with ripe fruit, and the ground was covered with windfalls before the end came. There was a moonlight night when Nelly could not sleep, and got up and put on a white wrapper and wandered about the upper part of her mother's house. She came into the spare chamber which faced the Whittemore house, and stood at the window, shrinking back behind a fold of the muslin curtain, staring. Down in the yard a man was working furiously beneath the old apple-tree. He was gathering up the windfalls in a basket, and wheeling them away in a barrow.

Nelly watched, wondering. She recognized Julius. He continued to work with a sort of frenzy. Finally the ground beneath the tree was quite clear on his side of the fence. Then, to Nelly's intense wonder, he came wheeling more apples, which he scattered on the ground. It

When morning came there was a hoarfrost over the earth; everything was as brilliant as if powdered with jewels. Nelly's mother remarked that she was glad that they had gathered the last flowers in the garden the night before and filled the vases.

"It is a perfectly beautiful morning," said Nelly, and her voice sounded as if she were singing.

Her mother regarded her wonderingly. She thought Nelly was growing prettier and prettier—that now she could not be grieving for Julius Whittemore.

After the breakfast-dishes were cleared away Nelly went upstairs to her room. She stole into the spare chamber and peered out. She knew, without seeing, that Julius's eyes were on the house, watching. With the foolishness of a man, the childish foolishness which she loved, he was actually watching for her to go out and pick up one of those sour apples and taste it.

Presently Nelly came down, clad magnificently in her white wedding satin. Her mother stared and paled.

"Nelly Dunn, are you out of your senses?" she cried.

"Listen, mother," said Nelly; and she related the incident of the apples.

"Well, I never!" said Mrs. Dunn.

Nelly emerged from the front door. At the same time the door in the next house opened, and Julius, pale and trembling and smiling, came out. Nelly moved to meet him under the apple branches, tall and stately and beautiful, shimmering in her white-satin wedding-gown, her golden head gleaming, her face full of love.



NELLY EMERGED FROM THE FRONT DOOR AND MOVED TO MEET HIM

was nearly dawn before he stopped and entered the house. Nelly put a dark cloak over her white wrapper and stole down-stairs softly. She crept along the fence, crouching low that she might not be seen. She caught up an apple from the ground, where Julius had strewn them, and fled back to her room. She locked herself in; she tested the apple. It was sour, with an intense sourness, but it seemed to Nelly to have the sweetness of the whole world, and life itself, typifying, as it did, the surrender of a human soul to love.

Harbor Voyages

BY WINFIELD M. THOMPSON



IN the gloom of a rainy evening, as the Staten Island ferry-boat creeps on through mist to its slip on the south tip of Manhattan Island, the veil ahead is suddenly pierced as if by a huge green eye. Glowing in pure aquamarine, like an enormous jewel, it points the way until the gray veil lifts and the softened profile of the lower city, its illuminated towers rising like fairy castles into the clouds, looms near at hand. The boat glides into its slip, and its passengers file ashore, unmindful of the marvelous beauty of the softened city of light and its great eye of gleaming beryl. A stranger lingers to ask a question. "That light? The *Titanic* Memorial, sir." On a tall building dedicated to the needs of sailors stands this modern Pharos, erected to a tragic memory. Each night its bright glow guides the sailor within the port, whether he be freshly come from the perils of the deep or plies the familiar routes of harbor voyages. Above the cold white glitter of a thousand arcs, the yellow gleam of millions of incandescent bulbs, the deep ruddy beam of the harbor lights, the winking of the channel buoys, and the changing red and green shafts of shipping shines the deep, phosphorescent glow of the *Titanic* Memorial—a symbol of safety and a monument to sentiment.

If by some wizardry transcending that which made the cinematograph possible, constantly changing scenes of New York Harbor life could be blended into one great composite moving-picture, the result would stand for something infinitely grand and stirring. You would be made by it to feel, first of all, and at a glance, the dominant influence upon the city and its port of the deep, unchanging tides for ever washing its steel and con-

crete shores silently and beneficently. Every mile of Manhattan's littoral is bordered by navigable water. The strong flow of a mighty river past the terraced front of the magic modern city brings a message of romance and of mystery from distant inland regions, a message that came alike to the early voyagers and to the pilgrims, poets, and painters who have followed in their footsteps. You have a sense of sharing in pleasant river journeys as you reflect that the keel which bears you, with prosaic precision, from Manhattan to the New Jersey shore is laved in a flood made great by mountain waterfalls or still streams that flowed past many fertile acres, forests and beetling crags, and clean, white country villages, before mingling here with the ocean tides to bear the manifold craft of the great harbor of New York.

The vast and powerful stream of the Hudson meets, at lower Manhattan Island, and mingles with a turbulent salt current from the eastward—the tide of Long Island Sound. This combination of waters, joined with the tides from the sea in deep, free floods, bearing the city's shipping, is the most distinctive physical characteristic of New York Harbor; and somehow these tides, so swift and restless, seem completely symbolic of life in the Gargantuan town past whose myriad homes and marts they glide.

Your films show you that the North River (the Hudson) is the chief avenue of the city's water traffic, where all the craft of pleasure and of commerce pass in review. Here are the grandiose, the showy phases of harbor life, with which, in outward form, at least, countless thousands are familiar. Your returning ocean voyager, homeward bound, receives his welcome home and his conventional view of the Statue of Liberty in this grand avenue of the North River. The great docks for the ocean liners are

here—colorless and cold structures of concrete and steel, huge utilities of an age of super-liners. Sentiment has no place in the handling of the Big Business of the sea. The reception of a liner in port and the task of docking her in the strong North River tide are matters of expedition and exactitude. There is no time in these days for leisurely arrivals, and you will prove an exception to the run of ocean-travelers if you find your harbor voyage from the bar to one of New York's great docks anything but commonplace. Even the pilot who brings your ship into port may shock your sense of romantic fitness. By its standard he should be burly of form and ruddy of countenance, should wear a rough pea-jacket and gold-banded cap with straight, shiny vizor, and peer at intervals through a single-barrel telescope. You find him a businesslike-looking man, in a neat gray suit and bowler-hat, the least nautical figure on the ship's bridge. Under his guidance the liner comes up the harbor as straight as a car up Broadway. But there is inherent majesty in her appearance during her slow progress as she nears her pier, and smaller craft halt in their course or turn aside to give her room. The giant of the seas, that on the open ocean might seem, if passed at a distance, merely a long, low hull trailing a great scarf of smoke, here looms in exaggerated height. Her speed gradually decreases as she approaches her dock, until it seems as if she were to become but a clumsy plaything of the waters.

For a minute or two the great ship lies inert upon the tide. Then one observes that from the pier-head and docks sundry tugboats, looking like midget craft in such company, put out toward the liner. Without apparent concert or signal they gather in two groups, some at the bow, others at the opposite side near the stern, and begin vigorously to puff and push. Certain thoroughly mastered principles guide them. The first is that the ship must be docked head to the tide. If the current be up-stream, the ship must pass the dock and turn to approach it heading down-stream. If the tide be on the ebb, the steamer's bow, headed up-river, edges slowly in until it touches the

pier-end. In either case steel hawsers are run ashore to hold the ship, and the tugs, pushing lustily on her lee side, lift her broadside to the tide until the dock lies fair ahead. Then a few turns of the ship's screws send her slowly into her berth. The docking of the great ship is a nice piece of work. A mass of steel weighing fifty thousand tons is manœvered against a strong current and placed to an inch in a required position with a degree of pressure upon the dock, apparently, that "wouldn't break an egg, sir," to quote the steamboat captain's favorite phrase in the circumstances. The secret of it lies in the application of force in the right place. The penalty of mischance has been witnessed in hours of fruitless labor, damage to docks and shipping, and general suspense and alarm until the leviathan was chained. The master of the art of docking great ships is the marine superintendent of the line, who stands upon the pier and by signals, usually conveyed by the hands, indicates to the bridge when and how the tugs, the steam winches on ship-board, and the ship's engines shall be manipulated to assure the desired result.

When the passengers with all their joys and sorrows are gone, and the great steel shed echoes, empty, to the watchman's footfall, the captain of the liner, who, with three thousand souls and perhaps ten million dollars of property in his keeping, may have been on the bridge for several days and nights, fighting fog or dodging wartime dangers, seeks his bunk for a long sleep. But the business of the liner is not done. There are thousands of tons of cargo to be discharged. At night the work goes on, as well as by day, until lighters have taken it all away. Then fresh cargo pours in, and some thousands of tons of coal as well, and the liner in five days goes to sea again.

This is the mechanical age in sea-going, as even the briefest harbor voyage will show; but the lover of the old days of wood and canvas will find with pleasure that in her domestic shipping New York has not entirely banished the sail. An occasional tarred old lighter, with single huge, raking mast, and dark, loose-footed sail, deep laden and bear-

Drawn by W. J. Asplund

THE GIANT OF THE SEA LOOMS IN EXAGGERATED HEIGHT AMONG THE MIDDLET CRAFT



ing the stamp of economical usefulness, passes down the tide. In its way the old black boat is quite as suggestive of earlier times, and as characteristic of its waters, as London's famous Thames barges, while artistically it is more satisfying. Neat coasting schooners also ply in and out of the harbor, from ports to eastward with lumber, and to and from near-by New Jersey harbors with sundry rough cargoes. There is a flash of the old seafaring spirit surviving on board them in the air of respectful unconcern with which the skipper of the schooner *Maria B. Hicks*, of Perth Amboy, brick-laden, responds to the salutes of passengers on the great liner, inward bound, as he passes her off quarantine, his little green schooner winged out and going strong. To him there is no distinction between himself and the captain of the greatest ship afloat. Each commands a vessel, and each vessel is a good one in her way.

It is a pleasing sight to see the veteran

skipper from "the east'ard" as he fares forth in New York to collect his charter money, buy presents for "mother," and prepare for his voyage home. He goes ashore as into a foreign land, and, though nobody's fool, clings to his wallet until safe aboard again; and all the while he finds the noise and the rush of life about him increasing a thousandfold his love of the old cove at home in which the *Morning Star*, when not on her voyages, swings at anchor off his little shore farm.

You see the Eastern coasting craft more commonly in the East River than elsewhere about Manhattan. Although in a maritime way its back yard, the East River is lacking neither in dignity nor strange beauty. You find it spanned by high cables and girders that in the distance and the hazy morning atmosphere of the harbor seem more like filaments of gauzy web than tons of steel suspended in air. Trains of cars, heavy trucks, and thousands of restless feet pass over them, and over the tall masts



THERE IS EVEN A BIT OF OLD SOUTH STREET LEFT



THE SAILOR'S LIFE ASHORE HAS BEEN MODERNIZED

of ships beneath them, as noiselessly, to you, as smoke athwart your boat's wake.

On the East River side of New York you find homely, intimate scenes of harbor life. There is even a bit of old South Street left. An occasional square-rigger is still to be seen hereabouts, although their berths are now more commonly South Brooklyn or the oil-docks of Constable Hook, far down on the harbor's Jersey side (you delete the "New," in harbor parlance). From these reminders of earlier conditions, as of old, Jack rolls ashore to ship again, and, as a matter of course, comes to South Street to do it. But Jack is modernized. He puts up at an institution—that on which the great green light glows at night—has a neat bed at a nominal price, may amuse himself soberly in the "game-room" with billiards or checkers, may read or write or loaf, as he pleases, amid sanitary surroundings, and may check his "kist" until wanted, at five cents a month.

A pleasant voyage up the East River on a bright summer morning would be one on board the little gray police-launch, which, with a green flag to the fore, scouts silently along the docks—as indeed it does both night and day. But being a plain citizen, you are fain to ship for a voyage around Manhattan on the neat little steamer known in the vernacular of the water-front as the "rubber-neck boat." Her course at the outset is up the rushing ebb of the East River, under the now classic span of Brooklyn Bridge. You may meet at the beginning of your trip a trim yacht or two tripping down the tide under sail. Along shore you see many freight-boats and barges from the eastward, lighters deep laden, steamers of the lesser sort, a superannuated ferry-boat or two moored to a sheltered bank and given over to family habitation and flower-boxes. You note also more than one dry-dock on ground from which, in other

days, some of New York's famous clipper-ships were launched.

Your cicerone for the voyage is a blithe young man, oblivious of yesterday, who talks into the megaphone with much enthusiasm. He is a joker, but no sentimentalist. He is grieved if you choose to study the rusty old docks and their nondescript fleets, and turn a deaf ear, in the lee of the friendly pilot-house, to his jocose phrases in reference to

business, bent on completing the voyage of thirty miles from his summer home to his office in less than an hour. One of those sharp contrasts that make life in New York, on all its levels, so vivid is not wanting here. At the head of the dock lies an old ship, one of the genuine survivors of square-rig days. She is rusty and forlorn by comparison with the trim yachts in the stream, and sentiment has dedicated her to an odd fate,



SOMETIMES A YACHT TRIPS BY

Blackwell's Island and the city's insular hospitals.

At East Twenty-fourth Street you come upon a fleet of yachts riding to the tide in old Kip's Bay. Here lies a handsome, tall-sparred bark, an artist's perpetuation of an old-time rig; there a three-funneled flier designed to bring its owner from his Sound estate to business at thirty-five miles an hour. If you are here at the dot of nine you will see a light hydroplane lowered from its davits and brought to the gangway. A small, lightly built man, in linen suit and Panama hat, enters it and is conveyed ashore to a club dock. In three minutes he is in a motor, rushing away to

the continuance of a philanthropist's whim—she is used as a working-girls' hotel.

Upward, briskly, past steep, rocky shores, where the streets end abruptly (and where a roisterer, you would say, homeward bound at night between those endless rows of tall, characterless houses might be pardoned for walking off into the tide); on into the narrow canal of Harlem River, with many lumber-yards, that give way to a boulevard, and this to wooded heights, villa-crowned, at Manhattan's upper end, where the scene takes on a likeness to the hills about certain Italian lakes.

Out of the narrow channel of old



Drawn by W. J. Aylward

AT NIGHT THE WORK STILL GOES ON



UNDER THE BRIDGE THE TRAFFIC THICKENS

Spuyten Duyvil Creek your boat shoots suddenly into the broad, expansive tide of the Hudson and you head homeward again, with nature's Palisades on one hand, and man's—the inhabited cliffs of Manhattan—on the other. Thus on you

fare, to the end of a three-hour journey at the Battery.

Certain aspects of harbor life you find on both sides of the town. On both rivers, but more numerous on the Hudson, the ferry-boats ply so steadily from

shore to shore that they seem like shuttles weaving some strange, intangible web of human destiny. They glide into their slips on the Manhattan shore as if drawn by the magnet of the vibrant, pulsing town.

The passing show afloat would be far from complete without a view of certain other craft that daily share the center of the stage in the moving picture of the harbor's life. Next in mobility to the ferry-boats come the railroad floats, great steel flat-boats, bearing long trains of freight-cars from one shore of the harbor to another. With a powerful tug alongside, these unwieldy craft sweep down the current of the East or the North River at a speed suggesting the rending of wood and iron should they strike an obstacle. Occasionally a crash, a bubbling cry, and the floating wreckage of a small craft in the wake of the car-float tell a brief story of tragedy that might have been averted; and to the credit of the tugboat captain it may be said that the fault is usually with the unfortunate whose skill and judgment were not equal to navigating his boat in the harbor's swift tides.

Passing through the ruck of lesser shipping, like swans among ducklings, come the local maritime queens, the larger steamers of the river and coast-wise routes. The latter you may see in the early morning, high and white, suggesting a certain sort of summer hotel, ending their night voyages from the eastward by sweeping handsomely past the Battery and rounding to at their docks on the lower North River front with the precision of motor-cars entering a garage. These great traveling taverns have not been long in port when others, scarcely smaller, with even brighter and airier superstructures, leave their berths. These are the Hudson River day boats. Brave in flags and music, they entice the holiday traveler by promise of public dancing, the graceful gyrations of a "masked lady" being offered to give zest thereto. Handsomely the great river boats sweep up-stream, to reveal to their gay thousands of excursionists the beauties of the Palisades, of West Point, and the Highlands; though one cannot be certain that nature's beauties hold their own with the counter attractions of a dancing-floor and a band.



REFITTING AT ERIE BASIN—SOUTH BROOKLYN



THE BREAK-UP YARD

If there be frivolity reflected in this predisposition toward the tango boat, a virtue offsetting it—that of patience—is emphasized in the appeal of another sort of boat to its patrons among the city's thousands. While yet the sun is peeping around the corner of the Barge Office on the Battery's end, and is gilding deep red the green-and-brown walls of the old fort on Governor's Island, certain calm, middle-aged men, bearing baskets or bundles, appear on the esplanade and seat themselves. They have the air of persons who sleep well and from choice rise early. An after-breakfast pipe solaces them in their wait on the benches, for it is apparent they come early with a purpose. They wish to be there when their favorite boat for the fishing-banks pulls in at her berth to take on her holiday crowd. They know she will lie at the Battery for a couple of hours or so, and that the early comers will get the best places along her rails for their fishing.

These grave and placid sportsmen are ready to march on board with hurried yet dignified steps as soon as the boat's gang-plank is down. The two hours' wait is nothing to them. They employ it in looking over their gear, arranging their camp-stool, bait, lunch, and other impedimenta, and reading their morning paper.

To talk with one of these fishermen is to travel in the realms of peace. "I have been going down to the fishing-banks every Sunday in summer for twenty-five years," said one of them to an inquiring traveler one bright Sunday morning in July. "I have gone on this boat ever since she came out, fifteen years ago, and I always manage to get the same place, near the starboard paddle-box. Get fish every time? Of course I get fish. Got twenty-five sea-bass last Sunday!"

The sureness of this philosopher's grasp on simple joys was more refreshing

than a cool spring in the desert. He knew what he wanted, and was getting it. The fishing-fleet carries hundreds of such men as these seaward from the Battery every Sunday and holiday from spring to fall. The boats are indifferent craft compared with the river queens, being old yachts, chiefly, but they are well suited to the work in which they are engaged; and first and last, in their present occupation, they probably carry afloat more contentment than any other craft sailing the waters of New York Harbor.

New York's life afloat is so changeful and so replete with human interest that not even the New-Yorker himself, with a bent for waterside prowlings and harbor excursions, may be depended upon to know half its charm or extent. To him its appeal is overshadowed by that of life in the city itself.

Your most seasoned harbor voyagers are, perhaps, the commuters of the ferries, whose numbers do not seem to have diminished since burrowings beneath the harbor and the multiplication of bridges from New York's eastward side have afforded new and swifter modes of passage for the day-dwellers of Manhattan to and from their suburban homes. Yet the commuter, with six hundred harbor voyages a year to his credit, sees actually less of the harbor than the observant citizen who gives it occasional intelligent study. The mental stimulus of his morning and evening paper is enough to keep his thoughts abstracted from a scene that he may contemplate daily if he wishes. Only a field of river ice and a tide-gripped ocean-liner across the ferry slip, boding delay at the office or the missing of the 5:18 train homeward, are matters of concern sufficient to draw his gaze away from his readings.

If you would taste the essential quality of New York Harbor, its ships and its life, you must mingle with the population of the harbor itself—the thousands of people who live afloat, on the fringes of the city, in various craft, at the docks and in the creeks, rivers, bays, and canals of Greater New York. An intelligent and, in the main, a thoughtful community is this brotherhood of the

tide. A day among them in the byways of the port is sure to be well spent. In your harbor voyages, be they many or few, you will find yourself impressed, for example, with the personality of the tug-boat captain. He is at once the busiest and the coolest man in the daily rush of harbor work. Furthermore, he is a person of character. You may observe that the captain of a small tug pulling mud-scows is not beneath the wearing of a "boiled" shirt and a heavy gold watch-chain with a "society" charm, suggesting nocturnal gatherings in which he may have been addressed as "Noble Grand." He views the changing panorama of the harbor with practised eye. He knows every liner on sight, and can tell you when it is "thick outside," and, by reason of the fog, the ships that will be late in docking. From a fleeting glimpse of this or that steamer far down the bay, from little scraps of information and signs of action that would be lost on a landsman, he pieces out the harbor's news of the day. In an emergency he rises to his proper level. He may drop his tow of mud-scows in a twinkling to aid with cool skill a great ship threatened by fire, to bring succor to craft in collision, or to pass a line to a disabled ferry-boat or yacht.

The New York tugboat captain has a home near by; but there is another type of harbor sailor who has not. This is the bargeman. He represents a community distinct from the city's residents—people who look upon city life as something apart from them, and who "go ashore" for business or pleasure as one who makes an excursion into territory with which he has little real acquaintance.

Were the floating population of New York Harbor assembled it would equal that of a city. It has been estimated recently that among the families living on barges in New York Harbor waters alone are four thousand children of school age. If sometimes these children want for schooling, it is not for lack of purpose in the parents. If the barge is like to be absent on its voyages, the little family may be sent ashore to "board" during the school term. Evidence that barge life does not stifle effort or opportunity might be had in the case of a

worthy Yankee skipper who, changing a billet on a coaster for one on a barge, reared four sons about the docks of New York and lived to see each gain an honored place in business or professional life.

The lot of the harbor bargeman is not one for commiseration. He is far more independent and content than his neighbors in the fetid hives of the tenement districts which he sees from his barge as he floats past the river foot of East Side streets. At evening his floating home is moored in a quiet dock. He may sit on his bit of deck and enjoy his after-supper pipe in quiet, as he gazes upon the darkling ripples of the water and listens to the dying roar of the city's busy day. His wife sits beside him, putting the last stitches in a gingham garment for their child, who already is in his bunk. Their cabin is bright and clean, without and within. White paint and green trimmings, a bit of striped awning and a little flagstaff, are its outward embellishments. Muslin curtains at its tiny windows, geraniums on the sills, a cheery nickel clock on its own shelf above the stove, a neat red tablecloth, a home-made braided rug upon a bright oilcloth—these give character to the living-room, or "galley." Within is the bedroom, perhaps six by eight feet, with a white iron bed and a bunk above its foot, in which the son and heir sleeps peacefully. There may be a cottage in New Jersey or down Long Island Sound waiting this worthy couple when winter's ice closes the Hudson and ends their season's work; but they make the barge their home while on it. Some of these barge homes shelter families of five or six persons. On some of the large covered railroad barges the skipper's house is on the roof. Its dimensions may be ten by thirty feet, affording three rooms. In the "parlor" one would not be surprised to find a sofa, a music-machine and racks of records, and family portraits in crayon, all according to usage ashore; while the captain, being of a sporting turn, takes his family to sail on a Sunday in a gorgeously painted punt of his own building, with leeboards to make it weatherly, and a sail setting as neatly as the canvas of a cup defender.

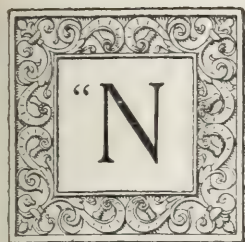
Your acquaintance with harbor citizens will carry you into many out-of-the-way places that are not without pleasant surprises to reward a little mild exploration. Venturing with your launch into a dock on the Hoboken side, well above the piers of the German liners, you find, for example, a retreat for decrepit craft and those laid up for winter. Of its existence you had not dreamed so long as you kept to the ferry. Here are berths for large ships, dry-docks, quite screened from the river by a front pier where liners from Denmark dock. On the heights above, a famous family mansion still stands. New York's first steam ferry had its New Jersey terminus here, at a picnic resort of the forties, the Elysian Fields.

It is not the lot of the average city person to know the stranded sailor, the bargeman, even the tugboat captain; or, without effort, the harbor byways that to them are familiar ground. These byways figure small on your daily film, but they are none the less largely connected with the harbor's life. Some of them are to be found about South Brooklyn. Here, at Erie Basin, steamers of all sorts and conditions refit for their voyage. Great floating docks lift the heaviest of them out of water until their hulls are visible above the fence on the basin's harbor side.

In such out-of-the-way corners of the harbor as we have seen, the sentimentalist finds rich reward. A certain shipbreaker's yard in Kill van Kull should fascinate his fancy. Here noble old ships, lighters, tugboats, yachts, and harbor steamers share a common fate. If their planks be fastened with copper, the swifter their end. Your knacker has no time for sentiment. He does not ponder on the youth and beauty, despair and crime and guilt, that the old steamer's staterooms may have lodged. He is more concerned with the weight and character of their metal fittings. He thinks of the hulks in the yard only in terms of junk. A fitting attitude, you say, in a sexton of ships, and one you would not have otherwise; for sentiment, in the premises, should be reserved to him who follows harbor voyages to their end.

The Gorilla

BY RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD



NOT a woman within a hundred and fifty miles," said Steinmetz, the banker.

We were sitting on a pile of iron trusses three thousand feet above sea-level in the Gorgon Pass. Steinmetz had underwritten half of the bonds of the irrigation project, and he was out there to take first-hand information back to the other members of the syndicate.

Behind us was the shadowed, echoing cathedral hall of the giant firs; before us the chasm of the Pass yawned, its cragged top open like the toothed jaws of an upturned mouth, its bottom holding the white foaming thread of the river. The stream, at the site of the irrigation dam, had been picked up in a wooden sluice. On the far side a gigantic wall of white concrete reflected the sunlight, and along its top the black-steel cranes were busy dumping the syrup of stone into new forms. An army of inconsequent black specks around the switching-engines, steam-drills, and rock-crushers shifted its position constantly—spreading, retracting, and regrouping like bacilli on a microscopic slide. We knew the specks were men.

When the power-house shack, gave forth a long puff of snow-white steam, and ten seconds later the shriek of the whistle followed, we saw the bacilli coming up the trail. The day was over; the wops, the Bohunks, and the greasers were returning to their barracks; they would pass us on the way.

"That is not our machine," said Steinmetz, his city-fed, soft-muscled body still sweating from our climb. He had heard the puffing of a motor-car coming up the slope. "No," said he, with his eternally worried banker-face. "A stranger."

A man who had driven the car came walking through the pillared, needle-carpeted grove. He had distinction, but

not of manners, for he stood near us for several minutes gazing down at the job without so much as looking at us. Nor was he of agreeable appearance; for, though his clothes were of the best, his body was graceless, and the strength of character in his face was tragic with the suggestion of power gained at the sacrifice of soul.

Without a word of greeting he came to watch the panting laborers, yellow and black with sweat and combustion, file by along the trail with shuffling feet and tinkle of empty dinner-pails; and as each Italian, Slav, Hungarian, or Lett passed, the stranger gazed into the man's face as one who seeks to recognize a lost brother.

"It would surprise us to see Christ walking among them," said he to Steinmetz, sharply.

"No doubt," the banker replied, with the surprise and alarm of the conventional thinker. "These fellows are the scum of Europe."

The stranger pulled back his cuffs and looked first at one wrist, then at the other. His face, we could see, was cold and hard like an iron mask—the face developed by a youth who at twenty-one has set his eyes on the pot of American gold beneath the painted rainbow and ridden at it a lifetime, half blind, and digging spurs into the spirit; only his gray eyes showed human fire burning.

"I now regard the immigrant with terror," said he, gazing steadily at the long-slanted rays on the snowy head of Third Peak. "The German farmer and wife passing the Statue of Liberty are just people coming to America. These specimens walking before us are the real immigrants, sir. It's the male migrating alone from nowhere and in full litters. It has fearful hope in its eyes. It has marched in armies without hate, it has sweated in fields without dreams, and gone over in windrows when the plagues swept it down."

"Talk about the fall of sparrows!" exclaimed Steinmetz, with a shudder.

"It comes to us"—the stranger was musing—"it comes to us half a man. What is your idea of the other half, sir—beast or God?"

The banker spread his mustache back from his thin lips with his pale fingers and shrugged his shoulders; then, seeing that the stranger was holding a cigar toward him, he took it, examined the red-and-gold band, and clipped the end with a well-manicured nail. One could see that Steinmetz regarded the expensive cigar-brand as a recommendation of financial standing.

"I am cutting down on my smoking," the stranger said, rubbing his smooth-shaven, taut, immobile cheeks with the palm of his hand. "I went through the flood at Dayton. It was all blackness, wind, rain, fire, water, chaos—the Terror. It is a bad thing to see the river silt drying on the faces of people who have been caught in second-story rooms. I came out here to forget it."

He had taken out a gold-mounted fountain-pen and a little white card, which he stretched over the rough homespun cloth on his knee, and over and over again he was writing on the card, so that we could see by covert glances, the name "Evelyn, Evelyn, Evelyn." Steinmetz regarded the man with curiosity and apprehension; he gauged the distance between our perch on the iron girders and the edge of the cliff. He might have feared that the stranger would jump up and wrestle with him nearer and nearer that rim of death.

"You were speaking of immigrants," said the banker, nervously.

"Yes, I was about to tell you the story given me by a woman I know—a very beautiful woman with hair the color of that sunlight beyond those peaks."

Said he:

Perhaps you know the typical iron industry that squats on the bank of a river in the Middle West. It is like a creature which has come down to drink or wallow in the slime. There are black, steel-guyed chimneys throwing up green smoke, and a spur-track curling like a tail up to the siding where the freight-cars stand with the yard-master's chalk-

marks on them. The city is up the river; down the river, the flat marshes are half poisoned with the vapors of chemicals and oil on the waters, and soot. A concrete road runs toward the city, without a tree on it, and hundreds of workmen's cottages of green-gray wood take up the space until the one-story grocery and clothing stores and saloons come along. And there a car-track picks you up. You look back and see swallows diving in the evening air and the flare of red light where the night gang has begun a new pouring-off and a parade of men like these fellows we have just seen comes out of the gate and scatters into side-streets, where the mud swacks beneath the shoes.

It is not a very pretty picture. But to some man it is as beautiful as his own flesh and blood, because it was all done by him; there is a flavor of terrible prosperity—money, money, money! We see the plant and think of private cars, Europe, steam-yachts, society, dollar cigars, new motors. The plant means power and authority for some man—great power, great authority, great pride—and we forget that when the man's shadow no longer falls upon the ground, unless he has bequeathed the world something in spirit, he is forgotten.

It is cruel. It is merciless. All his striving has gone for a few rides in an eighty horse-power "six" and a half-dozen marble columns in front of his show-place in the residence section on the Hill!

The woman had in mind a particular industry exactly as I have described it. And she knew the man. She called the plant the "Fish-Plate, and Metal Tie Company," and the man "John Wolf." It was the story of the development of many successful Americans—such gentlemen as we count among our acquaintances.

She had known Wolf intimately; she could tell of him so that you could see him. There were not any curves in the man—body or mind.

He had been born in Indiana. His father idled, and now and then put on wall-paper for neighbors, but the boy had *steam*. No one knows why those things happen—the difference between father and son. When the youngster

was in the days when he fell out of apple-trees, and had the measles, he was the only boy in that town who had begun to sense the American game and plan a drive for a big success. School was not business; he shook his lessons out as a bulldog shakes a rag—mad to toss childhood aside and drive on and drive on!

He began with a railroad—the old Illinois & Indiana Central—in the purchasing department; in five years he was its head. He would not take the graft offered by the supply-houses in exchange for patronage, he would not smoke or drink, and without turning a hair he allowed himself to be promoted into a position which belonged by rights to his best friend—who was on his back with typhoid. Wolf was too shrewd to be dishonest, too selfish to indulge himself, too calculating not to see that the bigger job was worth more than the better friend, on the road *he* traveled. We Americans drive on—harnessed, covered with foam, blinders on our bridles—stark, staring mad. So was John Wolf.

At twenty-eight he was assistant to the receiver; at thirty he was selling four transcontinental roads the Barr Truck; at thirty-five he was vice-president of the Western Supply Agency; at thirty-nine he was manufacturing fish-plates in the back yard of the American Tube, Derrick, and Boiler shops in Chicago; at forty-two he had twice increased the capital of his own plant—the one on the bank of the river; four years later he had the third largest railroad-specialty plant in the country. Six months ago he went to the home of the biggest manganese-steel producer in Pennsylvania, and, standing with his back to the Barbazon pictures in the man's art-gallery, he told him that he must give him a rebate or suffer the presence of a new competitor in the Alleghany field. The man turned white!

Wolf had been too busy to marry—too mad, too wild for commercial power, until he saw his first half-century coming on him. He had one passion—business; it had consumed him.

When he was forty-three he met the woman. She was only a girl, just graduated from a co-educational institution. She had come from New England stock,

which had immigrated to Minnesota. Her hair was gold, her skin was old ivory, browned with the sun, and on her cheeks the color showed through, and the inner curve of her elbow was marked delicately with blue veins.

She was interested, in her girlish way, in woman suffrage and economics, but Wolf liked her at first for her laugh, her activity, her health. He was thrilled by her grace. She represented to him youth, joy, the promise of life—all the things he had cast away and now wanted to bring back. He even laughed tolerantly at her tenderness of heart and her interest in human things. These, too, he had thrown from him so he could travel without their weight; but now, though he believed them to be baggage carried by the weak and unsuccessful, when she brought them before him he saw them as pretty playthings. He wanted her as he had wanted his commercial success.

His wealth, power, dominant personality, swept the girl and her humble family off their feet. She married him, and he built a great house on the bluff overlooking the river, with gardens which had to be watered by an electric pumping-plant, and underground tunnels to the servant quarters and the garage—a three-hundred-thousand-dollar place. Brandt of Rochester was the architect.

He dragged her through Europe in a touring-car while the house was being built, spent money in wads, and wondered why she did not seem happy. He did not know himself that he sought youth. She had sold him hers, and he had taken it. Blind as a poor sick bat he brought her back, showed her once around the Works, showed her buildings, machinery, his office with blue-prints hanging on Circassian-walnut paneling. He took her into the shops where eight hundred men were sweating, among the pots of hot, swaying liquid metal, among the rumbling rollers and shrieking lathes.

She drew her soft white skirts close about her thin, small ankles, and the corners of her mouth were down; he noticed that her lips, which had been full and bright in color when he married her, had grown pale and were pressed tight upon each other. He was glad

when she put her hand through his arm.

"All this is—you," she said.

Later on, as they were going through the gate where their car was waiting for them, with the bored chauffeur half asleep on the front seat, she pointed at a giant of a man with a two-hundred-pound casting slung in his hands in front of him. She and John Wolf stopped to look.

He was one of the immigrants out of the nameless mob that come and go; his great feet, staggering under his weight and that of his burden, crunched the cinders as he swayed along. He was looking down—a creature whose mind is fastened to the ground, whose face is always turned toward the earth from which he has sprung.

From his low, concave forehead short-cropped, wiry hair grew backward, as hair grows from the face of a chimpanzee, and from it sweat poured, channeling the soot upon his skin, running over the ledge of his great jaws and down the cords of his thick neck, which, before they were lost in the wet surface of his armor-plate chest and in the rolls of muscles in his shoulders, stood out like twisted strands of derrick-cable. His eyes were small and buried deep; his ears were large and attached to the flat sides of his enormous skull; his shoulders stooped, and his arms, with huge hands at their extremities, were as thick and corded as a runner's thighs. They reached below his knees.

"You do not know any of your men?" asked John Wolf's wife.

"Few," answered Wolf. "The plant has grown large. Once I knew most of them. Now my time is more than half spent in New York and Chicago. I'm not at the plant more than two months in a year. I have had to leave the operation to others. The bigger we grow, the farther the top of the business must be from the bottom."

Mrs. Wolf was still gazing at the marvel of the creature's arms.

"Half man, half animal," the industrial king said in an irritated voice. "These Bohunks change their name with every job. If you want this one to have a name I'll give him one. A new sleeveless shirt instead of that grimy one

would be more useful. But I'll give him a name."

The woman bit her lip.

"Rolls of muscle are on the shoulders," she said.

Just then the worker dropped his casting on the flat-car and, turning slowly, brushed the stinging salt drops from his eyes and peered out from under his furnace-singed brows at the man in fine wool and linen and silk, and then at the wife who stood by his side. The interest he took seemed like that of an animal directed at human intruders; in it there seemed to be something of stupid incomprehension, something of curiosity, and something of sullenness, instinctive hate and fear. Head and neck and body were bent forward as if it would be easy for the man to move off the next moment on all-fours; and the wonderful, powerful, sooted arms were dangling inert and almost to the ground.

"Call him 'the Gorilla,'" said John Wolf to his wife with a laugh.

She still looked at the man.

"Come," said her husband, snapping his watch-case. "I'm going to send you home in the car. I've got to see the superintendent."

She started to protest.

"Business is business," said Wolf, brusquely. And at that time he did not know that later he would recall every little detail of that moment.

Not three weeks afterward he remembered them vaguely when, at four in the afternoon, he was dictating telegrams to each of the three receivers of a road which had carried a large account with Wolf's Chicago selling-agents. Cowper, the superintendent, passed through the office with the company doctor.

"Jim!" called Wolf, sharply. "Have we had an accident?"

"Yes, sir. The foreman of the repair gang had the Number 10 crane on that new Babbitt plate-roller. One of the men was reaching over for the guide-rope of the tongs, and the two biggest ratchet-gears fed his right arm and one foot into the space between 'em. They did a finished job."

"Only needs a little trimming at the shoulder," said the doctor, grimly. "The ankle may give more trouble."

"Any liability on us?" Wolf asked.

"No, sir, I think not," said Cowper. "Carelessness of one of the other workmen. We get let out. And, by the way, the C., Q. & B. shipment that their freight department couldn't trace had delivery to-day at Moline."

"First rate!" said Wolf.

When he had finished with the stenographer he waved his hand to dismiss her, rose, and went to the window. On his face there might have been a look of haunting anxiety. He was worried about his wife. She had not been well. Life no longer seemed to interest her; she was always staring ahead of her as if far away in some day-dreams. And she had lost her color. Harwick had examined her and found symptoms of valvular irregularity in her heart.

For the first time in his life Wolf realized that something wholly outside of himself might affect him. He had tried to make this young girl love him. He had watched the gains he had made little by little in her affections. No one had ever been fond of him; now he was hungry for it. The possibility of losing his wife and her growing love for him, which so satisfied his soul, made him wince as he stood at the window looking over the mill-yard.

They were taking a man on a stretcher toward an ambulance from St. Anthony's—a man in a blackened, sleeveless shirt, half-covered with a clean sheet, staring white. The man was the Gorilla; Wolf had recognized him.

"I believe I will take her to Chicago to-morrow," said the manufacturer. "Harwick is a good practitioner, but she ought to be seen by a high-priced man."

A month later Wolf came back from Chicago, where he had made a speech before a manufacturers' association. Many men in the iron and steel products trade remember it, though that was nearly four years ago. It was the first speech Wolf had ever made. He had always prided himself on being a man of action and not of words; he had prided himself on sticking closely to his business. He had been an individualist, with silent, gloating pleasure in his own school of philosophy. He had never taken much stock in conventions, associations, or trade fraternities. But the sweeps of applause which had greeted

him, the power of his own voice—incisive, cold, but convincing and stirring—the delight in turning antagonistic minds into the channels of his own purposes, had intoxicated him. Just as late in life he had yearned for the love of woman, he now had tasted the blood of game brought down by the direct influence of his own personality; he had learned the pleasures of making an appeal to the hearts as well as to the minds of men.

Wolf rubbed his hands. Things were going well with him. His wife, the Chicago specialist had said, had no organic disease. Exercise and diversion were the two medicines prescribed for her. The manufacturer planned to take her to Alaska. Spring had come with orders in plenty; the gross income figures were larger than any previous year; the ray of sunlight of the new season covered the wide stretches of shops, the yard, the industry itself, so it seemed, with fingers of benediction.

At this moment came Bernard Towle into the office of Wolf.

"I wish you would let Towle & Benton have your corporation business without the real-estate and accident-case law which you send in to us with it," he said, laughing.

He was a large man with a firm mouth—the legal mouth of judges—and a high, intellectual forehead with one mole at the middle of it.

"I didn't know there were any unsettled accident claims," said Wolf, lifting the lid of a polished mahogany cigar-case.

"Only one," the other said. "This man Hagonaska. Right arm and one foot. Single man. God knows what nationality. A giant of a man—a huge, brutal, low-browed baboon of a man. Symons, the shystering ambulance-chaser, got hold of him and is talking ten-thousand-dollar settlement. We think it is time to put a stop to these compromises. There isn't any liability whatever for your company, and if there were it is wiped out by contributory negligence and the carelessness of the man who started the crane moving. You aren't responsible at law for that. The poor devil won't ever work again, and you can give him something if you

want, only this is a good chance to teach Symons a lesson."

"Go ahead and teach him," said Wolf. "Corporations are always being the mark for bleeders. I think I remember the man. We called him the Gorilla."

Towle laughed boisterously. "The Gorilla! That's a good name for him."

Then and there the fortunes of the Gorilla went out of the mind of John Wolf. Towle & Benton sent a neatly typewritten note on their embossed letter-head when the suit was dismissed in the May term of the Circuit Court, and Wolf gave it to Preston for the files.

The day that the manufacturer was planning to leave for Alaska, however, the Gorilla came to see him. The Gorilla tried to smile as he stood at the open wicket gate in the office, leaning with his one great sinewed, sleeve-straining arm on the polished rail. Miss Johnson saw only what was horrible in that concave brow with the tow-colored bristles rising from the forehead, in the small eyes set too near together, and the great hand eight inches wide which seemed designed for the hand of a strangler. And though the stupid, ingratiating smile exposed an even set of white, perfect teeth, even the smile frightened Miss Johnson, and the Gorilla pushed his way into Wolf's Circassian-walnut office without interference.

"Whatcha want?" asked Wolf, staring up in fear at the one-armed, one-footed creature which stood stooping beside the table.

"You no remember me, uh?" asked the Gorilla, showing his beautiful teeth.

"Whatcha want?" repeated the manufacturer.

"I work for you—me. I no can work any more. I no get money. No understand."

"Why didn't you come and see me instead of bringing suit?" asked Wolf, sighing with relief. "We don't owe you anything. It's up to you. You ought to be glad you aren't married."

"I no understand," persisted the Gorilla. "I work for you—me. Now—I no can work. You—Meester Wolf, eh? I no understand."

"What have you been doing since you left the hospital?"

The Gorilla raised the curtain of the

western window so that the glowing light of sunset rested on his stupid, expectant face.

"You look. You see city dump over freight-yard. I pick on dump and get coal—me."

Wolf shrugged his shoulders.

The smile left the Gorilla's face, and his thick lips closed grimly over his great white teeth. He perceived that the interview was at an end. Slowly hopping, and with each movement jarring the office with his weight, he reached his cane in the corner and hobbled out of the office.

John Wolf picked up a yellow telegram:

Drawing-room to Seattle reserved for you
on 23d. NASON.

"First rate!" said the manufacturer. "I was afraid we'd have to take two sections."

Thus Wolf went to Alaska, and the Gorilla went to the city dump.

The city dump is the other side of the high board fence with the painted advertisements of talcum-powder, tobacco, and ready-made clothing. The switching-engines shriek and scream like viragos in the yard on this side of the fence, and on the other side fires burrow as gophers burrow. They eat down into the ashes and feed upon the debris of a city whose population nearly doubles between the censuses. The fires burrow; the little flames lick the night; white wisps of smoke rise in the sunlight; and rain comes and turns everything to a wet, soggy gray, across which horses drawing the city dump-carts tread patiently in time to the curses of the city employees, who move like shadows through the mists of early morning.

On the dump is everything which the city has discarded—the refuse of the great struggle of civilization—the tin cans, litter of paper, torn scraps of letters, broken china, finger rolls of human hair, the abandoned riffraff, dust and ashes. Broken iron and worn-out machinery, rags, and half-burned-out coals are rescued from the debris. Such is the salvage of the dump. And for this salvage the Gorilla must have hopped about for nearly four years on his great

ash-bleached shoe or dragged himself with his one great arm.

No one can say—no one will ever know—what the Gorilla learned on the dump. There is time for stupid meditation there. Few come to pick over the ashes, and most of them are children. The Gorilla, it is said, slept over the stable which backs on the dump on the eastern side, but the dump was his. Rain or sun, it was his domain. Even the ash-men who came with the eternal procession of blue carts piled with barrel refuse looked upon him as being a part of the dump. The dump was white with the dust of ashes. So was he.

No one will ever know whether in those four years the Gorilla rejoiced because the dump extended farther and farther into the marsh, creating new sites for great industries yet unborn. He may have measured the passage of time by the number of feet by which the dump extended toward the oily river. He may have found scraps of scented letters which he could not read but yet might half understand through the animal instinct which linked him to his species; he may have discovered with wild joy some coin fallen by chance out of the world's back door; he may have stared at the growing city beyond the wooden fences, always moving nearer with its wall of brick and its windows which were aflame when the sun was setting, and he may have shaken his giant's fist at it until hate had all gone and he clenched his fist no more.

Perhaps he did not hate at all. Perhaps he merely wondered, as all his nameless mob of ancestors had wondered, at life, content with his dump, with the sight of the dump-fires burning red under the black sky where stars burned white, with the smell of the river mists and the sound of the crunching cinders and of the loose paper which rustled as it moved, like a herd of sheep, from one side to the other of the dump with each shift of the wind. He may have found a flower sprouted on the dump and brave enough to blossom there.

Wolf could not answer these questions. He forgot the Gorilla, forgot the dump. *His* was a broad aspect. He looked upon the painted canvas of the

whole world and saw no details. Fate, no doubt, planning her schemes, saw little reason to disclose to him that he would see the Gorilla again.

For a time I had no wish to speak of the flood, sir, to any one. It unnerved me. I was at one of the worst points. Not even Dayton had worse than came to us. And even now it seems to me that when I speak of it I am incoherent. I cannot remember the sequence of my own sensations.

Try to think of a wall of brown water suddenly appearing where your motor-car was standing by the curb. A clerk from a store had just put a bundle into the back seat. There comes a second higher wall with a rush of floating things, and screams and shouts all about you. Then the great unceasing roar, the rush of water, buckling of building walls, the crash of ripping wood, the wind, the cold rain, great structures swinging from their bases, darkness, the wailing, the chaos, with faces white with fear and faces white with death staring as they flick by through that hellish whirlpool of the elements.

John Wolf was with his wife on the north side of the river when the first brown wall of water came lifting over the banks and charged through the avenues, turning up each cross-street as it reached the corners. The two were in the back seat of their Berrisford "six," and Piccard, the chauffeur they had picked up in Marseilles, was at the wheel. The manufacturer took the woman's white-gloved hand in his own and stood up under the car's canopy, snorting with the instinct of self-preservation.

He could see the settlement of two-story cottages on River Street swallowed in a dirty sea. Up from the bottom came a bobbing mass of wreckage—detached window-blinds, loose timbers, strips of fences, bed-clothing, telephone-poles, struggling horses, dogs, and arms of people trapped by the flood. He looked through the space between the buildings, and across the expanse of the river he could see his own house with its white-marble pillars—a harbor of safety on the highest point of the South Bluff. He could make out through the sheets of

rain and the gathering darkness the outlines of Jefferson Bridge.

"Turn here! turn here!" he shouted to Piccard. "The left! the left! Take the bridge. Open her up! Take the bridge!"

The car plowed on through the swash, and Wolf's wife looked up at him admiringly and smiled as the machine, speeding in front of a second rolling onslaught of water, met concealed obstructions and leaped like a live animal in terrorized flight.

"We are having a race," said she, sweetly, with full understanding.

Not until they reached the approach to the bridge did they see through the darkness that the flood had bored through the river-bank where the end piers were still standing. A black stream poured through the new channel, and this stream was half of water, half of wreckage from up the river. It was inevitable that the car would plunge into this unfamiliar chasm. All three of the passengers saw this before a new torrent of rain shut out the sight of the yawning drop.

Piccard, climbing over the door of the car, leaped and was gone; the girl clenched her white-gloved hands and smiled sweetly; Wolf, throwing back his head, gave vent to one short howl of anger, fear, and hatred of destiny. Twice the unguided car leaped to the right, to the left, as if it had a desperate indecision of its own, before it threw itself upon the single steel girder which now was the sole connection between the granite piers and the shore. It hung there for a moment, then, with one vicious hiss, dropped out of sight into the torrent.

The woman found herself lying flat upon her back on the half-exposed cap of the granite pier, staring up at the black sky, receiving the downpour of the cold rain full in her face. In her mind was the dim, vague memory of reaching for the girder, of feeling the impact of its hard surface as the car fell out from under her, and of crawling along its narrow top until she could fall flat upon the stone ledge.

She turned over to rest on her hands and knees upon the wet, rough surface of the pier-cap, and to stare down into the swirling brown maze and the network of

wire cables which had toppled over from the bridge.

In the West the sky-line had risen like a huge curtain, to project over the wide stretches of devastation the last glow of the day. The rain had lightened to a steady drizzle. The world for the moment was luminous gray, as it appears just before dawn. She brushed her wet hair from her face and stared down at the water, which was now eddying back around the bridge piers not eight feet below her. In this water she saw two men struggling to reach a cable-end which dangled down the girder to a point within an arm's-length of the surface.

"John!" she cried. "John!"

The one to whom she called gave no heed. Helplessly now he clutched at the roots of a tree lodged in the wreckage. His grasp was torn loose. He turned over onto his back and with a cough went under. The other man reached around in the brown silt-laden water, thrusting with his foot, as if to find the body. Again Wolf came to the surface, uttered a cry of despair, and threw his arms about the other's neck. A great hand reached up, clutched the cable's end, and the two men hung with their heads and shoulders above water.

"John!" shrieked the woman. "John!"

Her husband, exhausted and half suffocated, clung desperately to the thick neck on which with interlocked fingers he hung his weight. He did not look up. The woman saw only the face of the other man as he stared at her stupidly. Fate had played her trick—the creature with the huge hand, the long, corded arm as big as a runner's thigh, the concave forehead, the bristling hair, was the Gorilla. His white teeth showed as his lips parted in a simple smile of pleasure.

"Good?" he grunted, inquiringly.

She leaned far down till her face was as near the Gorilla's as she could reach. The roar of the flood still seemed to threaten to drown out her words.

"Hold him! Don't let go!" she commanded.

"Sure," said the Gorilla, grinning like a petted mastiff. "I know him—me—Meester Wolf. Eh?"

"Yes, I'm his wife," she cried. "I

love him. Do you hear? I love him. Don't let go. Keep the cable in your hand!"

A wooden beam, riding the crest of a new swirl of the water, hurled itself at the Gorilla's legs. He roared at it in pain and anger. It swung the two men far under the girder. But when Mrs. Wolf looked again, the giant hand with knotted muscles still clung to the cable-end and her husband's arms still hung about the great, bare, corded neck. The Gorilla, grinning, looked up for her approval.

Night had come. The woman could barely see the shore. She screamed for help. No answer came but the roar of the flood and some bell tolling far away. The wind wrapped her wet clothing about her, and, shut off from all assistance, she shivered in her loneliness.

"John!" she cried. "John!"

The man who swung on the Gorilla's neck looked up, but answered nothing.

"Woman," called the Gorilla, "I fix him. He no let go."

She wrung her hands as she leaned back weakly against the girder-end. Suddenly she saw that these hands were still incased in white-kid gloves; out of the chaos of memory came the picture of her husband standing up in the car and directing Piccard to race along before the wall of brown water. Now, half unconscious, she could hear the Gorilla growl at her husband in a low, constant voice.

"Meester Wolf—you listen to me. You no let go. Your woman say you no let go. No, Meester Wolf—you be good fellow—you no let go. It ain't long. You wait, Meester Wolf. No let go my neck, Meester Wolf, pleece. Pleece, Meester Wolf!"

She heard this voice draw farther and farther away until it seemed to rise over the horizon. In a struggle to regain consciousness everything became black, and the blackness roared monotonously. How long she remained in this state Mrs. Wolf will never know. She was brought to her senses by the calling of her name from below.

"Evelyn! Evelyn!" Wolf's voice was repeating feebly.

"I am here," she answered, looking down at the two men through the darkness.

"Good-by," said Wolf, hoarsely. "I can hold on no longer."

"No let go! No let go!" the Gorilla was saying over and over again, like a piece of phonetic machinery. "Pleece, Meester Wolf—no let go!"

"My fingers are slipping. The pain is too much. The muscles won't work. My fingers are slipping— Good-by."

The girl kneeling on the edge of the granite cap gazed around once more for possible help at this final moment. Far away on the rise of ground, where she knew the National Hotel and the Ohio Mutual Building had stood, red flames were leaping upward from the brick furnaces toward the sky. They were reflected on the waste of water which had spread far beyond the river-bed and now carried on its surface fantastic flotsam of destruction. Nowhere was there a living creature within sight except those two below her—her husband, with limp body and groaning, delirious voice, and the Gorilla, whose hand still clung to the cable-end and whose broad, flat face still gazed up at her stupidly in the pink light from the conflagration. Upon that face was an expression of eternal patience under dull suffering.

"I can't," moaned Wolf; and one of his hands fell free. The other clutched the cords which strung across the Gorilla's collar-bone.

"Woman! Listen, woman!" panted the Gorilla. "I no can do more. You understand, eh? I no can do more."

She knew that in another moment her husband would drop like a plummet into the depths and be swept away into the chaos.

"Hold him, I tell you!" she screamed, staring down into the Gorilla's face.

"I no can hold heem," came the answer. "See! I no have arm this side."

She pressed her knuckles to her lips and gnawed at the wet, shiny kid-leather which covered them. The Gorilla was still staring up at her. Light from the red flames on the hill illuminated his head and shoulders, and for the first time she could see that he had no coat, that his face was convulsed with grim agony, that the giant arm which hung to the cable-end had turned white as marble because the heart and arteries had long since failed to pump

the circulation into it. There were black spots on the skin of his thick neck where blood had settled beneath the pressure of Wolf's fingers. She saw them as the Gorilla, with a groan, looked up again and, trying to smile, showed his teeth once more.

"The teeth!" cried Mrs. Wolf. "Your teeth! He is slipping. Take his sleeve in your teeth!"

The face of the Gorilla, pink in the firelight, broke into a smile, and immediately he bent his head, feeling with his lips for a hold upon the arm of the other man. He could not reach it. He growled. Then, with a writhing of his great body and a final tightening of his arm-muscles, he pulled himself upward, shook loose the hand which clung to his neck, snapped like a dog at the wrist-bones of John Wolf, and buried his teeth in the flesh.

Wolf was unconscious. He swung limply in the water and made no outcry. His wife, however, stared over the edge at the two bodies swaying below, and for centuries, it seemed, she gazed down. With spoken words she could not have done more to exhort the workman to endure. With no language known to him could he have given her greater pledge of his purpose.

A falling wall in the fire on the hill sent a volcanic explosion of sparks into the black sky; after they had gone the light of the flames no longer illuminated the bridge pier and the water and floating debris below. Mrs. Wolf for a long time lay stretched out, with her eyes peering over the edge and her hanging hair swinging in the gusts of wind. She knew the men were still there at the cable's end, because she heard her husband's moans and the grunts of pain from the thick lips of the Gorilla.

At about midnight she saw moving lights along the river-bank, and without changing the position of her body she turned her head to direct scream after scream toward the men who carried them.

They came to her at last, over boards which they rested on the girder's end. Their swinging lanterns threw strange shadows on the water below.

"My husband—John Wolf!" she cried, pointing downward.

"Hand me the rope, Joe," said one of

the hoarse voices. "There's a guy down here, and if I can slip a loop under his arms we'll get him. . . . That's good. Haul him up. He's alive, all right. Somethin's cut him on the wrist."

Evelyn stared at her husband's white face as one of the men held his light over it.

"Where's the other?" she cried, suddenly. "Where's the other—the other man?"

"Somebody else?" asked one of the men. "Where?"

Evelyn snatched the lantern from his hand. She fell on her hands and knees again, lowering the flickering flame toward the water.

She was the woman, sir, who told me this story. She held the lantern below the girder and saw the light reflected on the brown torrent. She saw the broken ruffraff of the flood racing down-stream. She saw the cable dangling there. But the Gorilla—the unnamed creature, out of nowhere, going into nowhere—he wasn't there.

The stranger, stopping suddenly, looked up at Steinmetz inquiringly. The banker stared back at him.

In a shrub clinging to the edge of the precipice above the Gorgon Pass a mountain bird sang its evening song, and then from the depth of the valley arose the sound of a mechanic's hammer in the hand of one of the repair gang on the job. A long shaft of sunset entering the shadowed valley rested for a moment on the stranger's iron face.

"Nothing but the spirit counts," said he. "Accumulate what you will: if, when you go, that is all you have left, you have left nothing. Nothing of a man remains but the immortal mark of the spirit. Only love lives on."

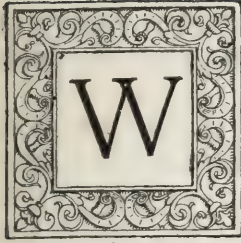
Getting up, he pulled his Norfolk jacket down about his heavy body and drew both cuffs of his soft flannel shirt from his wrists. Upon the upper side of his left arm, clearly defined, was a newly healed scar—the imprint of an even set of human teeth.

Nodding a farewell to us, with his lifeless, expressionless face, he strolled back into the shadowed cathedral hall of the giant firs.

Work and Weather

BY ELLSWORTH HUNTINGTON, Ph.D.

Department of Geography, Yale University



WE all know that we are influenced by the weather. That is why we talk about it so much. Yet few of us have any definite idea of how it affects us. Do we work most slowly in hot weather or at some other season? Is brain-work influenced in the same way as physical work? Is a uniform climate like that of California the best, or a changeable one like that of Massachusetts? Is the effect of the weather produced chiefly through its external influence on the senses or through some more subtle internal influence? We know that we enjoy the clear, sunny days which prevail so constantly in the drier parts of America, and which frequently cheer other parts of the country. Do we really work faster on these days than on others? Most of us are ready to answer these questions, but our answers do not agree. Stop a minute and write the answers to the questions that have just been asked; state the kind of day when you are most likely to work fast. Is it a hot day or a cold one? Clear, cloudy, or rainy? And at what time of the year?

In this article I purpose to answer these questions—not according to the opinion of one person or of many, but according to the observed experiences of, for example, factory operatives in Connecticut and students at Annapolis and West Point. Certain individuals may be affected differently from those whose records are here considered. A few may be almost independent of the weather. Yet we may safely say that if several hundred readers of this magazine should be selected haphazard and put at some mechanical work or set to studying, the chances are that they would react essentially as did the operatives and students. If this is so, the kind of investigations here outlined will in time lead to many valuable results. For

instance, we shall be able to determine in what parts of our country or of the world the greatest amount of either mental or physical work can be accomplished. We shall be able to measure the differences in the efficiency of laborers and other workers of various races, and shall use these differences as the basis for determining where factories, schools, or other institutions can most profitably be located. We shall find that certain climatic conditions which seem pleasant are in reality debilitating. And, above all, we shall discover exactly what conditions are most harmful in such places as the tropics. With this knowledge we shall go to work, not to change the climate, but to supply some sort of stimulus or other corrective which shall overcome the effects of the specific meteorological conditions which are proving most harmful.

In order to discover these things the first requisite is to find out exactly what people are doing to-day under various climatic conditions. This is difficult, for the effect of the climate of two places such as Chicago and Vera Cruz, for example, cannot be compared directly. Exactly the same kind of people are not found in both places, and many other conditions are also wholly different. Hence the best method is to take people in some places where there is a marked change of seasons, and see how their work varies from month to month. For this purpose I have obtained the records of over five hundred operatives in three factories in Connecticut. All three are exceptionally well managed and have a most careful system of accounting. In all cases the responsible officials were most helpful in facilitating my work. They kindly selected several groups of the steadiest operatives who were doing piece-work and whose output was not limited by the fear that their wages would be cut if they worked too fast and thereby earned too much.

The wages of the operatives depended solely on their own individual feelings. A hundred causes may, of course, enter into these feelings. One man may have eaten something that disagreed with him; another's wife may have scolded him for not earning enough last week; another may want to send his child to school; and a fourth may have had a death in his family. If only a single individual is considered, his wages will vary from causes of this sort much more than from the influence of the weather. Fortunately for our purpose, however, such exceptional circumstances do not occur every day, and the majority of people work for weeks at a time without being much influenced by them. Moreover, when the wages of large numbers of people are averaged, the purely indi-

vidual circumstances neutralize one another. When Peter MacSheane works slowly because of a sore hand, Gustave Olsen works fast because he is going to be married. Hence, if we have enough people, we may be quite sure that when we find pronounced differences between the amount of work done on different days, it is due to influences which affect all the operatives and not merely single individuals.

It is much harder to weigh the work of a man's brain than that of his hands. Nevertheless, something can be done. Through the courtesy of the officers at West Point and Annapolis, I have been able to secure the average marks of nearly sixteen hundred students, either week by week or day by day, for a period of six years at Annapolis and two years at West Point. Because of the constant pressure brought to bear upon the students by their instructors, and the distractions due to football, vacations, and social festivities, their marks are not so good a test as the work done by factory operatives. Yet in spite of this they show clearly that there is a direct relationship between climate and mental efficiency.

Since the factory work is the more important, let us begin with that. The first and most obvious results are summed up in Fig. 1. This represents the fluctuations in wages week by week for four successive years, 1910-1913. The height of the curves shows the average wages earned per hour, making full allowance for holidays, short time, and other irregularities. The figures have been reduced to percentages because the scale of wages varies in different departments, and men receive about twice as much as women. By using percentages the different groups can be combined. The upper curve is based on the work of about sixty people at Bridgeport. These people were tending machines. Some were turning out screws; others were putting pieces of brass into holes in which the sockets of electric lights are stamped out. All the work was of this nature, not requiring much skill, but demanding quickness and concentration. The curves for the next three years are based on a factory at New Britain. Both men and girls are

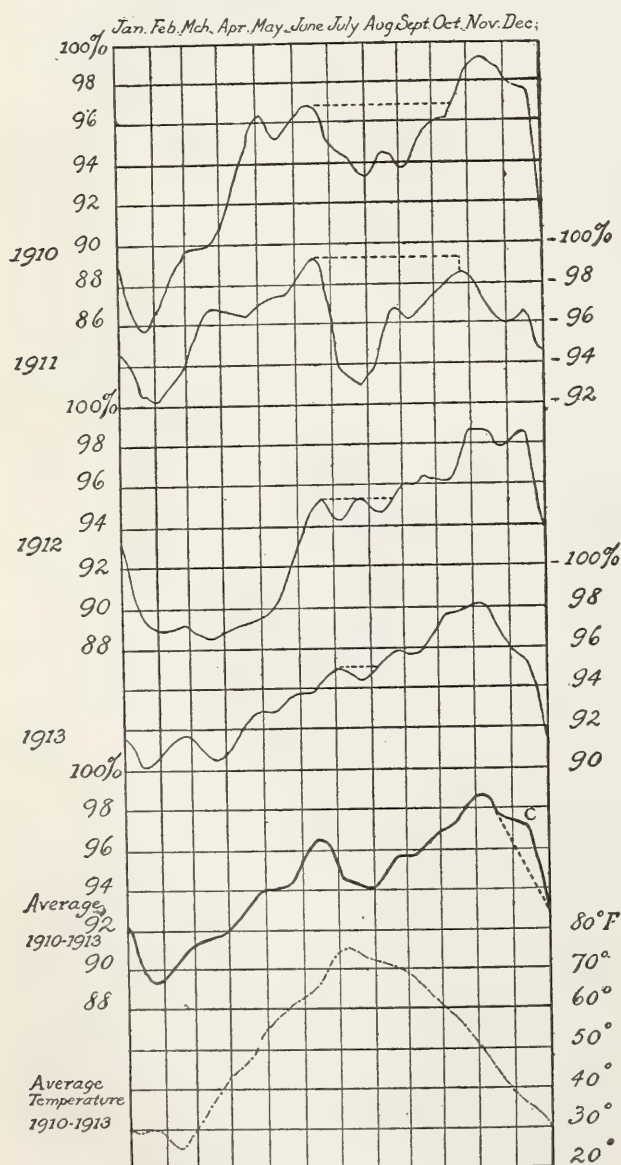


FIG. 1—THE EFFICIENCY OF FACTORY OPERATIVES

included in approximately equal numbers. The girls were mostly from sixteen to twenty years of age. They were Americans by birth, but of varied descent, chiefly Irish, German, Scandinavian, English, and other north Europeans. Their work was the packing of hinges or screws, which are first wrapped in paper and then placed in pasteboard boxes. The men were of all ages, and were in general of the same races as the girls. They were engaged in buffing hinges. That is, they take the completed hinges and smooth them upon rapidly revolving cloth buffs covered with emery dust. Then the hinges are plated, and are polished by another set of men whose records have also been used. The wages depend not only upon the amount of work completed, but upon the number of pieces which are rejected. In other words, the wages vary not only according to speed, but according to accuracy. At first a new-comer's work is of course slow, and where screws are being packed the girls' fingers are made sore for a few weeks. Soon, however, a fairly stable degree of speed is obtained, and thereafter variations depend upon outside causes. So far as possible new operatives have been avoided in our tabulations.

The data from a third factory at New Haven are not yet extensive enough to be used in the curves of Fig. 1, but they are used in other connections. At this factory wires are wound for armatures and electrical coils of various kinds. The simplest work consists of winding a layer of wire on a cylinder, wrapping the coil thus formed in a piece of oiled paper, winding another layer of wire, and so on until the completed coil is ready to be sawed off. In other departments twenty or thirty processes, such as the binding and cutting of wire, the tying of tape and the setting of gages, are required. Elsewhere the different parts of armatures are assembled to make the completed articles. Thus, in this factory greater diversity of work is required than in either of the others. Taking all the operatives whose work was actually used in Fig. 1, we have the record of over four hundred men and girls for an entire year, or the work of a single individual for about one hundred and twenty thousand days.

Let us now examine the curves of Fig. 1 attentively, fixing our attention on the main ups and downs, and disregarding the minor fluctuations. Looking at the extreme left of the upper curve, we see that early in 1910 relatively little work was accomplished, so that the laborers received only 85 per cent. as much wages as they did at the maximum for that year. About the middle of January, however, the wages began to rise somewhat and continued to rise until near the end of April. Then they fell off a little, but not greatly or for long. In general, the entire period from mid-April almost to late June was a time when the operatives worked rapidly. Then their activity declined somewhat during the summer, although in July they were still earning more than in January. This medium rate continued during July and August, but began to increase in September, and by the middle of November had reached the highest point for the year. Thereafter the wages dropped off, slightly at first, and then rapidly.

In 1911 we find similar conditions. In January the amount of work accomplished was less than at any other time of the year. Then it rose irregularly and became fairly high by the middle of March. Through April and May it continued at a high level, and in June rose considerably, so that at the end of June wages were at the highest level for the year. Then they dropped off just as in the year before, but more markedly. The sudden rise at the end of August and others of the same kind at the end of April, 1910, in March, 1911, and at other times were due to accidental reasons, such as a rush of orders. After the hard work of August the wages fell a little, but soon began to increase in the normal autumn fashion, so that in the first half of November they were almost at the highest level. After that they dropped off, slightly at first, and then rapidly, just as in 1910. At the beginning of 1912 they were again very low. This year the wages did not begin to rise so quickly as in 1910 and 1911, and through January, February, and March they remained at almost the same low level, perhaps because that winter was unusually cold far into February. In April, however, they began a rise which cul-

minated only at the end of June. They then fell off a little, but not greatly, and by the end of August were once more beginning a steady rise. In the first half of November, just as before, they were high, and then began to fall, but were interrupted a little. The curve for the next year (1913) has similar characteristics, but does not remain low so long in the spring, and shows only faint traces of a drop in summer.

Before we attempt to interpret the curves let us combine the four into a single curve. This gives us the heavy line of Fig. 1, in which the smaller irregularities disappear. Here, even more than in the other curves, we are impressed by the fact that the lowest wages are earned during January. Then there is a rather steady increase through February, March, April, May, and the first half of June. A little after the middle of June the amount of work begins to fall off, and continues to do so for the next two or three weeks. Then, through July and August the curve remains at a lower level than in June, but much higher than during the winter, a somewhat surprising fact. About the end of August people once more begin to work fast, and they go on at an increasing rate until the middle of November. Then the rate begins to fall, but recovers somewhat in December, and finally at

the end of that month drops off very rapidly.

Let us now inquire what the curves mean. The fact that they all show the same features seems to mean that some common factor is at work from year to year. The variations are of considerable importance. They reach a maximum of 15 per cent. as given in the curves, but actually are more, since in these curves a certain amount of "smoothing" has been done to eliminate minor variations. Individual days vary as much as 25 per cent. and individual weeks nearly 20 per cent. What is it which causes these variations? Let us consider the various factors which may have a bearing on the matter.

In the first place may not the variations be due to exigencies in the factories? May not the low wages in January be because the factories did not have enough orders on hand and so shut down in part? May not the high wages in November be because there was a special rush of work at that time? Of course, any variation of the way in which the factory is running must be reflected in the wages of the operatives, but in the present case the factory officials state that this does not seem to apply to the main variations, although it may apply to minor details. The factories here considered are engaged in making staple products for which the demand varies relatively little. There is no Christmas rush on hinges or electric-light sockets. Of course, more are sold at some seasons than at others, but these seasons are not the time when the factory hands work fastest. An operative who wants to work fast in January is quite as able to do so then as in June or November, as far as the factory is concerned. In fact, the system under which the factories are run encourages extra exertion. In the

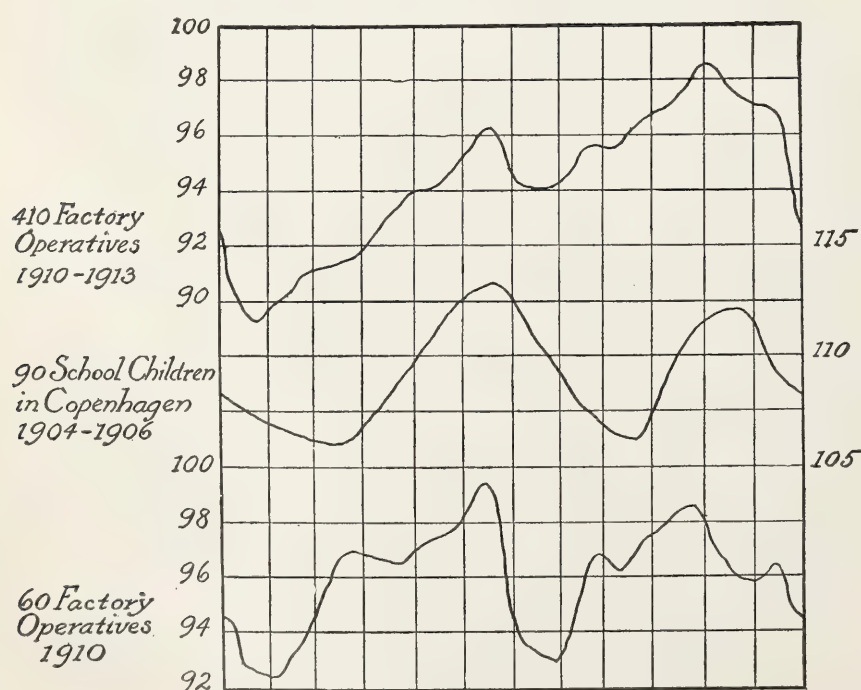


FIG. 2—STRENGTH OF SCHOOL-CHILDREN COMPARED WITH WORK OF FACTORY OPERATIVES

Bridgeport factory half of the men were working upon the plan known as "premium" work. That is, the management and the men agreed that the various tasks should be rated according to the number of hours which they are supposed to require. If a man does an eight-hour task he is to be paid for eight hours, even though it takes him ten. If, however, he succeeds in doing the work in less than the stipulated time, he is still to be paid for eight hours. Moreover, the wages for a particular kind of work are not to be reduced even though an eight-hour task is sometimes done in four or five hours. In return for this concession the operative who finishes his task in less than the allotted time is to work during the remaining hours of his allotment. For half

of this time he is to be paid, while the factory gets the benefit of the other half. Thus if an operative succeeds in doing an eight-hour task in six hours he is paid eight hours' wages for it. Then he works two more hours and is paid for one hour. Thus, although he actually works only eight hours, he gets nine hours' wages. The factory, on the other hand, gets an eight-hour piece of work and also two extra hours' work. Thus it gets what might be reckoned as ten hours' work for nine hours' pay. Hence both sides are one hour's work to the good. In one case the management made a mistake in deciding upon the number of hours probably needed for a task. It had never been done very quickly, and no one knew how rapidly it could be done if a workman put his whole energy into it. The man who does it now earns ten or twelve dollars a day where he formerly earned two and a half. Inasmuch as the management has agreed not to change the rates, they

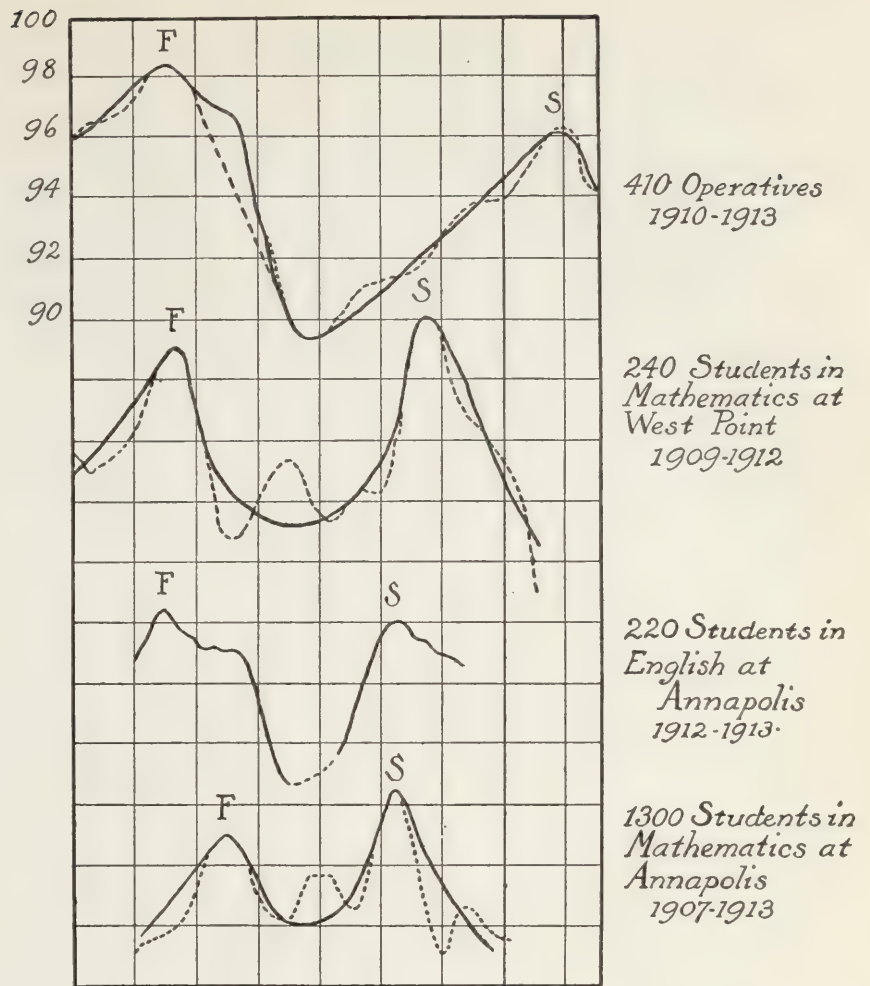


FIG. 3—SEASONAL CHANGES IN MENTAL AND PHYSICAL ACTIVITY
"F" and "S" indicate the Fall and Spring maxima

stick to their bargain. The particular task only comes once each month, and hence the matter is not serious. Moreover, even if the operative earns ten or twelve dollars, the work actually costs the factory less than when he was earning two and a half.

In the factory at New Britain the girls are stimulated by bonuses. That is, they are not only paid for the amount of work they do, but if they do more than is expected they receive a bonus. For example, if a girl's wages are supposed to be a dollar a day, and she does work worth \$1.20, she does not receive \$1.20, but \$1.25, or even \$1.40 in special cases. The factory finds it worth while, because more work can be done with smaller capital, and with no more expense for bookkeeping, superintendence, heating, power, salesmen, and other overhead charges. The overhead charges plus the charges for unproductive work, such as running the engines, actually exceed the direct cost of productive

labor. Inasmuch as they cannot be diminished, the profitableness of the factory depends almost entirely on the speed of the operatives. If they could work twice as fast as they ordinarily do, the factory could afford to increase their wages two and a half times.

When the bonus system was first tried, its effect was almost negligible. Most of the girls did not care particularly whether they received a bonus or not, and did not make any special effort to get it. The management soon realized that the trouble was that the parents were getting the extra money, and so it made no difference to the girls, most of whom turned over their pay-envelopes unopened to their parents. Then a change was made so that the bonus was not put in the envelopes, but was handed out in loose change. After that the girls felt that it was rightly theirs, and began to work for it. The bonus, it should be added, is not included in our calculations. These include only the actual wages, which are in direct proportion to the work accomplished. The bonus and premium systems, it will be seen, tend to keep the operatives up to a high state of efficiency. As the systems are equally applicable at all times of the year, there is no special reason, so far as the factories are concerned, why the average amount earned per hour should be low in January and high in June.

The only satisfactory explanation of this seems to be that people's energy varies ten or fifteen per cent. from season to season. That this is actually the case has been shown by two Danish psychologists, Lehmann and Pedersen. In Copenhagen they have tested the strength of school-children at different times of the year. When allowance is made for the normal growth of the children, it appears that their strength fluctuates from season to season as shown in the middle curve of Fig. 2. For the sake of comparison I have placed above it the average curve for factory operatives, while the curve for a single year, 1910, is placed below. Clearly, the strength of the children varies in the same way as the energy of the operatives.

When mental work is tested we find approximately the same result, as is shown in Fig. 3, where the marks of

students are shown. The chief difference between these curves and those of Figs. 1 and 2 is that the fall maximum at West Point comes later than that of the operatives and children, while the spring minimum comes earlier. At Annapolis the two maxima are pushed still closer together. Lehmann and Pedersen tested the mental capacity of their school-children by means of sums in addition. They found that the children vary from season to season in this as well as in strength, but the temperature at times of greatest power in mathematics is lower than at the time of maximum strength. Our curves for West Point and Annapolis show the same thing. The two West Point maxima come more nearly in the winter than do the factory maxima, while the maxima at Annapolis are pushed still farther into the winter, because the climate there is warmer than in southern New York and Connecticut. Taking all these various facts together, it seems scarcely possible to avoid the conclusion that our mental and physical power is constantly varying in ways of which we are often quite unconscious.

Since this variation applies to large numbers of people in different countries and during different years, it must be due to some cause outside the people themselves. An interesting illustration of the effect of an outside stimulus which applies to a whole community is seen in the middle of December in each of the five upper curves of Fig. 1. At that time each curve shows a little hump. Of course, there are many other minor humps, but the others do not occur at the same time year after year. Moreover, they tend to disappear when several years are averaged together, while this one remains, as may be seen in the heavy curve of Fig. 1. Its cause is obvious. After the autumn maximum in November people's energy begins to decline. It would naturally fall off in accordance with the dotted line; but as Christmas approaches, every one wants extra money, and so makes an unusual effort. The presence of this Christmas hump is significant, because it shows that when all the operatives are subjected to some outside stimulus which applies to all alike a distinct and easily measurable

effect is produced upon the curve of work. Aside from Christmas the only conditions which are at all likely to produce the same effect year after year at the same time are those connected with the seasons.

Let us now see exactly what types of seasonal variation are of special importance. Temperature is obviously the most important element, as appears from the lower curve of Fig. 1, but let us leave that for a moment. Many students have ascribed a great influence to the amount of sunlight. They say that light is a great stimulant, not only because of its effect on our minds, but because it increases the activity of various chemical processes within the cells of the body. At first sight it looks as if the low energy of January might be due to the shortness of the winter days, but a little examination shows that this can be only a minor factor. From September to the middle of November the amount of work is steadily increasing, although the days are growing shorter. This is exactly the opposite of what would happen if the shortness of the days had an appreciable effect. Moreover, in June, at the very time when the days are longest, we find a sudden drop, which again is distinctly different from what we should expect. If the length of the days had much to do with the matter, there is no reason why more work should be done in September or November than in June. Nevertheless, the effect of light can apparently be detected. Compare the two lower curves of Fig. 1. The curve of work begins to rise before the curve of temperature. In spite of the low energy occasioned by the winter's cold or by some other cause, people begin to work faster when the days become a little longer, and apparently the two phenomena are connected.

The same line of reasoning which we have applied to light applies also to the possibility that the variations of the curve of energy depend on the extent to which people are shut up in the house. Obviously, this has nothing to do with the two maxima in November and May, nor with the minimum in July. These must be due to some other cause, which seems to be the mean temperature of the outside air. The extremely low mini-

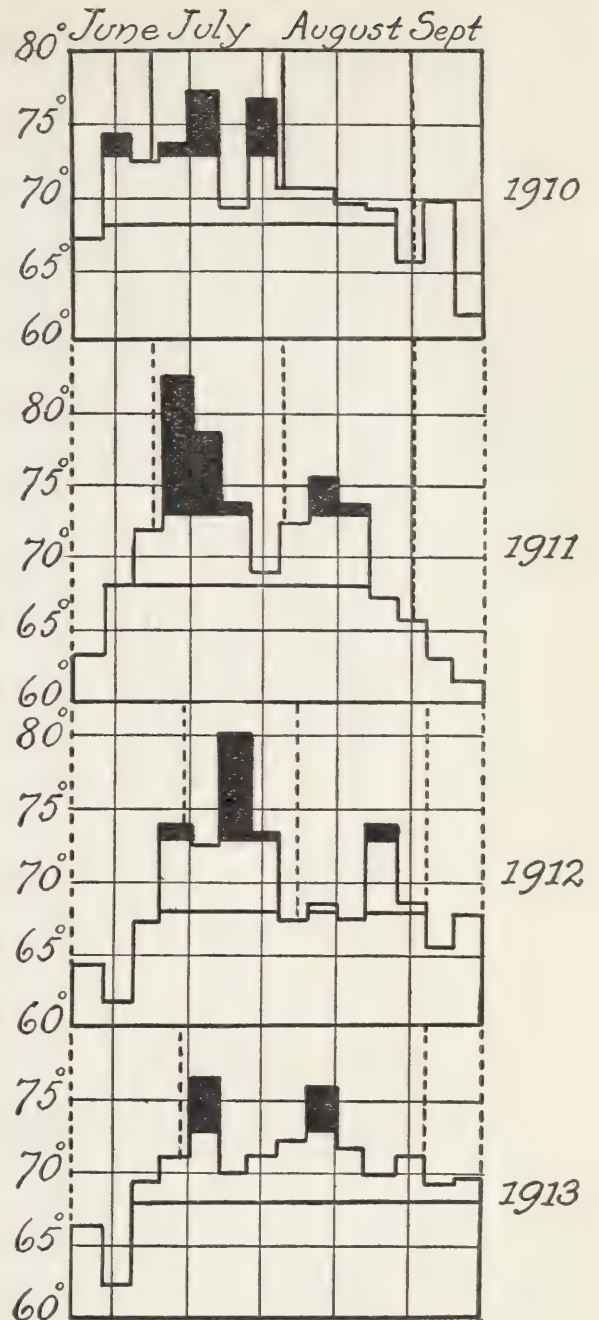


FIG. 4—AVERAGE TEMPERATURES DURING THE SUMMERS OF 1910-13

um in January, however, is quite surely due, at least in part, to the necessity of being shut up in the house. People begin to shut up their houses in October, and by the middle of November this would probably produce an effect. The effect would become more and more marked as the weeks went on, and would be pronounced by the middle of January. It would not cease then, however, but would go on until about the middle of March, for not till that time do people in Connecticut begin to open their houses to any appreciable extent. As the curve of work has risen notably by

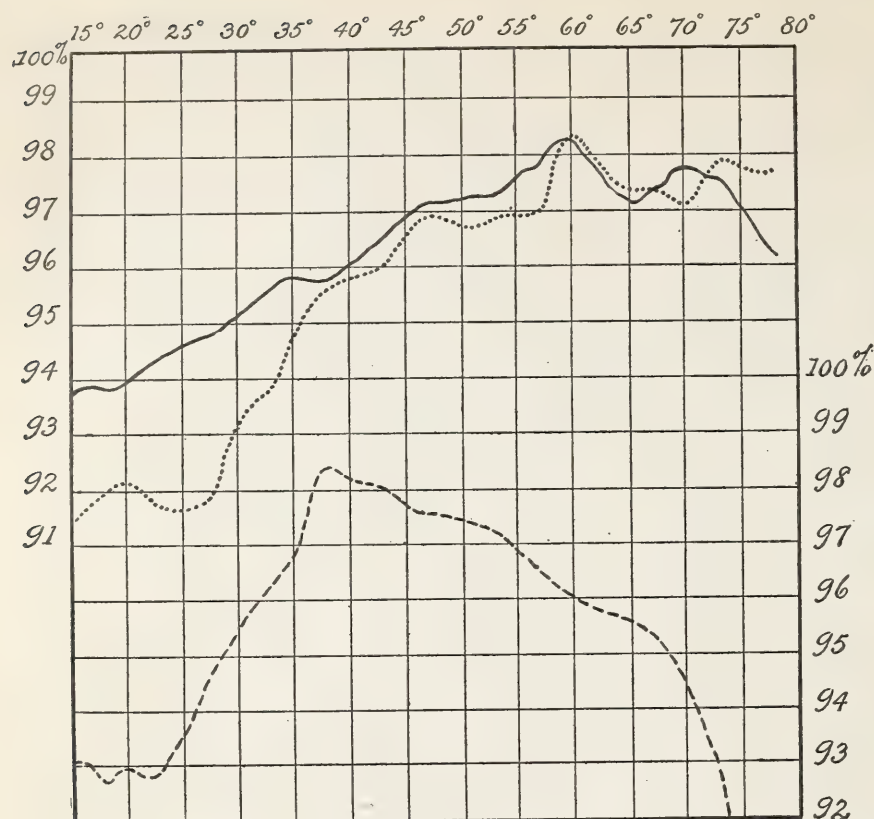


FIG. 5—MENTAL AND PHYSICAL ACTIVITY AT VARIOUS MEAN TEMPERATURES

— Physical Activity of 300 Men
 Physical Activity of 200 Girls
 ---- Mental Activity of 1,560 Students

that time, some other factor must intervene, presumably the increase of light, to a small extent, and the rise of the temperature, to a large extent.

The effect of keeping our houses shut up is produced largely through the unnatural conditions of humidity which it occasions. Our statistics of factory operatives show that in hot weather a relative humidity of 60 or 65 per cent. is most favorable, while in spring and fall about 75 per cent. is best, and in winter about 90 per cent. In winter, when the inside temperature is near 70 degrees, the relative humidity ought to be not far from 65 or 70 per cent. in our houses. As a matter of fact, it is far lower because we heat the air so greatly. This condition, as students of factory management have frequently pointed out, is most injurious, and is doubtless one cause of the lowness of our curves in winter.

Another matter which is closely connected with the seasons is vacations. Do people work fast in the fall because they have been rested by vacation? They certainly do, but in the present

case this has relatively little importance. Factory operatives are not the kind of people who take summer vacations. This, however, need not concern us, for the actual facts show that vacations have little to do with the matter. If they were the cause of the fast work, we ought to find the fastest work within a few weeks after vacations—that is, as soon as people once more get broken in to their work. But we find that that is not the case. During the vacation period of July and August the amount of work is moderately low. Then at the end of August it begins to increase, and increases steadily for two and a half months. The

maximum in November is so long after the vacation period that it can hardly have anything to do with it.

We have an idea that people need vacations in summer, but apparently the need is much greater in January and February. Of course, there are strong arguments for taking vacations in summer, since that is the time when it is pleasant to be out of doors, whereas during the winter the majority of people have no means of enjoying themselves. In spite of this the work of our operatives suggests strongly that in the management of factories it is eminently wise that work should be light during the winter months. Already it is a custom in many places to slow down during January, and now we see that there are strong physical reasons for doing this. Another important suggestion afforded by our curves is this: If the operatives of a factory, or people engaged in any kind of work, are to be speeded up, the time to do it is when nature lends her aid. To speed up in February is analogous to whipping a tired horse and expect-

ing him to win a race. Later in the year, however, during the spring, and especially during May and early June, people may be pushed to the limit and will not suffer, because their energies are naturally increasing. This is still more the case in October and early November. After the middle of November pressure may produce important results, as we see at Christmas. Nevertheless, the chances are that if the pressure is continued straight through the winter it exhausts people to an undue degree. It may be that a considerable part of the nervousness of Americans is due to the fact that, although we relax during the summer, even in years when we do not greatly need it, we keep ourselves at high pressure right through the winter, when the need of relaxation is much greater.

Turning now directly to temperature, we see that in Fig. 1 the curve of temperature at the bottom and the average curve of efficiency above it are similar in many ways. Both are low in January and February. From February onward they rise together until about the middle of June. Then the efficiency curve begins to fall while the other goes on rising. The fall of the efficiency curve begins when the average temperature has risen to about 65 or 70 degrees. When the temperature stops rising, the work stops falling, and then remains steady for nearly a month, or until the average temperature has fallen again to about 65 or 70 degrees. During the succeeding period of favorable temperature the curve of work keeps on going up until the middle of November, when the average temperature falls below 48 degrees and begins to be unfavorable. Thereafter, if we omit the Christmas hump and use the dotted line, the temperature and the

amount of work decline together until they reach the lowest point in January. It certainly looks as if there were a close relationship between temperature and work, but, curiously enough, the relationship is in part the reverse of what most people would expect. Low temperature seems much more harmful and high temperature less harmful than is commonly supposed.

This by no means indicates that high temperature is favorable. Compare the first four curves of Fig. 1 with the four diagrams of Fig. 4. Fig. 4 represents the temperature week by week during the four summers from 1910 to 1913. The black portions indicate weeks having an average temperature night and day of over 73 degrees—that is, times of extreme heat. The size and distribution of the black areas is in close correspondence with the amounts by which the curves of work dip down in summer. In 1910 there were four extremely hot weeks, which were only slightly sepa-

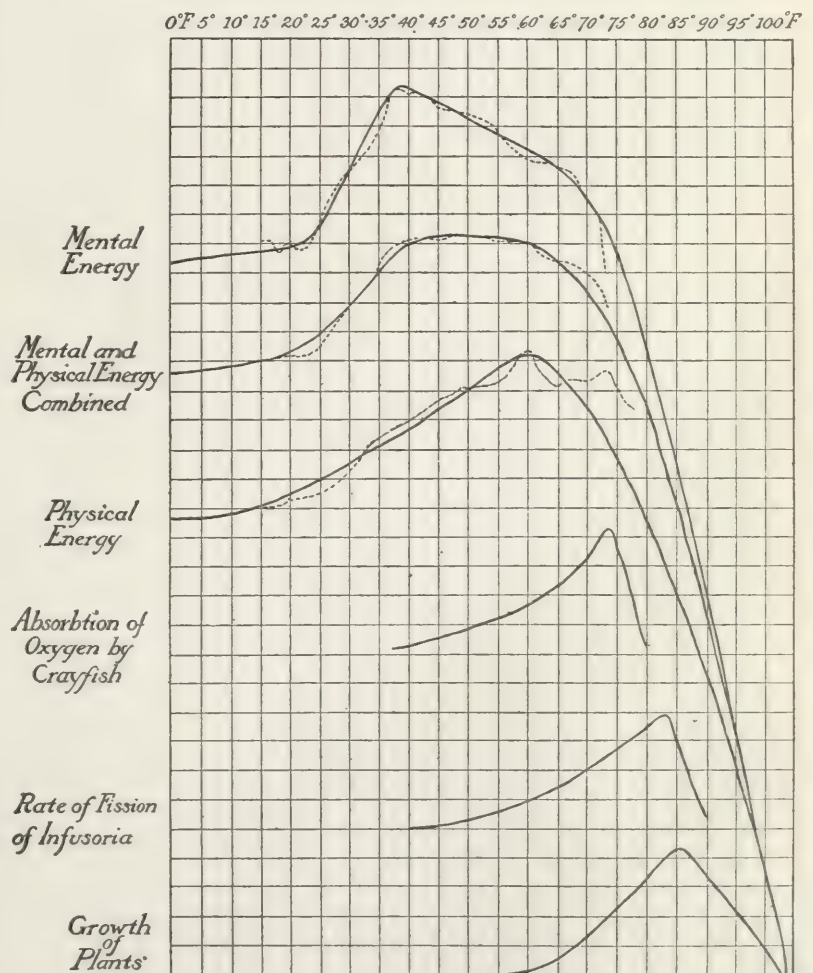


FIG. 6—THE RELATION OF TEMPERATURE TO LIFE PROCESSES

rated from one another by two cooler weeks. As a result, the curve of work dips low. The next year three extremely hot weeks, one of which was the worst for a hundred years, came together. Then there was a respite for two weeks, after which there were two more weeks of extreme weather. That year the efficiency of the operatives dropped tremendously, and at its lowest—which is concealed by the smoothing of the curves of Fig. 1—was lower than during the winter. In 1912 there were four hot weeks, or as many as in 1910, but they were separated by a long cool period, and only one was excessive. Accordingly, the curve of work drops only a little. In 1913 the number of very hot weeks was only two, and they were separated by three moderate weeks. That year the efficiency of the operatives scarcely suffered at all. The year 1914 was even cooler than 1913, and when its figures are compiled they will probably show that the rate of work increased steadily

perature should do so much harm even when people work in well-warmed factories, and are out of doors only a few minutes each day. Nevertheless, physicians say that the outside temperature, even when experienced only for a short time, is peculiarly effective in giving the tone to a whole day. The closeness of the relationship may be seen when we determine how fast people work on days having various temperatures, no matter in what month they come.

The very cold days, of course, will all come in winter, but may be in either December, January, or February. The very hot days may come in June, July, or August, while days with a temperature of about 50 degrees occur in almost every month of the year. Taking each group of days, we find the average wages for men and women separately, and also the average marks of students. This gives us Fig. 5. Here the left end represents the days with low temperatures, 15 degrees being the average of

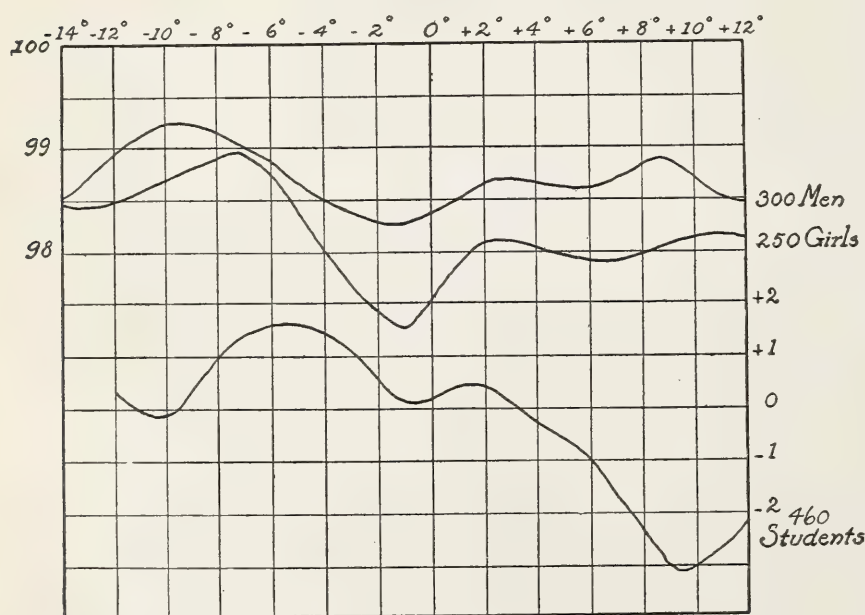


FIG. 7—EFFECTS OF TEMPERATURE CHANGES FROM DAY TO DAY

day and night together for the lowest group. Toward the right the temperature increases until it reaches a maximum of 80 degrees, as the average for the group of hottest days. The curves show that at very low temperatures both mental and physical work are depressed. On days with higher temperatures activity of both kinds increases, the increase being slight at first. Mental work reaches its highest point at a temperature of 38 degrees, while physical work reaches a maximum

during the whole summer. Thus it appears that in general the summers of southern New England are less debilitating than the winters. It requires extreme summers, such as are experienced only once or twice in a century, to produce effects as harmful as those of an ordinary winter.

It seems a strange thing that low tem-

at 59 degrees for men and 60 degrees for girls. Then the curves begin to fall. They would fall much more rapidly were it not that on very hot days many operatives, especially the girls, stop working. Hence only the stronger ones are left, and of course their wages are comparatively high.

The curves of the variation of effi-

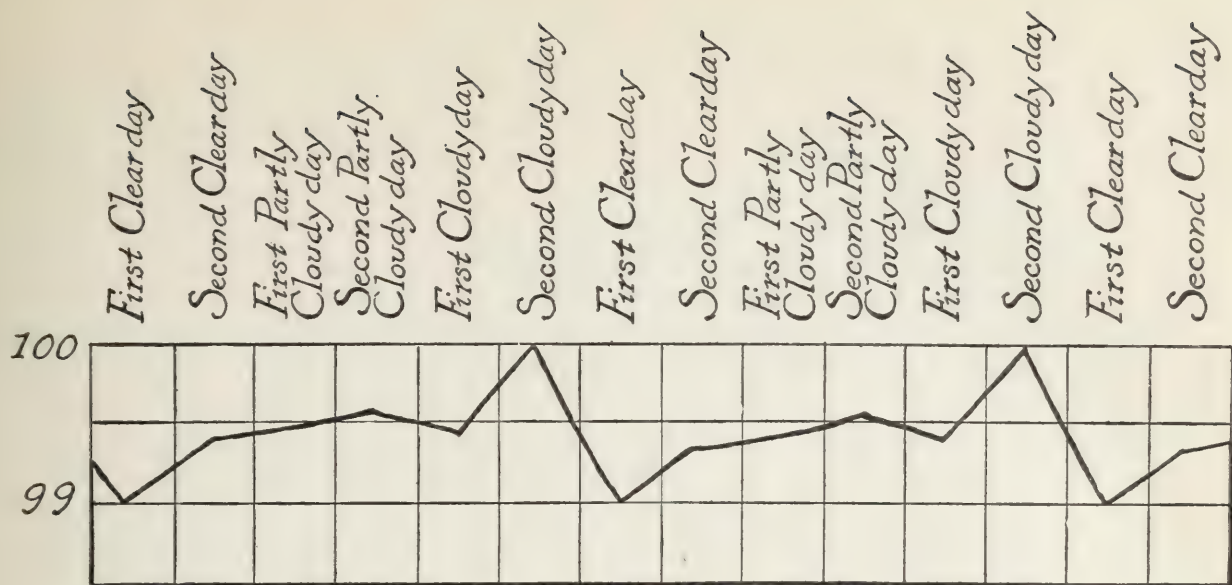


FIG. 8—THE STIMULUS OF STORMS

ciency according to mean temperature are especially interesting because they are closely similar to curves which have been calculated for plants and animals. For instance, experiments have been made to show how fast plants grow at different temperatures. Beginning at about 40 degrees, which is almost the lowest temperature at which plants make much growth, the amount of growth increases slightly at first as the temperature rises, then rapidly, and afterward more slowly, and reaches a maximum at about 86 degrees. This is seen in the lower curve of Fig. 6, which represents all the plants given in Pfeffer's *Plant Physiology*. Turning to animals, Professor Woodruff has worked out the rate at which the kind of infusoria known as paramœcia divide into new cells at various temperatures, and finds that this varies according to the second curve from the bottom. Infusoria are among the lowest of animal forms, and represent very closely the conditions of pure protoplasm, the stuff which lies at the basis of all life. Higher in the scale the crayfish conducts its activities according to the same law, as appears in the third curve from the bottom. This shows how much oxygen this crab absorbs. Beginning at 40 degrees, the amount increases up to 73 degrees, and afterward drops off quite rapidly. The oxygen used in breathing is a good measure of the animal's activity. Apparently the crayfish does exactly what

people do, as may be seen from the next curve, which shows the variation in man's physical activity. This curve is formed by combining the men's and women's curves of Fig. 5. Finally, the curve of variations in mental activity has been placed at the top of Fig. 6, while just below it stands the combined curve of physical and mental activity.

Taking this series of curves as a whole, a surprising relationship appears. The activities of all sorts of living beings seem to vary in response to temperature, and the variations all seem to follow the same law. Each type of activity has a distinct optimum at which it is greatest. The optimum lies at lower and lower temperatures as the type of activity reaches a higher level. For the plants here used the optimum is 86 degrees, for infusoria 83 degrees, for the crayfish 74 degrees, for man's physical activity 60 degrees, for human activity of all kinds combined, about 50 degrees, and for mental activity 38 degrees.

Turning back once more to our curve of changes in efficiency throughout the year, let us interpret it in the light of the facts that have just been presented. In general the two lower curves of Fig. 1, representing mean temperature and work, correspond to what we should expect from the third curve of Fig. 6; that is, from the curve representing man's physical activity. This is high between the temperatures of about 45 and 70 degrees. During the part of the

year when the temperature passes beyond these limits people's work falls off sharply. When the temperature approaches these limits, work increases. Between the limits, however, it does not vary as one would expect, but tends to keep on rising all the time. Apparently this is because the temperature keeps changing, and change is a stimulus, provided it does not carry conditions to undue extremes.

The importance of changes of temperature is illustrated in Fig. 7. Here all the days with a temperature less than a degree different from that of the preceding day have been put in one group. Other groups have been made of the days where to-day's temperature is higher or lower than yesterday's by one, two, or three degrees, and so on until at the left end we get a group where the fall amounts to 14 degrees or more, and at the right a group with a rise of 12 degrees. These days are of course distributed all through the year, for we have great changes of temperature both in summer and in winter. The height of the curves shows the amount of work done by our factory operatives and the marks of students.

The curves differ in many ways, but possess certain striking resemblances. In the first place, each has a low dip on days when the temperature falls one degree. If the bottom of the dip came at zero—that is, on days when there is no change of temperature—we should unhesitatingly interpret it as meaning that people work and think slowly when the temperature remains constant. This is probably true, for the two upper curves, representing physical work, are nowhere so low as in the portions near zero. The most important feature of the curves, however, is that toward the left-hand end, but not at the extreme left—they are all high. This means that when the temperature drops, provided the drop is not excessive, human activity is decidedly stimulated. Every time that a storm passes over a region and is followed by cooler weather, people's efficiency is increased. We say bad things about our storms, we are loud in our defamation of the changeableness of the weather in the eastern United States.

Yet, after all, this is by no means a bad feature. Each storm brings a stimulus, as is shown in Fig. 8. The curve in that figure represents the changes in the amount of work done by two hundred and ninety operatives during an average period of six days. The first day shows the amount done on all the clear days which followed cloudy days, the second the work done on all the clear days which followed another clear day, the third on all the partly cloudy days which followed clear days, and so on. The first clear day, surprising as it may seem, shows the least efficiency. The second cloudy day, on the other hand—that is, the day when the weather begins to clear off after a storm—shows distinctly the greatest efficiency. More important than this, however, is the fact that each succession of stormy days brings a stimulus which we should not have without it.

If space allowed it would be easy to go on and point out other effects of climate. Day by day the changes of temperature which we sometimes curse and sometimes bless are stimulating us. When winter comes, or summer, as the case may be, our vitality is weakened. Or perhaps we live in a climate which is stimulating all the time and therefore exhausting because there is no alternation from day to day or season to season. Year in and year out we are subject to these influences. Yet how little we know as to their effect on us! We judge by what is pleasant for the moment—we rarely stop to consider what is best in the long run. Indeed, it would be of little use to stop and consider, for as yet we do not know. We only know that a great force is constantly operating upon us for good or ill. Some day we shall doubtless discover precisely how it works. Then we shall be able to prevent many disorders which find their opportunity because we do not now understand how to protect ourselves. In the course of his age-long wanderings over the face of the earth man has gone to many places which are ill adapted to his physical being. He must learn how to overcome the effects of such maladjustment. The only way to learn is to discover what nature is actually doing to us day by day.

The Phoenix

BY OLIVIA HOWARD DUNBAR



THE moment after my glance had been arrested by the striking couple seated at the table in the corner, I suspected that Gifford Wilde, with whom I was dining, would be able to identify them for me. For in spite of their rather bold individual pattern (the man had plainly the air of a personage) the strangers bore the further stamp, now long familiar to me, of Gifford's enormously wide acquaintanceship. My old friend knew, not, indeed, "everybody," as was carelessly said of him, but a surprising number of carefully selected persons in carefully selected places—just the people, after all, his friends confessed, that one would be glad to know oneself if one could but combine his charm, his assiduity, and his method. With the whimsical certainty, therefore, that I should know more of them, I surreptitiously watched the strangers through two courses. The woman's lean, dark, small-featured face would have suggested some alert, engaging little animal, if so much intelligence and animation hadn't given it a light that was almost beauty. Yet it wasn't her exterior, or his, so much as the relation between them, that piqued my interest—and that still held my glance when they had finished their dinner and rose to leave the room. As they passed our table, the woman turned her small brown head and gave Gifford a radiant look; then, as he rose quickly with an exclamation of greeting, she stretched out her hand in obviously frank pleasure, and a slow, vague smile softened her tall companion's spectacled face. . . .

"The Shortledges. They're on their way South," Gifford was explaining, a few moments later. "The Clark Shortledges," he added, at my look of blankness.

"That is Dr. Shortledge!"

VOL. CXXX.—No. 776.—31

"Very much so," Gifford assured me. "You didn't know about his eyes? They've been bad for years. But if you've followed his work, you know very well *he's* not impaired. He's more Shortledgian than ever."

"I've been watching them. One does stare, of course, at a man so distinguished-looking. And she—I felt she was remarkable without guessing why. For one thing, her ministrations to him were so adroit—and so unemphatic. Her hands moved like a magician's."

"Oh, he's endlessly dependent on her. You'd scarcely believe—" Gifford hesitated.

"You mean he's over-exigent? But that woman isn't the long-suffering, self-effacing type—you can see at a glance she's tremendously happy. There was something about her that made me think of a young girl at a party, she was so innocently stimulated, so eager to please the difficult-looking man you say she's married to, so frankly happy in her success—and she *did* succeed. She's doubtless immensely in love with him."

"I suppose she is," Gifford agreed. "But theirs is a case that it's rather futile to discuss unless one has the essential data. I wonder if there's any reason why I shouldn't give them to you."

"Don't invent any scruple," I begged; but I knew that Gifford wouldn't. He is rich in a conversational quality that most men entirely lack. Too kind and too reflective to be labeled a gossip, he is a passionate observer of the spectacle of life,—and he shares, with discretion, his discoveries. On this occasion, he lost but a moment in yielding.

"After all," he remarked, "every one who knew them knew. And I should really like to know how the story would affect some one not a partisan. Then perhaps you can tell me what they illustrate, what law they conform to; for that's something I can't tell *you*. If their story has a moral, you can point

it for me. You see, in those days we were all too close to the scene and we knew Shortledge too well. Then you realize what a college community is—how it distends situations, distorts personalities. . . . Did you like them, by the way?"

"Enough to want to hear about them."

"We shall be late for the play."

"A little, perhaps. But first acts are so often dull. Do let us have the Shortledges first."

There was no danger that Gifford would abridge the story. His recollections were always orderly and complete—affairs of substance and structure, rather than of anecdote and impression merely. He disposed of the waiter by giving an extra order, ingeniously elaborate, and lighted a cigarette.

"You remember the reputation Shortledge already had a dozen years ago," he reminded me. "He was an international figure even then, and of course in our small world he was a god. The rest of us all stuck to our little academic niches—you know very well how unimportant mine was—but Shortledge was above categories. Of course we spoiled him, but to us he seemed to move in a shining blur of greatness. The university humbly accepted whatever time he chose to give. But he devoted himself mostly to his own work. Fortunately for psychology, he had a little fortune, and not a responsibility in the world. Brilliant, capricious, arrogant—well, you had a glimpse of him just now."

"One day—or this is the way the legend ran among his friends—a woman's card was brought in to him with a letter of introduction from some big university man, it doesn't matter whom. No one outside our worshipful community could conceive what an outrage it was to disturb Shortledge in work-hours; but he couldn't ignore this letter. He went out, and this little brown creature, Jean Plaisted, the woman you saw a moment ago, was waiting for him. I saw her not long after and I know how she must have looked, though it's a little difficult to reconstruct her now, she's changed so. She had the old-fashioned college stamp, I should say. That is, she showed she'd been 'edu-

cated,' but in the severe sense that excludes all the graces. She was *gauche*, unaccustomed, almost plain—yet with odd flashes of something that set you wondering.

"Well, she came right to the point. She wanted to work in Shortledge's laboratory. He laughed a little without answering her—I can hear him!—but he listened. You realize, I suppose, that he didn't even accept any men in that capacity. And of course no woman had ever dreamed of asking such a thing. But the girl went on explaining. She had taken her master's degree somewhere here in the East. She had fussed about among the European universities. She had come to the point where she considered Shortledge's instruction the next step; and she was willing enough to drudge for him.

"Shortledge didn't say anything until she had finished. He was watching her—and he's tremendously keen. It can scarcely have escaped his attention that the girl had a mind; but I couldn't make you understand of what utterly trivial importance that would have seemed to him. But there was something else in her that he saw—a certain temperamental endowment of which she herself was entirely unconscious. One wouldn't, of course, expect that type of girl to display coquetry. But Jean Plaisted was almost unnaturally innocent of a desire to charm. It was quite in spite of herself that she charmed Shortledge. However, all this is a roundabout way of saying that Shortledge fell in love with her, and inside of five minutes. If he hadn't, she would have irritated him beyond endurance. So he told her that a boy was coming in shortly for some tests, and that if she cared to stay and make notes, she might. So of course she took off her hat, whipped out a note-book—I suppose her clothes were lined with them—and assumed she had carried her point, which was, after all, no more than she had expected to do. Precisely what Shortledge thought isn't on record.

"After that she came every day. And three weeks later they were married."

"Oh, but then it's an old-fashioned love-story!" I wailed.

Gifford paused a moment. "At the

time," he conceded, "the affair did have rather that complexion. It was so headlong and, superficially, so romantic. We all know what Shortledge was—the most fascinating man imaginable, when he chose to be, but usually an ungracious brute where women were concerned. But in from the highway had strolled this educated gipsy, this little learned waif from nobody knew where, and before she had time to tell her name Shortledge had appropriated her. It provided the kind of sensation we didn't often get; you can imagine the zest with which we fell upon it."

"And the girl herself?"

"Oh, she had her emotions, that was perfectly patent. But I assure you *they* were not the emotions of the old-fashioned love-story! Shortledge's violent preference flattered and gratified her enormously, but it was because she put the most unthinkably naïve construction on it. Marrying him seemed to her—oh, there is no doubt of it!—like receiving some peculiarly honorific academic degree. She took it for granted that it was the number of German authorities she could quote, or some confounded thesis she had written, that drew Shortledge to her, rather than any unsuspected grace. She seemed not to have an intuition in the world; and who was there to tell her of her blunders? The faculty women didn't understand, though they did discover that she had no bridal regalia; and one of them—I think it must have been Mrs. Severance—made sure that she had a white frock for her wedding-day, and that she wore it. I saw her married, poor little elf! She wasn't particularly moved. To her that ceremony was very far from implying that she was surrendering her life to Shortledge! She felt, rather, that a scientific partnership was being sealed.

"For their honeymoon they took a hurried trip to the West Indies. The unenraptured bride may have gained some inkling of romance on that adventure, though I think it unlikely. What she didn't get, I am sure, was any notion of the relation in which they were to stand to each other. Everybody knows that there's nothing in nature as stony as the reticence a man can display

toward his wife, even when he is in love with her—and Shortledge was unquestionably in love with his. However, he may have taken it for granted that she would know without telling the part she would have to play, the Shortledge family being what they were—that is to say, a clan of hidebound social conservatives. Shortledge's mother used to feel that she was condescending a little when she called on our president's family; the rest of the faculty she ignored altogether. The old lady had died two or three years before Shortledge married, and he had since been living at his club. But while they were away the house, at his order, had been reopened, and it was there that he took Jean.

"It was a forbidding structure, that old mansion, its ugly, substantial furnishings all in depressingly perfect repair. Most women would have wept outright at the prospect of installing themselves in the midst of all that dreary sumptuousness. But Jean, I think, didn't even perceive it. Her mind was on her projected work. She wasn't accustomed to having a vacation in the middle of the academic year, and she had doubtless seen no reason for taking this one. Now that she was back again, her instinctive procedure would have been to unpack her tooth-brush, or whatever light impedimenta she carried, put a little old red cap on her head, and run down to the college. But she didn't go—even once. Shortledge went, as usual. And his wife, according to the immemorial tradition of the Shortledges, remained at home. . . .

"As Nina Severance said, it was like the things they do to guinea-pigs to take that very specially trained little creature, with her head full of references and statistics and charts and diagrams and consuming personal ambitions, and appoint her the social successor of the late Mrs. Shortledge, with really no personal liberty whatever. It wasn't, you see, that Clark Shortledge had any idea of making a domestic drudge of the girl; the house swarmed with servants, and a housekeeper over them. There was nothing for Jean to do—and I suppose there never was a woman to whom leisure was so intolerable. With no instinct for domestic putterings, no social

gift, no leaning even toward every-day human contact, she had but one love and one longing, and the satisfaction of this was denied her. We wondered if her husband seriously expected her to emulate the programme of his mother's days: church committee meeting, ceremonious luncheon, nap, drive in a closed carriage. Oh, Shortledge had his idea of the proper pastimes of a lady; he had been born with it!

"I don't know how it was that every move that was made inside that old fortress of the Shortledges went the rounds of the college inside of twenty-four hours. But every college town has its highly developed secret-intelligence system—for all its false air of being wholly devoted to higher things. It rather shocks me now, the intimacy with which I followed, though through no effort of my own, the misunderstandings of that strange pair. Wherever I turned I caught the whisper of some fresh bulletin. Dear me! I can still remember some of them. Shortledge, lecturing to the Seniors, said something unconditionally damning about the capacity of a woman's mind—the campus hummed with it for days. Jean had chosen the occasion of their dining at the president's house to set forth, quite without heat, her grievance in being excluded from her husband's work; which had drawn from Shortledge, in spite of himself, a biting phrase or two, enough to sustain the burden of malicious repetition. Jean would have dallied with the suffrage cause, but there was the scandal of her husband's having prohibited it. He was consistent, of course. His mother, at that period, would still have been an "anti"; the social distinction between the two camps had not yet broken down.

"We faculty people were rather an agreeable group; but, as you see, we did concern ourselves with unessential things! And from debating overmuch on the matter we shortly found ourselves—although we all revered Shortledge and thought Jean unimportant—split into two factions: the incipient feminists who couldn't stomach Shortledge's attitude toward marriage, and considered him, in spite of his eminence, a good bit of a brute; and those that

piously believed in woman's abasement and held that the triumph of being Shortledge's wife ought to content anybody, with whatever humiliations it might be involved. But both factions were naturally agreed that the marriage should never have been.

"Nina Severance had the gracious art of approaching the unapproachable; and she had lost no time in making friends with poor, puzzled, thwarted little Jean Shortledge. From the first Jean talked to her with singular freedom; and the girl's complaints, Nina said, were the queerest she ever listened to. She had no jealousy of her husband's absorption in the matters that made up the greater part of his life. She made but the slightest demands upon his attention. But she was stricken by his having so definitely closed his official doors in her unsuspecting face—by his having closed, indeed, the wider and usually so unexcluding gates of the university itself. It was so strange and lonely, her exile from the life of learning. For the first time in her experience her days were not conforming to some academic routine; and when the chapel bell rang in the morning she used to pace the floor in misery because it wasn't summoning her to unnibbled intellectual pastures. She confided once to Nina that to her the most thrilling odor in the world was that of a freshly washed blackboard. Even her own bedroom, they said, gave the impression of being furnished with card catalogues and pencil-sharpeners. The rites of the scholastic life had obsessed her as the rites of religion or of domesticity obsess other women. She suffered as a nun would suffer denied her austerities. Some people thought this wasn't feminine of her. But I never heard of a *man* who fell in love with blackboards and card catalogues.

"The girl made characteristic, carefully thought-out efforts to regain what was for her the normal balance of life. She planned to give courses of lectures; to coach backward students; to study medicine and practise it. But Shortledge wouldn't hear of any of these things; and she, for her part, wouldn't, or couldn't, be the gracious social figure that he had doubtless supposed she would automatically become. How un-

reasonable each of them must have seemed to the other—and how unreasonable, in fact, each was!

"Still Jean, at her most miserable hour, never went in for scenes, or even for the gentle tears to which her trials surely entitled her. She always thought of her own situation in academic, never in romantic, terms. She didn't even spell her unhappiness in capitals. Being utterly unlearned in the literature of the subject, she didn't think or feel in the accustomed phrases—the phrases that, it may be, novels have imposed upon life. Her own secret mirror did not in the least reveal her as a woman defeated in the supreme adventure; rather as a student who had registered at an uncongenial school and lost time by the error! It had at least become clear to her by this time that her marriage had been far from the equivalent of the crimson hood of scholarship—such insignia of the intellect were yet to win. And if she suffered none of the celebrated torments of love, the lesser humiliations that did afflict her were sharp and real enough.

"I remember the rainy spring morning when I was hurrying past the Severances' on my way to the college, and Nina called me in to give me the news—news naturally not yet public. It had come sooner than we supposed, even the best-informed of us. Jean Shortledge had told her husband—it was something more than a year since they were married—that she was going to leave him. . . . She had found him pretty difficult, I imagine, at the crisis—though it's true she had never found him anything else. It must be that Shortledge, who, outside his own home, was so profound a psychologist, had anticipated no reaction from the many denials and inhibitions that he imposed. He hadn't foreseen, with the rest of us, that her first independent action would be to free herself altogether from his autocracy. But on this point there is something to be said for him. He had supposed himself outside the world where women commit such spiritual violences. No marriage covenant accepted by a Shortledge had ever been dissolved except by death. The manifestly serious criticism of a husband implied in such a proceeding

had never before been formulated by any woman bearing the Shortledge name. But Jean's daring innovation didn't move or modify Shortledge a single jot. There he loomed, as nature and his progenitors had shaped him. It was for his wife to accept, to concede, to surrender utterly. Furthermore, he was in love with her; he wanted her. She had always charmed him; she charmed him still. From his point of view, what more could she ask than that?

"'I don't know how to talk about it, but I have to go,' was what she had said to him, over and over. She was, of course, as ignorant of the traditional lore in regard to the relations of men and women as she was of most other things. Matters that speculative women give so large a share of their attention to never penetrated her mind at all. The science or art or game of marriage didn't exist for her. I told you why it was she married Shortledge.

"When he found she was inflexible, he pulled himself together and asked her to wait a week. He was to make a hurried journey to New York in the interval. This, as reported, had no significance for us; naturally, we didn't guess the poor fellow's reason. And Jean agreed, willingly enough, though she told him that it wasn't necessary, that it would take her but an hour to pack. The little creature had so few possessions! Indeed, one grievance some of the women cherished against her was that she so conspicuously underdressed her social rôle. She had never weaned herself from her class-room costume—stubby shoes, rough shirt-waist, and a red tie. You could see her marching out of town as she had marched into it—alone, unburdened, impersonal, her capable mind bent on some fresh, distant opportunity. . . .

"And yet, perhaps that's caricature. She must have been human—underneath—even then. She had become touchingly attached to Nina Severance. It's true that for a long time she had seemed to me, the only woman I knew who was utterly uninfluenced by Shortledge's attractions. But how can one be sure, even of that? For I saw what she was afterward. And you yourself saw what she was, an hour ago. . . .

"It happened that the very day Shortledge came back from New York I had to go to see him by appointment; we were on some faculty committee, and I, very properly, had done all the work. I took it for granted he would have forgotten the engagement, as he usually did; but I found him alone in his office, doing nothing. It struck me as unnatural that the big, energetic fellow should be so inert. He hadn't been reading; indeed, he didn't look as if he had been thinking; even his hands were curiously passive. It was as if a tremendously high-power dynamo had broken down. . . . He listened to whatever it was that I had to read to him, but disconcerted me by making not the slightest comment. When I had finished, I asked him what I should do.

"My dear fellow," he said, quietly, 'do exactly as you please.' Only, if I remember, he swore a little. 'The thing doesn't concern me. I don't know what *does* concern me. I'm out of it all—out of everything.'

"I didn't understand him, of course; and I was embarrassed by my illegitimate knowledge of his own domestic affairs. I couldn't condole with him on Jean's threatened departure, and it was to this that I naturally attributed his frame of mind. So I stammered something extremely stupid, though I can see now that it made no difference what I said or who I was. I was the first human being he had encountered since his return—and he *had* to talk. I believe anybody would have had to, in his place.

"I'll have to tell you, Wilde," he went on—but in the cool, depreciatory tones with which he would have discussed the intellectual frailties of some lagging Sophomore—"I'm giving up my work here. I'm giving up all my work, and for good. This is the last of me. That strikes you as an odd thing to be saying, but the truth is, my eyes have given out. I've suspected it for several weeks. Yesterday, in New York, I made sure. You see, my work isn't the kind you can fumble with in the dark. And I don't seem to care about learning to plait straw."

"I don't remember what I said, or whether I said anything. You see,

there wasn't any measuring the extent of such a calamity. All other modern work in his line seemed to be linked with Shortledge's—to hinge on his. And he was still at the stage of making brilliant experiments; the world was waiting for his conclusions. So much more was involved than the blow to the man himself, though that was bitter enough. We both perfectly realized the futility of speech; and he showed very soon that he wished me to leave him. But the horror of the man's wrecked life stunned me so that not until I was out on the street again did I remember one other critical element in his situation. And that had to do with Jean.

"So I went straight to the Severances'. It took very few words to let Nina know—no man would have grasped it all as quickly. I didn't even have to tell her that I knew Shortledge intended not to survive his misfortune, for she guessed that, too. There had been something so dreadfully eloquent in his inertness!

"It's pretty bad, isn't it?" she commented; 'but not as bad as if Jean didn't exist. Everything depends on her, now.'

"My conviction fell a little short of hers. 'Oh, she *could* save everything,' I said; 'save his life, and more besides. But *would* she, without knowing what has happened? I'm pretty sure Shortledge hasn't told her. And she'd have to be able to swear every kind of an oath that she didn't know what we know. Isn't that rather beyond her? Or could you manage it, Nina? Could you persuade that poor little thinking-machine that she has got to take things on trust and save the man that belongs to her, whatever his failings are? Saving Shortledge—that's worth doing. She'll be amounting to something then. She'll be doing something no other mortal on earth *could* do.'

"But she must do it without knowing why," repeated Nina. 'Yes, I think you're right. And she will.' And Nina left me to talk college politics with her husband—a good, dull chap, Will Severance was; a wizard in the Latin department—and flew off to apply her delicate touch to what was, I feared, an insufficiently responsive instrument.

"The greater part of what happened during the rest of that day I shall never know. But I do know that Nina arrived at the Shortledges' with the air of an authoritative super-mortal and found Jean up-stairs, packing. The hour of that critical ceremony had at last arrived. But you would never have guessed from the orderly, unflurried, unconcerned air of the household that its very life was being undermined. Jean's relation to her own establishment was such a pitifully unimportant one.

"But Nina didn't waste any effort pitying her. Instead, she went to work at that strange, unawakened child with the concentration of an evangelist or a 'debt-raiser.' She used every wise and every foolish argument that had ever been conceived regarding a wife's duty to her husband—and mixed them up so that you couldn't put your finger on the foolish ones. She set forth with great emphasis the importance of Shortledge; and then she made equally clear the insignificance of Jean herself. Nina had a good bit of eloquence, when she chose to use it; and of course the girl had never been talked to with such scorching directness before. All that she could set against Nina's determined rhetoric sounded small and selfish, as Nina meant it to. And in the end she yielded. She promised, that is, to stay with Shortledge. But I can't explain to you why. I've really never understood.

"Since you're a woman, you can doubtless piece out the rest of the story for yourself. I remember that it seemed much less extraordinary to Nina Severance than it seemed to me. In some half-blind, half-conscious way the girl did spring to her opportunity. She must have been inspired to sweeten Shortledge's bitterness with certainties that were something less than truths. At all events, she brought him to the point where he was unwilling to forego an existence that included her, even though it should prove, as he assumed, a mere existence. The next step was, of course, that he allowed her to help him—and her amazing capacity revealed itself. As it proved, there was nothing she couldn't do for him except think; and that process he didn't need to delegate. The

new arrangement worked itself out with entire facility. He directed the experiments and she performed them; he dictated and she wrote. So that, as a matter of fact, the poor fellow's work was very little interrupted by his misfortune. It was as though he had lost a limb that had immediately replaced itself, after the manner of more simple organisms. In an incredibly short time the thwarted, self-centered, miserable little creature who had been on the point of running away from him had delightedly become an indispensable part of his very being. As a matter of fact, she was recreated. His genuine need of the service she was so proud to give made a woman of her. Six months later she was desperately in love with him. It was all there, the elemental thing that Shortledge had seen in her from the first moment; but he hadn't been able to call it out until disaster helped him.

"A year later, a stranger knowing nothing of their history would have been likely to sentimentalize upon the subject of their perfect marriage. In fact, every new acquaintance did discover that the Shortledges were the supreme demonstration that perfect marriage can exist. Even the rest of us, who had, at that time, rather less to say about that over-discussed situation, had to see, and to admit, that they were a preposterously happy pair. It was then that I got into the way of going to their house a good deal. It had come to be a house one couldn't help going to. I should never have supposed that Jean Shortledge could triumph over her mother-in-law's furnishings; but she did.

"However, if you lay stress on what she is, you are reminded of how narrowly she escaped being its very opposite. For which part, after all, did Nature intend her? And could one seriously entertain a theory of marriage that involved regarding Shortledge's affliction as the desirable solution of a difficulty?"

The spell of the woman who had passed me earlier in the evening was still upon me. Gifford's questions demanded answers that I couldn't give. And the evening was nearly spent when we remembered that we were to have gone to a play.

“Mrs. Alexander Campbell,”

by Sir Henry Raeburn

IN a day when eccentric methods and false sprightliness are employed by painters to attract attention to their work, it is a deep satisfaction to turn to one who awakens our interest by delving into the mind and heart of his sitter and with whom an esthetic outlook on life takes the place of technical aggressiveness. The modern painter is deeply concerned with rendering the quality of light and atmosphere; for him the aspect of his subject under a transient light may be of greater importance than any expression of the personality, which is made subordinate to its surroundings, or, at most, becomes merely a part of them.

Raeburn belongs to another day and sought a different result. His attention was wholly concentrated on the human problem, and not on man as an object to reflect light. He saw his sitters as human beings with definite characters and mental states. He was interested in their physical structure, the glow of their flesh, and the texture of their raiment, yet he was not oblivious to their personalities nor their relation to the world about them. The play of light and atmosphere was not the whole substance of painting; he looked beyond the physical aspect and sought the state of mind and spiritual significance of those who sat to him. To render these he accepted the established conventions of painting which subordinate surroundings and accent line and modeling, structure and movement of his subjects.

Between the older and the modern method lies a wide divergence, with different points of view. Each will continue to have its followers, and each is right according to the result sought, but in the midst of our exciting modern portraits there is a quiet pleasure and deep satisfaction in turning occasionally to an earlier portrait such as this. Raeburn's art is the kind that does not fade from memory, but lingers like a haunting, brief encounter in life with some person whom we fain would meet again.

W. STANTON HOWARD.



"MRS. ALEXANDER CAMPBELL," BY SIR HENRY RAEBURN

Engraved on Wood by Henry Wolf from the Original Painting

The Turmoil

A NOVEL

BY BOOTH TARKINGTON

CHAPTER XXII



HERE seems to be another curious thing about Love [Bibbs wrote]. Love is blind while it lives and only opens its eyes and becomes very wide awake when it dies. Let it alone until then.

You cannot reason with love or with any other passion. The wise will not wish for love—nor for ambition. These are passions and bring others in their train—hatreds and jealousies—all blind. Friendship and a quiet heart for the wise.

What a turbulence is love! It is dangerous for a blind thing to be turbulent; there are precipices in life. One would not cross a mountain-pass with a thick cloth over his eyes. Lovers do. Friendship walks gently and with open eyes.

To walk to church with a friend! To sit beside her there! To rise when she rises, and to touch with one's thumb and fingers the other half of the hymn-book that she holds! What lover, with his fierce ways, could know this transcendent happiness?

Friendship brings everything that heaven could bring. There is no labor that cannot become a living rapture if you know that a friend is thinking of you as you labor. So you sing at your work. For the work is part of the thoughts of your friend; so you love it!

Love is demanding and claiming and insistent. Friendship is all kindness—it makes the world glorious with kindness. What color you see when you walk with a friend! You see that the gray sky is brilliant and shimmering; you see that the smoke has warm browns and is marvelously sculptured—the air becomes iridescent. You see the gold in brown hair. Light floods everything.

When you walk to church with a friend you know that life can give you nothing richer. You pray that there will be no change in anything for ever.

What an adorable thing it is to discover a little foible in your friend, a bit of vanity that gives you one thing more about her to adore! On a cold morning she will perhaps walk to church with you without her furs,

and she will blush and return an evasive answer when you ask her why she does not wear them. You will say no more, because you understand. She looks beautiful in her furs; you love their soft lines against her cheek; but you comprehend that they conceal the loveliness of her throat and the fine line of her chin, and that she also has comprehended this, and, wishing to look still more bewitching, discards her furs at the risk of taking cold. So you hold your peace, and try to look as if you had not thought it out.

This theory is satisfactory except that it does not account for the absence of the muff. Ah, well, there must always be a mystery somewhere! Mystery is a part of enchantment.

Manual labor is best. Your heart can sing and your mind can dream while your hands are working. You could not have a singing heart and a dreaming mind all day if you had to scheme out dollars, or if you had to add columns of figures. Those things take your attention. You cannot be thinking of your friend while you write letters beginning, "Yours of the 17th inst. rec'd and contents duly noted." But to work with your hands all day, thinking and singing, and then, after nightfall, to hear the ineffable kindness of your friend's greeting—always there—for you! Who would wake from such a dream as this?

Dawn and the sea—music in moonlit gardens—nightingales serenading through almond-groves in bloom—what could bring such things into the city's turmoil? Yet they are here, and roses blossom in the soot. That is what it means not to be alone! That is what a friend gives you!

Having thus demonstrated that he was about twenty-five and had formed a somewhat indefinite definition of friendship, but one entirely his own (and perhaps Mary's), Bibbs went to bed, and was the only Sheridan to sleep soundly through the night and to wake at dawn with a light heart.

His cheerfulness was vaguely diminished by the troublous state of affairs in

his family. He had recognized his condition when he wrote, "Who would wake from such a dream as this?" Bibbs was a sympathetic person, easily touched, but he was indeed living in a dream, and all things outside of it were veiled and remote—for that is the way of youth in a dream. And Bibbs, who had never before been of any age, either old or young, had come to his youth at last.

He went whistling from the house, before even his father had come downstairs. There was a fog outdoors, saturated with a fine powder of soot, and though Bibbs noticed absently the dim shape of an automobile at the curb before Roscoe's house, he did not recognize it as Dr. Gurney's, but went cheerily on his way through the dingy mist. And when he was once more installed beside his faithful zinc-eater, he whistled and sang to it, as other workmen did to their own machines sometimes, when things went well. His comrades in the shop glanced at him amusedly, now and then. They liked him, and he ate his lunch at noon with a group of Socialists who approved of his ideas and talked of electing him to their association.

The short days of the year had come, and it was dark before the whistles blew. When the signal came, Bibbs went to the office, where he divested himself of his overalls—his single divergence from the routine of his fellow-workmen—and after that he used soap and water copiously. This was his transformation scene: he passed into the office a rather frail young workingman noticeably begrimed, and passed out of it to the pavement a cheerfully preoccupied sample of gentry, fastidious to the point of elegance.

The sidewalk was crowded with the bearers of dinner-pails, men and boys and women and girls from the work-rooms that closed at five. Many hurried and some loitered; they went both east and west, jostling one another, and Bibbs, turning his face homeward, was forced to go slowly.

Coming toward him as slowly through the crowd, a tall girl caught sight of his long, thin figure and stood still until he had almost passed her, for in the thick crowd and the thicker gloom he did not recognize her, though his shoulder actu-

ally touched hers. He would have gone by, but she laughed delightedly; and he stopped short, startled. Two boys, one chasing the other, swept between them, and Bibbs stood still, peering about him in perplexity. She leaned toward him.

"I knew *you*!" she said.

"Good heavens!" cried Bibbs. "I thought it was your voice coming out of a star!"

"There's only smoke overhead," said Mary, and laughed again. "There aren't any stars."

"Oh yes, there were—when you laughed!"

She took his arm, and they went on. "I've come to walk home with you, Bibbs. I wanted to."

"But were you here in the—"

"In the dark? Yes! Waiting? Yes!"

Bibbs was radiant; he felt suffocated with happiness. He began to scold her.

"But it's not safe and I'm not worth it. You shouldn't have— You ought to know better. What did—"

"I only waited about twelve seconds," she laughed. "I'd just got here."

"But to come all this way and to this part of town in the dark, you—"

"I was in this part of town already," she said. "At least, I was only seven or eight blocks away, and it was dark when I came out, and I'd have had to go home alone—and I preferred going home with you."

"It's pretty beautiful for me," said Bibbs, with a deep breath. "You'll never know what it was to hear your laugh in the darkness—and then to—to see you standing there! Oh, it was like—it was like— How can I *tell* you what it was like?" They had passed beyond the crowd now, and a crossing-lamp shone upon them, which revealed the fact that again she was without her furs. Here was a puzzle. Why did that adorable little vanity of hers bring her out without them in the *dark*? But of course she had gone out long before dark. For undefinable reasons this explanation was not quite satisfactory; however, allowing it to stand, his solicitude for her took another turn. "I think you ought to have a car," he said, "especially when you want to be out after dark. You need one in winter, anyhow. Have you ever asked your father for one?"

"No," said Mary. "I don't think I'd care for one particularly."

"I wish you would." Bibbs's tone was earnest and troubled. "I think in winter you—"

"No, no," she interrupted, lightly. "I don't need—"

"But my mother tried to insist on sending one over here every afternoon for me. I wouldn't let her because I like the walk, but a girl—"

"A girl likes to walk, too," said Mary. "Let me tell you where I've been this afternoon and how I happened to be near enough to make you take me home. I've been to see a little old man who makes pictures of the smoke. He has a sort of warehouse for a studio, and he lives there with his mother and his wife and their seven children, and he's gloriously happy. I'd seen one of his pictures at an exhibition and I wanted to see more of them, so he showed them to me. He has almost everything he ever painted; I don't suppose he's sold more than four or five pictures in his life. He gives drawing-lessons to keep alive."

"How do you mean he paints the smoke?" Bibbs asked.

"Literally. He paints from his studio window and from the street—anywhere. He just paints what's around him—and it's beautiful."

"The smoke?"

"Wonderful! He sees the sky through it, somehow. He does the ugly roofs of cheap houses through a haze of smoke, and he does smoky sunsets and smoky sunrises, and he has other things with the heavy, solid, slow columns of smoke going far out and growing more ethereal and mixing with the hazy light in the distance; and he has others with the broken sky-line of down-town, all misted with the smoke and with puffs and jets of vapor that have colors like an orchard in mid-April. I'm going to take you there, some Sunday afternoon, Bibbs."

"You're showing me the town," he said. "I didn't know what was in it at all."

"There are workers in beauty here," she told him, gently. "There are other painters, more prosperous than my friend. There are all sorts of things."

"I didn't know."

"No. Since the town began growing

so great that it called itself 'greater' one could live here all one's life and know only the side of it that shows."

"The beauty-workers seem buried very deep," said Bibbs. "And I imagine that your friend who makes the smoke beautiful must be buried deepest of all. My father loves the smoke, but I can't imagine his buying one of your friend's pictures. He'd buy the Bay of Naples, but he wouldn't get one of those. He'd think smoke in a picture was horrible—unless he could use it for an advertisement."

"Yes," she said, thoughtfully. "And really he's the town. They *are* buried pretty deep, it seems, sometimes, Bibbs."

"And yet it's all wonderful," he said. "It's wonderful to me."

"You mean the town is wonderful to you?"

"Yes, because everything is, since you called me your friend. The city is only a rumble on the horizon for me. It can't come any closer than the horizon so long as you let me see you standing by my old zinc-eater all day long, helping me. Mary—" He stopped with a gasp. "That's the first time I've called you 'Mary'!"

"Yes." She laughed, a little tremulously. "Though I wanted you to!"

"I said it without thinking. It must be because you came there to walk home with me. That must be it."

"Women like to have things said," Mary informed him, her tremulous laughter continuing. "Were you glad I came for you?"

"No—not 'glad.' I felt as if I were being carried straight up and up and up—over the clouds. I feel like that still. I think I'm that way most of the time. I wonder what I was like before I knew you. The person I was then seems to have been somebody else, not Bibbs Sheridan at all. It seems long, long ago. I was gloomy and sickly—somebody else—somebody I don't understand now: a coward afraid of shadows—afraid of things that didn't exist—afraid of my old zinc-eater! And now I'm only afraid of what might change anything."

She was silent a moment, and then, "You're happy, Bibbs?" she asked.

"Ah, don't you see?" he cried. "I

want it to last for a thousand, thousand years, just as it is! You've made me so rich, I'm a miser. I wouldn't have one thing different—nothing, nothing!"

"Dear Bibbs!" she said, and laughed happily.

CHAPTER XXIII

BIBBS continued to live in the shelter of his dream. He had told Edith, after his ineffective effort to be useful in her affairs, that he had decided he was "a member of the family"; but he appeared to have relapsed to the retired list after that one attempt at participancy—he was far enough detached from membership now. These were turbulent days in the New House, but Bibbs had no part whatever in the turbulence—he seemed an absent-minded stranger, present by accident and not wholly aware that he was present. He would sit, faintly smiling over pleasant imaginings and dear reminiscences of his own, while battle raged between Edith and her father, or while Sheridan unloosed jeremiads upon the sullen Roscoe, who drank heavily to endure them. The happy dreamer wandered into storm-areas like a somnambulist, and wandered out again unawakened. He was sorry for his father and for Roscoe and for Edith and for Sibyl, but their sufferings and outcries seemed far away.

Sibyl was under Gurney's care. Roscoe had sent for him on Sunday night, not long after Bibbs returned the abandoned wraps; and during the first days of Sibyl's illness the doctor found it necessary to be with her frequently, and to install a muscular nurse. And whether he would or no, Gurney received from his hysterical patient a variety of pungent information which would have staggered anybody but a family physician. Among other things he was given to comprehend the change in Bibbs, and why the zinc-eater was not putting a lump in its operator's gizzard as of yore.

Sibyl was not delirious—she was a thin little ego writhing and shrieking in pain. Life had hurt her, and had driven her into hurting herself; her condition was only the adult's terrible exaggeration of that of a child after a bad bruise—there must be screaming and telling mother all

about the hurt and how it happened. Sibyl babbled herself hoarse when Gurney withheld morphine. She went from the beginning to the end in a breath. No protest stopped her; nothing stopped her.

"You ought to let me die!" she wailed. "It's cruel not to let me die! What harm have I ever done to anybody that you want to keep me alive? Just look at my life! I only married Roscoe to get away from home, and look what that got me into!—look where I am now! He brought me to this town, and what did I have in my life but his *family*? And they didn't even know the right crowd! If they had, it might have been *something*! I had nothing—nothing—nothing in the world! I wanted to have a good time—and how could I? Where's any good time among these Sheridans? They never even had wine on the table! I thought I was marrying into a rich family where I'd meet attractive people I'd read about, and travel, and go to dances—and, oh, my God! all I got was these Sheridans! I did the best I could; I did, indeed! Oh, I *did*! I just tried to live. Every woman's got a right to live, some time in her life, I guess! Things were just beginning to look brighter—we'd moved up here, and that frozen crowd across the street were after Jim for their daughter, and they'd have started us with the right people—and then I saw how Edith was getting him away from me. She did it, too! She got him! A girl with money can do that to a married woman—yes, she can, every time! And what could I do? What can any woman do in my fix? I couldn't do *anything* but try to stand it—and I couldn't stand it! I went to that icicle—that Vertrees girl—and she could have helped me a little and it wouldn't have hurt her. It wouldn't have done her any harm to help me *that* little! She treated me as if I'd been dirt that she wouldn't even take the trouble to sweep out of her house! Let her *wait*!" Sibyl's voice, hoarse from babbling, became no more than a husky whisper, though she strove to make it louder. She struggled half upright, and the nurse restrained her. "I'd get up out of this bed to show her she can't do such things to me! I was absolutely ladylike, and she walked



Drawn by C. E. Chambers

GURNEY RECEIVED FROM HIS PATIENT A VARIETY OF PUNGENT INFORMATION

out and left me there alone! She'll *see*! She started after Bibbs before Jim's casket was fairly underground, and she thinks she's landed that poor loon—but she'll see! She'll see! If I'm ever able to walk across the street again, I'll show her how to treat a woman in trouble that comes to her for help! It wouldn't have hurt her any—it wouldn't—it wouldn't! And Edith needn't have told what she told Roscoe—it wouldn't hurt her to let me alone. And *he* told her I bored him—telephoning him I wanted to see him. He needn't have done it! He needn't—needn't—" Her voice grew fainter, for that while, with exhaustion, though she would go over it all again as soon as her strength returned. She lay panting. Then, seeing her husband standing disheveled in the doorway, "Don't come in, Roscoe," she murmured. "I don't want to see you." And as he turned away she added, "I'm kind of sorry for you, Roscoe."

Her antagonist, Edith, was not more coherent in her own wailings, and she had the advantage of a mother for listener. She had also the disadvantage of a mother for duenna; and Mrs. Sheridan, under her husband's sharp tutelage, proved an effective one. Edith was reduced to telephoning Lamhorn from shops whenever she could juggle her mother into a momentary distraction over a counter.

Edith was incomparably more in love than before Lamhorn's expulsion. Her whole being was nothing but the determination to hurdle everything that separated her from him. She was in a state that could be altered by only the lightest and most delicate diplomacy of suggestion, but Sheridan, like legions of other parents, intensified her passion and fed it hourly fuel by opposing to it an intolerable force. He swore she should cool, and thus set her on fire.

Edith planned neatly. She fought hard, every other evening, with her father, and kept her bed betweentimes to let him see what his violence had done to her. Then, when the mere sight of her set him to breathing fast, she said pitifully that she might bear her trouble better if she went away; it was impossible to be in the same town with Lamhorn and not think always of him. Per-

haps in New York she might forget a little. She had written to a school friend, established quietly with an aunt in apartments—and a month or so of theaters and restaurants might bring peace. Sheridan shouted with relief; he gave her a copious check, and she left upon a Monday morning, wearing violets with her mourning and having kissed everybody good-by except Sibyl and Bibbs. She might have kissed Bibbs, but he failed to realize that the day of her departure had arrived, and was surprised, on returning from his zinc-eater, that evening, to find her gone. "I suppose they'll be married there," he said, casually.

Sheridan, seated, warming his stockinged feet at the fire, jumped up, fuming. "Either you go out o' here, or I will, Bibbs," he snorted. "I don't want to be in the same room with the particular kind of idiot you are! She's through with that riffraff; all she needed was to be kept away from him a few weeks, and I *kept* her away, and it did the business. For Heaven's sake, go on out o' here!"

Bibbs obeyed the gesture of a hand still bandaged. And the black silk sling was still round Sheridan's neck; but no word of Gurney's and no excruciating twinge of pain could keep Sheridan's hand in the sling. The wounds, slight enough originally, had become infected the first time he had dislodged the bandages, and healing was long delayed. Sheridan had the habit of gesture; he could not "take time to remember," he said, that he must be careful; and he had, also, a curious indignation with his hurt; he refused to pay it the compliment of admitting its existence.

The Saturday following Edith's departure Gurney came to the Sheridan Building to dress the wounds and to have a talk with Sheridan which the doctor felt had become necessary. But he was a little before the appointed time and was obliged to wait a few minutes in an anteroom—there was a directors' meeting of some sort in Sheridan's office. The door was slightly ajar, leaking cigar smoke and oratory, the latter all Sheridan's, and Gurney listened.

"No, sir; no, sir; no, sir!" he heard the big voice rumbling, and then, break-

ing into thunder, "I tell you *no!* Some o' you men make me sick! You'd lose your confidence in Almighty God if a doodle-bug flipped his hind-leg at you! You say money's tight all over the country. Well, what if it is? There's no reason for it to be tight, and it's not goin' to keep *our* money tight! You're always runnin' to the woodshed to hide your nickels in a crack because some fool newspaper says the market's a little skeery! You listen to every street-corner croaker and then come and set here and try to scare *me* out of a big thing! We're *in* on this—understand? I tell you there never *was* better times. These are good times and big times, and I won't stand for any other kind o' talk. This country's on its feet as it never was before, and this city's on its feet and goin' to stay there!" And Gurney heard a series of whacks and thumps upon the desk. "'Bad times!'" Sheridan vociferated, with accompanying thumps. "Fool's babble! These times are glorious, I tell you! We're in the promised land and we're goin' to *stay* there! That's all, gentlemen. The loan goes!"

The directors came forth, flushed and murmurous, and Gurney hastened in. His guess was correct: Sheridan had been thumping the desk with his right hand. The physician scolded wearily, making good the fresh damage as best he might; and then he said what he had to say on the subject of Roscoe and Sibyl, his opinion meeting, as he expected, a warmly hostile reception. But the result of this conversation was that by telephonic command Roscoe awaited his father, an hour later, in the library.

"Gurney says your wife's able to travel," Sheridan said, brusquely, as he came in.

"Yes." Roscoe occupied a deep chair and sat in the dejected attitude which had become his habit. "Yes, she is."

"Edith had to leave town, and so Sibyl thinks she'll have to, too!"

"Oh, I wouldn't put it that way," Roscoe protested, drearily.

"No; I hear *you* wouldn't!" There was a bitter gibe in the father's voice, and he added: "It's a good thing she's goin' abroad—if she'll stay there. I shouldn't think any of us want her here any more—you least of all!"

"It's no use your talking that way," said Roscoe. "You won't do any good."

"Well, when you comin' back to your office?" Sheridan used a brisker, kinder tone. "Three weeks since you showed up there at all. When you goin' to be ready to cut out whisky and all the rest o' the foolishness and start in again? You ought to be able to make up for a lot o' lost time and a lot o' spilt milk when that woman takes herself out o' the way and lets you and all the rest of us alone."

"It's no use, father, I tell you. I know what Gurney was going to say to you. I'm not going back to the office. I'm *done!*"

"Wait a minute before you talk that way!" Sheridan began his sentry-go up and down the room. "I suppose you know it's taken two pretty good men about sixteen hours a day to set things straight and get 'em runnin' right again, down in your office?"

"They must be good men." Roscoe nodded, indifferently. "I thought I was doing about eight men's work. I'm glad you found two that could handle it."

"Look here! If I worked you it was for your own good. There are plenty men drive harder 'n I do, and—"

"Yes. There are some that break down all the other men that work with 'em. They either die, or go crazy, or have to quit and are no use the rest of their lives. The last's my case, I guess—'complicated by domestic difficulties!'"

"You sit there and tell me you give up?" Sheridan's voice shook, and so did the gesticulating hand which he extended appealingly toward the despondent figure. "Don't do it, Roscoe! Don't say it! Say you'll come down there again and be a man! This woman ain't goin' to trouble you any more. The work ain't goin' to hurt you if you haven't got her to worry you, and you can get shut o' this nasty whisky-guzzlin'; it ain't fastened on you, yet. Don't say—"

"It's no use on earth," Roscoe mumbled. "No use on earth."

"Look here! If you want another month's vacation—"

"I know Gurney told you, so what's the use talking about 'vacations'?"

"Gurney!" Sheridan vociferated the

name savagely. "It's Gurney, Gurney, Gurney! Always Gurney! I don't know what the world's comin' to with everybody runnin' around squealin', 'The doctor says this,' and, 'The doctor says that!' It makes me sick! How's this country expect to get its work done if Gurney and all the other old nanny-goats keep up this blattin'—'Oh, oh! Don't lift that stick o' wood; you'll ruin your *nerves*!' So he says you got 'nervous exhaustion induced by overwork and emotional strain.' They always got to stick the work in if they see a chance. I reckon you did have the 'emotional strain,' and that's all's the matter with you. You'll be over it soon's this woman's gone, and work's the very thing to make you quit frettin' about her."

"Did Gurney tell you I was fit to work?"

"Shut up!" Sheridan bellowed. "I'm so sick o' that man's name I feel like shootin' anybody that says it to me!" He fumed and chafed, swearing indistinctly, then came and stood before his son. "Look here; do you think you're doin' the square thing by me? Do you? How much you worth?"

"I've got between seven and eight thousand a year clear, of my own, outside the salary. That much is mine whether I work or not."

"It is? You could 'a' pulled it out without me, I suppose you think, at your age?"

"No. But it's mine and it's enough."

"My God! It's about what a Congressman gets, and you want to quit there! I suppose you think you'll get the rest when I kick the bucket, and all you have to do is lay back and wait! You let me tell you right here, you'll never see one cent of it. You go out o' business now, and what would you know about handlin' it five or ten or twenty years from now? Because I intend to *stay* here a little while yet, my boy! They'd either get it away from you or you'd sell for a nickel and let it be split up and—" He whirled about, marched to the other end of the room, and stood silent a moment. Then he said, solemnly: "Listen. If you go out now, you leave me in the lurch, with nothin' on God's green earth to depend

on but your brother—and you know what he is. I've depended on you for it *all*, since Jim died. Now you've listened to that dam' doctor, and he says maybe you won't ever be as good a man as you were, and that you certainly won't be for a year or so—probably more. Now, that's all a lie. Men don't break down that way at your age. Look at *me*! And I tell you, you can shake this thing off. All you need is a little *get-up* and a little gumption. Men don't go away for *years* and then come back into *moving* businesses like ours—they lose the strings. And if you could, I won't let you; if you lay down on me now, I won't; and that's because if you lay down you prove you ain't the man I thought you were." He cleared his throat and finished quietly: "Roscoe, will you take a month's vacation and come back and go to it?"

"No," said Roscoe, listlessly. "I'm through."

"All right," said Sheridan. He picked up the evening paper from a table, went to a chair by the fire and sat down, his back to his son. "Good-by."

Roscoe rose, his head hanging, but there was a dull relief in his eyes. "Best I can do," he muttered, seeming about to depart, yet lingering. "I figure it out a good deal like this," he said: "I didn't *know* my job was any strain, and I managed all right, but from what Gur—from what I hear, I was just up to the limit of my nerves from overwork, and the—the trouble at home was the extra strain that's fixed me the way I am. I tried to brace, so I could stand the work and the trouble too, on whisky—and that put the finish to me! I—I'm not hitting it as hard as I was for a while, and I reckon pretty soon, if I can get to feeling a little more energy, I better try to quit entirely—I don't know. I'm all in—and the doctor says so. I thought I was running along fine, up to a few months ago, but all the time I was ready to bust, and didn't know it. Now, then, I don't want you to blame Sibyl, and if I were you I wouldn't speak of her as 'that woman,' because she's your daughter-in-law and going to stay that way. She didn't do anything wicked. It was a shock to me, and I don't deny it, to find what she had

done—encouraging that fellow to hang around her after he began trying to flirt with her, and losing her head over him the way she did. I don't deny it was a shock and that it'll always be a hurt inside of me I'll never get over. But it was my fault; I didn't understand a woman's nature." Poor Roscoe spoke in the most profound and desolate earnest. "A woman craves society, and gaiety, and meeting attractive people, and traveling. Well, I can't give her the other things, but I can give her the traveling—real traveling, not just going to Atlantic City or New Orleans, the way she has, two, three times. A woman has to have something in her life besides a business man. And that's *all* I was. I never understood till I heard her talking when she was so sick, and I believe if you'd heard her then you wouldn't speak so hard-heartedly about her; I believe you might have forgiven her like I have. That's all. I never cared anything for any girl but her in my life, but I was so busy with business I put it ahead of her. I never *thought* about her, I was so busy thinking business. Well, this is where it's brought us to—and now when you talk about 'business' to me I feel the way you do when anybody talks about Gurney to you. The word 'business' makes me dizzy—it makes me honestly sick at the stomach. I believe if I had to go downtown and step inside that office door I'd fall down on the floor, deathly sick. You talk about a 'month's vacation'—and I get just as sick. I'm rattled—I can't plan—I haven't got any plans—can't make any, except to take my girl and get just as far away from that office as I can—and stay. We're going to Japan first, and if we—"

His father rustled the paper. "I said good-by, Roscoe."

"All right." Roscoe gave him a final glance, and then went out listlessly.

CHAPTER XXIV

SHERIDAN waited until he heard the sound of the outer door closing; then he rose and pushed a tiny disk set in the wall. Jackson appeared.

"Has Bibbs got home from work?"

"Mist' Bibbs? No, suh."

"Tell him I want to see him, soon as he comes."

"Yessuh."

Sheridan returned to his chair and fixed his attention fiercely upon the newspaper. He found it difficult to pursue the items beyond their explanatory rubrics—there was nothing unusual or startling to concentrate his attention:

"Motorman Puts Blame on Brakes. Three Killed When Car Slides." "Burglars Make Big Haul." "Board Works Approve Big Car-Line Extension." "Hold-Up Men Injure Two. Man Found in Alley, Skull Fractured." "Plan New Fifteen-Story Structure." "School-girl Meets Death Under Automobile." "Negro Cuts Three. One Dead." "Life Crushed Out. Third Elevator Accident in Same Building Causes Action by Coroner." "Declare Militia Will Be Menace. Polish Societies Protest to Governor in Church Rioting Case." "Short \$3,500 in Accounts, Trusted Man Kills Self with Drug." "Found Frozen. Family Without Food or Fuel. Baby Dead when Parents Return Home from Seeking Work." "Minister Returned from Trip Abroad Lectures on Big Future of Our City. Sees Big Improvement During Short Absence. Says No European City Holds Candle." (Sheridan nodded approvingly here.)

Bibbs came through the hall, whistling, and entered the room briskly. "Well, father, did you want me?"

"Yes. Sit down." Sheridan got up and Bibbs took a seat by the fire, holding out his hands to the crackling blaze, for it was cold outdoors.

"I came within seven of the shop record, to-day," he said. "I handled more strips than any other workman has any day this month. The nearest to me is sixteen behind."

"There!" exclaimed his father, greatly pleased. "What'd I tell you? I'd like to hear Gurney hint again that I wasn't right in sending you there—I would just like to hear him! And you—ain't you ashamed of makin' such a fuss about it? Ain't you?"

"I didn't go at it in the right spirit, the other time," Bibbs said, smiling brightly, his face ruddy in the cheerful firelight. "I didn't know the difference it meant to like a thing."

"Well, I guess I've pretty thoroughly vindicated my judgment. I guess I *have*! I said the shop 'd be good for you, and it was. I said it wouldn't hurt you, and it hasn't. It's been just exactly what I said it would be. Ain't that so?"

"Looks like it!" Bibbs agreed, gaily.

"Well, I'd like to know any place I been wrong, first and last! Instead o' hurtin' you, it's been the makin' of you, —physically. You're a good inch taller 'n what I am, and you'd be a bigger man than what I am if you'd get some flesh on your bones; and you *are* gettin' a little. Physically, it's started you out to be the huskiest one o' the whole family. Now, then, mentally—that's different. I don't say it unkindly, Bibbs, but you got to do something for yourself mentally, just like what's begun physically. And I'm goin' to help you."

Sheridan decided to sit down again. He brought his chair close to his son's, and, leaning over, tapped Bibbs's knee confidentially. "I got plans for you, Bibbs," he said.

Bibbs instantly looked thoroughly alarmed. He drew back. "I—I'm all right now, father."

"Listen." Sheridan settled himself in his chair, and spoke in the tone of a reasonable man reasoning. "Listen here, Bibbs. I had another blow to-day; and it was a hard one and right in the face, though I *have* been expectin' it some little time back. Well, it's got to be met. Now I'll be frank with you. As I said a minute ago, mentally I couldn't ever called you exactly strong. You been a little weak both ways, most of your life. Not but what I think you *got* a mentality, if you'd learn to use it. You got will-power, I'll say that for you. I never knew boy or man that could be stubborn—never one in my life! Now, then, you've showed you could learn to run that machine best of any man in the shop, in no time at all. That looks to me like you could learn to do other things. I don't deny but what it's an encouragin' sign. I don't deny that, at all. Well, that helps me to think the case ain't so hopeless as it looks. You're all I got to meet this blow with, but maybe you ain't as poor material as I thought. Your tellin' me about comin' within seven strips of the shop's record

to-day looks to me like encouragin' information brought in at just about the right time. Now, then, I'm goin' to give you a raise. I wanted to send you straight on up through the shops—a year or two, maybe—but I can't do it. I lost Jim, and now I've lost Roscoe. He's quit. He's laid down on me. If he ever comes back at all, he'll be a long time pickin' up the strings, and, anyway, he ain't the man I thought he was. I can't count on him. I got to have *somebody* I *know* I can count on. And I'm down to this: you're my last chance. Bibbs, I got to learn you to use what brains you got and see if we can't develop 'em a little. Who knows? And I'm goin' to put my time in on it. I'm goin' to take you right down-town with *me*, and I won't be hard on you if you're a little slow at first. And I'm goin' to do the big thing for you. I'm goin' to make you feel you got to do the big thing for me, in return. I've vindicated my policy with you about the shop, and now I'm goin' to turn right around and swing you 'way over ahead of where the other boys started, and I'm goin' to make an appeal to your ambition that 'll make you dizzy!" He tapped his son on the knee again. "Bibbs, I'm goin' to start you off this way: I'm goin' to make you a director in the Pump Works Company; I'm goin' to make you vice-president of the Realty Company and a vice-president of the Trust Company!"

Bibbs jumped to his feet, blanched. "Oh no!" he cried.

Sheridan took his dismay to be the excitement of sudden joy. "Yes, sir! And there's some pretty fat little salaries goes with those vice-presidencies, and a pinch o' stock in the Pump Company with the directorship. You thought I was pretty mean about the shop—oh, I know you did!—but you see the old man can play it both ways. And so right now, the minute you've begun to make good the way I wanted you to, I deal from the new deck. And I'll keep on handin' it out bigger and bigger every time you show me you're big enough to play the hand I deal you. I'm startin' you with a pretty big one, my boy!"

"But I don't—I don't—I don't want it!" Bibbs stammered.

"What'd you say?" Sheridan thought he had not heard aright.

"I don't want it, father. I thank you—I do thank you—"

Sheridan looked perplexed. "What's the matter with you? Didn't you understand what I was tellin' you?"

"Yes."

"You sure? I reckon you didn't. I offered—"

"I know, I know! But I can't take it."

"What's the matter with you?" Sheridan was half amazed, half suspicious. "Your head feel funny?"

"I've never been quite so sane in my life," said Bibbs, "as I have lately. And I've got just what I want. I'm living exactly the right life. I'm earning my daily bread and I'm happy in doing it. My wages are enough. I don't want any more money and I don't deserve any—"

"Damnation!" Sheridan sprang up. "You've turned Socialist! You been listening to those fellows down there, and you—"

"No, sir. I think there's a great deal in what they say, but that isn't it."

Sheridan tried to restrain his growing fury, and succeeded partially. "Then what is it? What's the matter?"

"Nothing," his son returned, nervously. "Nothing — except that I'm content. I don't want to change anything."

"Why not?"

Bibbs had the incredible folly to try to explain. "I'll tell you, father, if I can. I know it may be hard to understand—"

"Yes, I think it may be," said Sheridan, grimly. "What you say usually is a *little* that way. Go on!"

Perturbed and distressed, Bibbs rose instinctively; he felt himself at every possible disadvantage. He was a sleeper clinging to a dream — a rough hand stretched to shake him and waken him. He went to a table and made vague drawings upon it with a finger, and as he spoke he kept his eyes lowered. "You weren't altogether right about the shop — that is, in one way you weren't, father." He glanced up apprehensively. Sheridan stood facing him, expressionless, and made no attempt to interrupt. "That's difficult to explain," Bibbs con-

tinued, lowering his eyes again, to follow the tracings of his finger. "I—I believe the shop might have done for me this time if I hadn't—if something hadn't helped me to—oh, not only to bear it, but to be happy in it. Well, I *am* happy in it. I want to go on just as I am. And of all things on earth that I don't want, I don't want to live a business life—I don't want to be drawn into it. I don't think it *is* living—and now I *am* living. I have the healthful toil—and I can think. In business as important as yours I couldn't think anything but business. I don't—I don't think making money is worth while."

"Go on," said Sheridan, curtly, as Bibbs paused timidly.

"It hasn't seemed to get anywhere, that I can see," said Bibbs. "You think this city is rich and powerful—but what's the use of its being rich and powerful? They don't teach the children any more, in the schools, because the city is rich and powerful. They teach them more than they used to because some people—not rich and powerful people—have thought the thoughts to teach the children. And yet when you've been reading the paper I've heard you objecting to the children being taught anything except what would help them to make money. You said it was wasting the taxes. You want them taught to make a living, but not to live. When I was a little boy this wasn't an ugly town; now it's hideous. What's the use of being big just to be hideous? I mean I don't think all this has meant really going ahead—it's just been getting bigger and dirtier and noisier. Wasn't the whole country happier and in many ways wiser when it was smaller and cleaner and quieter and kinder? I know you think I'm an utter fool, father, but, after all, though, aren't business and politics just the housekeeping part of life? And wouldn't you despise a woman that not only made her housekeeping her ambition, but did it so noisily and dirtily that the whole neighborhood was in a continual turmoil over it? And suppose she talked and thought about her housekeeping all the time, and was always having additions built to her house when she couldn't keep what she already had clean; and suppose,

with it all, she made the house altogether unpeaceful and unlivable—”

“Just one minute!” Sheridan interrupted, adding, with terrible courtesy, “If you will permit me? Have you ever been right about anything?”

“I don’t quite—”

“I ask the simple question: Have you ever been right about anything whatever in the course of your life? Have you ever been right upon any subject or question you’ve thought about and talked about? Can you mention one single time when you were proved to be right?”

He was flourishing the bandaged hand as he spoke, but Bibbs said only, “If I’ve always been wrong before, surely there’s more chance that I’m right about this. It seems reasonable to suppose something would be due to bring up my average.”

“Yes, I thought you wouldn’t see the point. And there’s another you probably couldn’t see, but I’ll take the liberty to mention it. You been balkin’ all your life. Pretty much everything I ever wanted you to do, you’d let out *some* kind of a holler, like you are now—and yet I can’t seem to remember once when you didn’t have to lay down and do what I said. But go on with your remarks about our city and the business of this country. Go on!”

“I don’t want to be part of it,” said Bibbs, with unwonted decision. “I want to keep to myself, and I’m doing it now. I couldn’t, if I went down there with you. I’d be swallowed into it. I don’t care for money enough to—”

“No,” his father interrupted, still dangerously quiet. “You’ve never had to earn a living. Anybody could tell that by what you say. Now, let me remind you: you’re sleepin’ in a pretty good bed; you’re eatin’ pretty fair food; you’re wearin’ pretty fine clothes. Just suppose one o’ these noisy housekeepers—me, for instance—decided to let you do your own housekeepin’. May I ask what your proposition would be?”

“I’m earning nine dollars a week,” said Bibbs, sturdily. “It’s enough. I shouldn’t mind at all.”

“Who’s payin’ you that nine dollars a week?”

“My work!” Bibbs answered. “And

I’ve done so well on that clipping-machine I believe I could work up to fifteen or even twenty a week at another job. I could be a fair plumber in a few months, I’m sure. I’d rather have a trade than be in business—I should, infinitely!”

“You better set about learnin’ one pretty dam’ quick!” But Sheridan struggled with his temper and again was partially successful in controlling it. “You better learn a trade over Sunday, because you’re either goin’ down with me to my office Monday morning—or—you can go to plumbing!”

“All right,” said Bibbs, gently. “I can get along.”

Sheridan raised his hands sardonically, as in prayer. “O God,” he said, “this boy was crazy enough before he began to earn nine dollars a week, and now his money’s gone to his head! Can’t You do nothin’ for him?” Then he flung his hands apart, palms outward, in a furious gesture of dismissal. “Get out o’ this room! You got a skull that’s thicker’n a whale’s thigh-bone, but it’s cracked spang all the way across! You hated the machine-shop so bad when I sent you there, you went and stayed sick for over two years—and now, when I offer to take you out of it and give you the mint, you holler for the shop like a calf for its mammy! You’re cracked! Oh, but I got a fine layout here! One son died, one quit, and one’s a loon! The loon’s all I got left! H. P. Ellersly’s wife had a crazy brother and they undertook to keep him at the house. First morning he was there he walked straight through a ten-dollar plate-glass window out into the yard. He says, ‘Oh, look at the pretty dandelion!’ That’s what you’re doin’! You want to spend your life sayin’, ‘Oh, look at the pretty dandelion!’ and you don’t care a tinker’s dam’ what you bust! Well, mister, loon or no loon, cracked and crazy or whatever you are, I’ll take you with me Monday morning, and I’ll work you and learn you—yes, and I’ll lam you, if I got to—until I’ve made something out of you that’s fit to be called a business man! I’ll keep at you while I’m able to stand, and if I have to lay down to die, I’ll be whisperin’ at you till they get the embalmin’ fluid into me! Now go on, and don’t let me

hear from you again till you can come and tell me you've waked up, you poor, pitiful, dandelion-pickin' *sleep-walker*!"

Bibbs gave him a queer look. There was something like reproach in it, for once; but there was more than that—he seemed to be startled by his father's last word.

CHAPTER XXV

THERE was sleet that evening, with a whooping wind, but neither this storm nor that other which so imminently threatened himself held place in the consciousness of Bibbs Sheridan when he came once more to the presence of Mary. All was right in his world as he sat with her, reading Maurice Maeterlinck's *Alladine and Palomides*. The sorrowful light of the gas-jet might have been May morning sunshine flashing amber and rose through the glowing windows of the Sainte-Chapelle, it was so bright for Bibbs. And while the zinc-eater held out to bring him such golden nights as these, all the king's horses and all the king's men might not serve to break the spell.

Bibbs read slowly, but in a reasonable manner, as if he were talking; and Mary, looking at him steadily from beneath her curved fingers, appeared to discover no fault. It had grown to be her habit to look at him whenever there was an opportunity. It may be said, in truth, that while they were together, and it was light, she looked at him all the time.

When he came to the end of *Alladine and Palomides* they were silent a little while, considering together; then he turned back the pages and said:

"There's something I want to read over. This:

You would think I threw a window open on the dawn. . . . She has a soul that can be seen around her—that takes you in its arms like an ailing child and without saying anything to you consoles you for everything. . . . I shall never understand it all. I do not know how it can all be, but my knees bend in spite of me when I speak of it. . . .

He stopped, and looked at her.

"You boy!" said Mary, not very clearly.

"Oh yes," he returned. "But it's true—especially my knees!"

"You boy!" she murmured again, blushing charmingly. "You might read another line over. The first time I ever saw you, Bibbs, you were looking into a mirror. Do it again. But you needn't read it—I can give it to you: 'A little Greek slave that came from the heart of Arcady!'"

"I! I'm one of the hands at the Pump Works—and going to stay one, unless I have to decide to study plumbing."

"No." She shook her head. "You love and want what's beautiful and delicate and serene; it's really art that you want in your life, and have always wanted. You seemed to me, from the first, the most wistful person I had ever known, and that's what you were wistful for."

Bibbs looked doubtful, and more wistful than ever; but after a moment or two the matter seemed to clarify itself to him. "Why, no," he said; "I wanted something else more than that. I wanted you."

"And here I am!" she laughed, completely understanding. "I think we're like those two in *The Cloister and the Hearth*. I'm just the rough Burgundian cross-bow man, Denys, who followed that gentle Gerard and told everybody that the devil was dead."

"He isn't, though," said Bibbs as a hoarse little bell in the next room began a series of snappings which proved to be ten, upon count. "He gets into the clock whenever I'm with you." And, sighing deeply, he rose to go.

"You're always very prompt about leaving me."

"I—I try to be," he said. "It isn't easy to be careful not to risk everything by giving myself a little more at a time. If I ever saw you look tired—"

"Have you ever?"

"Not yet. You always look—you always look—"

"How?"

"Care-free. That's it. Except when you feel sorry for me about something, you always have that splendid look. It puts courage into people to see it. If I had a struggle to face I'd keep remembering that look—and I'd never give up! It's a brave look, too, as though gaiety might be a kind of gallantry on your

part, and yet I don't quite understand why it should be, either." He smiled quizzically, looking down upon her. "Mary, you haven't a 'secret sorrow,' have you?"

For answer she only laughed.

"No," he said; "I can't imagine you with a care in the world. I think that's why you were so kind to me—you have nothing but happiness in your own life, and so you could spare time to make my troubles turn to happiness, too. But there's one little time in the twenty-four hours when I'm not happy. It's now, when I have to say good night. I feel dismal every time it comes—and then, when I've left the house, there's a bad little blankness, a black void, as though I were temporarily dead; and it lasts until I get it established in my mind that I'm really beginning another day that's to end with *you* again. Then I cheer up. But now's the bad time—and I must go through it, and so—good night." And he added with a pungent vehemence of which he was little aware, "I hate it!"

"Do you?" she said, rising to go to the door with him. But he stood motionless, gazing at her wonderingly.

"Mary! Your eyes are so—" He stopped.

"Yes?" But she looked quickly away.

"I don't know," he said. "I thought just then—"

"What did you think?"

"I don't know—it seemed as though there was something I ought to understand—and didn't."

She laughed and met his wondering gaze again frankly. "My eyes are pleased," she said. "I'm glad that you miss me a little, after you go."

"But to-morrow's coming faster than other days if you'll let it," he said.

She inclined her head. "Yes. I'll—'let it'!"

"Going to church," said Bibbs. "It is going to church when I go with you!"

She went to the front door with him; she always went that far. They had formed a little code of leave-taking, by habit, neither of them ever speaking of it; but it was always the same. She always stood in the doorway until he reached the sidewalk, and there he al-

ways turned and looked back, and she waved her hand to him. Then he went on, half-way to the New House, and looked back again, and Mary was not in the doorway, but the door was open and the light shone. It was as if she meant to tell him that she would never shut him out; he could always see that friendly light of the open doorway—as if it were open for him to come back, if he would. He could see it until a wing of the New House came between, when he went up the path. The open doorway seemed to him the beautiful symbol of her friendship—of her thought of him; a symbol of herself and of her ineffable kindness.

And she kept the door open—even to-night, though the sleet and fine snow swept in upon her bare throat and arms and her brown hair was strewn with tiny white stars. His heart leaped as he turned and saw that she was there, waving her hand to him, as if she did not know that the storm touched her. When he had gone on, Mary did as she always did—she went into an unlit room across the hall from that in which they had spent the evening, and, gazing from the window, watched him until he was out of sight. The storm made that difficult to-night, but she caught a glimpse of him under the street-lamp that stood between the two houses, and saw that he turned to look back again. Then, and not before, she looked at the upper windows of Roscoe's house across the street. They were dark. Mary waited, but after a little while she closed the front door and returned to her window. A moment later two of the upper windows of Roscoe's house flashed into light and a hand lowered the shade of one of them. Mary felt the cold then—it was the third night she had seen those windows lighted and that shade lowered just after Bibbs had gone.

But Bibbs had no glance to spare for Roscoe's windows. He stopped for his last look back at the open door, and, with a thin mantle of white already upon his shoulders, made his way, gasping in the wind, to the lee of the sheltering wing of the New House.

A stricken George, muttering hoarsely, admitted him, and Bibbs became aware of a paroxysm within the house. Ter-

rible sounds came from the library: Sheridan cursing as never before; his wife sobbing, her voice rising to an agonized squeal of protest upon each of a series of muffled detonations—the outrageous thumping of a bandaged hand upon wood; then Gurney, sharply imperious, “Keep your hand in that sling! Keep your hand in that sling, I say!”

“*Look!*” George gasped, delighted to play herald for so important a tragedy; and he renewed upon his face the ghastly expression with which he had first beheld the ruins his calamitous gesture laid before the eyes of Bibbs. “Look at ‘at lamidal statue!”

Gazing down the hall, Bibbs saw heroic wreckage, seemingly Byzantine—painted colossal fragments of a shattered torso, appallingly human; and gilded and silvered heaps of magnificence strewn among ruinous, prostrate palms like the spoil of a barbarians’ battle. There had been a massacre in the oasis—the Moor had been hurled headlong from his pedestal.

“He hit ‘at ole lamidal statue,” said George. “*Pow!*”

“My father?”

“*Yessuh! Pow!* he hit ‘er! An’ you’ ma run tell me git doctuh quick ‘s I kin telefoam—she sho you’ pa goin’ bus’ a blood-vessel. He ain’t takin’ on ‘tall now. He ain’t nothin’ ‘tall to what he was ‘while ago. You done miss’ it, Mist’ Bibbs. Doctuh got him all quiet’ down, to what he was. *Pow!* he hit ‘er! *Yessuh!*” He took Bibbs’s coat and proffered a crumpled telegraph form. “Here what come,” he said. “I pick ‘er up when he done stompin’ on ‘er. You read ‘er, Mist’ Bibbs—you’ ma tell me tuhn ‘er ovah to you soon’s you come in.”

Bibbs read the telegram quickly. It was from New York and addressed to Mrs. Sheridan:

Sure you will all approve step have taken as was so wretched my health would probably suffered severely Robert and I were married this afternoon thought best have quiet wedding absolutely sure you will understand wisdom of step when you know Robert better am happiest woman in world are leaving for Florida will wire address when settled will remain till spring love to

all father will like him too when knows him like I do he is just ideal.

EDITH LAMHORN.

CHAPTER XXVI

GEORGE departed and Bibbs was left gazing upon chaos and listening to thunder. He could not reach the stairway without passing the open doors of the library, and he was convinced that the mere glimpse of him, just then, would prove nothing less than insufferable for his father. For that reason he was about to make his escape into the gold-and-brocade room, intending to keep out of sight, when he heard Sheridan vociferously demanding his presence.

“Tell him to come in here! He’s out there. I heard George just let him in. Now you’ll *see!*” And tear-stained Mrs. Sheridan, looking out into the hall, beckoned to her son.

Bibbs went as far as the doorway. Gurney sat neatly winding a strip of white cotton, his black bag open upon a chair near by; and Sheridan was striding up and down, his hand so heavily wrapped in fresh bandages that he seemed to be wearing a small boxing-glove. His eyes were bloodshot; his forehead was heavily bedewed; one side of his collar had broken loose, and there were blood-stains upon his right cuff.

“*There’s* our little sunshine!” he cried, as Bibbs appeared. “*There’s* the hope o’ the family—my lifelong pride and joy! I want—”

“Keep your hand in that sling,” said Gurney, sharply.

Sheridan turned upon him, uttering a sound like a howl. “For God’s sake, sing another tune!” he cried. “You said you ‘came as a doctor but stay as a friend,’ and in that capacity you undertake to sit up and criticize *me*—”

“Oh, talk sense,” said the doctor, and yawned intentionally. “What do you want Bibbs to say?”

“You were sittin’ up there tellin’ me I got ‘hysterical’—‘hysterical,’ my God! You sat up there and told me I got ‘hysterical’ over nothin’! You sat up there tellin’ me I didn’t have as heavy burdens as many another man you knew. I just want you to hear *this*. Now lis-

ten!" He swung toward the quiet figure waiting in the doorway. "Bibbs, will you come down-town with me Monday morning and let me start you with two vice-presidencies, a directorship, stock, and salaries? I ask you."

"No, father," said Bibbs, gently.

Sheridan looked at Gurney and then faced his son once more.

"Bibbs, you want to stay in the shop, do you, at nine dollars a week, instead of takin' up my offer?"

"Yes, sir."

"And I'd like the doctor to hear: What'll you do if I decide you're too high-priced a workin'-man either to live in my house or work in my shop?"

"Find other work," said Bibbs.

"There! You hear him for yourself." Sheridan cried. "You hear what—"

"Keep your hand in that sling! Yes, I hear him."

Sheridan leaned over Gurney and shouted, in a voice that cracked and broke, piping into falsetto: "He thinks of bein' a *plumber*! He wants to be a *plumber*! He told me he couldn't *think* if he went into business—he wants to be a plumber so he can *think*!"

He fell back a step, wiping his forehead with the back of his left hand. "There! That's my son! That's the only son I got now! That's my chance to live," he cried with a bitterness that seemed to leave ashes in his throat. "That's my one chance to live—that thing you see in the doorway yonder!"

Dr. Gurney thoughtfully regarded the bandage strip he had been winding, and tossed it into the open bag. "What's the matter with giving Bibbs a chance to live?" he said, coolly. "I would if I were you. You've had *two* that went into business."

Sheridan's mouth worked frightfully before he could speak. "Joe Gurney," he said, when he could command himself so far, "are you accusin' me of the responsibility for the death of my son James?"

"I accuse you of nothing," said the doctor. "But just once I'd like to have it out with you on the question of Bibbs—and while he's here, too." He got up, walked to the fire, and stood warming his hands behind his back and smiling. "Look here, old fellow, let's be reason-

able," he said. "You were bound Bibbs should go to the shop again, and I gave you and him, both, to understand pretty plainly that if he went it was at the risk of his life. Well, what did he do? He said he wanted to go. And he did go, and he's made good there. Now, see: Isn't that enough? Can't you let him off now? He wants to write, and how do you know that he couldn't do it if you gave him a chance? How do you know he hasn't some message—something to say that might make the world just a little bit happier or wiser? He *might*—in time—it's a possibility not to be denied. Now he can't deliver any message if he goes down there with you, and he won't *have* any to deliver. I don't say going down with you is likely to injure his health, as I thought the shop would, and as the shop did, the first time. I'm not speaking as doctor now, anyhow. But I tell you one thing I know: if you take him down there you'll kill something that I feel is in him, and it's finer, I think, than his physical body, and you'll kill it deader than a door-nail! And so why not let it live? You've about come to the end of your string, old fellow. Why not stop this perpetual devilish fighting and give Bibbs his chance?"

Sheridan stood looking at him fixedly. "What 'fighting'?"

"Yours—with nature." Gurney sustained the daunting gaze of his fierce antagonist equably. "You don't seem to understand that you've been struggling against actual law."

"What law?"

"Natural law," said Gurney. "What do you think beat you with Edith? Did Edith, herself, beat you? Didn't she obey without question something powerful that was against you? *Edith* wasn't against you, and you weren't against *her*, but you set yourself against the power that had her in its grip and it shot out a spurt of flame—and won in a walk! What's taken Roscoe from you? Timbers bear just so much strain, old man; but *you* wanted to send the load across the broken bridge, and you thought you could bully or coax the cracked thing into standing. Well, you couldn't! Now, here's Bibbs. There are thousands of men fit for the life you

want him to lead—and so is he. It wouldn't take half of Bibbs's brains to be twice as good a business man as Jim and Roscoe put together."

"*What!*" Sheridan goggled at him like a zany.

"Your son Bibbs," said the doctor, composedly, "Bibbs Sheridan has the kind and quantity of 'gray matter' that will make him a success in anything—if he ever wakes up! Personally I should prefer him to remain asleep. I like him that way. But the thousands of men fit for the life you want him to lead aren't fit to do much with the life he *ought* to lead. Blindly, he's been fighting for the chance to lead it—he's obeying something that begs to stay alive within him; and, blindly, he knows you'll crush it out. You've set your will to do it. Let me tell you something more. You don't know what you've become since Jim's going thwarted you—and that's what was uppermost, a bafflement stronger than your normal grief. You're half-mad with a consuming fury against the very self of the law—for it was the very self of the law that took Jim from you. That was a law concerning the cohesion of molecules. The very self of the law took Roscoe from you and gave Edith the certainty of beating you; and the very self of the law makes Bibbs deny you to-night. The *law* beats you. Haven't you been whipped enough? But you want to whip the law—you've set yourself against it, to bend it to your own ends, to wield it and twist it—"

The voice broke from Sheridan's heaving chest in a shout. "Yes! And by God, I will!"

"So Ajax defied the lightning," said Gurney.

"I've heard that dam'-fool story, too," Sheridan retorted, fiercely. "That's for chulder and niggers. It ain't twentieth century, let me tell you! 'Defied the lightning,' did he, the jackass! If he'd been half a man he'd 'a' got away with it. *We* don't go showin' off defyin' the lightning—we hitch it up and make it work for us like a black steer! A man nowadays would just as soon think o' defyin' a wood-shed!"

"Well, what about Bibbs?" said Gurney. "Will you be a really big man now and—"

"Gurney, you know a lot about big-ness!" Sheridan began to walk to and fro again, and the doctor returned gloomily to his chair. He had shot his bolt the moment he judged its chance to strike center was best; but the target seemed unaware of the marksman.

"I'm tryin' to make a big man out o' that poor truck yonder," Sheridan went on, "and you step in, beggin' me to let him be God knows what—I don't! I suppose you figure it out that now I got a *son-in-law*, I mightn't need a son! Yes, I got a son-in-law now—a spender!"

"Oh, put your hand back!" said Gurney, wearily.

There was a bronze inkstand upon the table. Sheridan put his right hand in the sling, but with his left he swept the inkstand from the table and half-way across the room—a comet with a destroying black tail. Mrs. Sheridan shrieked and sprang toward it.

"Let it lay!" he shouted, fiercely. "Let it lay!" And, weeping, she obeyed. "Yes, sir," he went on, in a voice the more ominous for the sudden hush he put upon it. "I got a spender for a son-in-law! It's wonderful where property goes, sometimes. There was ole man Tracy—you remember him, Doc—J. R. Tracy, solid banker. He went into the bank as messenger, seventeen years old; he was president at forty-three, and he built that bank with his life for forty years more. He was down there from nine in the morning until four in the afternoon the day before he died—over eighty! Gilt edge, that bank? It was diamond edge! He used to eat a bag o' peanuts and an apple for lunch; but he wasn't stingy—he was just livin' in his business. He didn't care for pie or automobiles—he had his bank. It was an institution, and it come pretty near bein' the beatin' heart o' this town in its time. Well, that ole man used to pass one o' these here turned-up nose and turned-up pants cigarette boys on the streets. Never spoke to him, Tracy didn't. Speak to him? God! he wouldn't 'a' coughed on him! He wouldn't 'a' let him clean the cuspidors at the bank! Why, if he'd 'a' just seen him standin' in *front* the bank he'd 'a' had him run off the street. And yet all Tracy was doin' every day of his life was workin' for that

cigarette boy! Tracy thought it was for the bank; he thought he was givin' his life and his life-blood and the blood of his brain for the bank, but he wasn't. It was every bit—from the time he went in at seventeen till he died in harness at eighty-three—it was every last lick of it just slavin' for that turned-up nose, turned-up pants cigarette boy. *And Tracy didn't even know his name!* He died, not ever havin' heard it, though he chased him off the front steps of his house once. The day after Tracy died his old-maid daughter married the cigarette—and there *ain't* any Tracy bank any more! And now"—his voice rose again—"I got a cigarette son-in-law!"

Gurney pointed to the flourishing right hand without speaking, and Sheridan once more returned it to the sling.

"My son-in-law likes Florida this winter," Sheridan went on. "That's good, and my son-in-law better enjoy it, because I don't think he'll be there next winter. They got twelve-thousand dollars to spend, and I hear it can be done in Florida, by rich sons-in-law. When Roscoe's woman got me to spend that much on a porch for their new house, Edith wouldn't give me a minute's rest till I turned over the same to her. And she's got it, besides what I gave her to go East on. It'll be gone long before this time next year, and when she comes home and leaves the cigarette behind—for good—she'll get some more. *My name ain't Tracy, and there ain't goin' to be any Tracy business in the Sheridan family. And there ain't goin' to be any*

college foundin' and endowin' and trusteein', nor God-knows-what to keep my property alive when I'm gone! Edith'll be back, and she'll get a girl's share when she's through with that cigarette, but—"

"By the way," interposed Gurney, "didn't Mrs. Sheridan tell me that Bibbs warned you Edith would marry Lamhorn in New York?"

Sheridan went completely to pieces. He swore, while his wife screamed and stopped her ears. And as he swore he pounded the table with his wounded hand, and when the doctor, after storming at him ineffectively, sprang to catch and protect that hand, Sheridan wrenched it away, tearing the bandage. He hammered the table till it leaped.

"Fool!" he panted, choking. "If he's shown gumption enough to guess right the first time in his life, it's enough for me to begin learnin' him on!" And, struggling with the doctor, he leaned toward Bibbs, thrusting forward his convulsed face, which was deathly pale. "My name ain't Tracy, I tell you!" he screamed, hoarsely. "You give in, you stubborn fool! I've had my way with you before and I'll have my way with you now!"

Bibbs's face was as white as his father's, but he kept remembering that 'splendid look' of Mary's which he had told her would give him courage in a struggle, so that he would "never give up."

"No. You can't have your way," he said. And then, obeying a significant motion of Gurney's head, he went out quickly, leaving them struggling.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



Dividing Up

BY HOWARD BRUBAKER



MRS. LEONARD'S confectionery, toy, and notion store (commodities named in the order of their importance) was a puzzling phenomenon. It was not "downtown," like a regular store, but right among the residences; in fact, Mrs. Leonard herself lived in a house adjoining the little frame building and connected with it at the rear. It was the kind of shop people's mothers told them to "run over to" and get a spool of thread, or a paper of pins, or rubbers for the mason-jars. Its single show-window, rightly considered, was a clock that told the time of year. In February it put forth valentines—pretty ones that girls affected, and delicious, funny, ugly ones to settle old scores and start new ones. As soon as the snow disappeared, jackstones and marbles and baseballs bloomed in this sunny, sheltered place, and, almost before one knew it, a flannel rabbit and colored eggs (the same rabbit every year, but different eggs). On some bright morning in June, as a person was walking along thinking of something else entirely, he suddenly discovered that Mrs. Leonard's window was riotously unsafe and incane with red fire-crackers, Roman candles, and boxes containing a few torpedoes and a great deal of sawdust. At this period mothers always looked worried and said: "Oh, my gracious! it's coming again."

Passing quickly over the drab days of school-tablets and pencil-boxes, one existed somehow until a certain fair, crisp afternoon in early December when the window was a promised land of sweetness and wonder. There was candy in infinite variety and inconceivable quantity—trays of chocolates and cocoanut, peanut-bars, gum-drops glistening with sugar, striped sticks in glass jars, red drops, beans surpassing anything in nature, licorice, broken taffy, foothills of

assorted joy circling a mixed-candy mountain of pure delight—or approximately pure. Crabbed age estimated that there was enough stuff in this one window to bring a toothache to every home in Lakeville; but youth gazed gregariously and wished it had a million dollars.

On such a day as this, Randolph Harrington Dukes, with one cheek distended, stood upon the steps of this emporium of delight and contemplated our social and economic system. His deliberate, eight-going-on-nine opinion of it was far from flattering; any one could see that there was no justice in the arrangement. In spite of the teacher's frequent assertion that this is a land of equality, it was plain that people were divided into three classes. There were the rich, like Mrs. Leonard, who had more candy than they could eat (even by eating nights), and yet who parted with it only in dribbles and strictly in accordance with the prices marked on little pasteboard tags. There were those who, like Ranny himself, frequently had pennies to spend for all-day-suckers, jaw-breakers, chewing-gum, and such durable delights, with occasional five-cent windfalls of soft and expensive confectionery. And then there were the poor who never had candy at all.

It was the spectacle of Mary Murray and her little brother, John, standing hungrily before the show-window and typifying grinding poverty that started all this philosophy. Mary and John lived with shiftless parents (Ranny had "shiftless" on high authority) in the short street between the railroad and the marsh. The real name of this thoroughfare was Water Street, but people always called it "Frogtown," and then, when it was too late, looked cautiously about to see whether anybody who lived there was present. "Frogtown" was a good place to go when parents would not admit that the lake was solid enough to

slide on; and one spring of joyful memory the people there had to go to their houses in boats. In spite of its aquatic advantages, it was a well-known fact that only the poor lived in "Frogtown"; stylish adults seldom went there except to see somebody about the washing.

Young John, who had been breathing upon the window until the scenery was obscured, turned and observed Ranny's lumpy jaw.

"Gimme candy," he said.

Mary jerked him by the arm, because it isn't nice to ask for things, but her shawl fluttered loose, and she suddenly seemed cold and unhappy; a hole in her stocking showed her skin all rough and blue.

Ranny shifted his indivisible jaw-breaker to his front teeth and exposed it to the public gaze.

"I only had one cent — honest," he said, slapping flabby pockets with empty hands.

Young John was so disheartened at this report that Ranny was sorry he had not plunged on three-for-a-cent caramels. Charity being out of the question, he went in for uncomplimentary thoughts about the scheme of things. His reflections lasted even longer than the jaw-breaker.

He brought up the subject that evening when he and father were reading in the sitting room — that is, father was reading and Ranny was lying on his stomach within the light circle on the floor looking at the animal pictures in a book about Henry M. Stanley. Mother was indulging her queer taste for mending.

"Father," he asked, as he shifted his weight upon one elbow, "why are some people poor and some rich?"

"That's what *I'd* like to know." Father smiled but did not remove his eyes from the paper.

"It ain't right," Ranny insisted, "for some folks to have all the candy that way."

At this father dropped the paper and drew the boy to his side.

"Look here, son; we're not exactly rich, but we have plenty to eat and a comfortable home. And I guess you get all the candy you need. It's bad for the teeth, anyway." Thereupon, with true adult logic, the manufacturer of sterling farm-wagons reached into his pocket and gave up two cents — as if that small amount would muffle the cry of injustice without hurting the teeth.

Jingling the profits of this otherwise sad misunderstanding, Ranny made a fresh start.

"How does people get rich?"

"If you are honest and work hard and save money, some day you will be rich—" Here father faltered (perhaps



"I ONLY HAD ONE CENT—HONEST"

because of mother's disconcerting smile) and ended weakly: "or, anyway, not very poor."

"Does rich people work harder 'n poor?"

"No, no!" said father, impatiently, and took refuge behind his paper and the time-worn pretext, "You'll understand these things better when you are older."

"But remember this, dear," mother added, "you should always be kind to the poor—and most of all in this Christmas season."

Ranny went back to darkest Africa; but, though his eyes were fixed upon a deliciously terrifying gorilla about to eat a tree, his thoughts were upon the queer world close at home. When one has a disappearing father and a mother who is more interested in household matters and the baby than in public affairs, one naturally learns to rely much upon personal experience. It was pleasant, there before the coal-fire; Ranny had two cents in his pocket and a school-free Saturday ahead of him, yet he was not happy; the candyless, shiftless Murrays had settled down in his consciousness and refused to move out. Ranny, who, all unknown to himself, was living a rapid résumé of the history of the race, had arrived on that crisp December afternoon at the era of the social conscience.

Father's talk about working hard and saving money had no bearing upon the present crisis: the Murrays could not be expected to hunger for candy until Ranny had grown rich through frugality. This was a childhood problem and had to be settled by more direct methods. Once when the boys were playing shinny with a tin can, Bud Hicks's mother came out and gave him five warm cookies. It is a well-known law that everything must be divided equally, yet they had to sit on Bud's head and poke him with shinny-sticks before they could make him remember this rule. And then the cookies were practically ruined.

Before Ranny went to sleep that night he had a matured plan. To-morrow he would go to Mrs. Leonard and ask her civilly to do the right thing by the poor. If she refused he would have to take matters into his own hands. Public

opinion would back him up; the teacher would probably hear about the affair and commend him openly. "Frogtown" would be contented and happy, except for a toothache here and there. Besides, he would get his share with the rest.

The next morning he started out early so that he might set our economic system to rights and get home in time for dinner. Leaving by the back gate, he carried on his arm a basket which, before it became an instrument of social justice, had been used for bringing in kindlings. For a moment he sought inspiration before the toothsome show-window, then boldly mounted the steps. As he opened the door a bell tinkled faintly somewhere in the rear, and presently Mrs. Leonard's ample form appeared between the parted curtains.

"Was there something this morning, Ranny?" she asked, as she put on her spectacles.

Ranny was fully prepared. "I need lotsa candy to give to the poor."

The shopkeeper looked surprised, but as cheerful as possible—though that was not too cheerful at best, because she had a strange growth under one eye which gave her a perpetually tearful appearance. Ranny had often wondered how anybody who lived adjacent to so much free candy could be so unhappy.

"How much do you want?"

"About a basketful." Ranny rested this receptacle upon the counter.

"Good land, child! How much 've you got to spend?"

"I want it free. Many persons is too poor to buy candy."

"No, Ranny; I can't do that."

"I'll pay ya two cents for mine." As evidence of good faith Ranny displayed the specie together with some irrelevant pocket fuzz.

"No, I can't afford to give away no candy." With this weak rejoinder Mrs. Leonard turned to a more promising shopper who had just entered. As Ranny was closing the front door he distinctly heard the words:

"That Dukes boy has the queerest ideas—"

Around the corner, where the little store turned a windowless side to Jefferson Street, he collected his scattered moral forces. The first repulse, while



ALONE IN THE CANDY-STORE WITH A FIRM MORAL PURPOSE

disappointing, was not wholly unexpected; nothing in his experience had led him to believe that Mrs. Leonard's heart bled for the poor and shiftless. The next step required strategy. Ranny saw the current customer go away and set himself to wait for another; old Mr. Jennings stopped before the show-window, but he did not go inside. He only shook his head and murmured, "How time flies!"

At last a woman came across the street, wiping her steaming hands upon her apron, and entered the store. This was Ranny's opportunity. By watching through the show-window he contrived to be going in just as this purchaser was coming out—a manœuvre based upon the scientific fact that the bell in the back room jingled just the same no matter which way one was bound; Mrs. Leonard would not be expecting any one. The ruse was entirely successful, and Ranny slipped into the room just in time to see the back curtains fall together, leaving him alone in the candy-store with a kindling-basket and a firm moral purpose.

Without delay he attacked the window—the trays first, because they were easy to dump, next the open boxes of caramels, and presently the broken taffy. He was starting to remove the mixed-candy mountain with a scoop thoughtfully provided by the management when he discovered the white, flat ends of two noses pressed against the window-glass. Though they were not Murray noses, he threw a benevolent smile in their direction and went on with his work, filling his basket hurriedly, and, except for one trifling gum-drop, without loss from personal consumption.

Outside, the disinherited—now numbering two boys and a girl—hailed him, hopefully, and with an unnecessary "Come on!" the premature Santa Claus started in the direction of "Frogtown."

There followed the finest example of speedy mobilization that the peaceful community had ever known. By a kind of juvenile wireless telegraphy the glorious news flashed down Jefferson Street that a person of tender years was carrying an open market-basket of assorted sweetmeats. Peaceful pursuits



Ernst Krauss

IN "FROGTOWN" THE REDISTRIBUTION OF WEALTH BEGAN

were abandoned; all kindling-splitting instantly ceased, nails were left half driven, skates half sharpened, cats scared half to death; bows and arrows dropped from the hands of astonished Indians. In the first block Ranny was the center of noisy curiosity; in the second, the leader of a mob; in the third, the Pied Piper of Lakeville.

"Fatty" Hartman came dancing ponderously in anticipatory delight. Tom Rucker clambered over a picket-fence, exclaiming as he fell:

"Ya know me, Ranny!—ya know your uncle!"

This became a popular slogan, and by the time the social revolutionist reached "Frogtown" he had acquired a prodigious number of uncles—and several aunts.

Ranny had proceeded quietly, answering no questions, recognizing no relationships—a little frightened at the extent of his success, but unalterable in his purpose. In "Frogtown" the uncle supply was greatly increased (for "Frogtown" atoned for the small size of its houses by

the large size of its families), and at the center of its short and only street the redistribution of wealth began.

Generous but firm, Ranny restrained a tendency on the part of the Collander boy to grab, and doled out the pieces one at a time.

"Jes' wait a minute, can't ya?" he kept shouting above the din. "Ever'body 'll get their share! Girls, too!"

For a moment this programme went smoothly, but, the news having depopulated the skating-pond, there came boys who were larger and stronger than Ranny, and lacking his ideas of equity. These at once began dipping into the source of supply and fighting with one another for favored places. In an instant Ranny became the center of a candy riot.

Suddenly, however, all scrambling ceased and the young Robin Hood, surprised and relieved, was left alone with his somewhat depleted basket. Immediately the cause of this phenomenon descended upon him, flashing violence from indignant spectacles, and a mo-

ment later Mrs. Leonard, with a basket in one capable hand and a tender young ear firmly pinched in the other, was starting back toward her place of business.

It is a regrettable fact that the recipients of sweetness and light deserted Ranny in this extremity; they withdrew to trees and fences, and munched sedately. "Fatty" Hartman was suddenly deeply concerned as to whether the ice in the gutter would bear his vast weight. Tom Rucker was cautiously proclaiming himself the uncle of Bud Hicks, who, Budlike, had fared well in the scramble.

This was disillusioning, but the sharpest serpent's tooth of all was the attitude of the Murrys, the innocent cause of all this anarchy. Mary and John, shiftless as usual, had arrived late at the uprising and found it no place for women and children. As they had not shared in the profits, Mary saw no reason why they should share in the prevailing panic, so they stood stolidly on the sidewalk. As the criminal passed he saw Mary pull her brother back from the contaminating presence and heard her say, "Hestold candy!"

To this, young John, deeply impressed, replied, "Gimme candy!" and was duly shaken. Thus the Murrys bit the hand that would have fed them as soon as it had time.

Mrs. Leonard did not speak during that melancholy journey; but once inside the store, the silence was utterly shattered. Ranny learned that he was a burglar and a dangerous criminal of all kinds, that his parents would have their hearts broken without delay, and that everybody for miles around would be thrown into prison.

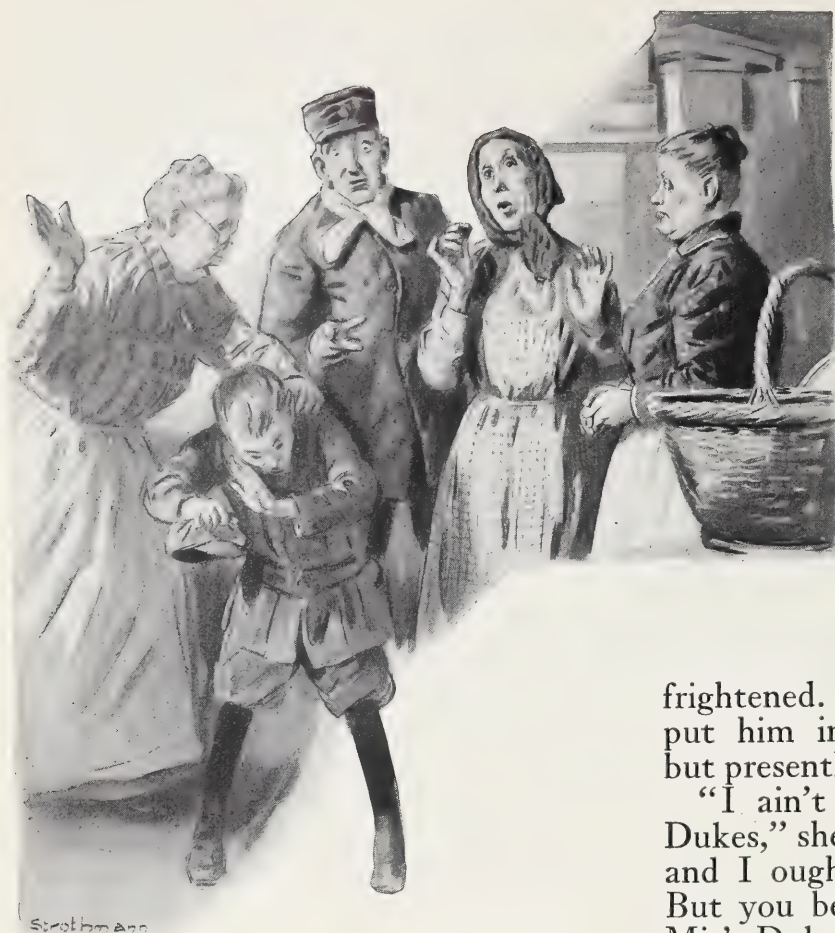
Also, as if not caring to wait upon the slow processes of justice, Mrs. Leonard administered at once a thorough and workmanlike spanking.

The wireless had been busy again, this time attuned to the adult ear. Two neighbor women and the driver for Alleston's grocery-store formed a sympathetic audience for Mrs. Leonard's account of the outrage. The delivery man readily identified Ranny as one of those abandoned characters who are for ever stealing rides on the back of his wagon, when, goodness knew it was hard enough to remember where everything went. One woman made clucking sounds indicating hopeless resignation; the other, absently taking a caramel out of the basket, said, "This is awful!"—meaning the situation. Ranny ached to justify himself, but the channels of information were choked, and what little news he did give out was subjected to censorship by Mrs. Leonard.

Her garbled version had for the unfortunate young man only one illuminating



THE RECIPIENTS OF SWEETNESS DESERTED RANNY IN THIS EXTREMITY



WHAT LITTLE NEWS HE DID GIVE OUT WAS
SUBJECTED TO CENSORSHIP BY MRS. LEONARD

point: she had been summoned to the store by the bell which rang as he was leaving with his spoils. Thus science, which had been his ally at the beginning, had in the end betrayed him. When the candy magnate discovered what had happened to the show-window you could have knocked her down with a feather; but, as there had been nobody present to perform this service to humanity, she had gone outside to look around.

"It didn't take no detective to find out which way they went," she concluded, modestly; "I never heard such carryings-on in all my born days!"

Throughout this ordeal Ranny could see in the street clumps of ex-uncles with tireless jaws and faces gory with red drops staring at the store and gloating over the lively scenes that were to come. When the door opened to let the delivery man go back to his nerve-racking task, they scattered in all directions, then gradually reassembled. But when Mrs. Leonard, having placed the store in the

hands of the candy-eating lady for safe-keeping and secured a bonnet from the house, haled the culprit forth, the rising generation melted into the winter landscape.

To Ranny's relief, Mrs. Leonard did not start in the direction of the jail; at any rate, he was not to be deprived of a last look at the old homestead. With many unnecessary jerks she led him to the side-door of the Dukes residence and delivered him over to mother, who was at first surprised and then frightened. Mrs. Leonard proceeded to put him in the worst possible light, but presently showed signs of departure.

"I ain't got no call to do it, Mis' Dukes," she declared. "He's a bad boy, and I ought to have the law on him. But you been a good customer to me, Mis' Dukes, and I don't cherish no malice."

"I'm very, very sorry," mother said, as she showed her visitor out. "Mr. Dukes will come and pay you for what was taken."

"Well, of course a poor widow-woman trying to make ends meet can't afford no losses." While making this speech Mrs. Leonard turned her face so as to display the permanent tear-drop.

Thus to her crimes of refusing aid to the needy, of thwarting the ends of justice, and of misrepresenting the motives of high-minded people, the opulent Mrs. Leonard added that of hypocrisy.

Ranny was just beginning to realize that he was not to be taken at once to a felon's cell when he received a shock that transcended anything in his experience. Mother turned from the closed door, took a step toward him, and burst into tears.

"Oh, Ranny! Ranny!" she sobbed, falling on her knees before him and clasp- ing him convulsively. "I thought you were such a *good* boy! I would never have believed that you would *steal*!"

"I didn't steal it," he said, huskily. "I took it to give to poor boys and girls."

"Didn't you eat any yourself?" Mother's glistening eyes were looking deep into his.

"Only a l-little," he replied, miserably. And so they cried together.

"All right, dear," mother said at last. "Run out in the back yard and don't go away. We shall talk to father about it when he comes to dinner." With a final, heart-straining kiss Ranny was dismissed.

It was a relief to be out in the bright sunshine, though his throat ached and the "secret den" in the woodshed refused to lend itself to illusion and become a post-office or drug-store. But as Ranny's temperament was equipped with an automatic stabilizer, he soon began to feel a normal curiosity about the hideous and interesting uproar out in the alley. What he saw, through a loose board in the fence, convinced him that mother was right—it was best to stick to the back yard.

Tom Rucker, smacking his lips over some imaginary delicacy, was being overwhelmed by superior force (in real life, "Fatty" Hartman) and prodded off to justice with a wagon-spoke. Minor offenders were being apprehended all up and down the alley. This spasm of righteousness only ceased at "Colly" Collander's disgusting suggestion that all parties go down-town and look at the jail!

Considering how many things had happened since breakfast, it was an unbelievably long time until noon, but father came at last and summoned the culprit to justice in the dining-room.

"Randolph," he asked, in his Supreme Court tones, "is it true that you stole candy from Mrs. Leonard?"

"I t-took the candy," said the accused, avoiding the objectionable verb, "to give to the poor—an' shif'less. Mother *said* we should be kind to the poor."

"Mother never said we should be kind to the poor with other people's property. I guess you thought your initials, R. H., stood for Robin Hood."

"I asked 'er to give me the candy first, but she was too stingy."

Father's face lightened a little.

"Mother, did Mrs. Leonard tell you Ranny asked for the candy?"

The witness replied in the negative.

"First I did." Ranny eagerly followed up this advantage. "I told 'er I needed it for the poor. I said I'd pay 'er two cents for mine."

"Wait here a minute."

Father took his hat, but not his overcoat, and went out. Not knowing what to make of this new turn of affairs, Ranny looked to mother for enlightenment, but got no comfort worth mentioning. At the end of a nervous fifteen minutes father returned, bringing, not the town marshal, but the kindling-basket.

"Give me fifty cents, Ranny," he said, with startling abruptness. The boy searched his father's face in vain for a smile.

"I ain't got fifty cents," he said.

"I paid Mrs. Leonard fifty cents for the candy you gave to the poor, and *I want my money back.*" This time father held out his hand.

Ranny was silent at the thought of that fabulous sum; he realized for the first time the seriousness of his raid.

"Mother, isn't there some job we could give this boy that would help him to get out of debt?" father asked.

It was finally agreed that Ranny was to dry the dishes every evening and on Saturdays and Sundays. For this service he was to receive ten cents a week, which father would promptly appropriate. He was not to hurry too much and break things—that was mother's contribution.

"It will take you five weeks," father said. "You see, it's lots harder to get out of debt than to get in."

Glad to escape at any price, Ranny agreed to these terms—but not without a final shot at the enemy.

"Mis' Leonard's awful rich an' stingy!"

Thereupon, in a series of astonishing disclosures, it came out that Mrs. Leonard was not a plutocrat at all, but a poor, hard-working widow. Even her little store practically belonged to somebody else. It was like this: Mr. Thompson, who lived in the big house with the steeple, and the fountain in the yard, really owned Mrs. Leonard's store, because she owed him money. This was called a mortgage. Mr. Thompson also had a mortgage on such things as the

lumber-yard, and "had a good deal to say in the First National Bank"—a talkative person, evidently.

"He mus' work very hard," said Ranny, remembering the formula.

In the silence which followed Ranny had time to get acquainted with the new idea.

"I tell ya," he said at last; "I'm goin' to start a candy-store in the 'secret den'—jest pretend, ya know."

"Yep," said father.

"An' you got a—now—morketch—because I owe ya fifty cents."

"Goodness! mother, I'm a capitalist!" To Ranny, father added: "You better keep a close watch over the stock. There's a great deal of crime in this neighborhood."

"I'll keep 'em out," said Ranny. "I can't afford no losses."

"But the poor?" mother asked. "What about them?"

"If they'd be honest and work hard and save their money," Ranny said, looking down tolerantly upon feminine ignorance of finance, "they wouldn't be so poor. They'd be rich like father."

At this point the conversation got beyond Ranny's depth.

"I suppose this lesson had to be learned," said mother, thoughtfully, "but it does seem a shame to destroy a generous illusion like that."

"I know," said father. "Suppose you talk to him some time about the poor and such matters. I seem to be better at making wagons."

The New House

BY FANNIE STEARNS GIFFORD

MY little House is very young:
No shadow makes it grave.
With bluebird chintz and roses hung
Its chamber windows wave.

Here never blind-eyed Grief has knocked
And entered groping in.
The doors, that seem so free, are locked
As yet to Death and Sin.

Here only happy wondering dreams
Walk nightly to and fro.
They are the friends of white moonbeams,
And simple as the snow.

My little House is very young,
And very unaware
That dreams are wrought and songs are sung
In any subtler air.

Oh, might I keep its bluebirds bright,
Its hearth still warm and gay!
Oh, might my House but know delight,
And not be dark some day!

Cannibal Country

BY NORMAN DUNCAN



APUA—the British New Guinea of recent times and unsavory memory—is still cannibal country. Aboard the packet, lying in the brilliant, colorful little harbor of Port Moresby; and ashore, in the deep tropical shade, with the sun shut out and the breeze let in, singular tales are told of murder and magic. The half of Papua—the whole being a matter of ninety thousand square miles of swamp land, hardly accessible jungle, frosty plateaus, and considerable mountains, lying a bit under the Line—has not been explored; and what remains (except the patches of settled country near the sea) is not so familiarly known that no mystery attaches to its physical characteristics and savage customs. True, the land is open to settlement—a fertile, lovely, tropical country, but aggravating to white blood, in the way of all new tropical lands. It is not now a Crown colony; it is administered [under the Australian Commonwealth—a patient, industrious, cunning, God-fearing administration, moreover, imposing civilization in no violent way, but adapting it, and cherishing, in an unusual experiment, the preservation and enlightenment of the native races, who thrive in the benign sphere of influence, above the wanton advantage of the settlers and trading adventurers. White inhabitants there are, to be sure, in slowly increasing number—a thousand, in round numbers, nowadays, occupied with planting, mining, and trading, the planters exporting chiefly cocoanuts, rubber, and sisal hemp; and of the natives it is roughly estimated that there are four hundred thousand, in widely scattered and mutually unfriendly tribes, speaking many languages and dialects, and frankly given, in the remoter parts, to the enjoyment of murder and the prac-

tice of the ancient cannibal customs. Notwithstanding these disproportionate numbers and established customs, and in spite of the amazing point of view in relation to the taking of life, a white man is reasonably secure, so surely and heavily has the hand of the law fallen upon offenders. Provided a man walk circumspectly through the familiar places, with some small notion of propriety in respect to alien property, dignity, and wives, he need go in no very grave fear of being boiled and eaten; but let him venture far afield, where the law is not and the emphasis of the government's disapprobation is unknown, and let him prove himself a truculent fellow the while—he may then save himself from the boiling-pot and broiling-stones as best his wit and courage can manage.

"It is not," a planter explained, with no glint of amusement, "that a New Guinea native *prefers* a white man, for whom, as a matter of fact, he has a considerable distaste."

"Distaste!" we exclaimed, in astonishment. "Why?"

"Well, you see," the planter replied, "a white man is salty. And naturally, too, he tastes disagreeably of tobacco. You couldn't expect anything else, could you?"

Little is known—much from inference, perhaps nothing surely from intelligent contact—of what lies "beyond the mountains," in the far-away, unexplored places. And this region of mystery engages the horrified speculation of the natives of the coastal regions as well as the interest of the white inhabitants of the territory. It is recorded by a magistrate of the Rigo district, for example, that there is declared to be a village of women with tails, in the direction of Mount Brown. A native informed the Administrator of the territory, as the Administrator relates, that

there is at any rate a race of tailed *men* "beyond the mountains." "I *know*," said he, "that tailed men live beyond the mountains." "*How* do you know?" the Administrator inquired. "I *ate* one," was the native's sufficient reply. Another native, according to the Administrator, protested that he was perfectly well aware of the existence and place of habitation of these tailed men. Taken in his garden, said he, he had been carried captive to the very village of tailed men; and he had lived there for many weeks, and had acquainted himself with the customs of the tribe, who were so indubitably possessed of tails, indeed, that they had bored holes in the floors of their houses, which were elevated upon piles, so that, to squat comfortably when at home, it was their custom to thrust their tails through these apertures and dangle them unconstrained in the space below. The captive, with his very own eyes, had observed them do this very thing; and not only had he observed the comfortably disposed appendages, he had himself slipped under the houses, upon occasion, and softly, very softly, tied a knot in each dangling tail. It was his pleasure in this way to annoy the tailed men. In response to his outcry—that an enemy approached—the tailed men would leap to their feet; and it was vastly amusing (said he) to observe their behavior when the knots brought them back to their haunches with a jerk. Tailed men? Of course there were tailed men! How in the world, it may be inquired, could the captive have tied knots in the tails of the tailed men if the tailed men *had* no tails? It is a fair illustration of the fear-some regard in which the New Guinea native holds the unknown regions—a fair illustration, too, of the quality of the logic of the New Guinea native.

Papua has long been known as a bloody land. It is a bloody land still. But the blood of white men is rarely let; and the wanton slaughter of natives, the one by the other—at least in those fast-widening regions which are within the sphere of the law—is fast diminishing. All this being so, in one year, nevertheless, when there were two hundred and fifteen prisoners committed for trial, one hundred and eighteen of

them were charged with murder, nine with manslaughter, and five with attempted murder. To the civilized mind the motives to murder, shocking enough, to be sure—nor wanting an aspect of gruesome humor—are upon occasion incredible. As they are matters of record, however, disclosed upon painstaking investigation, they are to be accepted, not as irresponsible tales, such as wander about the Eastern seas, but as substantial facts, however singular and incomprehensible they may appear. It is a matter of court record, for example, that certain natives of what is called the Coast Range, being upon trial for the murder of two carriers, whose throats they had cut, admitted the deed without the least hesitation, and sought to justify the ghastly business upon the ground that the carriers had appeared to be "cold and hungry"—dejected fellows, far away from their village. The prisoners had not eaten the carriers. They had merely—with the most considerate expedition—cut the throats of the carriers, who were strangers, at any rate, and therefore of no great consequence; and no ingenuity of cross-questioning could elicit a motive ulterior to the one so ingenuously advanced—that the carriers, appearing to be "cold and hungry," were, in the opinion of the gentlemen who had incontinently cut their throats, much better dead. A similar case of merciful extermination concerned a young native, employed to shoot game for a white planter, who encountered a sick man (Papuan) on the road, near by a river, and strangled him to death. Upon trial he explained that the sick man had created annoyance, and a considerable embarrassment, as well, by insistently requesting to be carried across the river to the other side, whence his way lay forward to his village.

"Quite so," said the presiding officer. "Why, then, *didn't* you carry him across the river?"

"He was too heavy," replied the native. "It would have put me to a great deal of trouble."

"Why did you *kill* him?"

"What else could I do? The man was sick."

It was out of the question to endure



Drawn by George Harding

AN ATTACK UPON NATIVE TREE-DWELLERS



CANNIBALS AND HEAD-HUNTERS

the labor of carrying the sick man across the river. It was equally out of the question to abandon the pitiable object. Therefore the bewildered fellow had strangled him—the most obvious way out of a dilemma which bade fair to distress his feelings.

Two natives of a village near Ukaudi were charged before a magistrate with the murder of a man of Ukaudi. True, they had killed him. No; he had not offended them. Animosity had had nothing to do with the affair. As a matter of fact they had never seen the man before. They had killed him, said they, to oblige an amiable stranger with whom they had pleasantly fallen in, and who, desiring this death for reasons of his own, which were doubtless sufficient, had entreated them to accomplish the little favor. A Northern native, apprehended for the murder of his aged father, confessed that he had killed him. Oh yes—he had killed his father, all right! *Why* had he killed his father? “The old man,” he replied, “wasn’t much good”—and no other motive could be elicited. Another native ex-

plained that his victim had “talked too much”—bored him altogether beyond endurance. “He talked and talked,” said he, “until I couldn’t stand it any longer. And so I killed him.” It was a similar propensity that inspired a native to beat his wife near to death. “Her tongue never ceased,” he told the magistrate, “and as she troubled me seriously, I beat her.” Another native, upon trial for a murderous assault upon his wife, the death of the woman having been nearly accomplished, explained: “I was in a hurry to go to school. My wife was slow in bringing my reading-book.” A village constable, one Baruga of Baipa—the territory is policed by native constables, after a fashion, and in a restricted way, under the close direction of the magistrates—was taken in custody, charged with leading a murderous raid against a near-by community, a crime of which he was clearly guilty. He had been for some years in the service: he was described “in the books” as “a good man.” There was no reason why he should have organized this bloody expedition except that he had had nothing else to do—no other pleasure in

prospect. And sheer ennui, indeed, is said to have been the cause of his lapse from grace. Dull days follow upon the advent of the law: the women do the work of the world; a man of spirit must employ his energies—must entertain himself—somehow.

"Sheer ennui," says the Administrator, "has been the motive in many similar instances."

Sheer ennui, indeed, involves the Papuan in a great deal of difficulty. Invited all at once to give a new direction to his energies—the thing is doubtless both incomprehensible and unattractive—he finds it difficult to adjust himself to the new conditions of enjoyment. After the sanguinary delights of the raid and the man-hunt, what joy can indenture to a planter afford, and how, in the secure, dull villages, can time hang any-

thing but heavily? The Papuan *must* have distraction. It is not an amusing incident of administration: it is a grave problem. The Administrator once tried two natives from the mountains back of Rigo for throwing spears at the police. It was a serious offense. The police must not be molested, and the Papuans knew it—knew that the diverting sport had gravely endangered them. Nevertheless they pleaded guilty. The Administrator explained—through several interpreters, to make sure of driving the admonition home—that the Papuans must never again throw spears at the police. To his amazement the Papuans asked that they might be hanged. "But why?" inquired the Administrator. "Throwing spears at the police is the only pleasure we have left," replied the Papuans, disconsolately. "You have



THE NATIVE VILLAGE AT PORT MORESBY IS BUILT ON PILES

said that we must not throw spears at the police any more. Let us be hanged. We do not want to live any longer." The constable who led the murderous raids for lack of other entertainment was sentenced to seven years' imprisonment. Other lapses of the police have been punished less severely. I recall the case of Karara, sometime village constable—a man whose record was dark, who had led raids in the Delta, and who, in search of acceptable excitement, had taken part in a deal of tribal fighting. For his misdeeds (he was probably never caught red-handed) he "was deprived of his clothes"—a degradation of consequence and a brutal blow to his vanity. It was no light punishment. The Papuan is devoted to the wearing of clothes—so devoted to the new fashion, indeed, that the government goes to great lengths of alarm in discouragement of the vicious practice.

Wearing clothes is emphatically frowned upon by the administration. The fashion, indeed, is condemned with temper. One magistrate goes the length of declaring that "the curse of rags" should forthwith be prohibited by law—that it should be made a criminal offense for a native to wear more than a loin-cloth and a woman to adorn herself with anything more voluminous and unsanitary than a brief grass skirt. I do not know what part the missionaries have in encouraging the native population to clothe its perfectly inoffensive nakedness. In Port Moresby, I recall, a shocking contrast to the modest native attire of the women who were unloading the packet, while we lay at the wharf, was presented by a group of their idle sisters, who appeared each in a loose garment commonly known, I believe, as a Mother Hubbard. It was something to laugh at, to be sure—the flirtatious vanity and grotesque appearance of these ample maidens. It was revolting, too. One might search the open world in vain for a more striking exhibition of immodesty; and one jumped to the conclusion that the missionaries were in fault—that the benevolent folk at home had sought to further missionary endeavor in a cannibal country by contributing the civilizing influence of these discarded Mother Hubbards. Yet I fancy that the mis-

sionaries, who are far wiser than the comic supplements allow, were not in the least to blame—that the traders were at the bottom of this unhappy change in costume. Clothes are worn by the New Guinea native with no degree of circumspection. They are never taken off—except to be traded—and consequently, being counted articles of trade, they pass from hand to hand, from district to district, proceeding from the settlements to the far-away regions, leaving a trail of contamination to mark their course. Where the natives take to them "to an immoderate degree" (the reports declare) there is an alarming increase in "the lung disease." The object of a discerning administration seems to be a paradoxical attempt to civilize the native without interrupting his healthfully naked condition.

Some of the New Guinea murders—to return to the matter of casual blood-letting—are done in mere childish explosions of temper. They indicate what manner of difficulty the administration encounters in dealing with a fixed and traditional propensity to shed blood. How cheap life is—how inconsequential its taking! And how amazingly insecure life was before the occupation and fast-growing pacification of the land! And by what a slender thread it still hangs in the remoter, still savage parts! A mere momentary lapse from caution—and life is lost. "One man"—runs a report—"irritated because a baby would not stop crying, killed not the baby, but his own mother; and I remember a case in which a man split open the head of another because he could not find his knife. So cases happen of accidental wounding, caused by the habit these people have of discharging arrows at random when they have a headache or feel otherwise out of sorts." On Rossel Island they punish a thief by killing the woman who cooks his food. In some cases the wife of the thief is killed. In Port Moresby they relate a plain tale of murder done with no other motive than to relieve the feelings. It illustrates, in a measure, the inclination of a civilized man, being in a rage, to kick something—to "take it out of somebody." Two brothers, it seems, owned a most charming pig. And they loved that pig. And



GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS ARE CONTINUALLY PUSHING FARTHER AFIELD

the pig fell sick and died. To assuage their grief they sallied forth and killed an unsuspecting member of a neighboring tribe. The victim had never seen the pig—had never even heard of the bereaved brothers. Had he been acquainted with the pig, and had he been acquainted with the brothers, and had he known that the brothers were approaching, and that the pig was dead, he would doubtless have taken to his heels with what expedition he could command. It was their custom, said the brothers, upon trial, to kill somebody,

anybody, when a particularly beloved pig died. Had they killed this man? To be sure!—the pig had died, and it was the custom. The magistrate remarks that they were “still sighing like furnaces” over the loss of the beloved when they were led away to jail.

All the common motives obtain in New Guinea as elsewhere. A man kills his enemy because he hates him—a blood feud, an altercation, a quarrel over a woman (or a pig). And there are a number of peculiar inspirations. In some districts, an assassination, for ex-

ample, privileges a young man to wear a certain feather; in others, the beak of a hornbill; and it is not to be wondered at that coveting this badge of valor—it is of course awe-inspiring and highly attractive to the maidens of the villages—brings many a young fellow under the high displeasure of the law. A prisoner who had killed a white man—a very rare occurrence—explained that “when-ever he wanted tobacco he killed a white man.” In a swift punishment of this magical process the man was hanged. Certain inland natives, brought to trial before the Administrator for an attack upon a body of police, were greatly astonished to find themselves charged with a heinous offense. They had never seen a policeman before, they said; and they did not know what policemen were—nor particularly liked the looks of them. “If,” said they, apologetically, “we had for a moment imagined that you attached any value to these persons we should not have dreamed of hurting them. We did not think they were any good.” A certain Hariki, of the Port Moresby neighborhood, built himself a new house which he wished to paint with a mixture of red clay and cocoanut-oil. As custom forbade him to employ this mixture, however, until he had killed a man, he set forth and murdered a white man. That he had no grudge against the victim who had admirably served his purpose is obvious. He sought, indeed, by every means in his power—he had some skill in incantation—to charm the dead man back to life, and succeeded (said he) with the legs, but though he continued his incantations diligently, even until nightfall, he could make no impression above the mortal wound in the chest. What is the administration to do (it has been asked) with folk of such simplicity?—who regard the taking of life as a feat of valor, a necessity of custom, a traditional distraction, a matter of no consequence whatsoever.

A resident magistrate visited a mountain tribe in whose territory a number of carriers had mysteriously vanished.

“You killed the men?”

“Oh yes.”

“You must not do it any more, you know.”

“But, sir,” the villagers protested, “the men were merely strangers.”

“In the sight of the government it is quite as grave an offense to kill a stranger,” the magistrate admonished them, imparting a bit of shocking information, “as it is to kill anybody else.”

It is altogether probable that the newly enlightened villagers were thereafter guided by this perfectly fresh information. That the natives are at least occasionally moved to live in respect of the law, when they are aware of its requirements, is shown, at any rate, in the case of the Kuni mountaineers who came four days' journey to Kairuku to inquire of the magistrate if a widow might marry again, the village constable (a native) being in doubt. In the Sinaketa district, a village constable, reasoning from what meager knowledge he had of the bewildering regulations of the government in respect to the ordinary affairs of life—though, indeed, the poor fellow must have been sorely puzzled by the extraordinary circumstances—saved the villagers from a slight error of behavior. The funeral of a middle-aged man was in progress. Near the grave the middle-aged man complained of discomfort. It was found, upon taking him back to the house, and unwrapping the mats with which he was swathed, that what he wanted was a banana. Having disposed of one banana, he demanded another; and having disposed of the second, he reclined, seeming now to be satisfied and dead beyond doubt. Laid in his grave, however, he complained again. It was annoying. The middle-aged man was putting his relatives to “shame.” It was the sentiment of the village that he should be buried, anyhow. With this, the village constable (a native) heartily agreed, speaking as a man, but pointed out, speaking as a constable, that, humiliating as the situation of the family unquestionably was, the government would “make trouble” if the man were buried alive. The middle-aged man, being indulgently returned to his home, demanded this time a drink of water, and, having drunk, once more reclined, as though beyond all mortal concerns. At the same time in a neighboring house the relatives, whom the middle-aged man was scandalizing by his obstrepe-

rous behavior, consulted together. Eventually it was proposed to procure the consent of the middle-aged man to the seemly progress of his own funeral by tightly winding a cord around his neck.

"No," said the village constable. "It would annoy the government."

"But why?" the relatives demanded, like children.

"I don't know," the constable replied; "yet I am sure that the government will be annoyed if you prepare the man for burial by winding a cord around his neck."

"Well, then," said the relatives, "what are we to do?"

"Wait awhile," replied the cunning constable, "and see what happens."

What chiefly concerned the relatives of the middle-aged man was not the "shame" to which the middle-aged man was putting them by interrupting his own funeral. It was this—that the body of the middle-aged man was unduly restraining the spirit from its flight. "He wishes to go," they said; "we don't want to hold him back—we want to help him to go." Next day—all this from a report of the magisterial investigation—the middle-aged man's spirit succeeded in loosing the bonds of the flesh and escaping to its place of desire.

Bloodthirsty as these natives are, and

genuinely incapable of comprehending why life should not be taken, a discreet white man is safe in the land, so successful has the native policy of the administration proved in practice—a policy of the reasonable and patient dealing out of justice rather than of wholesale

retaliation in the form of punitive expeditions.

"It would probably be quite safe for a white man to travel unarmed from the Purari Delta to the German boundary," says the Administrator;

"far safer than to walk at night through parts of some of the cities of Europe and Australia."

Not long ago, however, as time runs in new places, it was as much as a man's life was worth to land helpless on the coast. Traders and missionaries were slaughtered and eaten.

The ill fame of New Guinea was celebrated and well won. It was a feat of considerable daring to penetrate the forest—even to lie carelessly at anchor off the coast.

It is this New Guinea—now comparatively a

land of peace and a measure of fertile promise—that remains alive in the popular imagination. A score of shocking tales, current in Port Moresby, might be told to illustrate the recent precariousness of life in a land where an unarmed man may now walk as safe as in some slum quarters of an Australian city. As a matter of fact, the first traders led



A HOUSE SERVANT OF PORT MORESBY

adventurous lives—gave and took death, always in a highly thrilling fashion, and sometimes in a way almost humorously diverting to read about. A group of Chinamen, *bêche-de-mer* fishermen, for example, having brought themselves into peril of massacre, sought to impress the natives with the deadly efficacy of their firearms. To this end they set up a sheet-iron target and impressively peppered away at it. Unfortunately, they missed it every time—at a distance of thirty yards. Perceiving this, the natives, to display a superior skill, cast spears at the target, and scored with unfailing accuracy; and having thus proved their own superiority upon trial of the weapons, they attacked the Chinamen, killed every man-jack of them, and ate them every one.

Cannibalism is of course practised in New Guinea to this day. Some of the remoter tribes would doubtless be amazed to learn that it is regarded with disfavor in any quarter of the wide world. A man consumes his victim. In some districts, however, he must not consume his own victim; he may distribute his own victim, but must himself partake of the victim of a generously inclined friend. The administration has put an end to the thing within the limited sphere of its influence—has put an end to the freedom of village raiding; moreover, and has pretty thoroughly discouraged the murder of one individual by another. Cases of cannibalism, however, still come before the court; and they are dealt with, I believe—it is said to be an exceedingly difficult matter to deal with them at all—under that section of the criminal code which relates to body-snatching. The incidents are far too revolting for description—the boiling and broiling and barter of the victims. The time-worn joke about the missionary and the cannibal king is really in bad taste: the business is no laughing matter—not when one comes close to it. Some of the Papuan tribes are not cannibals; some protest a horrified loathing of the practice; and some, formerly accustomed, have now abandoned the custom in response to the teaching of the missionaries, or in deference to the attitude of the administration. It may be said, in a general way,

that the cannibal is a cannibal because he has a taste for that sort of thing. It is a food to which he inclines. Why waste it? he inquires. It may be that he consumes some small part of a departed relative because he has dearly loved that relative and desires openly to demonstrate his duty and affection; and it may be that he partakes of a ceremonial feast because custom indicates that to partake in such circumstances is a matter of high privilege and imperative propriety. The opinion is, however, that cannibalism is not, generally speaking, a ceremonial affair, but a mere consumption of a certain sort of food with which the cannibal wishes to sustain life and tickle his palate.

"I understand," a resident informed us, "that women are not particularly edible."

We suggested that this was a singular thing.

"They do all the work," the resident explained, "and are consequently lean and tough."

A more or less palatable classic of New Guinea cannibalism describes the fate of no less than three hundred and twenty-six wretched Chinamen. It has been reasonably authenticated by a cursory investigation of one of the Administrators of the territory, and there is no good reason—it jumps precisely with the habits of some of the savage natives—to question the truth of it. It seems that the three hundred and twenty-six Chinamen, having been cast away in the Louisdale Archipelago, and in this way marooned on a small island, were discovered in their helpless state by the natives of that region. One by one, as occasion required, they were taken off and eaten, until, as might be inferred, the natives were surfeited. Upon this the remaining Chinamen were hawked along the coast—exchanged, as might again be inferred, for more palatable food and for desirable articles of every description. One, however, escaped; and this survivor, it is related in one of the Annual Reports, was picked up, four months after the wreck of his vessel, by a French steamer, and carried to Melbourne, whence he made his way to the gold-fields of Victoria, and was eventually arrested upon the charge of selling liquor without a



Drawn by George Harding

GAUDY HEAD-DRESSES AND WILD-BEATING DRUMS MARK THE CEREMONIAL DANCE

license. It is not to be inferred from this incident that all Papuans are cannibals—that cannibalism flourishes as once it did. As a matter of fact, cannibalism is all the while diminishing; it has been put down in the settled places, driven to close cover on the edge of civilization, and is practised, in the free ancient fashion, without reproach—as when the three hundred and twenty-five Chinamen were disposed of—only in those rather extensive regions to which the white influence has not authoritatively extended. One does not expect to rub elbows with a cannibal in the little capital of Port Moresby. One may, of course; but the cannibal will wear no mark of his degradation—flowers in his hair, rather, and armlets of gay blossoms, and a garland around his neck.

To the infliction of punishment as a measure of correction the childish simplicity of the New Guinea native is something of a barrier. Not infrequently a native will accuse himself of murder and ask to be dealt with according to law.

"I have told you already," said an impatient magistrate to a village (native) constable, who had brought in a self-accused murderer, "that there must be an eye-witness of the crime."

"I told him so," the constable replied; "but he killed the man and ate him—and he *says* so."

"Don't care *what* he says," roared the magistrate; "he can't get justice in this court before he's able to *prove* it!"

An experience of a magistrate on patrol in the Gwoira Range precisely illustrates the difficulty which the perverse simplicity of the native attitude of mind toward reasonable information opposes to the administration of the law. In this instance, however, the law had nothing to do with the matter: it is a mere example of native incomprehension. It seems that the natives of the Gwoira Range had in some way persuaded themselves that they could swallow the white man's bullets and thus escape damage. The magistrate inquired if this were so. "It is perfectly true," replied one of the natives. "I can do it myself." Upon this the magistrate loaded his rifle and explained to the

native that if he should by any unhappy chance be unable to "eat" the bullet it would surely kill him. "Now, open your mouth," he continued, "and I will shoot the bullet down your throat." The native opened his mouth—all unconcerned. To demonstrate the effect of a discharge the magistrate shot the bullet through a log and triumphantly indicated the devastation. The native examined the aperture of entrance and the aperture of exit. Undoubtedly the bullet had gone clean through the log. The magistrate once more loaded his rifle. "Now, open your mouth," said he, "and swallow the bullet if you dare." And the native opened his mouth. Naturally, the magistrate, outraged and nonplussed by this amazing perversity, and appalled by its implications, concludes his story with the inquiry: What in the world is one to make of such people—what is one to *do* with them?

Well, what is one to do with a cannibal? It would not be fair to hang him. Upon reflection, as a matter of fact, it would be an outrage. He is obedient to the immemorial custom—not consciously a breaker of any comprehensible law. And he is not hanged. He is imprisoned for a spell. And what is one to do with a murderer in a land where murder is very much of a pastime and an exercise? A native who kills a white man is hanged as a matter of course. There is nothing else to do. But no expedition is despatched—it is a remarkable thing, come to think of it—to slaughter the half of his tribe. A measure of that sort is held by the present beneficent administration to be the very extremity of injustice and unwisdom. Native murderers of natives are sent to jail for terms varying from twelve months to seven years. The fact that life has always been cheap in New Guinea—that to take life has not been in the native catalogue of capital crime, and that the mysteries of civilization are new and difficult—is mercifully taken into account. In some cases a term in jail is a severe punishment. In others, it seems, it is a form of relaxation. A few years in confinement, perhaps, is no great hardship—except that it deprives the prisoner of the company of his village; and it may be said, approximating



NATIVE BOATS AT A COAST VILLAGE

a general truth; that the prisoners cherish the importance of their state—as on Rossel Island, for example, where the resident magistrate does not find it necessary to lock up his prisoners (incarcerated for minor offenses), but bids them remain in an open shed until he gives them word to go. At Daru, a native gave himself up to a magistrate and desired to be sent to jail forthwith.

"What have you done?" the magistrate inquired.

The native replied, "Nothing."

"Why, then," said the magistrate, "should I send you to jail?"

"The mosquitoes are so bad!" said the native.

Notwithstanding all these tales of bloodshed and cannibalism, New Guinea

is a fertile, beautiful, not completely uninviting land; and the white population lives at least in an astonishing abundance of security and in the reasonable hope of eventual prosperity. Peace—its continual extension, too—has been accomplished by an unusually intelligent and benevolent administration. One wonders, however, how much the missionaries have had to do with the pacification of a land which was until recently a byword of murder and man-eating. Missionary effort is everywhere a pertinent topic in the East: the missionaries are scorned, lauded, humored—praised and damned. There is nowhere any conspicuous unanimity of opinion in respect to them. It is therefore enlightening to come upon a statement which is at once positive and authori-

tative. As for New Guinea, where heroic missionary endeavor has for many years been celebrated, the Administrator of the territory, J. H. P. Murray, has this to say, in one of his Annual Reports:

The steady advance of missionary enterprise will be noted with satisfaction. Any one who has had experience of Papua, whatever his views on religion may be, must at least realize the enormous civilizing influence which has been exercised by the missions.

And elsewhere ("Papua"):

So far as one may judge from the ordinary conversation that one hears in Papua, the feeling of the European community is not favorable to missions, and I wish, at the risk of appearing eccentric, to say that I do not share in this feeling. The civilizing influence which the mere presence of a missionary has

upon the native population, and the fact that all native schools in Papua are conducted by missionaries, together with the devoted assistance which the missions have given in combating the epidemics with which the territory has been visited, constitute in my opinion a sufficient answer to the contention that the missionaries have done no good; but, upon broader grounds, I think not only that the missions do good, but that they are absolutely necessary to the development of backward races.

All this being from a "purely administrative point of view."

I recall the Dutch captain's characterization of the undesirable part of the European population of Port Moresby.

"Scum o' the earth!" says he.

Subsequently we agreed with him. The New Guinea "beach" is the last "beach" of all.

Triumph

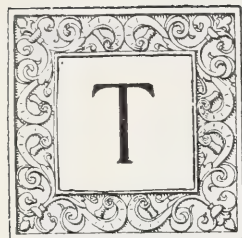
BY MARGARET WIDDEMER

YOU hurt my heart when I was young,
 Caressing eyes and mocking tongue,
 Till my wild nights of suffering
 I sought to soothe, with visioning
 Some triumph-hour when I should come
 With flaunting fame of flag and drum
 To mock your heart, that would not yield
 Once in a far-off daisy-field:
 So you should shade your eyes, and sigh
 (Hearing the fame of me go by):
 "This is that love I would not keep!"
 And close your door and run to weep.

But now that this old dream is true
 I have no will to mock at you;
 For very good that young day seems
 When I could have such flaming dreams
 And feel a hurt so wild, and seize
 Such glories from such agonies
 (For in this world where now I wake
 Men do not deal in hearts that break).
 . . . And if I turned to seek you still
 I might not know which low green hill
 Holds you enfortressed, deaf and blind
 To horn or banner on the wind!

Young Love

BY ELIZABETH JORDAN



THE dinner had been a success; now the evening was over, and all the guests had gone but one. Upon this one Miss Janet Varick, sister of the bachelor host, and shamelessly deserted by that weary gentleman, turned a compelling eye.

"Good night, Bertie," she remarked, allowing a certain drowsiness to creep into her voice. "Don't let me keep you up."

Mr. Herbert Gildersleeve favored her with his most radiant smile—a smile which, to his secret horror, always brought into play a deep dimple in his left cheek. This dimple did not go with his athletic record, but he had been privately assured that the record, so to speak, "carried" it. At least few mentioned it in his hearing. The unmasculine effect of the dimple was also counteracted by a strong jaw—strong for such a young person—the lines of which were especially firm at this moment, as he settled more comfortably into his chair.

"I'll go in an hour or two," he promised. "In the mean time cast your memory back over the brilliant festivity we have just adorned, and answer one question: With the exception of yourself, who was the most entertaining person at the table?"

Miss Varick's reply was prompt, for she was just. Moreover, she was sleepy.

"You were," she conceded, and turned a yearning gaze upon the clock.

Bertie nodded. "Glad you noticed it," he said. "I noticed it myself. I held them enthralled, without effort. Toward the end I realized that they'd never leave if I kept on, so I subsided; and when they saw it was for good they tore themselves away. I could have kept them," he added, proudly, "till breakfast-time, if there had been any need of it."

"I thought you were going to," corroborated his hostess.

"Good night. You've been splendid, but I'm sure you need rest."

"I don't know what we'd have done without me," continued Mr. Gildersleeve, gazing dreamily at her. "The way I rescued you from Arthur Murray's analysis of the political situation was simply masterly. And few things could be neater than the tact with which I kept May Allen from telling that Gilbert story, with Gilbert's first wife at the table!"

"If you call it neat to upset a glass of claret," murmured his listener.

"Better a stain on the table-cloth than a strain on your guests," responded Bertie, oracularly. He studied his well-shaped pumps admiringly, lost in the charm of agreeable reminiscences. "I thought," he added, after waiting in vain for an echo of his tributes from her lips, "the experience might make you realize how handy I'd be around the house all the time, and especially at the head of a table of our own. Did it?"

He studied her expression hopefully for an instant. Then, seeing her eyebrows pucker and her slipper tap the floor impatiently, he relapsed into depression.

"It didn't," he murmured, pensively.

Her lips twitched a trifle, but when she spoke her voice held the accents of sustained but sorely tried patience with which one addresses a refractory child.

"Bertie," she began, "in five minutes you're going home. But first I've got to say something. There aren't many certain things in this world, but one of the few is this: You must stop telling me you love me. You must stop urging me to marry you. Because"—she was very serious now—"you don't really love me, and I don't love you, and deep in our hearts we both realize it perfectly. And it isn't nice to go on making a game of something that is a big and vital interest to those who take life seriously."



Drawn by Fanny Munsell

HE LINGERED TO PROPOSE TO HER, WHILE THE CONDUCTOR STOOD WAITING

It was not easy to bring out the final words, for he was staring at her like the small boy of eight he had been when she first knew him, and his face bore the same hurt, puzzled look it used to wear when she, a "temperamental" infant of the same tender age, had flown at him in one of her sudden childish tempers. It was hard to hurt Bertie, her lifelong playmate, schoolmate, chum, and friend, but Bertie was becoming impossible. She proceeded to make her meaning clear.

"Don't you see?" she continued. "We can't possibly go on like this. You make love to me at all times, at all seasons, and in all places, and you place me in the most absurd positions. I don't think I shall ever quite forget," she added, somberly, "the expression of that conductor's face when you put me on his car yesterday, paid my fare, bade me good-by, and then lingered on the platform to propose to me, while he stood waiting to give the starting signal."

Bertie grinned reminiscently. "It suddenly came over me that trolley-cars are dangerous," he defended himself, "and that something might happen to you. Besides, you had on a new hat, and you looked so sweet—"

Her face softened, but she interrupted him.

"When you proposed at the Philharmonic concert the other night, old Mrs. Hunter, who sat next to me, heard every word. She pretended to be asleep, but she wasn't. I distinctly saw her smile."

"She enjoyed it," admitted the young man. "Told me so afterward. Suggested some arguments I'd left out. She remarked," he added, thoughtfully, "that she didn't see how you could resist me."

"Moreover," continued Miss Varick, ignoring the interruption, "your habit of sending me five or six postal cards every day, asking if I haven't changed my mind, interests the servants but maddens me."

"Does it, really?" inquired Mr. Gildersleeve, sitting up with sudden interest. "Now that's strange." He leaned toward her eagerly, emphasizing his points with an impressive forefinger. "You see, I've been reading one of those French psychological chaps on love.

He says the vital thing is to keep yourself before the loved one's mind every minute, no matter how you do it, and that it helps to have those around her familiar with your hopes because they can mentally assist you. I've had some thought of speaking to Kawa and the cook," he added, musingly, "but I haven't had a really good chance. I suppose I might send each of them a postal," he reflected, aloud.

"Bertie Gildersleeve! If you dare!" Her voice had a razor-like edge to it now, her tired eyes flashed at him. "But I don't think you will after I've finished," she added with meaning. "It all amounts to this: I don't want to be unkind, but you're beginning to annoy me. Unless you promise never to speak of love or marriage to me again, I must ask you to—well, to try staying away for a while."

The young man sat up suddenly under the words, the pink of his handsome face deepening to an unbecoming crimson. For what seemed a long time he looked at her in silence. Then, "You mean that?" he asked, slowly.

She nodded. "I do," she said, "and it's final. I'm awfully sorry to hurt you, Bertie, but, to be frank, I don't think the hurt goes very deep. If the feeling itself were deep you couldn't make a joke and a game of it as you've done for the last two years, making yourself and me the laughing-stock of every one who knows us."

He rose, a sudden gravity draping him like a mantle. In it he looked strange to her, and, for the moment, much older than his years.

"I understand," he said. "I didn't before. Naturally, if I had, I wouldn't have kept on annoying you. A man doesn't deliberately annoy the girl he loves. As to not being in earnest—well"—he laughed a little—"you know my fool way. I put my silly nonsense into everything I do, because I can't help it. I'm built so. My love for you is there, but"—he held out his hand and smiled at her—"it sha'n't annoy you again."

She laid her hand in his, and as he held it the memory of the little boy of long ago swept over her again with a sudden tenderness.

"And you're not cross?" she asked.

"It would be horrible to think we weren't going to be friends!"

It was the old Bertie who answered her, his new gravity dropping from him as unexpectedly as he had taken it on.

"We'll be friends, all right," he said, heartily. "We couldn't change that if we tried. Good night."

He was in the hall now, putting on his coat. "Good night," he called again. Then the street door closed after him and she heard his quick step on the sidewalk. For some reason her drowsiness had left her. She stood by the open fire for a few moments, one foot on the fender, watching the dying flames and recalling the details of the little interview. Then, with a satisfied nod, she went slowly up-stairs. She was through with Bertie as an importunate lover, but she had kept him as a friend.

Young Mr. Gildersleeve had been in the habit of dropping into the Varick home three or four evenings a week. It was a hospitable house, and the brother and sister had come to accept him almost as a fixture of their domestic hearthstone. The dinner and his talk with Janet had taken place on Wednesday night. That he did not appear on Thursday did not surprise her. That he did not either call or telephone on Friday was in the nature of a surprise, to which she gave the tribute of a fleeting wonder. Saturday evening, however, he arrived at his usual hour, immaculate, radiant, as of old, and, finding other guests there, resolutely outstayed them, according to his invariable custom. As a small boy, Bertie had never gone home until he had been sent by Janet or her mother. As a young man, he had kept this engaging peculiarity.

"You can't stay any longer, Bertie," she declared now, when they found themselves alone. "I have a headache."

The confession filled Mr. Gildersleeve with interest and sympathy, and stimulated him into the most helpful activity. He advised remedies for the incipient headache. He offered a tablet from a box he carried in his pocket as a souvenir of a headache he had once had last winter. He settled her in the most comfortable easy-chair in the room, and adjusted a pillow at her back—an art in which he had no peer.

"I waited," he said when she was comfortable, "because I have something very important to say."

A sudden rush of anger swept through her. So this was it: he had come with the deliberate purpose of disobeying her—of reopening the subject she had distinctly forbidden him to mention. It was not like him. She was at once disappointed, hurt, and annoyed, and she looked at him with mingled incredulity and reproach. That he would disregard her wishes sooner or later she had felt sure; that he would obey them for at least a week had seemed equally certain.

"Oh, how can you!" she exclaimed. "You know what I told you—"

He interrupted her, his eyes shining.

"I know I'm a selfish beast," he said.

"But I can't help it. I've got to talk to you. It's such a big thing."

She leaned back wearily in the big chair. "I can't believe you're doing this," she murmured. "You seem so different from—"

Again he interrupted. "Am I changed?" he asked, radiantly. "Of course I feel that I've lived a thousand years in the last two days, but"—he laughed buoyantly—"I didn't know I showed it so plainly."

She stared at him. His words were easy to understand, but his tone, his manner—she was so puzzled by these that she missed his next sentence, but the following one reached her ears with great distinctness.

"I want you to be the first to know," he was saying, "that I'm going to be married!"

He had said those words. There was no doubt of it, though at first it had seemed impossible, incredible, that he had. And now, sitting facing her, with ecstatic eyes on hers, he waited for her response. It seemed to her a long time before she could speak, but it was only a second or two that she stared at him, her eyes incredulous, questioning, her eyebrows drawn together in the characteristic pucker he knew so well.

"But I don't understand," she stammered. And then, her mind leaping to the inevitable conclusion, her eyes plumbed his with a flash in their depths that reminded him of the tempestuous little girl she had been at eight.

"Unless you mean," she demanded, "that you have been engaged all along and haven't told us?"

He repudiated this charge with vigor. "Of course not!" He waved the thought away. "I've only been engaged since last night."

His voice took on a mellow unction as he spoke. A fatuous smile rested on his lips. "Since last night," he repeated, dreamily, and gazed out of the window at something far removed from the view it afforded. Janet felt the strained muscles of her face relax. For a difficult instant she was not sure whether she meant to laugh or cry. Then both her hands went out to him, while she resolutely assumed the sisterly attitude she knew the situation demanded from her.

"But before I really congratulate you," she smiled, after he had released them, "tell me who it is. Some one I know, of course."

Her mind was already calling the roll of the girls in their set, examining each, dismissing some summarily, pausing over others, but never pausing long.

"No one you know," he laughed. "Never met her myself till the night before last. But—well, you'll like her!"

"Bertie Gildersleeve!" Miss Varick might have been her own maiden aunt, so austere was her manner, so suddenly worldly and disapproving her tone. "Do you mean to say you've taken up with some girl we've never heard of—some girl without family or position?"

"She's got family and position, all right," he reassured her. "She's Mrs. Van Brunt's niece, from Virginia, and she's just come here on a visit. Never saw her in my life till Thursday, but the minute I looked into her eyes I knew it was all over with me."

He was moving around the room now like an exultant boy, his hands in his pockets, his head up, happiness and self-confidence radiating from him.

Janet followed his movements with unseeing eyes, her thoughts busy with the problem he suggested. That he was in earnest seemed impossible. That he could change so suddenly was inexplicable. And that he could come and tell her of the change without a trace of embarrassment or self-consciousness simply could not be happening.

"And you met her Thursday night, proposed to her Friday night—?" she asked, suddenly.

"Exactly; and came to tell you about it Saturday night."

He was obviously proud of the expedition with which the little matter had been concluded.

"And to-morrow," he went on, blithely, "I'm going to bring her here to meet you. May we come to tea? She wants to. I've told her all about you," he added.

"What did you tell her?" she asked.

"Said I'd known you all my life, and that you were the best pal I had."

She dropped her eyes and studied the pattern of a prayer-rug at her feet. For a moment the hope came to her that the episode was a dream—a rather unpleasant dream, she admitted, mentally. To dream of Bertie as the property of another girl was strangely unexhilarating. But the six feet of triumphant manhood before her was not the stuff of which dreams were made. No; this incredible thing was really occurring. Bertie, who three short days ago had been ready to tear the stars from the heavens to make a diadem for her, Bertie was in love with some one else! Had he ever been in love with her? She did not know. Had she—and this was the vital question—had she, despite her coy misgivings, ever been in love with him? She did not know that, either—and now it didn't matter, to Bertie, at least. Under an abrupt jar of the glass in Time's relentless hand, Bertie had suddenly become an affectionate brother with a confidence to make, and she, in the same disturbance, had been transformed into that greatest need in his universe—a Sympathetic Ear.

"You're not half as enthusiastic about it as I expected," he told her, ruefully. "Aren't you glad?"

She accepted her rôle and produced a creditable smile. "I'm delighted," she said. "But it's so—so unexpected. Bring her to-morrow," she added, warmly. "Of course I want to meet her." Then she rose and gave him her hand. "And now good night," she said again. "I needn't tell you how happy I want you to be. Till to-morrow, at five."

"You'll like her," he prophesied, joyfully, lingering at the door. "All I've

got to say is, wait till you see her. She bowls folks over. The other fellows are mad about her. Why, Janet, she's the most exquisite thing that ever lived—utterly different from our Northern girls. I didn't know girls came that way. She has bronzy hair with gold lights in it, and great big brown eyes—"

"Bertie, for Heaven's sake go home!" begged Janet Varick, wearily. "This headache of mine—"

He was all contrition. "I'm a beast," he admitted, abjectly; "forgot all about your headache. I'm an awful muff to bore you about our affair like this. But—well, you know, some way," he finished with a rush, "when a fellow feels like this he's simply got to talk about it to any one that will listen."

He left her to digest that, and Janet took her headache to bed. It was not easy to dismiss Bertie and his *fiancée* from her mind, but she did it. The silent watches of the night, she decided, were not the time for mental work over the problem they presented. Nor was it easier to solve when they arrived the next afternoon, on the stroke of five. Until she saw them together she had dared to hope, subconsciously, that there had been a mistake. Was it a joke?—in extremely bad taste, of course, and not at all like Bertie. Still she rather hoped it might be even that. Acting on the maxim that "All's fair in love and war," possibly Bertie had arranged an object-lesson for her that would galvanize her into the knowledge of what she was losing. If he had conceived such a plan it would be quite like him to persuade some girl cousin or friend to join in the game. But one look at the faces of the couple dispelled that illusion. Here was young love, indeed—the real thing: confident, blissful, exultant. There was no self-consciousness in the manner of the bride-elect, nor any flutter in the presence of this other girl who had known Bertie so long, and who might be expected to be critical. She was sure, quite sure, of herself and of him.

Bertie, who had written and produced two plays at college, intended, of course, to devote his life to, the inspiring but uncertain field of play-writing. Fortunately, he had an independent income,

so the result of his dramatic experiments would not affect the domestic supply of bread and butter. They could be married at once, and Ethel—that was Her name—who was an excellent musician, would write the incidental music for Bertie's plays. It was all planned. They told Janet about it, both talking at once, interrupting each other, apologizing, and doing it again. Neither listened to Janet, who devoted herself to refilling their teacups.

Ethel, it seemed, had already written one bit of music on the evening of their engagement, when, for some strange reason, she was unable to sleep. At his urging, she rose and played it—a charming little thing, haunting, melodious, with an originality which Miss Varick at least had not expected to find. Bertie had seized Ethel's tea-cake while she was away from the table, and she scrambled good-naturedly with him for its possession when she returned. They compromised, at last, by eating it together, in alternate bites, and with much laughter. Watching them, Janet felt a thousand years old.

Bertie left with his beloved, and tenderly, solicitously, escorted her home. It was quite understood, in the final moments, that Janet was always to be their dearest friend, and was to come to them when she felt tired, and occupy the room which would be ready for her in their home. Later in the evening Bertie reappeared, the sun of his content temporarily obscured by a cloud of enforced separation. Ethel had a dinner engagement for that night—made before she had met him—and as they had been together all day, her aunt had sternly ruled that she must keep it. Miss Varick, it appeared, was happily disengaged, and Bertie, lounging before her open fire, his hands behind his head in excess of comfort, discoursed of the Only One.

"You're quite sure, Bertie," Janet ventured to ask, "that this is the real thing—that it will stand the wear and tear of life? You know marriage is important. You've got to spend your lives together. Are you really congenial? Will you make each other happy? You've known each other so short a time, and you're both so young—"



Drawn by Fanny Munsell

WATCHING THEM, JANET FELT A THOUSAND YEARS OLD

Bertie nodded, his face very grave. "Don't I know?" he said. "I'm as old as you are! Since I've met her I've broken into a cold perspiration sometimes over the thought that some other girl might have got me before she came. It often happens, you know," he added.

Miss Varick favored him with a piercing glance, but it was clear that he was speaking with entire sincerity and with an utter absence of memories which might have checked his artless prattle.

"A man," he continued, oracularly, "flirts and flutters about a bit, and loses his head a few times, perhaps. But all the while he knows in his heart it isn't the real thing, and if any girl he's flirting with takes him when he's off his guard, you know, why it makes him sick!"

"Really?"

He could see that she was interested.

"Ye-s," said Bertie, impressively. "I know one chap that got caught because he was out walking with a girl and saw a sign advertising a flat for seventy-five dollars a month. They had nothing to do, so for a joke they went in and looked at it. It was a dandy flat—beamed ceiling in the living-room, tiled bathroom, view up the river from the dining-room. Jim was so fascinated by it that he asked the girl to marry him. She took him like a shot, and the first thing he knew he was engaged and had the lease of the flat in his pocket. It scared him frightfully at first, for he didn't really care for her and had never dreamed of marrying her. But he got used to her after a while, and they hit it off very well. He told me the last time I met him, though, that the apartment was a fraud," added Bertie, reflectively. "All the nickel came off the plumbing the very first year."

Janet listened in silence to these revelations. She found nothing to say, but that was unimportant, for it was obvious that nothing was expected. This, she reflected, gloomily, was Man's Love!

"Several fellows I know," continued Bertie, dreamily, "are married to girls they proposed to by accident. One of them was a classmate of mine at New Haven. We called him 'Hunks,' because it wasn't anything like his name. Hunks was walking in the country with a girl and she sprained her ankle. She

couldn't walk, so he telephoned from a farm-house for an automobile, and then sat down beside her to wait till it came. She was in a good deal of pain, and he was so sorry for her that he asked her to marry him. She accepted him," concluded Bertie. "Forgot the ankle, and took him then and there. She had presence of mind."

Still Janet did not speak, and, still unconscious of her lack of response, Bertie continued his recitation.

"Sometimes you propose because you can't think of anything else to say," he pursued, reflectively, "and sometimes because it would hurt a girl's feelings if you didn't. She thinks she likes you, and she thinks you like her. Or a man's lonesome, and hates hotels and clubs and boarding-houses, so he 'marries for a home,' exactly as much as any woman ever does." He shook his head mournfully. "It's an awful thing," he summed up, "for every one of them, when they do that, misses the biggest thing in life—meeting the Right Girl and getting her."

Janet moved restlessly in her chair. There were several things she could have said, several questions she wished to ask, but any one of them would have broken the spell of the moment and might have hurled into abject embarrassment the young man who now sat beside her, deep in his pet arm-chair, thinking aloud, submerged in the interest of the great question he was discussing. She ventured what she believed would be a fairly safe inquiry.

"When the real girl arrives," she asked, "how does a man know it?"

Bertie regarded her pityingly, as one outside the garden of life.

"There's no mistaking it," he declared, positively. "Every nerve, every drop of blood in one's body, testifies to it. Every instinct of one's heart and soul cries, '*She's here at last!*' Jove! but it's great when that happens—simply great! It makes the other little affairs seem like the tuning up of the violins before the symphony begins."

For a long minute he gazed into the fire, seeing there, no doubt, some dream-picture of his future home. Then he drew a deep breath.

"Think of the chaps it comes to too late!" he exclaimed, almost under his

breath. "But one mustn't think of that. It's too awful."

She did not speak, for his words had sent her thoughts on a little journey in which he had no part. She hardly heard him, yet, subconsciously, she knew that he was helping her to find an answer to the question in the background of her mind. Her nerves relaxed and she smiled to herself in restored content. Suddenly Bertie roused himself from his brown study, almost with a start, then turned to her with the irresistible boyish smile that revealed the despised dimple in his cheek.

"I'm a chump to sit here, boring you with all this," he apologized. "But, you know, I can say things to you I can't say to any one else."

This was like the old days—the old days of last week. She smiled at him quizzically.

"Why, I can talk to you as if"—Bertie paused for a fitting comparison and found it—"as if you were my sister!" he finished, triumphantly.

She laughed, with genuine amusement, and they sat silent for a moment in the old-time common content in each other's companionship. Yet even as he basked in this, a certain change in the atmosphere attracted Bertie's attention. It was not sudden; indeed, he had been vaguely conscious of it ever since Janet had settled back in her chair and laughed that little laugh that almost held a note of relief. He wondered vaguely why she had laughed that way. Then his eyes, traveling from the driftwood fire to his hostess, rested lightly on her face and clung there, fixed. Was she—no; it couldn't be possible—yet it *was*. She was *almost* yawning! Not openly, of course; but unostentatiously, unmistakably, she was struggling with a yawn. He could even see the muscles of her jaw stiffen as she conquered the dreadful thing. Worst of all, her effort was merely instinctive, for her eyes were on the fire and her air was preoccupied, absent. Had she, he wondered, *forgotten* that he was there? That would be bad enough; but another suspicion, infinitely more harassing, stirred in his mind. He hardly dared put it to himself, but it was there and would not be downed. Was he boring her? He had

frequently disappointed her; he had often annoyed her; he had sometimes infuriated her. But never, never, until to-night, had he bored her, and she had often told him that she was sure he never could. Yet now—had he begun to, and why? What had he done? And suddenly he remembered. He had talked to her about another girl!

For a moment he was horror-struck; then he became justly indignant. So this, he reflected bitterly, was Friendship! You come to your best friend; you open your innermost heart to her, in the natural expectation of receiving her understanding sympathy in your happiness, and what happens? Dull-eyed, her thoughts a thousand miles away, she yawns before the fire!

The door of the drawing-room opened, and Kawa, the Varicks' Japanese butler, appeared on the threshold, breathed a name into space, and vanished. But, striding across the floor with buoyant step and radiant countenance, came Mr. Arthur Murray, and already Miss Varick was greeting this gentleman with a countenance as radiant as his own. Gone was her drowsiness, gone her absent-mindedness, her listlessness. There was unabashed, open delight in her greeting. She had always liked Murray, and Bertie had always wondered why. There was no one on earth whom he himself disliked so much, and heretofore Mr. Murray had reciprocated the emotion with almost passionate intensity. But on this strange night, when so many singular things were happening, Murray, having greeted his hostess, came toward Bertie with eyes alight and friendly hand outstretched.

"I congratulate you, old man," he cried, heartily. "I've just heard the news at the club. It's simply great. I can't tell you how delighted I am over your good luck."

He *was* delighted. There was no possible doubt about that. He wrung Bertie's hand, and that young man, thus reminded of his felicity, wrung his hand cordially in return.

"Thanks," he said, gaily, the warm tide of his happiness again overwhelming him. "Awfully good of you—"

He wanted to go on talking, telling Murray about Ethel, but Murray didn't

hear him. He had pushed a chair between Bertie and Miss Varick, had slipped into it, and now, very much at his ease, was giving all his attention to his hostess, who, in her turn, was obviously and wholly absorbed in him. Bertie, neglected, alone, studied them in silence, caught at last a look that flashed between them, felt a moment's pang, and then unselfishly rejoiced.

"By Jove! they've got it, too! Good for Janet!" his thoughts went on. "But I wish," he couldn't help adding, "it *hadn't* been Murray!"

"You and Horace are going to the Browns' to-morrow night, aren't you?" he heard Murray ask.

Horace's sister admitted that they were.

"May I drop in and go with you?" Murray continued. "At eleven? Thanks. And may I have all the dances?"

Words of protest suddenly burst from Bertie. "Well, I like *that*!" he began. "Why, Janet, you promised—"

Under the look of mild, almost shocked surprise in the two pairs of eyes turned upon him, the rest of his sentence froze upon his lips.

"Oh!" he said, and grinned self-consciously. "That's so. I must—that is—"

But he need not have felt embarrassed. No one else did. Mr. Murray was explaining to Miss Varick the happy inspiration which only now had come to him at the club, to drop in and see if she and Horace didn't want to run over to Westchester the next morning in his (Murray's) new car, and see the prettiest game of motor-polo any one could ask for. Haskell and Jim Reid were to play: Then followed a technical description of their game, and of Haskell's exhibition of nerve, which made Miss Varick gasp in anticipatory delight.

"I wouldn't miss it for the world," she declared. "If you will excuse me, I'll ask Horace if he's free to-morrow. He's up in his study."

But Bertie had no yearning for a *tête-à-tête* with Mr. Murray. "I'm off," he said, easily. "Promised I'd call for Ethel and take her home. See you in a few days, Janey."

Miss Varick looked at him as one looks at a pressed rose in a book and

wonders when one put it there. Her expression was reminiscent, affectionate, but vague.

"Yes," she said; "and I'll call on Ethel to-morrow. I want to give a dinner for her, you know, on her first free evening. She and I must arrange that."

Her voice was warm and friendly. Bertie had always loved it. He had told her he would rather hear her speak than listen to great singers. Now he had an odd feeling that her voice was coming to him from a distance. She was here, and so was Murray, and he was outside of their circle—far, far outside it. For a moment he experienced the same pang she had felt as she watched him at the tea-table with Ethel—the pang that comes with the passing of something dear, intimate, and familiar that seemed exclusively one's own.

At the door he turned for the farewell nod she had always tossed him. At first he feared he was not to have it to-night, for Murray, as usual, was talking, and she was deeply interested. But as he crossed the threshold and cast a last glance at her she remembered him. It was a dear little nod she threw him—careless, affectionate, such a nod as a mother might give to a small boy who was going out to play.

Well, he *was* going out to play. He was going back to Ethel, and his heart sang at the thought. Nevertheless, in the outer hall he wondered if she would nod at Arthur Murray that way; and he knew she wouldn't. She would go with Murray to the door. Then, as he went slowly down the steps, he pondered the situation and solved its problem in a flash of insight. He understood, at last, both her feelings and his own.

"It came so suddenly," he told himself, sedately, "that I guess we didn't know just how to take it. We didn't know where we were at."

He looked up at the stars, and their beauty filled him with the triumphant joy of a discoverer. Surely they had never looked like that before!

"Love makes the whole world seem different," he mused. "Of course Ethel and Janey and Murray and I couldn't wake up in a moment to the Big Thing in life without a sort of readjustment of all the little things."

Bondage

BY LEILA BURTON WELLS



MR. RANDALL quietly and without excitement of any kind folded the letter she had been reading and slipped it into its waiting envelope, holding the flap down with careful patience, for she told herself that if she could cover up that one sentence she could think; and it was necessary for her to think, and think quickly—*very* quickly, for now the words she had been trying to hide seemed to be oozing through the paper, deriding her effort to efface with a material act a mental impression. They were standing out as plainly as if a supernatural hand had traced them there: "You will have to tell your husband. . . ."

She arose and, going to the wastebasket, tore the envelope with its hidden letter three times straight across, watching the white strips flutter from her hands. Then, with the instinctive fear of detection that inevitably follows a secretive act, she glanced hastily over her shoulder.

No one had entered. She turned back to the basket and, seeing on one of the torn fragments, "You will have to tell . . ." she knelt down and, picking out each separate strip, tore it into smaller pieces—wondering, as she watched her slender fingers, at their passionless deliberation. She might have been destroying a dinner invitation, for all the emotion they evidenced. She felt a sudden hatred for her body, that quiet body that she had trained to present always such a smiling and placid front.

She got to her feet and, going over to a small art-mirror that hung between the two windows, studied her reflected image with un pitying criticism. The atmosphere of stillness that hung about her seemed to penetrate even to the woman in the glass. The lace was not moving over her bosom; her hands, as she raised them to put back a stray lock,

moved like drugged butterflies—the very folds of her dress hung peacefully, seeming to whisper against the floor as she stepped. Yes, she had conquered her body—but had she ever conquered her mind? Was her mind still? Or was it, at this crucial moment, like an untuned instrument, hideous with unuttered discords?

How easy for one who had not walked hand in hand with a glorified love to say, "Tell your husband." How easy for a woman like her adopted mother, who had lived an ordinary life with an ordinary man; who had worked and hoped and striven, and got up and gone to bed, with the dull, drab thing she called life, to say, "Tell your husband."

A wan smile of self-pity touched her lips. The tearing of that letter had been, after all, but the death-stroke of a strong swimmer who makes a final if quite useless effort to stem the tide of an ocean. It was an incompetent little act, for she would have to tell him, or let him hear through the crueler voice of publicity.

With a sudden impulse she noticed, as she turned from the glass, the tragic and beautiful blackness of her hair where it dipped into little glossy pools as the waves sank downward; the tiny mole that rested under her eye with indicative coquetry; the white skin running into the white dress so softly that there seemed no dividing-line between flesh and cloth; the fine, true lines of her neck and head and bosom and hips—lines drawn so surely that it seemed an artist must have etched them in dry-point. She noted all these things, and for the first time with a calculating eye. Up to this exact moment she had never used any of the cheaper arts to hold her husband's love—their intercourse had been builded far above that, on the supersensible bulwarks of spiritual communion. Now she knew that she was cravenly wondering if her beauty would not offer her an undeserved protection.



Drawn by W. Hatherell, R. I.

Engraved by F. A. Pettit

THE ATMOSPHERE OF STILLNESS SEEMED TO PENETRATE EVEN TO THE WOMAN IN THE GLASS

But even as she realized that the impulse was finding formative being in her mind, she turned from it with loathing, and, going over to the huge center-lamp that had shed its kind light down on her shoulders for so many happy evenings, she pulled the silken cord and let the rosy light, like a released firefly, burst into the little room.

This was a room to which the world had been very kind. It was loving and lovable, as if nothing harsh had ever happened in it. With a contraction of the heart she noted each perfect article which bore, like a bill of sale, its invisible story of love and privation. How they had worked and stinted to buy that luxuriously long sofa that stretched its length so comfortably before the fireplace! How often they had walked past that very lamp when it had reposed in haughty isolation in the window of a Fifth Avenue shop; and how often they had placed it mentally, before they had ever dreamed of placing it actually, on the book-laden library-table that fitted its side into the back of the sofa with such carefully careful ease. And that smoking-set—how she had cleaned laces and gloves, and washed waists and handkerchiefs, and saved and calculated, to secure that coveted treasure for him; and how interminably he had worn a thin and shiny summer overcoat to surprise her with those old bookcases, at whose shrine she had worshiped for so many patient months. No, it seemed quite, quite impossible that any cruel thing should happen here.

The little clock on the mantel-shelf was striking five . . . and then she heard the servant go to the front door of the apartment. Instantly there was a sudden tensing of her mind, as if every loose ribbon of thought were gathered toward a common center. It was at this hour always that the evening paper was brought in.

She heard the heavy door open and shut—and then a silence. The steps were retreating toward the kitchen. She called:

"Ellen."

"Yes, ma'am."

"Didn't the evening paper come?"

The maid stepped to the door of the dining-room. "No, ma'am."

"I particularly wanted it." She noted, as she spoke, with a subconscious and separate sense from the one that was writhing and fencing with her life tragedy, the young, unlined face under the white cap, and wondered, with an absurd mental irrelevancy, if Ellen had ever been unhappy; her face looked so very smooth and slick and soft.

"Perhaps Mr. Randall will bring one home." The girl's voice was indifferent.

"Oh no!" Her mind quickly leaped to the defensive. "He *never* buys the paper—he always reads it here." And then, with lightning rapidity, she calculated the unforeseen probability of his buying an early edition on his way from the office—even while she was directing the girl to "look again in a few minutes."

"Strange the paper should be late to-night," she marveled.

"Oh, it often is, ma'am."

"Is it?"

"Oh, often—they leave it at the other apartment."

She watched the girl go away, and then she passed over to the table and picked up a book and began turning over the pages. It was a sardonic commentary on life that she should stand turning over the leaves of a book in the warm security of her own home, and yet know that here, where she had reigned a sovereign, she would be nailed upon the cross; here she would be stripped of all things, destitute as a beggar, going down before the relentless cruelty of life. Before the breaking of another day her life would be the target for the un pitying eyes of publicity—and not her life alone, but, through her, her husband's, her children's. And the knowledge that was paralyzing her was not that *she* could not avert disaster, but that no earthly hand could do it. When she told her husband, he must stand, even as she was, foolishly idle. . . .

She heard his key turning in the lock, and, gently laying down her book, went forward to meet him—went forward as she had gone so many happy times, with the old winging steps of welcome, for this was one of their happy hours. Outwardly nothing was changed. She had the same outstretched hands, the same smile, was folded in the same strong arms! It seemed at the moment both

cruel and kind that everything should be so utterly usual. She felt as if, through that white, still body of hers, he must feel a different mind, as if he *must* have some sense of apprehension—of fear. But no—he was even laughing as he pulled off his snow-covered coat, *laughing*. . . .

She started to pass through the door, but he pulled her back into his arms and, bending her head away, pressed his lips to the soft flesh under her throat, his happy eyes seeking hers in the dusk.

At that moment she wished, for his sake, that she might even confess to a desecrated body—take the shame wholly to herself; that she might say, "I love another man; let me go—" It would be easier.

Unconsciously her hands tightened proprietorially on his coat, but he was already passing into the other room, looking around with contented eyes, as he asked:

"Where are the children?"

She found herself answering the customary question without any apparent effort: "It is Ellen's evening out, you know. They are having supper early."

"I had forgotten." He put his hand in his pocket and pulled out some bulky packages, flinging them on the center-table as he passed. "I got these for them as I came along, from a man in the street—almost frozen, poor beggar. They'll amuse them—especially the dancing lady." He opened the door of the bedroom. "I'm going to change my coat before dinner." He flung the words over his shoulder as he disappeared.

She stood by the center-table unwrapping the bulging bundles, the lamp-light falling across her waist so that her slim whiteness seemed to be cut in two by its dividing glow. She loosened the string, took off the paper, and looked down—just a cheap, befurred monkey chasing itself up a string, and a ballet-girl with a key in her back so she could dance—and dance she must when the key was turned, even if her little wooden heart was breaking! Not much difference between a human being and a mechanical toy, she thought. Was not she herself hopelessly dancing because the key of life had been turned by an invisible hand?

"Aren't they dandy?"

Her husband had come to the door and was watching her. "It's a circus to see the lady tango." He turned toward the hall.

Her mind instantly flew to intercept him. "Where are you going?"

"Just to get the evening paper."

"It didn't come." She wondered that her voice could be so still.

"That doesn't matter." He was feeling in his coat pocket. "I bought an extra. I only had time to glance at the headlines. I want—"

But she interrupted him with a little cry. He turned quickly toward her. She was holding out the toy in her hands. "I can't wind it up," she complained, "and I want to see the lady dance."

"Hold on—" She quickly picked up the paper as he flung it down, and at the same moment resigned the toy to his hands. "You are winding it the wrong way."

She came close to his shoulder, holding the paper behind her. "I haven't spoiled it, have I?" Where should she put the paper? How should she keep him from reading it?

He was bending his dark head over the childish bauble, the eternal boy struggling through thirty years of manhood.

"You shouldn't have touched it until I showed you." He knelt on the floor and began winding the key.

She dropped the paper over the back of the sofa, and pulled a pillow over it, with a little indrawn breath of relief, for she heard the voices of the children.

Then, as one who watches from a great spiritual distance, she saw herself going through the simple routine of home life—saw herself kneeling with him on the carpet, watching the tiny painted toy prancing around to a musical tune; heard the rapturous shouts of the children; watched them romping with their father. Usually she asked him not to play quite so noisily, but to-night she said no word—for was it not the last time that she would see those chubby arms clasped around his neck, those yellow heads so close to his dark head?

Because the maid was going out he helped her put the baby to bed, and she noted, as he bent over the crib, how stern his face was, now that the lines of laugh-

ter were smoothed out of it, how deep the lines between the eyes, how determined the jaw.

Then she sat opposite him at the round, candle-lighted table, and listened while he detailed some humorous happening at the office, and as she listened a sudden fear of the impenetrability of the flesh assailed her. How dense was that fleshly substance when she could sit opposite him for six years in the closest possible union, and yet be thinking secret, separate thoughts! Her body, her love, her allegiance she had abandoned to him utterly, but she had withheld her thoughts. She had been afraid to give her thoughts, for even as mankind looks with a certain shame on a naked body, so it shrinks from looking on a naked thought; and with a little thrill of bewildered fear she realized that a thought could *never* be exposed. He could take from her her hope, her happiness, her honor, her life—but her withheld thoughts could not be wrested from her. With the hangman's noose about her neck she would still be a free thinker. Even the law could not electrocute, guillotine, or hang her thoughts. She would go down into darkness, if she so willed, defiantly thinking, thinking, thinking.

And as she looked across the table at her husband's face she could have wept had not tears been so utterly impotent—wept at the facility with which she, who would have laid her body down and had it mangled to spare him a pang, had crucified him with her hidden thoughts.

"It seems to me you are looking very pretty to-night," he observed, watching her idly through the rings of tobacco smoke floating ceilingward—watching happily that secret, separate thinker that was his wife. "Is that a new dress?"

"This!" The feminine instinct was so strong that for the first time she presented to him a fully focused mind. "This!" touching it with disdainful fingers. "Why, it is a million years old."

She arose from the table as she spoke, and he, flinging down his napkin, followed her.

"Well, its antediluvian tatters are very becoming—or is it because you have so much color to-night?" He caught her by the arms and turned her

toward the small art-mirror. "Look! You remind me of the princess in the story-book who was 'as white as snow, and as black as ebony, and as red as blood—'"

She looked up in his face, recoiling from the words in horror. Should she tell him *now*? Now, while his eyes were kind; now while he was smiling at her, now while he was within reach of her arms? But even as she grappled with hesitation the maid brought in coffee.

He went over to the fireplace and held out his hands to the blaze, and she turned mechanically to the little silver tray. She wondered whether, on the Day of Judgment, if some one should bring in coffee, she would rise with the same reluctant ease and pour it out?

"You needn't wait for the tray, Ellen," she heard herself saying in her even, tranquil voice. "I will carry the things into the pantry."

And then she heard the girl cross to the dining-room—heard her close one intervening door after another—and she knew she was alone with her husband, quite alone. She no longer had any excuse for waiting.

She heard the snow-laden wind beat against the window-pane, heard the crackling fire-sparks as they were hurled up through the chimney into the frozen world outside; and she carried the little Dresden cup over to his side, as she had carried it so many times before, with the same soft, sure steps.

He had taken some letters from his pocket and was sorting them out and placing them in careful, separate packages.

"Evidence in the Woodhall divorce case," he explained, laconically, as she stood there silently waiting; and then, as she put the cup down on the arm of the sofa, he turned back to his work with the absolute preoccupation of the trained lawyer.

She stood there silently, her hand resting on the arm of the sofa. How should she tell him? How could she *begin*? How penetrate the impregnable armor of his unconsciousness? There must be some way to prepare—some introductory word—some little simple thing to say, that would uncover—that would show! She looked down at the letters in

his hand, with an almost inane detachment from the subject-matter, though she knew the case well. She asked:

"Do they— Will they—*exonerate* her—in any way?" She was putting the words together blindly, her mind aflame with her own cruel cause.

"Exonerate her!" He snapped the band about the letters with contemptuous finality. "You *couldn't* exonerate a woman with *that* blood." He threw the letters on the table and reached for a cigarette. "It's the old story—a rotten woman—and the devil to pay!"

Then she saw that he had taken a cue from the hand of accidental circumstance and given it to her. She turned away her face and closed her eyes.

"Are you absolutely *sure* that she was a bad woman?" she asked.

He shrugged his shoulders. "It depends upon what you call bad. If a bad woman is one who is foredoomed to contaminate everything she touches, she was a bad woman."

"Foredoomed—"

"Well, the kindest thing he could have done, for his children's sake and his own, was—to have put her out of the way—"

"Killed her, you mean?"

He nodded.

There was a little shocked silence, while she heard the wind beat against the window-pane, heard her own breathing.

Then she said: "Is that what *you* would have done—? Things are—sometimes—a little different—when they touch us personally. Would you—would *you* have killed her?"

He shrugged his shoulders with a man's lack of interest in improbabilities. "I? Oh, I would never have to make that decision."

Then she knew that her hour had come, and she crossed over to the little stool by the fireplace, where she could sit facing him. "I know a case," she began, stoically.

"The exception to the rule?" His voice was derisive. He bent to strike another match.

"I don't know whether *you* will think it the exception to the rule, but—it is an indicative case, for the girl made what you would call a bad beginning. You see, her father shot her mother in a fit of insane rage, caused by a be-

lief in her infidelity—shot her mother through the back, when she was bending over, putting some clothes away in a chest in the attic, and then went and gave himself up to the authorities. . . . When the neighbors found them the woman was quite dead and the little two-year-old girl was playing in her mother's blood—dabbling it over her white dress—making finger-prints on the sunlit floor—"

"Horrible!"

"Yes, but you see she didn't know—she was quite unconscious. She would have been glad, if she had had a choice, to begin life some other way—but you see she wasn't given one. . . ."

"Well?" His lazily contented voice seemed to reach her from a great distance.

She started.

"Was the father tried?"

"Oh yes—he was tried." She steadied her voice. "He was tried for murder in the first degree. The defense pleaded—insanity!" She tightened her hands in her lap at that word. "But he was found guilty and sentenced to be—hanged. . . . A childless lady, traveling in the state with an invalid husband, adopted the child and took her away. There were no relatives."

"And the father was executed?"

She lifted her stoical eyes. "Oh no. You see, that would not have been so far-reaching in its results. Oh no, he was not executed. Friends made a strong appeal for pardon, and the governor reprieved him for a year—"

"And then?"

"Kept reprieving him year after year until he went out of office." She was speaking automatically, as a child speaks who is repeating a lesson. "The succeeding governor followed the same precedent during his term of office. So did his successor—"

"Extraordinary!"

She drew a pained breath. "Yes—it was extraordinary—but you see that is why it is true. The strange things are always true. . . . But the tragic part was the child. She grew up knowing nothing of her parentage. You see, five years after the—the—murder, the lady returned home, widowed—with a little girl, whom she *said* was her own. It

looked very safe and simple, and the girl grew up as any girl might, surrounded by love and indulgence; and the years passed—and lovers came . . .”

“I see!” Her husband’s eyes were contemplative.

“Yes—it all worked inevitably toward the end. Lovers came—but there was something different in her lovers from those of other girls. They stayed for a little while, and then they just went away. You see the lady had to tell them the truth—”

“Of course.”

“—and they were not willing to take the risk. But the girl couldn’t understand. She used to look in the mirror and wonder if she were hateful, or unlovable, or queer. She couldn’t understand; and for the first time she was unhappy. And then the man she loved came into her life—”

“Yes—” He was leaning forward, interested at last.

“He did not go away!”

“Ah!”

“The mother did not tell him. . . . You see, the girl was what you might call temperamental, and her love for this man filled her life as water fills a bowl. She was happy. She used to write the word ‘wife’ on a little piece of paper and kneel before it as a saint kneels before a shrine. . . . Then, the night before she was married, the woman who had made herself her mother told her all. She wanted to shift the burden of decision. She was afraid. And so into the startled innocence of that girl’s mind she poured the whole story—the whole cruel inheritance that was hers she laid upon the girl’s shoulders, and told her she could choose! She could tell the man she was to marry and he would go away as the others had gone away; or she could close her lips. She closed her lips.”

“She *married* him?”

“Yes. You see she, too, was afraid. She thought she would lose his love. She was so young. She couldn’t take it all in at once. She only knew she *wanted* him—that he was hers. She was just a girl. What did heredity and the curse of blood and jealousy and murder mean to her? She was only conscious of love.”

“Common honesty might have meant something to her.”

“Yes. But you see she didn’t quite realize then what she was doing. Her adopted mother had made her think she was secure—that nothing, no exposure or disgrace, would ever come. That her father was obliterated, and that even when he was hanged there would be no exposure for her, because so few knew the truth of her birth. And the girl was intoxicated with love, just as a man is intoxicated with wine. . . .”

“And the man?”

“He was happy, too. . . . It seems strange, but he was. You see, he loved her. He took her away to a strange city, and they had one little room in a boarding-house, for they were very poor. But poverty didn’t matter to them at all, they were so happy. They used to make a joke of it, and laugh at the tired faces of the rich people they saw riding by in carriages, and then—her baby was laid in her arms.”

He nodded comprehendingly.

“And she began to think! Up to that time she hadn’t *thought*, you see. . . . She used to lie with the little soft head pressed against her breast, and go over all the terrible inheritance the world has said a mother such as she must give her children. And then the arraignment realization came to her, that this was *his* child, too, and that he had had the right to select the mother to his child—and that she had taken it away from him.”

“Rather late in the day to come to that conclusion!”

“Yes, that was what she told herself, that it was too late—*all* too late! The child was born. He could divorce *her*—but the child was born, and she was its mother! . . . And all she had to give it was a heritage of hatred and jealousy and murder, and—insanity; and she was afraid! Oh, so bitterly afraid . . . afraid with a terrible, blind, helpless fear. . . .”

“Then one day in a sentence in a book she came across the word ‘overcome.’ It seemed to stand out like the point of a needle pricking through cloth. It let in an overwhelming light. The Bible had said—and men after it—that the sins of the fathers should be visited on the children; but had any one ever said the children should not *overcome* those visitations?”

Her husband was smiling ironically. "The same old story," he commented, throwing his cigarette stump into the fire and clasping his hands thoughtfully over his head.

"No; not *quite* the same old story. You see, she thought she could overcome her inheritance. It seemed unjust to her that she should be condemned—and her innocent child after her—because of something *intangible*. . . . She began to watch herself—to undo the curses of her parentage one by one, first in herself, then in her children—for another child was born to her. She had always been impatient, impetuous, and passionate. She became very still and gentle and patient. . . . She never allowed herself to be irritable over trifles as other people were. She *dared* not. She had been jealous, exacting. She taught herself to be generous and indulgent. It wasn't easy—it was hard. It took years of labor, but she was willing to labor—she was paying him back in happiness for the theft of his name. . . .

"And after a while people came to her for peace. She was so still they said her hands and voice eased pain. She seemed to be able to make people *happy*. They—they called her a very good woman. That child who had begun life playing in her mother's blood had become, because of that very inheritance, what we call a good woman."

Her husband shook his head, unconvinced.

"Where did you hear this story?" he demanded.

"It doesn't matter." She pushed his question away. "Nothing matters except that that woman *was* conquering . . . coming out, as it seemed, into smooth waters. He had succeeded in his profession; they had lovely things around them; their children were a joy and a blessing. She felt safe, even though that man, her father, was lying in prison. She felt safe. And then one day she picked up a paper and *saw*—one day she picked up a paper and saw that, after reprieving him for twenty-four years—they had just forgotten him. The sheriff and all the officials had just forgotten him."

"Forgotten him?"

"Forgotten the day of execution. He

was not reprieved, and when they took the case to court they found that he was neither dead nor alive. The day of execution had passed. He was hanged under the law, but alive. . . ."

"By Jove!" He arose to his feet.

"Yes—you see how far-reaching it was! They had no right to even keep him in prison. He was old and incompetent. His care devolved on the state. . . . And then the papers took it up because of the sensational aspect of the case, and began looking for the child!"

"Who told you this story?" Her husband had come toward her. He was frowning, but she sat there by the fireplace, still and stolid like a prisoner at the bar.

"You see," she said, looking up at him and ignoring his question, "she was trapped. She needn't have struggled, she needn't have worked, she needn't have *lied*. It was all coming out. Her father was old and incompetent and they were looking for her—they were looking for her. Don't you see? They were going to pry into her beautiful home and drag her out. . . ."

"How did you know this story? Answer me!" He was bending over her, his face startled into apprehension.

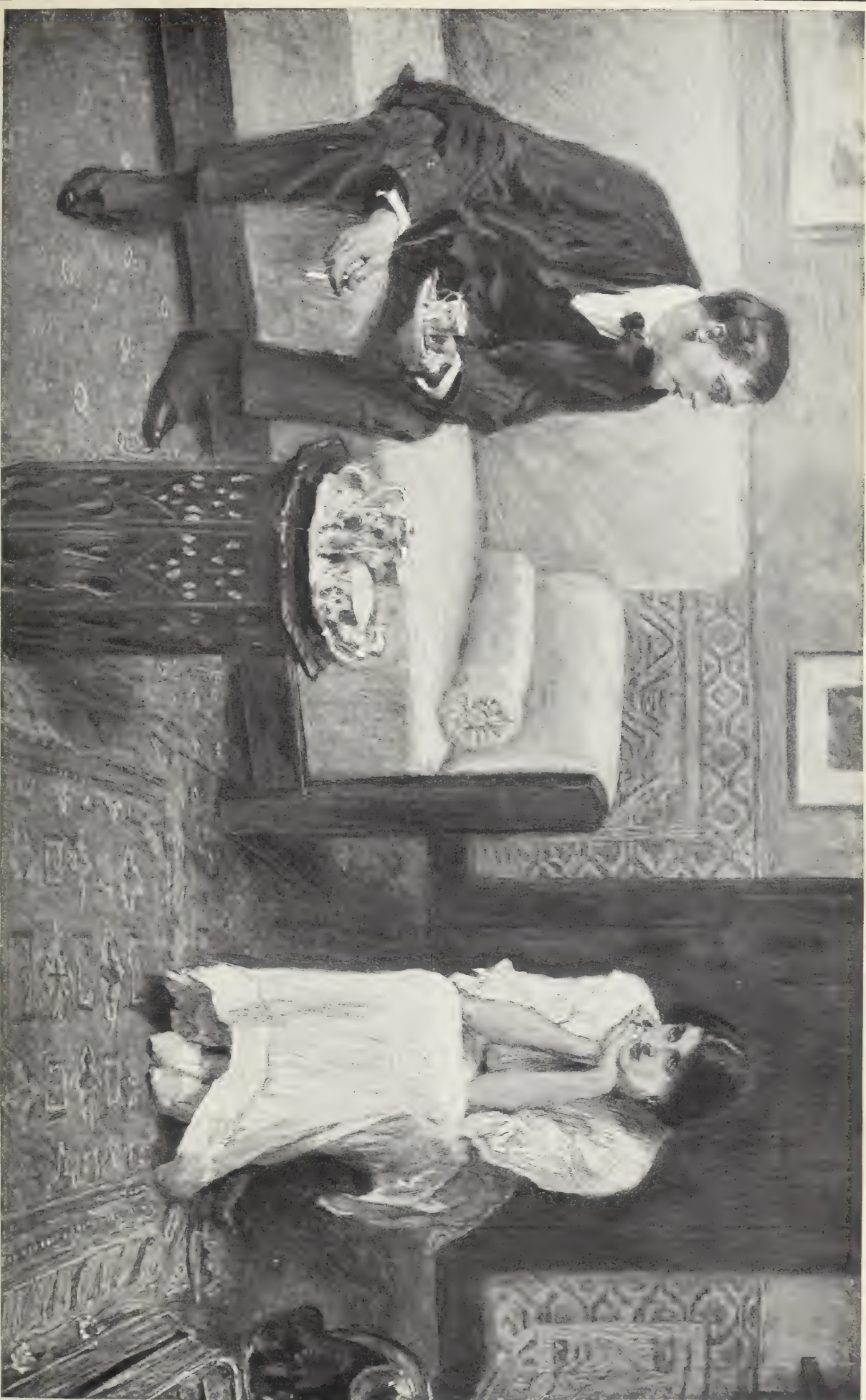
Then she lifted her eyes. "I know it—because—"

"Well?" He reached down and laid his hand heavily on her shoulder, and she found her voice.

"I am the woman," she said. And then she thought she screamed it out, over and over again, "I am the woman!" But her habit of physical repression must have prevented her from making a sound, for she saw no understanding in his face.

Then she heard herself repeating the words over again, very carefully, watching his face as a mother watches the face of a sick child. "I am the woman! I haven't any mother at all. . . . My mother was murdered. . . . My father killed her. . . . He is free and they are looking for me. . . . He is free and they are looking for me! We thought it was hidden, but you see it all came out—it came out."

Then she knew that he understood. And she looked at him as one looks



Drawn by W. Hatherell, R. I.

"WHERE DID YOU HEAR THIS STORY?" HE DEMANDED

Engraved by Nelson Demarest

who, through some accident, has destroyed a rare and precious treasure. She felt as a surgeon must feel who has cut into flesh without being able to give an anesthetic.

She heard him asking incredulous, dazed questions; heard herself making answers. Over and over she heard him ask and heard herself answer. And then at last she saw him go over to the sofa. He sat stock-still, his hands falling between his knees. And she watched him. She had no words—she just sat and watched him suffer.

After a while he asked, stolidly, "Why have you told me *now*?"

It was characteristic of the closeness of their intercourse that the tragedy of it all, for him as for her, lay not in the hideous facts of the revelation she had made, but in their mental aloofness—that he was groping in a strange mind when he was speaking to her now; that they had lived side by side, breath against breath, heart beating against heart—and thought apart! The passion that was rising in him toward its climax was not that birth had unfitted her to be his wife, but that spiritually she had never been wholly his.

But she was beginning all over again, explaining and re-explaining. "Don't you understand? Don't you *see*? It is all going to be in the papers. It *is* in the papers. I couldn't let you see it there. . . . She wrote me to tell you. Oh, *try* to understand what it means—exposure, disgrace; you and the children pointed at—pitied. And no one can do anything. He is there waiting for me—my father! Don't you understand? *He* is alive and free! Don't you understand I had to tell you? He is alive and free and they are looking for me!"

Then he stared in her face—stared long, as one stares who is trying to focus thought. Then he spoke.

"He is *dead*," he said.

She looked at him with uncomprehending eyes.

"I didn't understand at first what you were saying, it all came so fast. The man is dead, if you are talking about that case in Kentucky. It's in the evening paper. I read it in the car coming up. I couldn't take in what you were

saying at first, but—there'll be no exposure; it's a small notice."

"Dead!" She felt for the word as a blind person feels for some guiding object.

"He died on the way to the almshouse."

She saw him looking around for something and she pointed to the sofa, and watched him, fascinated, while he found the paper he had brought; fascinated, but without any realization of the ultimate meaning of what he was doing.

He brought the paper over and laid it in her lap, pointing with his finger.

"There it is: 'On His Way to the Almshouse.' . . . They don't mention—you. They don't have to find the child—now. Your father is dead!"

Then she looked down and saw some letters that all seemed to run into one word. She didn't know how long she sat there trying to put them together. But at last she found, with a great effort, that she could make out a sentence. She read it over and over. She felt she must read it many, many times to understand. "Having no relatives, he is to be buried at the expense of the state." Having no relatives. . . . There was something else farther down that seemed to mean something, too. "He missed the almshouse only to find his last resting-place in the—potter's field." . . . And farther down still: "This man, who was neither dead nor alive, will be remembered as the one who murdered—" And at last: "The child has never been located."

The paper slipped from her hands to the floor. She raised her dazed eyes to her husband's face.

"If the paper had come early I would have seen it first." Her voice was stunned.

"Yes."

"And you would never have known?"

"No."

"But I was—just *afraid*, and so—I told?"

"Yes."

"There wasn't any reason for it?"

"No."

"It's odd, isn't it?"

Then she sat quite still. There would be no exposure. His name was safe—his children's future would be untarnished; but everything was over for her. He

knew, and he need not have known. Her own fear had destroyed her, and all the time there had been nothing to be afraid of. He would never trust her again. He would *fear*, too, now that there was nothing to fear—now that at last he knew the whole naked reaches of her thought. She could have laughed at the relentless tragedy of it all.

She looked at the clock on the mantelshelf and saw that it pointed to half-past eight. Ten minutes ago he had not known!

He was standing by the mantel, looking down into the fire, his face set, his jaws locked. It seemed as if she was looking at some quiet stranger. She would never know his thoughts, now. He was afraid of her—afraid of his wife! Afraid of the inheritance she would give his children.

The silence was becoming crueler than any words could have been. She had looked at him, but he seemed unconscious alike of her gaze or her presence.

"Won't—you say—*something*—to me—please?"

Then the man turned. "Stand up," he said.

She stood up.

"Come here."

She went over to him, dragging her white draperies, but with her head no longer held high. It had fallen to her bosom.

He put his hands on either side of her face and lifted it to his. Then she saw with frightened pain in her eyes that he looked quite old. The youth had been wiped away from his face.

Tears began to run down her cheeks, from her open eyes, that were fixed on his. They ran down her cheeks until they fell on the white stuff of her gown.

The man groaned. "You poor woman!" he said. "You—*poor* woman. . . ."

Then suddenly she saw far beyond his eyes into his mind. She trembled. His eyes were prophetic.

"You couldn't use it *alone*; but there is a remedy."

"A remedy?" She stared at him uncomprehendingly.

"Don't you understand . . . ?"

She smiled. "You think—if you put *me* out of the way—it would—help?"

"That isn't the end of fear. I know it now. It is the *beginning*." He groaned as one groans who is passing through some great spiritual travail, and as he groaned it was given to him to *see*.

This woman whom he called his wife was but the type of countless other women, buried in the centuries, whose problem was netted to hers even as link is clasped in link in a metal purse. And even as those women had crept to a man's side with their primal inheritance, too weak to undo it quite alone, even so she was standing at his side now, holding up mutely the manacles of her fear for him to break off her wrists. Those men before him had not broken the chains of bondage with their strength—they had taken the yoke from the weaker woman and passed it down from generation to generation. Even as the first man had eaten the first fear, in the Garden, so had they continued eating of it, because they had not been able to make perfect that one word she had cried aloud.

Then this individual man, who was facing the age-long problem, dropped his hands from the woman's face and turned away, too.

She stood there straight and tall where he had left her, neither putting out hand nor raising voice. "You are going . . . ?"

Then he turned back to her, and his face wore the half-shamed, half-wondering expression of one who has touched with fleshly hands an incredible and incommunicable emotion.

"I am going," he said, "to catch the nine-fifty from the Grand Central. . . ." As she swayed, he caught her; and, faint with a sublime and inexperienced sense of nearness, she felt him bend her head back in the old way, and opening her eyes she looked straight into his eyes. They were quite fearless and ineffably tender. "I am going to catch the nine-fifty from the Grand Central," he repeated, slowly. "I am going to Kentucky, to bring *our* father's body—*home*!"



EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR



TWO lively sages, one in his last seventies and the other in his first eighties, met in this place on the birthday of 1915, and bade each other a Happy New-Year. Then they looked into each other's bleared eyes, and laughed frankly out.

"What are you laughing at?" the younger sage demanded.

"You!" the elder replied. "It's such a pleasant surprise to find you here still. Nearly everybody else is gone. Made your good resolutions yet?"

"Made them last night just after I said my prayers."

"Oh! You say your prayers?"

"Don't you?"

"I'm going to. I used to. But I got caught in the wave of agnosticism in the survival-of-the-fittest times, and found I couldn't put up a prayer quite in the old gospel terms. So I left off. But I'm going to begin this very night."

"I'm going to begin keeping a diary," the younger sage casually noted, and at this the elder crowed joyously:

"You *have* made your good resolutions!"

"Is it any worse than beginning to say your prayers again?"

"It isn't half so good. It isn't so novel. We were all going to begin keeping a diary seventy or seventy-five years ago. I always spelt it as if I were going into the cheese-and-butter business. 'I am going to commence keeping a dairy! Lord, Lord!' The older sage was so gay that he broke from his racking laugh into a deep-fetched groan.

The younger mused silently. Then he said, "I wonder why we always form our good resolutions on New-Year's."

"Because we're sorry for having over-eaten on Christmas, I suppose, and for all that nonsense of giving presents and pretending to be fond of one another," the elder suggested. "And because it's such a marked date: 'mile-stone on the journey of life,' I used to call it in my

'dairy,' I remember. Yet it isn't any more mile-stony than some other anniversaries, say the Fourth of July, or—the First of April." The elder sage laughed again at his own merriment, but more carefully; the younger remained serious.

"I believe in good resolutions," he said. "Even if we break them, I believe we gain a certain amount of moral strength from forming them."

"But at our time of life what do we want with moral strength?" the other mocked him. "Better leave that sort of thing to those juniors still in the throes of youth, the fellows in their forties or fifties."

"Well, I believe in forming good resolutions, though we seem to form them only to break them. I suppose you allow for a certain measure of mystery in the ties binding us human beings together?"

"Oh, no end of it."

"Well, then, I believe that no human being strives, or merely wishes, to be better this year than he was last, without helping all the other human beings to be better; even though he may fail in the attempt to improve himself. Somehow a sense of his endeavor imparts itself through the ether where his spirit lives to the other spirits—"

"I see! By a kind of wireless."

"Yes; by a kind of wireless. And strengthens them through its very failure. In the moral universe, as in the material, nothing is lost. The failure is probably transformed into the stuff of success. We cannot say just how—"

"You had better not try. Those ideas can't be safely intrusted to words. Better leave them in the vague, the void. But I see what you mean. You mean that we are perpetually different from what we have been, and that, though we seem to break our good resolutions, it is really only the resolutions that break."

"Exactly! By trying a fall with the principle of evil, we build up our strength for another struggle, and gather courage for a new resolution."

"One trouble is that the First of January, like the Twenty-fifth of December, comes but once a year," the older sage objected, musingly.

"That is true. We must employ *all* the anniversaries for reform—"

"Fourth of July—First of April?" The elder sage got back to his mocking mood, and crowed long if not loud. "Wait till you come to *my* time of life, and you won't be so sure of the strength that comes of struggling. I've had some struggles that did not build up my strength much. Demolished it, rather; broke my back, nearly. The principle of evil is no joke when it comes to catch-as-catch-can."

"I admit that," the younger sage replied with an effect of persuasive candor. "My idea is to tackle that principle on the negative rather than the positive side."

"I don't understand, quite," the elder warily returned.

"Well, I wouldn't begin by resolving the first day of the new year that I would *do* so and so throughout the twelvemonth. For instance, I would—"

"Not resolve to keep a 'dairy'?"

The younger sage waived the joke. "I wouldn't resolve that I would take open-air exercise, like chopping a tree down, or going a brisk walk of a mile while the winter lasted, or, when the spring opened and summer came, dig my own garden, and weed it and then take an ice-cold plunge in the river, if there was one. I should know from experience that I couldn't keep those things up. I should know that if I even resolved to answer all my letters the day I got them, I would probably let them mostly go over till Sunday, and then shirk them. There are some things that are too strong for human nature. But I should begin with the principle of evil negatively in the matter, say, of habit—of bad habits."

"Don't you know, my young friend, that habit is the strongest thing in life? That the principle of evil lies intrenched in habit like—like the very deuce?" the older sage demanded.

"But if you once leave off and form the habit of not doing a thing, the horror of doing it is so great that abstinence from it ultimately becomes one of the most powerful safeguards against wrong in your character. If you overcome one bad habit you are so much more a man that you are ready for any encounter with evil—almost. But I recognize fully the evil force of habit; though sometimes it can be a very useful thing. As William James argues, in one of the most interesting chapters of his wonderful *Psychology*, it is the habit the poor have of enduring their misery which keeps them from rising and destroying the form of society which implies it. In other words, habit preserves us from anarchy."

"Yes, that is true. But we are not talking about *good* habits, like the habit of hopelessly enduring hunger and cold and dirt because we have *always* endured them, if we are poor. We are talking about bad habits, which you consider a negative form of evil. Well, let us come down to cases. You have never been in the habit of smoking: have you now resolved to confine yourself throughout the year 1915 to one cigar a day, say with your after-dinner coffee?"

The elder sage laughed sardonically, and the younger laughed involuntarily with him. "No, no," he said with the pleasure of a man agreeably hit. "Nothing so heroic as all that. But, speaking of coffee, I have had the foible, or call it vice, for years, now, of taking my breakfast coffee not only with hot milk, but a little cream besides. It gives a smoothness and an old-gold complexion to the cup; it takes away that last touch of bitterness, you know, and subdues the heat promoted by the milk to a milder warmth— Oh, *you* know! But I suspect it's helping make me fat. So I have resolved to do without cream in my coffee for a year, and I've begun this morning. Of course I missed it at the moment; I found my hand wandering toward the cream-jug; but I had the maid take it away, and now I shouldn't know but I'd had it. I could fancy I felt a little lighter already."

The younger sage smiled a trifle shamefacedly, and the elder said, "And you deny being a hero? I supposed you

had braced yourself against some such trifling propensity as subscribing to charities that send you a reproachful list of other subscribers to be returned with your check; or giving Christmas presents when you hate it; or keeping the Fourth insanely and unsafely. But if you've really cut off cream in your breakfast coffee, I shall begin to believe you are capable of any reform. I shall begin to think you are in earnest about wirelessly imparting the strength of your good resolution to all the other fellows who are trying to pull up and go straighter for one little year at least."

"I'm glad you came back to that, even if it's only to make fun of it."

"Fun? Never more serious in my life!"

"Because I do believe that we're somehow an army, we poor human creatures, and that we are none of us quite defeated unless we are defeated *en masse*. Of course, there are times when a rush of evil seems to sweep across the world and overwhelm us, but it isn't *often*. When we all seemed to go down before agnosticism, we didn't really *all* go down, and even those who did held fast to the greatest of the virtues, Charity. Your central doctrine of the survival of the fittest interpreted itself at last as the survival of the kindest, of the truest to the claim of the humanity which had once seemed to deny itself in the interest of the missing link. Those patient poor who had the habit of enduring began for the first time to be considered scientifically as part of every other part of society. Faith came back with Charity, and Hope for life hereafter, till now we seem to be in a way again of going forward in the old way, the religious way."

The elder sage rubbed his nose, and looked at the younger over his spectacles. "Do you believe that?"

"I believe there is something in it."

"And you think this is an opportune moment for propounding your theory, in view of what is going on Over Yonder?" He nodded his head in a certain direction, and the Easy Chair felt bound to interpose.

"Come, come, gentlemen! None of that, please. Nothing is to be said on that subject here until all is over."

"But if nothing is left, after all is

over? No nations, no races, no languages, no armaments or disarmaments, not even good resolutions for the establishment of a lasting peace on a war basis?" the elder sage insisted.

"It can't be helped," we replied, "and we make you observe that you are abusing the privileges of a guest. There must positively be nothing said on the subject of war in this department while the war lasts."

The elder sage dropped his head in an evident sulk. Then he lifted it again and faced the younger with a sarcastic smile. "You are so fond of the mystical," he said; "I wonder if you have ever asked yourself if something ought not to be done in the cause of reform by means of sympathetic resolutions."

"I don't know whether I quite follow you," the younger sage returned.

"Why, something in the nature of the good effected in labor troubles by a sympathetic strike. Now, you're all right yourself for the coming year by resolving to leave off cream in your coffee; but don't you think it would help some worthy neighbor of yours if you joined, and got your friend to join, him in his resolution to leave off all kinds of spirituous liquors? Don't you know of anybody who would bind himself by a solemn vow to abstain from profane expletives, if you took an oath with him? I know that you neither curse nor swear yourself, and the oath would be binding on you only in his behalf; there would be nothing in your sympathetic resolution like that which would hold you to plain language if you hit your finger with the hammer when you were driving a nail; or trying to."

As the elder sage spoke he fixed the younger with a derisive gleam of his dim eye and a forward thrust of his lantern jaw. But the younger replied as if insensible of his raillery:

"There's a good deal in what you say. If we were all to join in good resolutions for others I believe an incredible amount of reform might be accomplished. There would be something fine and unselfish in it, too. And then, we should each have the benefit of sympathetic resolutions from other people."

"Yes; if you were in danger of slipping back into cream with your coffee, you

could remind the neighbor whom you had helped in his resolve against strong drink, and invoke his sympathetic support."

"Perhaps there's something a little fantastic in the notion—"

"Fantastic? Not at all! It's philosophical to the last degree. Or if it isn't that, it's mystical, and we can't have anything more reasonable than that, can we? You might even succeed in helping with a pledge to do something positive, say by a sympathetic resolve with a boy who has decided to keep a 'dairy.'" The elder sage crowed shrilly at this point; but he did not prevail against the faith of the younger.

"You may laugh," he said, "but there's no doubt you have stumbled upon an important ethical principle."

"Well, I make you a present of it."

"Thank you. I was thinking that, after all, though their observance seems so idle and puerile in great measure, we can't get on without anniversaries very well—without mile-stones."

"We shall, though, if we live to be immortal. If we enter upon eternity we sha'n't have any use for mile-stones or anniversaries. No glad cry of 'Happy New-Year!' for us there, and certainly not 'April Fool.' We shall be beyond fooling by any one; we sha'n't be able even to fool ourselves. But I'm not so sure I shouldn't be willing to help in a sympathetic resolution here for the reform of some bad or foolish habit in this person or that. I thought that was quite an inspiration of yours."

"Thank you. It was yours, though."

The elder sage laughed. "Was it? Well, I have so many inspirations, I can't be expected to remember 'em all. But the thing would be difficult. You would have to be careful to find out just which fault of his or hers the given reformers meant to mend before you joined them in a sympathetic resolution. You couldn't expect him or her to come and say just which foible—it couldn't be worse than a foible—they were going to overcome, and it would be too delicate inquiring. Perhaps they would think they were very well as they were, and

didn't mean to reform at any point. But suppose you found out somehow, from more confidential friends, that they were really bent upon a wiser and a better life, and you decided upon a sympathetic resolution to support *him* in trying to leave off his ridiculous attempts at after-dinner speaking, and you found out that he was merely bracing himself against the habit of buying lead-pencils of blind men at the foot of the "L" stations, because it encouraged one of the worst forms of street beggary—how would you feel *then*? Or suppose you had heard, upon mistaken authority, that *she* was going to renounce for the new year all indulgence in the tango because she felt that she looked like a cow walking round in it; but she told you later herself that the one thing she was going *not* to do during the year 1915 was to take a cook who had not a reference from her last place; for this was the only way for ladies to protect themselves against imposition: in that case wouldn't it seem to you, with your sympathetic resolution, that you had been rather left with the goods on your hands?"

"I see," the younger sage assented. "I see what you mean. There might be all sorts of embarrassments, and the affair would have to be very carefully handled. But do you think an occasional failure in the handling would affect the principle of the sympathetic New-Year's resolution?"

"Not at all, not at all!" the elder exclaimed, getting briskly to his feet and emitting an involuntary groan for his briskness after he had got there. "I wouldn't give it up on any account; I'm going to start one this very day, and I hope you'll join me in it. I'm going to give myself, heart and soul, to sympathetically strengthening my grandson in *his* resolution to 'keep a dairy' during 1915." The sage cackled in high content with himself, and when he had got his back fairly straight stamped out of the Easy Chair's presence.

"He's getting old," the younger said, kindly.



INTELLECTUAL activities, logical formulations, and the application of scientific truth to human effort in every department of life have so much to do with modern progress that we find it difficult to comprehend how strictly, in periods of less sophistication, all vital operation and sensibility, even in the case of movements that have most deeply affected the destinies of mankind, have been confined to expression in terms of flesh and blood—of an incarnation. Among all ancient peoples all human faculties, emotions, and sensibilities had a definite physiological location. Spiritual operations were expressed in terms applicable to bodily happenings.

The ground of all this primary order of expression, in a kind of communication universally understood, and, for this reason probably, so generally adopted by Swedenborg, was the feeling of the unity of all life, of kinship with all living, as the basis of immediate communicability. Primitive totemism, and the system of "taboo" associated with it, which was a kind of primitive psychology, though we are accustomed to call it animism, and all those beliefs and customs which Dr. Frazer has brought together in *The Golden Bough*, were the outcome of that feeling. Plants, as living things, came within the range of this sense of kinship, not only for their close and complementary relation to the animal kingdom, but as showing forth like attributes—growth, fertility, and shapeliness. In the ancient and medieval imagination, of the learned as well as of the unlearned, the earth, sun, and moon not only were animate, but were mythically represented as superhumanly incarnate personages, and conceived of as intimately affecting human destinies—the earth, as mother, so closely as to be inseparable from her mortal offspring.

Of old, it may be said, there was no religious representation save incarnation, in the very similitude of the human

body. The art of sculpture began that way, and idiomatic speech followed that pattern. The Hebrew made the most of it, not representatively—he was forbidden to make graven images—but directly. Paradise was to him "Abraham's bosom." The living human body seems to have been his one symbol. The phrase "the Son of Man" was made especially significant to him by the prophet's use of it as embodying a divine humanity, itself in the fullness of time to be humanly incarnate.

This physiological pattern of thought and expression was a natural anthropomorphism in ordinary as well as in religious communication. Spirit seemed to be an implication of the incarnate, its supernal breath—as indicated in the scriptural story of Man's creation. This pattern was maintained in every feature of the Gospel—that which transcended the flesh being expressed in terms of the flesh. In the parable of the Judgment, the test is love; but the word "love" is not used, nor any general term like "sympathy." All the attestations of this spiritual quality are deeds done in the body to meet needs of the body: "I was hungry and ye fed me," and so on to the end.

At this Christmas season that old phrase "the bowels of compassion" is pregnant with world-meaning. It is in accord with the spirit of the festival, before the ban of Puritanism fell upon it or its marrow was chilled by the pressure upon it of the cold steel armor of our modern equipment, that we should recall that older and simpler order of expression as of body to body, remembering that we are "members one of another." The revival of that full flavor of cheer which the festival had when it was more communal is the renewal of charity in the hearts of men; and the expansiveness of the fleshly carnival should be suggestive of comfort for all flesh.

Christmas was instituted by the Church as a substitute for the Roman Saturnalia. The very name of the pagan festival recalls the prehistoric Age of Gold, under an older dynasty of the gods—an age of Peace and Innocence. During the week the festival lasted the robust Romans gave themselves up to an irrational reaction against the hard shell of civilization. Reversing class-distinctions, masters waited upon servants. Schools were closed, and one day was devoted to the sports and games of children. It was a season for the exchange of gifts. While it lasted, no battles could be fought. Could Christians, for just the one day of their feast, do more to show reverence for some everlasting reality underlying and contradicting the outward aspects of a formal civilization?

Before the diffusion of education among the people, mental detachment was not a habit of the multitude. Thought was one with feeling, a direct current rather than consciously discursive or reflective. There was no sophistication, and the insulation of a vital realism was quite perfectly maintained, individually and communally. The living procedure was dominant not only in all that impressed the general sensibility, but in all forms of expression.

We can very clearly see the distinction between that older order of impression and expression, as characterizing the mass of mankind, and the order which modernly prevails, if we try to conceive to ourselves in what wise such a movement as created and shaped our Christendom—that is, such as that in the sense of mightily and intimately affecting our present and future humanity—could possibly arise and generally prevail in our times. We at once confront an insuperable difficulty in the mental condition and habit of the modern multitude in countries where popular education is almost, if not quite, compulsory. This multitude is not a peasantry; it is no longer a fixed class, and its interests and aspirations are largely engaged in efforts for material improvement. It seeks novelty, but has lost the native sense of wonder. That sense, though no longer native, belongs now to the few who are not merely liter-

ate, but have that culture which transcends sophistication; and it is these who are most open to the deeper currents of life, which become in them sources of vital faith, knowledge, and art, whose intuitions, ideals, and embodiments are communicable, as light and power, to the general sensibility.

The fellowship thus established is limited to no social class, but it has one limiting condition—that it excludes vain conceits and unrealities, such as are engendered by a merely formal education. Specialized erudition in the few is as far from real culture as the partial education of the many.

The great visible movements of our day, patent agitations and commotions, whether local or national or combining several nations in conspirations for a common purpose, are inspired by interests growing out of competitive struggles for opportunity and success in the line of progressive material development; and these movements find expression in industrial, political, and international conflicts. The advantage coveted is definitely measured, mentally appreciated, and for its attainment every resource of knowledge and energy is exhausted. Such conflicts do not arise among illiterate peoples, for there is among them no such competition. The radical racial instinct may lead to rude warfare, or sharp necessity provoke sudden and uncharted migrations that involve aggression. Only the traditionally developed loyalty of such a people to a paternal despotism can commit it to premeditated war to subserve the ambitious interests of that despotism—a war for which it is carefully disciplined and elaborately equipped with every device known to military science. The subjection of nearly every backward people on the earth to the control and exploitation of civilized powers has put upon the whole human world the stamp of modern competitive progress.

The conditions affecting comparatively unprogressive and unenlightened ancient peoples favored the rise and the rapid and extensive spread of vital religious movements which owed their expansion, if not their origin, to their immediate lodgment in the hearts of the

multitude. This was the case with Buddhism in the far East, with the Elusinian Mysteries in Greece, with Islam among the nomadic races, and with Druidism in northern Europe. The movement of Christianity, whether we consider its origin, its appeal to spiritual sensibility, or its effect upon human destiny, is singular among these movements. The fact that it proved its sufficiency to meet the spiritual needs and aspirations of mankind explains why, in the Western World at least, it was succeeded by no similar religious movement. The medieval Crusades were pervasive popular movements, but only episodes as related to the main current.

All these movements in which the unsophisticated multitudes of mankind were so immediately and spontaneously participant, were disinterested as contrasted with those which most manifestly appeal to the merely literate or partially educated multitudes of to-day. Even when, as in the least spiritual of them—that of Islam—the propagation of the movement was by the sword, the impulse was not, in our modern sense, a competitive interest; it was typically Ishmaelitish. In the main, the older multitude was unmilitant and docile.

There is a kind of intelligence, independent of education, as that term is generally understood, which has always pervaded illiterate multitudes and, before there was literacy, whole peoples. It has development, which in historic periods we can trace. It has a progressive time-spirit, in the sense that it is affected by the general advance in the world to which it belongs, and it is individually differentiated. It is more a matter of feeling than of thinking—a sense of contacts—and, in a very real way, it is a culture and gives to peoples the characters we know them by.

It is this realistic culture that makes the peoples of Europe in the Middle Ages so interesting. Scholasticism was by contrast extremely notionalistic. To distinguish the native strain from that of the classicism revived by the Renaissance, it has been called romantic, but it is naïvely realistic. Artisanry was not disturbed by scientific or mechanic interference, or by that specialization we call division of labor; the direct

handling of the material, the feeling of it, disclosed—as if the care, or caress, awakened response—its hidden form and shapeliness. And so in all the contacts of life use became beauty. The body was in immediate continuity with the soul—the material at once a veil and a transparency.

The existence, and especially the vital persistence, of such a culture of the many was a substantial support—the *vis a tergo*—to the leadership of the specially educated few in its efforts to resist Latinization and an artificial cosmopolitanism and to promote distinct nationalities, separate centers of control.

Then began a competitive civilization after the modern type, rapidly gaining momentum through scientific invention which gave Europe gunpowder, the mariner's compass, and the printing-press, and especially through the discovery of America, opening up a new continent for its exploitation.

Meanwhile among the most progressive nations, through the growth of a middle class, the people began to have some initiative and participation in public affairs. Competitive industrialism began to displace royal monopolies and, aided by a more diffused enlightenment, entered upon its career of modern specialization.

After four centuries of development in science and the mechanic arts, during which, in western Europe and Anglo-Saxon America, popular education has become general, we see the culmination of this progress that has been stimulated by competitive interests, national, corporate, and individual. The spectacle is not in all respects edifying, though vividly interesting. It occupies the whole visible foreground, and every feature of it is so obvious that we need not characterize it in its bewildering details. The interests involved are conflicting; national politics seem to exist for their compromise or adjustment; and often they lead to violent strifes. Modern international conflicts arise from these competitive interests, the passion for the maintenance of which—involving hate and envy—we call patriotism; and the warfare is as mechanical in its aspects as the economies it is waged for, and far more unhuman. In this externalization

of life popular education plays its part, becoming more and more an auxiliary to the struggle for material advantage through scientific efficiency.

The spectacle as thus actually presented to us in these early years of the twentieth century, at the very acme of human enlightenment and attainment, seems to suffer by comparison with that afforded us in the earlier stages of modern progress. Humanity did not show itself so dehumanized, human nature so denaturalized, in that period when the foundations of the British Empire were being laid in America and India, the successive events seeming more like the phases of a buoyant adventure, and the conflicts involved far less strenuous and less seriously premeditated. The efficiency of our modern systems where it has reached its greatest perfection, seem more mechanical than human, the extreme specialization of structure and function involving the loss of creative plasticity, resulting in a gladiatorial, athletic type of manhood, consciously self-sufficient and, with logical consistency, deprecating all other types as vain, indolent, and decadent, cumbering the earth. Life surrenders itself to the formal mold of logic.

It is difficult, indeed impossible, to bring and hold any people to this standard of formal excellence; and where the standard seems to have been most successfully maintained, it determines the outward form and habit rather than the spontaneous expression of life, the front presented to the world in the general routine of business, of officialism, and of all artificial systems, rather than those intimacies which arise from natural sentiment, cherished in the seclusion of homes and close communities and overflowing these limits into broader channels of genuine sympathy and compassion; even imparting something of warmth and impulsive enthusiasm to a much-perverted patriotism, making it seem to embrace not only domestic security, but the welfare of the world.

Thus we have the paradox of peoples who, in the event of a tragic catastrophe afflicting any one of them, would be stirred by the deepest compassion, yet, acting under the mask of their hard and apparently irresponsible "systems," for

no cause that awakens heroism, but for a point of honor or a material advantage, are ready to inflict upon one another, and themselves suffer, incalculable damage and loss of life. It is true that within the borders of any civilized nation Justice presents the same formidable front, but it is against the anti-social criminal. If it is a blind equity, yet it is a convention representing general agreement and self-control; it is a judicial procedure by trial, and its relentlessness is mitigated by natural sentiment in that, where such sentiment is pertinent, the trial is by jury. Social justice brings the soulless corporation under the same general control, as against anti-social tendencies. But nations are under the ban of no court. They seek control rather than self-control, and are irresponsibly anti-social and allowed anti-social equipment. In the world-wide scope of social activities, where it is most necessary, there is no world-police and no semblance of one. This final achievement of formal justice is not a millennial expectation; it would establish only an armed peace; but it is reasonably practicable—the ultimate realization and justification of the formal and logical scheme of modern Progress, the permissive, though negative, condition of a new real culture interpenetrating and vitalizing all formal systems.

The vice of a system is incidental to its perversion—to the narrowing or obstruction of its free course, as when aspiration, emulation, and science are foreshortened, missing the fulfilment betokened in their first awakening. We want not less, but more, logic, until it is open to the divine Logos; not less science, but more, so that it may bring us into a large realm of disinterested will and purpose; and most of all we need the free play of all social activities, with no restriction of opportunity to any people for the advantage of another.

Only our shortsightedness prevents our seeing this reality behind the obvious spectacle which marks but a transitional stage in the evolution of humanity. We do not return to the real culture of the old illiterate multitude, but somehow we have all along retained the reality of it in the course of its transformation into a new real culture hidden beneath the hard mask of our civilization.

Breakfast for Two

BY FRANKLIN JAMES

"GOOD morning—Mr. James," she said, shyly, with a quick look from her plate and a quick look back again.

It was annoying, when I had to catch the first train up to town, to find any one there. I had said good-by to my hostess the night before. The table was a small round one, and my breakfast had been laid out next to this new guest's, not opposite.

"Good morning," I answered, grudgingly, but as cheerfully as I could. Then as I slipped into my chair I looked at her inquiringly. She was very young, with her hair in a club half down her back. "Er—I haven't seen you here before, have I?" I had no idea what her name was.

"I'm Isabella," she replied, answering my real question instead of the unreal one. "I got here last night for a week with Aunt Agatha. You were all playing bridge." She had an awfully pretty voice, with a young, breathless catch in it, and she kept looking at the grapes she was slowly eating.

"Don't you play auction?" I fumbled, attacking a grapefruit. I felt wholly out of training with young girls, and the folded newspaper was tantalizingly near.

"Why—no," answered Isabella; then with the little catch, "You see, I'm not—'out' yet."

I nodded sympathetically and there was a brief pause. Presently I reached tentatively for the newspaper. "Do

you mind if I just run over the stock reports for a minute?" I asked, with my nicest smile. She nodded back gently, and I was soon absorbed in the league standings. Isabella went on quietly eating grapes.

After a while she said, as if to herself, "Giants Preferred has gone up two points, I think."

I stared at her a bit dazed. Isabella made no sign. There wasn't any possible answer to this, so I began thinking, and for two minutes pretended still to read.

Presently there was a little nudge at my wrist and Isabella dropped a big, round Tokay on my plate. "Don't you want a



"YOU SEE—YOU'VE BEEN MY HERO EVER SINCE I WAS A LITTLE GIRL"

grape?" she asked. Her great blue eyes were the steadiest, youngest eyes I have ever seen. It occurred to me that Isabella was astonishingly pretty.

"Why, yes," I agreed, mechanically, popping the grape into my mouth to gain time.

Isabella sighed, then seemed to gather her courage, and then asked me breathlessly:

"Are you—*really*—Franklin James?"

"Yes—really," I assented, now thoroughly dazed.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, with a long breath, "it's *too* wonderful!"

"But why should it be?" I questioned, idiotically.

"But it *is* wonderful!" panted Isabella. "You see—you've been my hero ever since I was a little girl, and now to be having breakfast with you this way!"

I swallowed twice and gazed at her fixedly. To say that Isabella was astonishingly pretty is a bit inadequate—she was really the loveliest thing I have ever seen: thick, rumped, brown hair; a broad, low forehead; chin a trifle squarish like a boy's; a marvelously delicate, sensitive mouth; teeth to wonder at—and the clearest, firmest skin over the nicest bones. She met my stare unflinching, her big, blue, young, ingenuous eyes never leaving mine; she was as clear as a bell.

"I wish you'd explain," I said, gently. You have to let youth work itself out its own way.

"I know it *sounds* silly," said Isabella, hesitatingly. "But you know, when I was a little girl Uncle Charlie used to tell me sometimes what he did when he was in college—and about his classmates. He talked a lot about you. And when I first heard your name from him I thought it was the most—most musical name I had ever heard."

This was a new point of view for me, and I mentally hummed over my three allotted syllables to get the music, but I couldn't. I hurriedly put the idea in the back of my mind for reference.

"Yes?" I urged, encouragingly.

"And so my favorite paper doll," went on Isabella, "was always 'Franklin James.' Oh, you wouldn't *believe* the adventures he had rescuing the others and things, and always coming out right. I've gone through the most exciting times with him! Even after I grew up I saved the paper dolls. I couldn't bear to have them thrown away. So, in a sense, I've known you most of my life. I've got you still somewhere." And she smiled at me with the frankest comradeship.

"Why, that's charming, Isabella," I exclaimed. "It really constitutes a tremendous bond, doesn't it—just as if we'd been friends for years?" The complete trustfulness of it amused and oddly touched me. Isabella and I were going to hit it off amazingly.



"DON'T YOU SAVE THAT PAPER DOLL. YOU DON'T NEED HIM ANY MORE!"

"But now," said Isabella, shaking her head, "I can't understand it at all. You *couldn't* have been in Uncle Charlie's class!"

"Why not?" I smiled back.

"Why, you're *years* younger than Uncle Charles," asserted Isabella, staring at me with adorable puzzlement.

I was just struggling for some ingenious explanation that would maintain this factitious advantage when a servant poked his head in the door, announcing that the motor was waiting for me.

"You're coming down to Aunt Agatha's dance next week?" asked Isabella, shyly, as we both rose.

"Of course I am," I replied with enthusiasm.

"Don't you *love* dancing?" She put it wistfully.

"I adore it. Don't you?" I should have liked at that moment to one-step with her down the hall.

"I dance *so* badly," answered Isabella. Then, pleadingly: "*Would* you mind helping me just once at the dance? You see, it's a grown-up party, and Aunt Agatha doesn't know whether I ought—"

"My dear, you keep four for me—at least," I urged, holding out my hand. "It's a go, Isabella," I exclaimed, as she took it firmly. "Don't you save that paper doll. You don't need him any more!" Then Isabella ran back into the house.

On the train I bought another newspaper and went into the smoking-compartment. Somehow I didn't feel like reading. I dropped into a chair next to Beverley Randall.

"Hello!" said Bevy. "Where've you been staying?"

I told him, "At the Grays'."

"Awfully nice people," he commented with mature approval. Beverley is a good-looking boy, a Sophomore, I think, at Harvard, and very young. I took up my paper.

"By the way," he continued, "has Mr. Gray's niece turned up yet—Isabella, you know?"

I put down my paper. "Yes," I replied.

"*Awfully* pretty girl, isn't she?" exclaimed Bevy.



"AND YOU SEE," CONTINUED BEVY, ARTLESSLY, "THAT MAKES IT A CINCH FOR ME, DOESN'T IT?"

"Very," said I.

"I *say*, she's going to cut a swath when she comes out next year," he continued, confidentially. "I'm awfully glad I've got an inside track. Funny thing, too."

"How, 'funny'?" I asked with nascent interest. Obviously Bevy wanted to talk about her.

"Why, I happened to be in the same form at school with her cousin, Tom Dudley, and it seems, once when he was talking to her about some of the fellows, he happened to mention me. She was only a kid then, and she got stuck on my name—thought it was fearfully romantic, and all that—and so she named her favorite paper doll after me and played with me for years. Told me all about it when I first met her last summer. Funny thing, wasn't it?"

"Why, yes," I agreed, "rather."

"And you see," continued Bevy, artlessly, "that makes it a cinch for me, doesn't it? You old bucks won't stand a ghost of a show next year."

I could only stare hard at Beverley. "You 'kids' do talk the most awful rot," I distinctly remember saying. And then I buried my nose in the stock reports.

A Modern Child's Garden of Verses

BY CAROLYN WELLS

A THOUGHT

IT is very nice to think
The world is full of blue and pink;
With pretty ladies wearing lace
In every fashionable place.

THE DANCE

THE girls are dancing all around,
At luncheon and at tea;
They dance in every restaurant,
And on the ships at sea.

NIGHT AND DAY

IN winter I sit up at night,
And dance till early morning light.
In summer, if I have my way,
I like to dance the livelong day.
And even in my sleep I see
The Tango Trippers at the Tea;
And hear the sound of many feet
Still tapping to the music sweet.
And does it not seem hard to you?—
I have to leave at half-past two!
Though I should like so much to stay,
I cannot dance both night and day!

THE WHOLE DUTY OF GIRLS

A GIRL should wear a pretty shoe,
And smile when she is spoken to;
And own a lot of lace and sable—
At least as far as she is able.

THE MAN MODISTE

THE Man Modiste, all black and white,
I love with all my heart;
He makes me frocks with all his might,
To keep me fine and smart.

A HAPPY THOUGHT

THE world is so full of a number of shams,
I'm sure we should all be as happy as
clams.

SYSTEM

EVERY day I work it right
I get my dinner every night;
And every night that I've been good
I get a cordial after food.

The girl who is not fair and sweet,
With lots of flowers and things to eat,
She is a stupid girl, I'm sure,
Or else her beaux are awful poor.

LOOKING FORWARD

WHEN one has reached the wedded state,
She should be very good and great,
And tell the other girls she knows
Not to meddle with her beaux.



The Joy-riders

Pantheistic

"YOU admit you are guilty, then," thundered the judge.

"Ah do, jedge. Ah's guilty. Ah stole dem pants. But, your Honah, dere ain't no sin when de motive am good. Ah stole dem pants to get baptized in."

Prejudiced

THERE was a party at the Settlement where refreshments of various sorts were dispensed to the fifty or more young Russian and Rumanian infants of the neighborhood. One small girl ate sparingly, refusing the big plate of pink-and-white ice-cream with an expressive gesture of disgust.

"What's the matter, Yetta?" asked the resident. "Don't you like ice-cream?"

"Teacher, no m'a'm," burst forth Yetta. "Last week my sister and me we had a whole lots of money and so we took a walk. So we bought candy, so we bought pickles, so we had a soda, so we came home we ate some ice-cream, and after that, teacher"—Yetta's face screwed itself into an awful semblance of pain—"I've threw a fierce hate on ice-cream."

Getting Down to His Level

THEY came to the parsonage to be married, and as they stood before the minister he at once observed a remarkable disparity in their height. The bride was fully six feet tall, and broad in proportion, while the groom's head barely reached to her shoulders. It at once became evident that the lady was extremely sensitive concerning this physical disparity. As the couple came forward to their places and the witnesses filed in, the bridegroom halted and moved forward a chair in which the bride, after an embarrassed glance at the clergyman, seated herself.

"If it's just the same to you, minister," said she, "I'll take it sitting."



"I wouldn't m-m-mind their callin' me fat, only I know it's true."

"Don't you care. I'll knock the tar out o' the next kid that tells the truth about ye."

He Wondered

A LITTLE slum child was enjoying his first glimpse of pastoral life. The setting sun was gilding the grass and roses of the old-fashioned garden, and he sat on a little stool beside the farmer's wife, who was plucking a chicken. He watched the operation gravely for some time. Then he spoke.

"Do you take off their clothes every night, lady?"

The Modern Mother

TWO nursemaids were wheeling their infant charges in the park when one asked the other:

"Are you going to the dance to-morrow afternoon?"

"I am afraid not."

"What!" exclaimed the other. "And you so fond of dancing!"

"I'd love to go," explained the conscientious maid, "but to tell you the truth, I am afraid to leave the baby with its mother."



"Look, mother, I'm going to give father this neck-tie for Christmas."

"It's lovely, dear. Where did you get it?"

"Out of his top drawer."

Following a Precedent

HE had interested himself in his book during the entire journey. As the train neared the city the colored porter approached him respectfully, saying:

"Shall I brush you off, sah?"

"No," he replied, without removing his gaze from the book. "I prefer to get off in the usual manner."

A Woman's Right

ONE right I claim—'tis not the right to vote,

Nor yet to hold political position.

I argue not with those who say, no, she

Should be a lawyer, pastor, or physician,
Nor have I any settled views about

Woman as leader of a public mission.

But, oh! my sisters, this is what I want,

And it is you, not man, that I petition.

When I a street-car enter where you sit,

Each, with surprising coolness, in addition
To her own place usurping half the next:

Don't stare at me with feminine suspicion,
But move and give me room in manly way,

As I would do for you in like condition.
This is the right I claim—oh! grant it,
pray—

The seat *you* occupy for which *I* pay.

M. E.

A Wrong Entry

IN a sparsely settled county of southern Mississippi there was an old fellow named Tompkins who conducted a cross-roads store at a point where the travel was heavy, at least for that section. Although he had amassed considerable wealth, he could not write, so the charges and entries in his books were made by means of hieroglyphics. For example, in lieu of writing "one bucket of lard," he drew it.

A delinquent customer entering the store one day, the old grocer accosted him and requested that he pay for the cheese, which he had purchased a long time ago. The other replied that he had bought no cheese. Tompkins insisted that he had. The argument became heated. Finally Tompkins in desperation exclaimed, "I know you bought that cheese, 'cause I got her down here in the book."

The customer glanced at the book, saw the round, wheel-like symbol of a cheese, and, grinning, said, "I didn't buy no cheese. What I did buy was a grindstone."

"That's a fact," exclaimed the chagrined Tompkins. "It was a grindstone. I forgot to put th' hole in th' middle."

Division of Labor

MRS. HANLEY was greatly excited when a neighbor came in to call upon her one morning.

"Just think," said she, walking over to the other end of the room, "that fellow entered in broad daylight and actually stole the clock off the mantel."

"And you say your dog was in the very same room?"

"Yes, but he couldn't do anything," returned Mrs. Hanley, loftily. "Fido is only a watch-dog."

Moses and Mother

"MOSES had indigestion like you have, mother," announced small Elinor at the Sunday dinner-table.

"Why, what makes you think so?" questioned her astonished but sympathetic mother.

"Because our Sunday-school teacher said, 'God gave Moses two tablets.'"

How David Reckoned

DAVID was not prone to over-exertion in the class-room; therefore his mother was surprised and delighted when he came home recently with the announcement, "I got one hundred this morning."

"That's lovely, David!" exclaimed his proud mother as she kissed him tenderly. "What was it in?"

"Fifty in readin' an' fifty in 'rithmetic."

A Timely Warning

MRS. WINN invited the minister to return home with her for dinner one Sunday, and the good man accepted. Little seven-year-old Frank had attended church with his mother and had listened to the sermon very attentively. The subject had been "Thrift," and the minister had waxed eloquent concerning thrift of the real and mistaken kind.

After dinner was finished and the family adjourned to the piazza, the minister asked the little boy:

"Were you interested in the sermon to-day, my lad?"

"Yes, sir," replied Frank.

"I am glad to hear that you liked it," said the minister, kindly. "Are you going to put the lesson into use?"

"I have," answered Frank.

"Indeed!" exclaimed the minister in surprise. "And in what way?"

"Why," explained the little boy, "I was going to put a nickel in the collection-plate, but after you said so much about putting money to the best uses I made up my mind I'd save it for some real need."

On the Foamy Deep

"HERE'S a nickel," said a thrifty housewife to a tramp at the door. "Now what are you going to do with it?"

"Well, mum," replied the hungry man, "if I buy a touring-car, I sha'n't have enough left to pay my chauffeur; if I purchase a steam-yacht, there won't be enough left to defray the cost of manning her; so I guess, mum, I'll just get a schooner and handle her myself."

Putting it into Practise

A LITTLE boy who had just newly learned the use of "ditto" went to the country on a short visit, and this is the letter he sent home:

DEAR FATHER,

I arrived safely here,

" wish you were "

" " Mother was "

" " Sister " "

" " George " "

" " Grand-

mother " "

I hope you are well,

" " Mother is "

" " Sister " "

" " George " "

" " Grand-

mother " "

" wish you would send me some money.

Your loving boy, Tom.

Sticking to His Post

WITH but three minutes to catch his train, the traveling salesman inquired of the street-car conductor, "Can't you go faster than this?"

"Yes," the bell-ringer replied, "but I have to stay with my car."



A Lady's Man

Encore

MISS LUTHER, the Sunday-school teacher, was endeavoring to illustrate the lesson, "Return good for evil." To make the idea more convincing, she said, "Suppose, children, one of your playmates should strike you, and the next day you should bring him an orange, that would be one way of returning good for evil."

"H'm! then he would strike you again to get another orange," piped up one little fellow who had evinced considerable interest in the matter.

Fortunate that He Returned

"BOY, watch my horse till I come back!" called a man to a boy lounging around the station, as he hastened to say farewell to a departing friend.

"Sure," said the boy, taking the reins.

Just then the locomotive whistled and the horse, rearing suddenly, started at full speed up the road.

The boy stared after the fleeing animal, but made no attempt to go after him. When the owner appeared, the lad exclaimed, with relief:

"It's a good thing you came just now, sir, for I couldn't have watched him much longer."

"Don't laugh, Mayme, ye might be like that yerself, sometime!"

High Fliers

WHEN the father of the fair seven-year-old heiress of a great mansion on Drexel Boulevard in Chicago returned from downtown recently, he found his daughter and another young lady presiding at a small table on the lawn. On the main gateway a large sign announced, "Lemmonade—1 penny."

"Well, girlyes, I suppose you've made a lot of money. How many pennies have you got?" he asked, laying down a coin for his own glass.

"We haven't any pennies yet, papa," replied his youngest; "we let them sign for it as they do at the Country Club!"

Getting Even

"THEY take things rather easy in many parts of Arkansas," observed a man from the East whose business took him thither quite frequently.

"I remember that in one town the proprietor of the general store almost resented any demand upon his stock. One day he explained his lack of a certain article in this fashion:

"Well, you see, people kep' comin' an' comin' for it, an' they bought me out jest as fast as I got it in. So I stopped keepin' it!"



—BOB ADDAMS—

"What do you mean by putting up such a sign while I'm away—hey?"

"Well—er—I thought we might as well make a little now that eggs are so terribly high."



Painting by C. E. Chambers

Illustration for "The Turmoil"

THEY WERE ENTIRELY MATTER-OF-COURSE ABOUT IT

HARPER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. CXXX

FEBRUARY, 1915

No. DCCLXXVII



Washington After the War

From the UNPUBLISHED DIARIES of JOHN HAY

Compiled and Edited by William Roscoe Thayer



JOHN HAY was twenty-seven years old when the Civil War ended. In knowledge of the world, in acquaintance with men, in ordeals of various kinds, he had little to learn. He had kept his head and his temper, and his capacity to take adverse fate ironically, almost blithely. But the war, which ripened Hay, left him with his fortune still unmade.

So he accepted gladly the appointment to be first secretary of the American Legation at Paris. It offered him a provisional occupation which, after his four years in the White House, would seem like a vacation, and would afford him the opportunity he had craved since boyhood of seeing the Old World. He reached his post in June, 1865. For John Bigelow, who was then minister, he soon felt an affectionate admiration, which never slackened through life. Mrs. Bigelow's inexhaustible vivacity now amused and now fascinated him. "*Mon Dieu! qu'elle est vive, qu'elle est vive!*" he records in his Diary, quoting "old Plon," whom I take to be Prince Napoleon—"Plon-Plon."

Of the diplomatic business transacted during Hay's stay in the Legation, the most important concerned the French occupation of Mexico, where Napoleon

had established an empire in the hope that, if the American Union broke up, he might extend French influence and French territory to the north of the Rio Grande. I pass by the references to the official negotiations of this period—dim enough they are now—in order to cite Hay's description of the audience at which Mr. Bigelow presented his letters of recall, and Gen. John A. Dix, his successor, was received by the Emperor.

When General Dix, followed by Hay and Wickham Hoffman, the second secretary, was ushered into The Presence,

the General looked anxiously around for the Emperor, advancing undecidedly, until a little man, who was standing in front of the Throne, stepped forward to meet him. Everybody bowed profoundly as the Duc de Cambacérès gave the name and the title of the General. The little man bowed, and the General, beginning to recognize in him a dim likeness to the Emperor's portrait, made his speech to him.

I looked around the room for a moment [Hay continues], admiring as I always do on ceremonial occasions in France the rich and tasteful masses of color which the various groups of Great Officers of the Crown so artistically present. Not a man's place is left to accident. A cardinal dashes in a great splash of scarlet. A *cent-garde* supplies an exquisite blue and gold. The yellows

and the greens are furnished by the representatives of Law and Legislation, and the Masters of Ceremonies fill up with an unobtrusive violet. Yet these rich lights and soft shadows are accessory to the central point of the picture—the little man who is listening or seeming to listen to the General's address. If our Republican eyes can stand such a dazzling show, let us look at him.

Short and stocky, he moves with a queer, sidelong gait, like a gouty crab; a man so wooden-looking that you would expect his voice to come rasping out like a watchman's rattle. A complexion like crude tallow—marked for Death, whenever Death wants him—to be taken some time in half an hour, or left, neglected by the Skeleton King, for years, perhaps, if properly coddled. The mustache and imperial which the world

knows, but ragged and bristly, concealing the mouth entirely, is moving a little nervously as the lips twitch. Eyes sleepily watchful—furtive, stealthy, rather ignoble, like servants looking out of dirty windows and saying "nobody at home," and lying as they say it. And withal a wonderful phlegm. He stands there as still and impassive as if carved in oak for a ship's figurehead. He looks not unlike one of those rude, inartistic statues. His legs are too short, his body too long. He never looks well but on a throne or on a horse, as kings ought.

In all his writing Hay never did better than that. As a historical portrait in the gallery of nineteenth-century celebrities it will take its place; and if it seems malign, its malignity may be

65
 splash of scarlet. A cent-garde supplies an exquisite blue and gold. The yellows and the greens are furnished by the representatives of Law & Legislation and the Masters of Ceremonies fill up with an unobtrusive violet. Yet these rich lights and soft shadows are accessory to the central point of the picture—the little man who is listening or seeming to listen to the General's address. If our Republican eyes can stand such a dazzling show, let us look at him.

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compared with the acid which bites in the etching.

General Dix's coming and Mr. Bigelow's going directly affected Hay, who declined to serve under the new minister, and went home in search of another career. Hay reached New York on February 1, 1867. The Diary during the succeeding weeks throws many sidelights on life at the capital at an interesting moment.

The conflict between President Andrew Johnson and Congress was becoming angry. Radical Republicans had pushed the fighting to the point where a trial for impeachment could not be avoided. The reconstruction of the Southern States, lately in rebellion, called out the worst passions of extremists of both sides. Many of the Republicans believed that unless the vanquished

Southerners were sternly watched they would foment insurrection, and so denature, if they did not actually nullify, the results attained by the Civil War. Others supposed that they had the best of warrants for making the way of the transgressor as hard as possible. The desire to atone for the immemorial persecution of the black man by suddenly proclaiming him the political equal of the white man, and even by setting him up to rule over the white man, moved many zealots. The politicians, as usual, traded on the enthusiasm of the unwise or availed themselves of the scoundrel's catchword—patriotism.

To the immense misfortune of the country, and to his own, President Johnson had neither the temperament, training, nor tact to meet such a crisis.

History has justified many of his measures, and has applauded his resistance to the fire-eaters who cried for vengeance on the stricken rebels; but his opponents saw nothing but ill-masked craft or patent treachery in his acts, and his friends felt no loyalty to his person.

Never was the patience of Lincoln, or his fairness and spirit of conciliation, more needed. For lack of him the wounds of war did not cicatrize, and the process of reconstruction became an ignoble tragedy long drawn out.

I drove to Willard's [Hay writes]; saw the same dead-beats hanging around the office, the same listless loafers moving gloomily up and down, pensively expectorating. Several shook hands with me cordially; the Radical fellows wanting to sympathize with me as a martyr and a little disappointed when they found I was none. Lamon picked me up

and I went to his office; saw Judge [Jeremiah] Black and talked politics for a while. The terrible defeats of the past year have sobered and toned down the Conservatives. They talked very quietly and sensibly.

Then he visited the State Department. Secretary Seward

came swinging in, saying, "Well, John Hay, so you got tired of it and came home." "Yes," I said, "it was time. I had enough of the place and the place had enough of me." He then went into a long and very clever disquisition on the dangers of a man holding office—the desiccation and fossilizing process—illustrating it by Mr. Hunter and saying he feared Nicolay¹ was getting into that way. I assured him Nicolay was not; that he was single-heartedly pursuing ten thousand dollars, and that when he got it he would come home and go to his ranch. He was glad to hear that, he said.

¹ Nicolay was American consul-general in Paris.



NAPOLÉON III

From the Collection of Frederick H. Meserve

From Seward's conversation Hay learned how matters stood in Washington.

He talked a great deal of the present position of politics and of his own attitude [Hay writes]. He never seemed to me to better advantage. His utter calmness and cheerfulness, whether natural or assumed, is most admirable. He seems not only free from any political wish or aspiration, but says distinctly that he cares nothing for the judgment of history, so that he does his work well here.

He speaks utterly without bitterness of the opposition to him and the President. He thinks the issue before the country was not fairly put, but seems rather to admire the cleverness with which the Radical leaders obscured and misstated the question to carry the elections. He says the elections in short amount to this:

Congress to the North. Do you want rebels to rule the Government?—No.

Do you want more representatives than the South?—Yes.

Do you want negroes to vote in the South and not in the North?—Yes.

Do you want to give up the fruits of victory to the South?—No.

Congress to the South. Do you want your negroes to vote, and not Northern negroes?—No.

Do you want to lose fifty members of Congress?—No.

Do you want to be deprived of a vote yourselves?—Not by a damned sight.

And so the issue is clearly presented in such a style as to decide the question beforehand.

He asked me if I wanted anything—if I would like to go back to Europe. I said I would like anything worth having, if it could be given to me without any embarrassment to him or the President at the present time.

It appeared that the Senate had held up the confirmation of General Dix as minister to France. If it finally rejected him, a *chargé d'affaires* would be sent out until a new minister, satisfactory to the Senate, could be found. Why should not Hay be that *chargé*?

Hay spent the evening with his old friend Harry Wise, who, he records, is disgusted with Johnson. His first words to me were, "Everything is changed—you find us all Copperheads." Painter said, "You will find the home of virtue has become the haunt of vice." [Henry] Adams said: "A man asked me the other day if I had been to the White House lately, and I

told him No. I want to remember that house as Lincoln left it." Every one I met used some such expression. It is startling to see how utterly without friends the President is.

On Sunday Hay

went to church alone. Walked home with Miss L. and listened a half-hour to her clever Washington gossip—the most spiritual in the world. Then made several visits; saw Hooper¹ and Agassiz.

He dined with Secretary Seward at four o'clock—an hour commended to the attention of epicures. Doolittle² and Thurlow Weed came in. Their talk was on populations, ancient and modern, Weed having most to say about Rome and Italy, and Seward about the East, Babylon, and Palestine.

Suddenly Seward said to me: "And now, John Hay, if it were not that Weed is continually in the way, I would make you a minister. But it seems Mr. Harris³ is a very good man and has been defeated, and the President is fond of him, and so a mission must be kept for him. There is a vacancy in Sweden, and I suppose Weed will insist on Harris having it."

"Would Harris take such small change?" I asked.

Here Weed, who had not much relished Seward's badinage, broke out, "It is too good for him. He would take anything. He deserves nothing."

This led to some conversation on Cowan's⁴ chances. They all thought them rather slim. Seward said it ought to be known in justice to Cowan that he had asked for nothing and knew nothing of the appointment until it came to the Senate. Doolittle said he would try to persuade Sumner to report upon the nomination without a recommendation and let the Senate act upon it in that way.

Seward asked Doolittle if he had any influence left in the Committee on Foreign Relations. "Scarcely any," said Doolittle. "If there were anybody you could depend on," said Seward, "I would like to have mischievous and annoying questions about our foreign policy prevented. Where a private negotiation is begun and not finished, a blast of publicity destroys it; there is nothing more to be done. The attention and jealousy of the world outside is attracted to us and obstacles spring up in an hour. I have

¹ Samuel Hooper, M. C. from Massachusetts.

² James R. Doolittle, Senator from Wisconsin.

³ Ira Harris, Senator from New York.

⁴ Senator Edgar Cowan, nominated as minister to Austria, but not confirmed.

an understanding with Banks and have always had such a one with Sumner, until he has of late become hopelessly alienated. Conness is especially troublesome. I could manage him by giving him all the offices in the Department, but he is so greedy and unreasonable that one cannot talk sensibly with him."

Thurlow Weed having left for New York, Doolittle and Seward canvassed the situation.

Here Hay interjects an interesting comment:

The whipped-out, stunned way of talking that I have seen in all the Conservatives is very remarkable. No bitterness, no energetic denunciation, no threats; but a bewildered sort of incapacity to comprehend the earnest deviltry of the other side characterizes them all—but Seward, who is the same placid, philosophic optimist that he always was, the truest and most single-hearted Republican alive.

As Doolittle rose to go, Seward said, "You must somehow help me to do something for John Hay." I was touched and astonished at this kind persistence of the Secretary in my favor.

I stayed an hour or so. He told me that it seemed as if they would prove General Dix to have been in the receipt of the two salaries of the Minister [to France] and Naval Officer [of the Port of New York]. He seemed much disgusted at this. He said: "It almost makes me determined never to give up a prejudice again." He ran over General Dix's history, showing how consistently the General had always pursued his bread and butter in every conjuncture, always getting on pretty well, but always losing the great prizes of his ambition by an unlucky lack of political principle and an over-greed of office, in every period of party crisis. He had always been opposed to him, but had taken him up and stood by him since the beginning of the war, in spite of

the General's attempt to "cut under" from time to time. Seward got him into Buchanan's Cabinet through Stanton. When Bigelow's place at Paris fell vacant by his resignation last July, Seward kept it for Dix. And now it seems he is to fall by this ignoble charge of avarice.

We had some comforting optimist talk.

I believe so utterly in Republicanism that I am never troubled long about the future. Baron Gerolt came in and we talked Napoleon and Bismarck and *fusil à aiguille*.

This last reference reminds us how recent the mounting of Prussia, and of Germany dominated by Prussia, has been. In 1867 the world was beginning to perceive that, by the crushing of Austria at Sadowa the year before, a power of the first order was coming to the front. Men were already speculating as to the time of the inevitable contest between France and Prussia for mastery, and as to the relative merits of the French

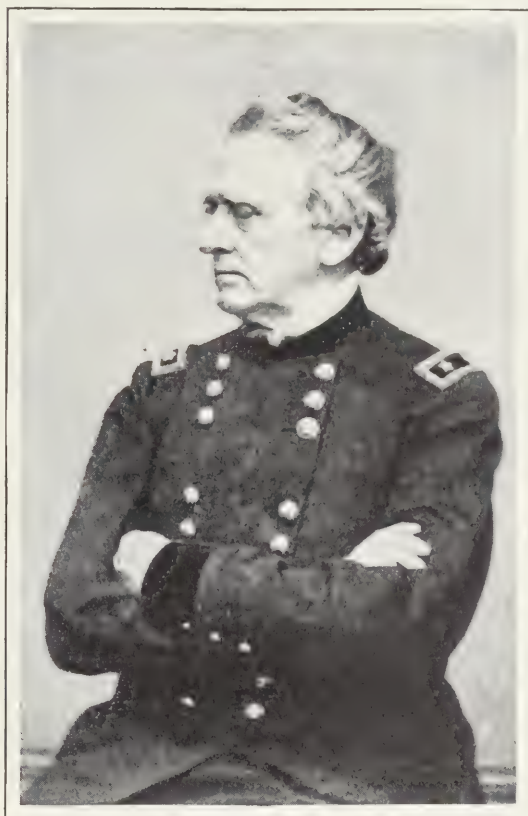
chassepot and the Prussian needle-gun.

While Hay lingered on, waiting for the Senate to come to a decision in General Dix's case, he divided his time between political and social visits.

On "one of God's own days" he joined the beautiful Mrs. Sprague and Miss Hoyt, "doing a constitutional," and

walked with them in the blessed sunshine. They took me in the afternoon to the President's to make a bow to Mrs. Patterson and Mrs. Stover. The White House is much more richly and carefully furnished than in my time. But the visitors were not quite up to the old mark, which itself was not hard to reach.

On another morning he went to Congress, and sent his card in to his old



GENERAL JOHN A. DIX

From the Collection of Frederick H. Meserve

acquaintance Shelby M. Cullom, of Illinois.

He brought me in on the floor, where I stayed an hour or two and shook many hands. Everybody said something about the better days gone and nobody spoke of the better days coming. Yet in those better days they mourned, a million fine fellows were slaying each other with swords and guns, and the widows and the orphans were increasing faster than the babies.

Mr. Seward's kindness did not flag. He wished to appoint Hay as an employee in the State Department until something better offered; but Hay declined, knowing how quickly the men who were caught in the treadmill of routine dropped beyond reach of an independent career. Seward then said

he had proposed my name to the President the day before as Minister to Sweden. The

President said he had another man for it—General Joseph J. Bartlett, of New York. "We are doing all we can for the soldiers, you know, etc." He said the matter was strictly confidential as yet.

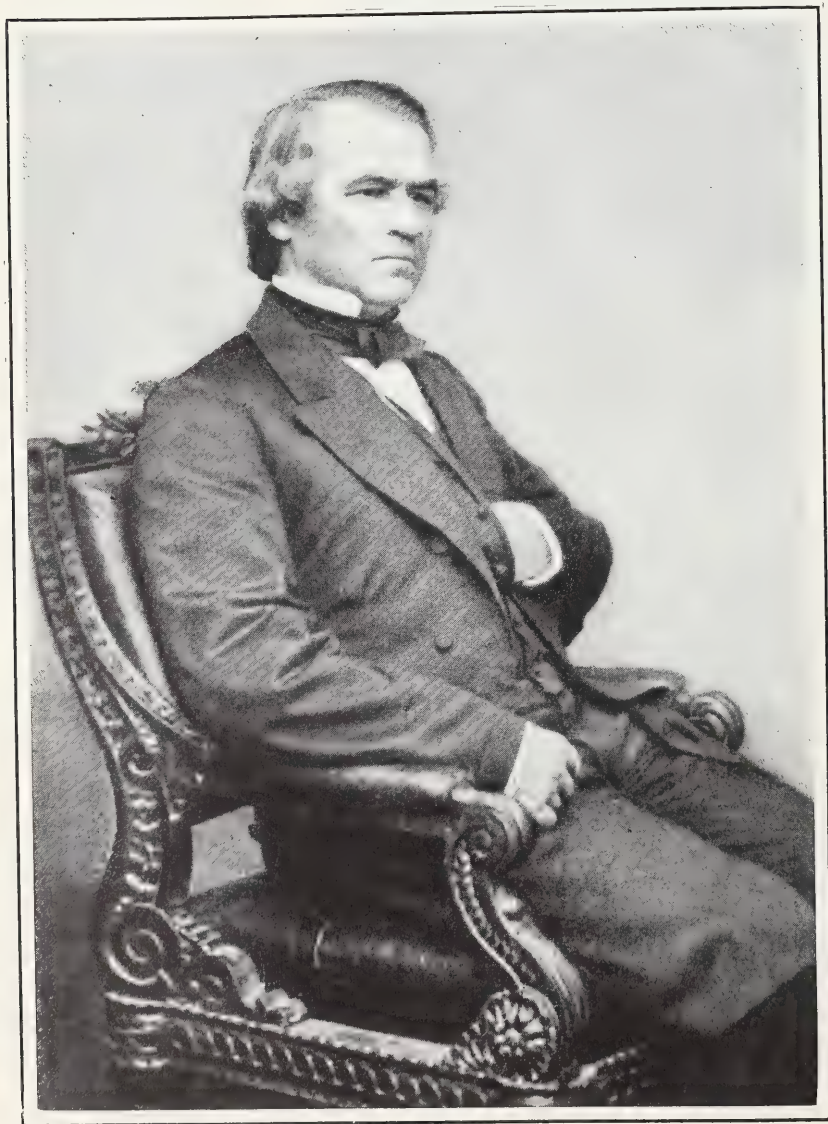
The Diary next introduces us to a personage who was the most conspicuous, if not the weightiest, member of the Senate—Charles Sumner, from Massachusetts.

I dined with Sumner. The party was Mr. and Mrs. Sumner, who looks very sweet and matronly in her *secondes noces*, Miss H., Mr. Field, of Philadelphia, George Wm. Curtis, and myself. I like Sumner better since his marriage. He should have been married long ago. Every man should who can afford it. His ready-made family is very taking. Little Bel H. came running in for dessert and rated Curtis soundly for not giving her the largest bonbon. It was quite startling to see Sumner in the bosom of his family.

The conversation was entirely political—the debate of the day in the Senate. Sherman's¹ speech against including Cabinet Ministers in the Tenure of Office bill was rather severely criticized by Sumner, who thought he had been too magnanimous in allowing it to pass unanswered. Sumner thought the power of appointing and removing members of the Cabinet more properly belonged to the Senate, as a permanent body, than to the President. He said the Senate was less liable to become depraved and bad than the President. He said, "for instance, I can scarcely imagine a Senate that would now confirm Mr. Seward."

As to the engagement in form of harmony in the Cabinet, he scouted that altogether. He said that in every constitutional government in the world the head of the government was frequently obliged to accept ministers that were personally and politically obnoxious.

¹ Senator John Sherman, of Ohio.



PRESIDENT ANDREW JOHNSON

That it was the duty often of a patriotic minister to remain in the counsels of a perverted administration as a "privileged spy." He referred to Stanton, and said it should be made impossible for Johnson to remove him.

In all this ingenious and really clever and learned talk of Sumner's, I could but remark the blindness of an honest, earnest man, who is so intent upon what he thinks right and necessary that he closes his eyes to the fatal consequences of such a course in different circumstances and different times. The Senate is now a bulwark against the evil schemes of the President; therefore, he would give the Senate a power which might make it the most detestable engine of anarchy or oppression. Had this law that he now demands existed in 1861, the Rebellion would have had its seat and center in Washington, and loyalty would have worn the bloody color of revolution. I told him so, but he would not see it, saying if the South had taken that course they would by that act have abnegated their rebellion—which to me seems absurd.

General Dix was discussed. Curtis favored letting him slide for his two years. Field thought the "hoary old place-hunter should be marked and punished." Sumner treated with contempt the charge of cumulation against General Dix. His crime of presiding at the Philadelphia Convention is capital. How can the Senate reject the small-fry of renegade Unionists and permit to go unscathed the man who gave to that wicked scheme all its momentary respectability?

Sumner's account of the rejection of McGinnis¹ was very amusing. "The Senate's answer to Master Seward." He said Bartlett had come in in McGinnis's place. "He is an old-fashioned Copperhead—did

¹ George F. McGinnis, rejected by the Senate as Minister to Sweden.

good service in our war, they say, but that won't save him."

Writing to Nicolay at this time, Hay says:

Sumner has blood in his eye. He is splendid in his present temper—arrogant, insolent, implacable—thoroughly in earnest—honest as the day.

February 7th, Thursday. — Went to the House. The bill for the military government of the Rebel States was up. Brandegee² made a little flourish of the eagle with a long Latin quotation that made the Western members grin. Banks³ I talked with some time. He was really despondent about the course things were taking—deprecating most earnestly this abdication of the civil power in favor of the irresponsible military. I thought the case was not hopeless—bad as it was—as Congress could at any time resume the power it now delegates for a temporary purpose. He said the people

would more likely acquiesce in a bad thing done than work for its repeal. I talked with Boutwell⁴ five minutes afterward. He was confident that the measure was a good one and that the army could be trusted. I think there never was an army that could be trusted, as an army. It is un-Anglo-Saxon to perpetuate this state of things. I recognize the miserable situation of the South, and perhaps this bill is necessary—but it is a bad thing to do, for all that. Woe be to him by whom this offense cometh.

In the evening, after calling on Seward, who showed him a superb set of Chinese chessmen, Hay attended a reception at the White House.

² Augustus Brandegee, member from Connecticut.

³ N. P. Banks, of Massachusetts.

⁴ George S. Boutwell, of Massachusetts, one of the Republican Radicals.



KATE CHASE SPRAGUE

Wife of the Senator from Rhode Island
From the Collection of Frederick H. Meserve

The President was very cordial to me: said I must come and see him. Mrs. Johnson received for the first time; a quiet, invalid old lady. The crowd not choice, but as good an average as ever; scarcely any distinguished people, and none squalid. We used to have plenty of both.

Following Seward's advice, Hay went to see Browning,¹ who was very cordial, and promised at once.

He feels very gloomy [notes the diarist]. Says we are going to the devil. He is a brighter man and an older man than I, but I know we are not.

February 8.—Dined with the Hoopers. There heard of Banks's unexpected and dramatic heading off of Overseer Thad² in the House. Enormously clever man is Banks. Too moderate and wise just now—a doomed Girondin, I am afraid. Raymond³ is as clever, but not as good and strong.

Doolittle said the other night to Seward that Banks had told him a few days before that he saw no earthly power that could prevent the impeachment of the President. This impressed Doolittle very much, as he said, Banks being himself against impeachment. Seward said it would impress him more if it was not that he remembered that Banks had thought there was no salvation out of Knownothingism—when in fact there was none in it.

Went to Secretary Welles's reception. Sheridan⁴ was the lion, looking, as Miss Hooper says, as if he would blow up on short provocation. A mounted torpedo, somebody once called him—inflammable little Jack of Clubs—to whom be all praise. Then a German cotillion at Reverdy Johnson's⁵—very ill led by a booby . . . who danced in a straddling sort of way, "wide between the legs as if he had gyves on."

February 9.—Went up to the House again. Talked with C.⁶ about the affair of the day before. Saw another instance of the curious intolerance of the majority, and the feebleness of individual judgment when opposed to the decisions of the caucus. C. was heartily for Banks and his motion, and was full of delighted admiration of the way he carried it against Stevens—but acknowledges he had voted the other way. He says Boutwell is jealous of Banks and anxious to dis-

credit him before the people of Massachusetts. I got the end of Boutwell's speech, which was very fine and nervous. Boutwell shows to good advantage when thoroughly roused and excited. Raymond talked a little—fluent as ever, and impressing nobody.

In the evening there was a German cotillion at Baron Gerolt's. Kasserow led, and very well. I danced with Miss Haggerty. Invitations were for 6.30, being Saturday. People accepted and went early. We dispersed to bed at midnight with a queer sense of its being the next morning.

Sunday, February 10.—I told Sumner what I conscientiously believe, that Seward has done all in his power to save Mr. Lincoln's appointees from being displaced by the Copperhead pressure; that he had spoken of giving a place to me without demanding or suggesting any adhesion to the present administration as the condition of the appointment.

I asked Sumner if he did not intend to write a history of these times. He answered in a way to convince me that he had thought a great deal of the matter. He greatly regretted the absence of jottings to fix in his mind the incidents of daily intercourse with the President, the ministers of the government, and the leading Congressmen. He considers himself the most highly qualified man in America to write an exhaustive political history of this great period, on account of his great and unusual facilities of intercourse with every branch of government and opinion. He said "it was impossible to do anything of the kind so long as he remained in the Senate." I suggested that he might find the necessary leisure in the representation of the country for a few years in Europe. This suggestion was by no means novel to him.

He told me that several months ago when he spoke to Seward about the Harvey⁷ matter, Seward had said that every minister in Europe was with the President as against Congress. He said he did not answer, as he might have done, that he had at that moment in his pocket a letter from Motley and one from Hale disproving that assertion.

Sumner has grown very arrogant with success. He feels keenly the satisfaction of being able to bind and loose at his free will and pleasure. There is no selfish exultation in it, or too little for him to recognize—it is rather the fierce joy of a prophet over the destruction of the enemies of his Lord. He speaks with hearty enjoyment of what is to happen to Cowan; referred to Doolittle's sleek, purring attempt to soften him in that matter so far as to have Cowan's name re-

¹ Orville H. Browning, Secretary of the Interior, the department before which the Southern land claims which Hay held would come.

² Thaddeus Stevens, of Pennsylvania, fire-eater, leader of the Republicans in the House.

³ Henry J. Raymond, M. C. from New York, editor of the *New York Times*.

⁴ General Philip H. Sheridan.

⁵ Senator from Maryland.

⁶ Presumably Cullom.

⁷ James E. Harvey, minister to Portugal.

ferred to the Senate without recommendation—and his snort of rejection.

Hay, as we have seen, interspersed his political conferences with fashionable engagements. His life in Paris had made him more than ever at his ease in society, where he was always a favorite with women.

February 11.—Mrs. Sprague gave a beautiful ball. The ladies who danced the cotillon, and many who did not, had their hair powdered *à la marquise*. I have never seen so beautiful and picturesque a roomful. Some of the most striking were the hostess herself (with whom I danced), the Hoyts, Miss Romain Goddard, Miss Haggerty, and Mrs. Banks—who was very correctly dressed, even to the extent of the blue ribbon around the neck, a little refinement in which she was alone; Miss Kinzie, a fresh Western beauty and a superb *danseuse*. Mrs. Sumner and Miss Hooper, though not powdered, were beautifully dressed.

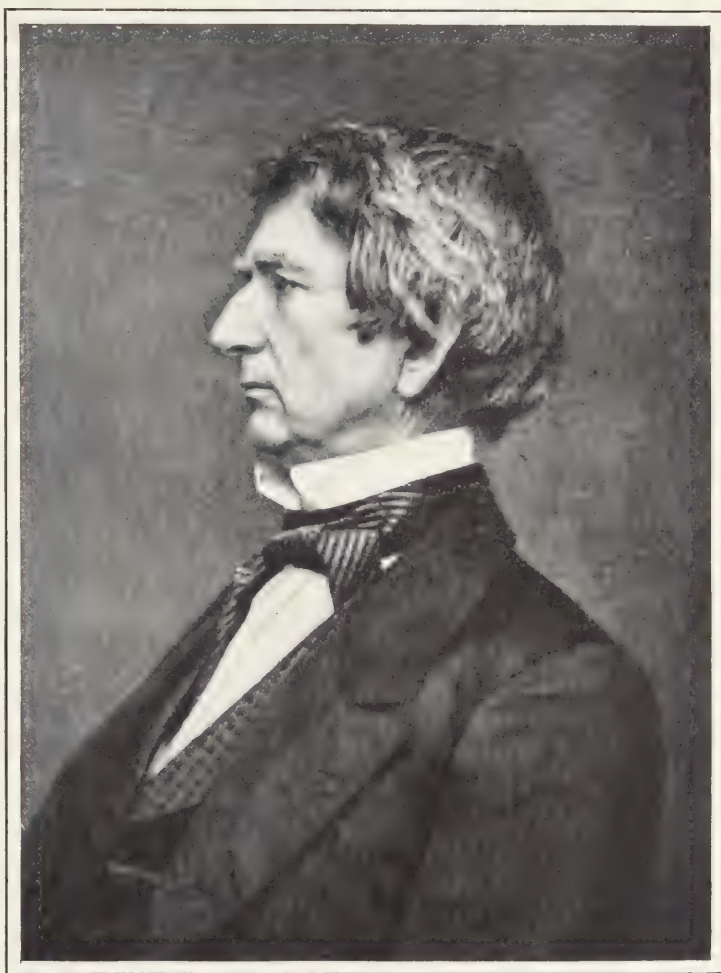
During the evening Hay talked with the Chief Justice, who showed him Carpenter's engraving of the "Reading of the Proclamation."

He objects to the whole picture being made subsidiary to Seward, who is talking while every one else either listens or stares into vacancy. He thinks it would have been infinitely better to have taken the 22d of September when the Proclamation was really read to the Cabinet. I referred to Seward's criticism that the subject was not well chosen—that the really decisive Cabinet meeting was that at which it was decided to provision and reinforce Fort Sumter. He said there was no such meeting; that Mr. Lincoln asked the opinion of the Cabinet in writing; that there were but two of the Cabinet who favored the reinforcement, himself and Blair; that Blair was more decided than he in favor of reinforcing the fort; that *he* (Chase) thought some strong and decided assertion or proclamation of the intention of the government should have been made at that time. Chase was always addicted to *coups de théâtre*.

I said I thought an aggravated importance was often ascribed to the manner in which events were accomplished; that in great

revolutionary times events accomplished themselves not by means of, but in spite of, the well-meant efforts of the best and wisest men. The Girondins nearly monopolized the brains of France; yet if they were crushed out, as it was probably necessary they should be—that the destiny of the people should be accomplished through their fever and their struggles.

He quite agreed with this, insisting, however, upon the individual responsibility of



WILLIAM H. SEWARD

From the Collection of Frederick H. Meserve

each one to do what seems best in his sight for the commonwealth. Of course this was also my view. I am obstinately optimist, but not fatalist. Every man should do what he thinks is right, but he should know also that what the Republic does is right—in the largest sense.

The Dix case, on which hung Hay's prospects of a diplomatic post, was delayed from day to day in the Senate. Charles Sumner, the dominating influence in the Committee on Foreign Relations, held out against him with

the stubbornness of a virtuous fanatic, basing his opposition, not on the charge of cumulation of offices, but on Dix's having presided over the Philadelphia Convention. Sumner said:

It is the only ground I can stand on. I once reported against a man because he had delirium tremens. Saulsbury¹ and McDougall¹ denounced me as a water-drinking fanatic. I once objected to a candidate that he could not read. I was accused of searching an impossible Boston ideal of scholarship for public service. So now, if I say of a man that he supports the policy of the President, and that I will not send him abroad to misrepresent me and the Senate, that is intelligible and satisfactory.

While the appointment hung fire Hay began to think of an alternative occupation. Before he left Paris, the banking-house of Munroe & Company had half invited him to join it. In Washington lawyers and claim agents were ready to welcome him as a partner. Either promised a good income in those days when that American citizen who could not think up some claim against the national treasury was either hopelessly dull or singularly honest. Still, Hay never forgot that he had served Lincoln as secretary—a service which imposed upon him a high obligation.

February 12.—After dinner went in to say good night to the Chief Justice. His guests had just gone; it was eleven o'clock. I walked up and down the deserted salon with him a few moments. He said there had been a good many Southern people there that evening; that he made it a point to treat them always with especial courtesy. I agreed that this was a good thing to do, even where they abused you for it and called it Yankee subserviency and charged mean motives for it. They know it is not true; they feel their inferiority, and their bluster is the protest of wounded pride. Chase said he felt kindly towards the people of the South. He only demanded that no man of any color should suffer for having been loyal during the war; which is little enough to ask, and which must be insisted on, *ruat caelum*.

Thursday, February 14.—Went to the State Department. Seward refused to hold any conversation as to what should be done in the contingency of Dix's rejection; says it would not be loyal to Dix for him to foresee such a thing. He said his intention was to promote Campbell in sending him to

Bogotá, where there was work to do and he could have won reputation. I saw Harris at Wallack's. He says Dix will be confirmed; that he has behaved rather badly, and that the delay has been simply to give him a lesson.

Tired at last of waiting, Hay went to New York on February 23d. There he talked over various business projects, and, as usual, called on many friends.

Thurlow Weed [he writes] has spoken to me about going into the redaction of a newspaper, the *Commercial Bulletin*, which he intends buying and running as a Republican paper, he assures me. I don't much like the idea of Hurlbert in it, and the whole thing looks to me hopeless. This is no time for reactionary measures.

On March 3d Forney telegraphed that Dix had been at last confirmed. Hay at once wrote Secretary Seward a long letter, full of gratitude and of admiration.

I have come to regard you [he said], as I know the world will when the smoke has risen from the battlefields of to-day, as nearly as one may reach it, the ideal of the Republican workingman—calm without apathy, bold without rashness, firm without obstinacy, and with a patriotism permeated with religious faith.

There being nothing further to expect from Washington, Hay journeyed to Warsaw, Illinois. To his surprise, he received in June the announcement that, as the Senate could agree on no successor to Motley, he had been appointed *chargé d'affaires* at Vienna. He started at once for that post. On June 3, 1868, having just heard of the acquittal of President Johnson in the trial for impeachment, Hay makes in his Diary the following entry, which will fitly conclude these sidelights on Reconstruction:

On the whole, analyzing my own sentiments, I am not very sorry—not at all sorry—at the result. I think Johnson will put some water in his whiskey now. I don't think he can do much more harm. We are still in opposition, where a party always works best. Impeachment is demonstrated not to be an easy thing. The lesson may be a good one some day, if we have a Republican President and a Copperhead Senate. The Tenure of Office law—a fruit of haste and folly—is knocked to pieces. Two-thirds majority is anomalous.

¹ Senator Willard Saulsbury, of Maryland, and James A. McDougall, of California.

Mr. Durgan and the Servant Problem

BY MAUDE RADFORD WARREN



BEFORE I became engaged to Mr. Durgan I never expected anything to happen. From my window I could see the lofty purple wonder of the Blue Ridge Mountains, but there were no peaks in my own life, which was calm as a flat prairie. In books and from the experiences of my friends I learned of the wine of adventure and of apples of love, but the fruit of life which I ate was no more rosy than an Albemarle pippin. Then Mr. Durgan came, like a tornado, like a volcanic earthquake, and I was upheaved for ever.

The upheaving goes on. I won't deny that there are times when I'd relish mighty well a little of my old dull calm. But I don't dare dwell on it; in fact, I am so anxious to keep my restless sweet-heart contented that I'd go around inviting events if I had to. But it never comes to that, for events and Mr. Durgan go a-running half-way to meet each other, and when they come together the collision throws half the neighbors out of their accustomed ruts. He's like the man in a certain poetic drama of to-day who says, "The metal of my mind attracts the tempest."

But while I don't have to invite events for Mr. Durgan, I sometimes am the means of lifting his eyes toward them. That's what I did on a certain hot day when he came driving over, looking a little bored, because nothing to exhilarate him and upset the rest of us had happened for several days.

"Honey, hush!" I called, running out on the porch to meet him. "Have you heard that Madeline Carter is coming back?"

"No," he said, getting out of his car with that nice smile of his—it's like he felt he was seeing me all over again for the first time, and that's very flattering to a woman. "No, Sallie Rives, I hadn't

heard that Madeline Kee-aw-tah had come home; in fact, I didn't know there was such a person as Madeline Kee-aw-tah. But I welcome with joy every new Kee-aw-tah, if only you will consent to talk about them."

I don't know why Mr. Durgan mimics my pronunciation; I certainly talk like other people, but I reckon he likes to say the words over his own self.

"Tell me about Madeline Kee-aw-tah," he said, sitting down beside me.

"Hush," I whispered. "Here comes Willoughby Thornton."

"Why should I hush because your neighbor with the name that always sounds to me like a skipping-rope is at the gate?"

"He's in the garden," I whispered, and I frowned at Mr. Durgan.

"Ouch!" he said, pretending that my look hurt. "Of course if he's got into the gee-aw-den, that puts a different face on the matter."

Willoughby looked mighty nice as he came up the path in his white flannels, his hat already in his hand. The sun struck across his black hair so that it brought out a kind of golden-purple surface over it. His eyes were a light blue that looked very strange in contrast with his hair. Mr. Durgan had met him once or twice, but had not been especially attracted to him, because Willoughby never talks much, if he can get other people to do it, and when he listens he sometimes gives the impression that he is only doing it out of politeness. It's really just an abstracted manner he has, and people who know him understand that it doesn't mean anything.

"Good morning, Miss Sallie," Willoughby said, sitting on the steps at our feet. I came in to see if you could tell me where to look for a cook."

Mr. Durgan made a sudden movement, and I knew that he was stirred about something.

"I'm getting mighty sick of the way

Lucile has been treating me since grandmother died," Willoughby went on. "Maybe a woman can get on with these present-day niggers better than a man. Lucile doesn't live on the place, and she comes to get my breakfast when she feels like it, and when she doesn't feel like it I burn my own bacon."

"Law, honey, I don't know a soul."

Mr. Durgan barely let me finish before he said: "I've got the servant problem on my hands, myself, Thornton. That's why I came over so early in the morning to see Sallie Rives, and then when I saw her I forgot what it was I came about."

Willoughby smiled sympathetically. Mr. Durgan has a way of saying things like that right before people. I must say they seem to like it in him, and I like it myself, though of course I feel obliged to reprimand him, for no gentlewoman ought to want to be made love to in public—though I reckon we all like the world to see how devoted men can be.

"But let me not forget again," Mr. Durgan went on. "I tell you two people that I've stood all I'm going to stand from your no-account niggers. Ever since I pensioned off the old black butler, because I couldn't bear to have him tottering around killing himself when he was dead anyhow, the niggers I hire seem to think I've got them for *their* convenience, not mine. I've kept quiet a long time, out of courtesy to you people, who have been so good to me. But my tongue is now unlatched. When I say breakfast at eight, I don't mean nine. When I say roast beef, I don't mean chicken. When I say chicken, I don't want them stolen off my neighbors' hen-roosts. When I hire a man and his wife and his daughter to work for me, I don't undertake to feed their grandfather and grandmother, sons-in-law and daughters-in-law, nephews and nieces, grandchildren—and the man's ox and ass, and everything that is his. When I go to New York and come back sooner than I said I would, I don't want to find my kitchen full of likely young niggers wearing my shirts and studs and collars and cuffs, and smoking my cigars and drinking my drinks."

He paused for a breath and I broke in: "You've kept still out of courtesy to

us, you say, Mr. Durgan? You don't mean that we're responsible for the actions of your servants?"

Willoughby was not saying anything, but he kept looking from one to the other of us, and smiling a little, like he was having a pleasant hour.

"It's the freedom—" began Mr. Durgan.

"Yes," I said, triumphantly, "when you Northerners have been here a little while, you all have to admit that freedom has spoiled the negroes. They are not the faithful, devoted workers they were before you-all spoiled them. We fed and clothed them, and they served us; now, when they can, they steal food and clothes from us, and the younger generation, if it serves at all, serves badly."

"I wasn't going to say that the freedom they got through the war had spoiled them," Mr. Durgan returned. "It's the freedom you allow them that develops the worst traits in their own characters—procrastination, happy-go-luckiness, lying, and thievery. You *all* procrastinate. Never, so long as grass grows and water runs will you learn the value of time. 'Come to supper at six,' you say, and a man is lucky if he gets it at seven-thirty. I love your hospitality, and your charm would lure the birds off the bushes, but it doesn't quite make a man forget his stomach. I was saying that you procrastinate, and of course the niggers do, too. You are happy-go-lucky—leave the machinery in the rain, and the gates sagging on the hinges—and so why should the niggers wash the tins and sweep in the corners? Instead of teaching them not to steal, you simply lock up things so they can't. Instead of scolding them for lying, you simply disbelieve them. They see that on these points you treat them indulgently—as if they were imbecile children—and then they impose on you. They act, not like imbecile children, but like clever, light-fingered, spoiled children, with a spice of deviltry thrown in. You made them come to time with obedience and faithful service when they were slaves—you Southerners who were good to them, I mean—you ought to have made them come to time in their freedom. It's yourselves that have spoiled your niggers, not their freedom."



Drawn by Walter Biggs

I RECKON WE ALL LIKE THE WORLD TO SEE HOW DEVOTED MEN CAN BE

If there's anything we Southerners hate, it's to hear Northerners call our black people "niggers." I like right much to listen to Mr. Durgan's eloquence, even on these rare occasions when it's turned against me, but I certainly do despise to have the man I am engaged to show how little he understands the race problem. Before I could express myself he went on:

"Here am I badly served—partly, it may be, because I didn't offer to pay any more for service than my Southern neighbors; and partly, it may be, because I don't understand your niggers. But here is Thornton also badly served, and I could name a dozen families in the same case. You, Sallie, and a few others are in luck because you've got old colored people who still have a sentiment for your family. Well, I propose to end it; I'm going to carry out my own theory, and I bet it'll settle the servant problem."

"What is your theory, Mr. Durgan?" Willoughby asked.

"Now, don't look scared, Sallie," Mr. Durgan said. "I'm not going to try to settle the servant problem for any one but myself. Lord of Israel! if there's anything I hate it's a man that tries to legislate for his neighbors."

There was the faintest quiver of a smile on Willoughby's mouth, and I felt myself bristling inwardly. I do not at all agree with any one who may think that Mr. Durgan has ever interfered in our neighborhood affairs. It just happens that entanglements have put themselves in his way, and he would have been inhuman not to disentangle them, and I have a mighty poor opinion of any one who thinks he has stirred up trouble.

"Whatever you do is always right," I said, warmly, and then I added, "But, honey, I do hope your notion is not to call the negroes 'domestic helpers,' and to address them as 'Mr.' and 'Mrs.' The old ones would tell you that it would make the new generation too 'big-gotty,' and I do hope you don't mean to introduce any of those new-fangled labor-saving devices—"

"Don't worry," Mr. Durgan said; "I've had my lesson through beaten biscuit. If ever there was an edible over-rated, over-advertised, puffed, inflated,

and generally lied about, it's beaten biscuit. I never will forget my disappointment, Sallie, when first you fed it to me! But though I hate the stuff, and have said I don't want it, whatever cook I have gets up at six o'clock on Sundays—the one morning I want to sleep—and beats, beats, beats biscuit so you can hear her as far as the Ragged Mountains, and she keeps it up for an hour. I got her a machine to save her muscle, but would she use it? She would not."

Willoughby was looking admiringly at Mr. Durgan. Willoughby always did admire people who can talk.

"No," Mr. Durgan went on, "my theory is to treat servants in a house the way I treat servants in an office—make definite demands, pay well to have them carried out, and fire the employees if they don't carry them out. I'm going to get some people who will understand that theory—a white man and his wife from the North. I'll have to pay them more than I would niggers, but they won't steal so much from me, and, above all, they'll do what I tell them to do."

"Where are you getting these marvels from?" I asked.

"Hess told me about them—used to be his servants when he had bachelor apartments in New York. He has telegraphed for them."

Mr. Hess was a Northerner who had come down to buy up land for apple orchards. He lived in Charlottesville, but he was said to be trying to get a place in our little community. Those of us who had met him thought he was right pleasant, though I must say that I don't like those Yankees that come down to make money out of trading in our land; they've made quite enough out of us, and I'd rather they'd now get it out of one another."

"Hess, eh?" Willoughby said. "He's been asking to buy my place."

"I heard—" I began, and then stopped.

"Maybe you heard that he'd been trying to get Madeline Carter's place," Willoughby said. "Yes, he has."

"Oh, is that the place called Aldersbane?" Mr. Durgan asked. "Yes, Hess told me that he was going to have that place if he had to root it up with his finger-nails. He likes the house."

Willoughby rose. "I'm sorry you can't help me about a cook, Miss Sallie," he said. "I'll see if I can get one of Mr. Durgan's cast-offs. Maybe I'll have to send North for one, too."

He bowed, in the graceful way the Thorntons have always been noted for, and then he left us.

"Honey, I'm mighty sorry we mentioned Madeline Carter and Aldersbane to him," I said. "My fault, too."

"Oh, yes; we're back at Madeline Kee-aw-tah," Mr. Durgan said. "Who is she? And why am I to hush about her before Willoughby Thornton Skipping-rope?"

"Honey, he jilted her," I said.

Mr. Durgan's face grew black. I certainly love to see him take sides with women; he does it instinctively.

"I'm surprised he found words in which to jilt her," he said, in a nasty voice.

"There, there. I mustn't let you think badly of poor Willoughby," I said, laughing at him. "They got engaged when she was seventeen and he was twenty, and they were mightily in love. Her father had been Virginian, and her mother English. Both were dead, and had left her Aldersbane, heavily mortgaged, of course, where she lived with her old English aunt, who was her guardian."

"Oh, the aunt was her gee-aw-dian, was she?" Mr. Durgan murmured.

"Willoughby," I continued, "lived with his grandmother in the place adjoining, Oak Grove, also heavily mortgaged, and managed by his autocratic old grandmother in such a wasteful and old-fashioned way that it put poor Willoughby's teeth on edge."

"When a Southerner gets so he can recognize waste, it must be a fierce spectacle," Mr. Durgan murmured, but I pretended not to hear him, because when a man like Mr. Durgan has a point he wants to drive home he keeps at it, and keeps at it, and you might as well let his remarks pass.

"Two years later, at nineteen and twenty-two, these lovers were as much in love as ever, but they had had two quarrels. The first one was silly: they had got to discussing where they should live when they were married. Will-

oughby said that naturally his wife would live in his house, and Madeline said she would never live anywhere except in Aldersbane, and, besides, it was a larger and handsomer house than Oak Grove, and his sense of what was fitting ought to inspire Willoughby to choose the better place. Willoughby said that Oak Grove had been sufficient for the dignity of the Thorntons for a hundred years— Oh, well, Mr. Durgan, you can see what they'd naturally say. They didn't speak to each other for three months. Then Mrs. Thornton fell ill, and Madeline was so sorry for Willoughby that she rode over to his house at ten o'clock one night and made up with him—only the subject of the dispute was not mentioned."

"It's no reconciliation when the subject is dodged," Mr. Durgan said.

"Old Mrs. Thornton was ill a right smart while, and crops failed that year, and she wouldn't let Willoughby manage anything, and there was need of ready money. There wasn't anything to sell or mortgage. Without saying anything to his grandmother, Willoughby went in to Charlottesville and got him a place in a big wholesale grocery-store in that city. He didn't have to wait on any one, you understand; he got twenty-five dollars a week for being a credit man—whatever that is. The Thorntons needed the money, but of course Madeline broke the engagement. She couldn't have anything to do with a man who had soiled his hands in trade. Willoughby couldn't make her see that he wasn't rubbing his hands and smirking behind a counter. She didn't see that he was in business rather than in trade. He said that her love ought to stand even the test of trade."

"So that misery dragged on for three months, and we all felt mighty sorry for them, for we could see how much they loved each other all the time. Madeline's aunt went to England on a visit, and she was alone in the house that summer. The aunt died in England, and Willoughby met the little negro who was carrying the cable message to Madeline. Of course he took it up to her, and over her grief they were reconciled."

"Well, honey, in a few weeks the news came from England that the aunt had

got an old dying uncle to will his property to Madeline. He died a little while after the aunt, and Madeline had about half a million dollars. I can't tell you how it came about, but I reckon she ordered Willoughby to give up trade and come and live with her on her money, and Willoughby said he couldn't live on a woman's money. So he jilted her. She went to England and then to Paris. That was four years ago. Willoughby's grandmother just afterward found out about the wholesale grocery and made him give it up on pain of seeing her go off in fits before his eyes. Then she died, and Willoughby began to treat the land as he thought it ought to be treated, planting a lot of it in apples. He's done mighty well. He aims to clear about three thousand a year, but of course he wants to pay off the mortgage. Oh, and I mustn't forget to tell you that a year ago he went abroad. We all were sure he'd gone to see Madeline, and we did hope they'd be reconciled. But he came back alone. So now you mustn't talk about Madeline to him, or about him to Madeline."

A speculative look began to gleam in Mr. Durgan's eyes.

"Oh, honey," I implored, "*please* don't try to reconcile them, because I don't want them to be parted for ever."

Mr. Durgan laughed loud and long, and said he wondered how he had got on without me before I happened.

"Honey, you just put your mind on your servant problem," I said.

It was a wise remark, for he began to talk about the reforms he planned, and forgot all about Willoughby and Madeline.

Two or three days later Mr. Durgan and I were driving past the station, just after the four-o'clock train from Charlottesville had set down its passengers. We saw a man and two women standing uncertainly on the platform, and Mr. Durgan, struck with an inspiration, said:

"Sallie Rives, I do believe that two of those three are my Northern servants."

He drove up to the platform and called, "Is that John and Jane Blain?"

The man came up to the car. He was a quiet, shrewd-looking person.

"Yes, sir, I'm Blain. You're Mr. Durgan?"

"Yes. Get a hack and go up to my house."

"Yes, sir. I've brought a housemaid. My wife thought it might not be easy to get a white girl down here."

"Hm! I didn't contract for three servants."

"No, sir; but our work is pretty well specialized nowadays, sir—competent servants, that is. My wife couldn't cook and do the cleaning, too. It's a matter of self-respect, sir; and if you didn't understand that we'd require another assistant—"

"Oh, all right," Mr. Durgan said. "Just go up to the house as soon as you can."

He started the car, with a slight frown. Presently his brow cleared.

"Of course I couldn't expect just the two of them to look after that big place," he said. "I guess they've merely saved me the trouble of sending North for some one else."

Mr. Durgan loves to feel he is being reasonable. I didn't say anything. But I certainly did feel a distrust of Blain when he began to talk of self-respect, for that is a quality to be taken for granted and not talked about in moments of assertiveness. Besides, the housemaid looked too much like him to be anything but his sister.

Mr. Durgan was tentative about his new household for about three hours, and then he was jubilant. His servants were perfection: his meals were served on time, and wonderfully cooked; his tastes were consulted and catered to; the house was kept clean; nobody wore his clothes, but somebody looked after his buttons and ministered to his every want.

One afternoon he had just left me to go to the train to meet some business acquaintance who was coming in for dinner, when Willoughby Thornton called. Willoughby's calls usually consisted of his pleasant but abstracted contemplation of my face while I talked. But this afternoon I could see that he had something to say, and he plunged into it at once.

"Miss Sallie, did anybody tell you about a lot of freight that had been dumped into the station yesterday, consigned to some one of the name of Hardy?"

"I believe I did hear about it."

"This Hardy turned up this morning. He seems to know this Blain crew Mr. Durgan has hired. But, Miss Sallie, he's rented that big empty store opposite old Bostwick's grocery and the way he's dressing the windows—"

"You don't mean groceries?"

"Yes, I do; and he's got a showing that will make Bostwick's look sick."

"Oh, don't worry, Willoughby; old Bostwick's been in that store too long to lose trade."

"He's getting mighty old and slack, Miss Sallie."

I smiled with especial sympathy at Willoughby, for the fact that he was worried about old Bostwick showed me that he still cared about Madeline Carter, and I do so love a romance to go on. Old Bostwick used to be an overseer of Madeline's father before the war, and there was the greatest affection between the Carters and him. I was still beaming at Willoughby when I heard the whir of a car. Looking up, who should we see but Madeline Carter whizzing along, a man sitting beside her. At first I didn't recognize him. Madeline waved as the car shot past.

"Why, it's Madeline!" I cried. "Who was with her—Willoughby?"

"Hess," he said.

"Oh," I said, blankly. "I didn't know he knew Madeline."

I reckon Willoughby's speech was unlocked for once, because he went on:

"Yes, he met her in Paris. I saw him when I was over a year ago, and he told me he was engaged to her. I don't know whether the engagement is still on."

He spoke bitterly, as if Madeline were



MR. HESS WALKING PROUDLY BESIDE HER

still used to putting engagements on and off.

"Dear old Willoughby," I murmured, encouragingly, for I did want to hear the rest of it, so I could tell Mr. Durgan. My sweetheart is like all the rest of the men—jeers at accounts of neighborhood romances, at the same time drinking them in and asking for more.

"I don't see that buying and swapping land is much above being in trade," Willoughby said, smartingly. "But I didn't ask Madeline her opinion, for after Hess told me they were engaged I didn't even try to call on her. I saw her walking and driving with him, and that was enough."

"I just won't believe Madeline cares for him," I said.

Willoughby got up. "Good-by, Miss Sallie," he said. "You can't gather last year's roses, you know."

For the next few days we were all excited over the arrival of Madeline, and seeing her new clothes, and noticing the frequency of Mr. Hess's calls, and also observing that she did not wear an engagement-ring. I reckon half the women he knew tried to let Willoughby learn, by indirection, that Madeline's fingers were free. But, as Willoughby said to me, free fingers did not necessarily mean free affections; and, besides, who could gather spilled dew? He seemed to be taking right much to poetry. As I was saying, we were all excited, and so another sort of restlessness in the community at first passed unnoticed. My earliest intimation of it was on an afternoon when Madeline was coming over to have tea with me, and Mammy Rose was helping me get things ready.

"Lawsy me, chile," Mammy Rose said. "Spec' if I was like de young ones I'd not be settin' out dis yere cake. It's lak dose white folks says that's workin' for Mr. Durgan: it ain't right for one person to do two persons' work—not untwell dey is paid well for it."

Just at that minute Madeline came walking up the path. She always reminds me of a stained-glass-window lady. When we were alone I told her what Mammy Rose had said.

"My dear, my old aunt Selina was telling me all about the upheaval that's going on among the servants," Madeline said, swaying back and forth in the hammock. "It seems that these Blains don't keep to themselves at all; they mix with the negroes, and they're spreading what seems to be the New York theory of specialized work. Aunt Selina is horrified, as some of the other old people are, but the young ones are lapping the doctrine up like cream."

Mr. Durgan came then, and sat down opposite Madeline, with his eyes fixed admiringly on her. He had told me he thought she was like a lovely picture in a Florentine art-gallery, but I don't believe Mr. Durgan ever sat looking as long at any one picture as he did at Madeline.

"We're just talking about the trouble your white servants have stirred up," Madeline said to him. "The general servants are calling themselves cooks, and demanding waitresses. The waitresses don't see how they can do upstairs work in addition to their regular duties, and they are all prating of self-respect and the dignity of service. The dignity of service seems to mean that they do as little as they can, and get as much as they can, and shrink from the word 'servant.'"

"Blame it all on Hess," said Mr. Durgan, imperturbably. "He told me about the Blains."

Madeline colored a little. I couldn't make out whether she was fond of Mr. Hess, or whether she colored whenever he was mentioned because people teased her about him.

"Another distressing thing," she went on, hastily, "is that poor old Bostwick says that this new groceryman, who seems to be some relative of the Blains, is taking away his custom."

"Well," argued Mr. Durgan, "this new fellow has a better-looking store."

"He's not got better things," Madeline said, "and I can't bear to have old Bostwick downed. I'd do anything to put him back where he was before."

I saw the speculative gleam in Mr. Durgan's eye, and I confess that I felt an inward shiver. But before I could say anything Madeline went on:

"Old Aunt Selina was telling me just before I came over here that the younger servants are making all sorts of preposterous demands, on pain of leaving—and they say they can easily afford to leave, because their husbands and fathers have plenty of easy work."

Madeline eyed Mr. Durgan reproachfully, and he laughed as he replied:

"I know you mean that I employ their men to work on the improvements I'm making so that my place can be fit for Sallie some day. Yes, but Hess is

employing them, too, on the land he's taken over. He'll have to share the guilt."

Just then Willoughby joined us. He came in through the back garden, and so he didn't realize, until he all but ran into her, that Madeline was with us. I could tell by their manner to each other that they had not really met since her return. I could see Mr. Durgan watching them both, with that speculative gleam in his eye intensifying. Later, he took us all for a drive. He put Madeline beside him, while I sat in the back with Willoughby. After we had gone a few miles Mr. Durgan pretended, as I found later, that something was wrong with the car. He chose a good spot for his mythical breakdown, where there was a stile and a running stream. We all stood about the car, but he ordered us to the stile, saying he wanted to work over the problem alone. Presently he called me.

The other two started with me, in a panic, but Mr. Durgan waved them back. "I want Sallie Rives," he said. "It always helps if she's around when I've a knotty problem to solve, and other people hinder."

His tactics were far from subtle, and Madeline and Willoughby were as irritated as they could be. But they had to withdraw.

"Wasn't that neat?" whispered Mr. Durgan to me. "Now, you watch and let me know when they've begun their reconciliation."

"They've begun a towering quarrel," I reported, for I heard Madeline say, "If you could get out of trade to please your grandmother, you could have done it to please me."

Mr. Durgan pounded hard at the ma-



"I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO MAKE OF IT," THE OLD MAN WHISPERED

chinery. When his hand gave out, I heard Willoughby say:

"What I said then, I say now—as long as I have Oak Grove, my wife's got to live there."

"And as long as I've got Aldersbane, my husband will live there," Madeline retorted.

Then she strolled up the road and he

strolled down, and I told Mr. Durgan that we might as well go home.

The Dorcas Society met next day, and as soon as I entered I could tell by the sudden hush that my friends had been talking about Mr. Durgan. But in a little while they couldn't restrain themselves any longer, and a dozen tongues broke loose on the harm the Blains had done the community. It seemed that all the servants, openly or surreptitiously, had been ordering groceries from the new man, Hardy. Hardy had taken away Bostwick's delivery-boy, and so half the mistresses had not realized the change. The housewives admitted that Hardy did have some delicacies that Bostwick had not kept and that heretofore they had sent to Charlottesville for; but the bills were much higher. Not a woman present but complained of the increased cost of living. Hardy had that day got away old Bostwick's white clerk, who was invaluable, since he knew the tastes of all the patrons.

The women seemed helpless. Most of them had little children or invalid husbands, or some domestic difficulty that made them dependent on outside help. They wanted to get all or most of their food from Bostwick, but the servants were curiously obstinate on the point; it seemed to be Hardy's or leave. A few women of spirit had said, "Leave," and had been taken at their word. And you could see that all my friends blamed Mr. Durgan.

When I saw him that night I told him what had happened.

"Of course, it's all clear as day," he said. "This Hardy gives the servants a rake-off in return for their custom. All right, Sallie, acushla, I brought this misfortune on the neighborhood, and I'll take it off."

I begged him to let well enough alone, but he answered that it was far from well enough. I certainly worried a heap when I woke in the night, wondering what he was going to do, but next morning I forgot it all in the excitement of hearing that Madeline Carter had been seen in the village wearing a diamond ring, Mr. Hess walking proudly beside her. As if that wasn't enough excitement in one day, in the afternoon I walked into Bostwick's store, and there

was Willoughby Thornton, clerking. I could hardly believe my eyes when he came forward to serve me, old Bostwick in the background, looking nervous and happy and ashamed all at once.

"I don't know what to make of it, Miss Sallie," the old man whispered to me. "Mr. Thornton dumfounded me when he offered to work for me. I certainly hate to have him waiting on the black people, too. But if any one can save my ship, he can."

"I see it all," I said to Mr. Durgan, who was waiting for me outside. "Poor Willoughby is heartbroken and defiant over Madeline's engagement, and he's gone into trade again just to show her that he's his own man still."

"You see a lot, Sallie," he chuckled.

Then who should walk into the store but Madeline, and I saw Willoughby waiting on her with stony face; hers was ice.

"Well, I hope this will bring the custom back to old Bostwick," I said, "but I don't see why it should."

For two or three days the neighborhood buzzed with talk of Madeline and Willoughby and Mr. Hess. Then came the day of the Lees' ball. It was an old habit of theirs to have it in summer, in the garden, on a dancing platform, and it was an old habit of the rest of the neighborhood to have dinner-parties beforehand. At all hours of the afternoon, from two to six, consternation was aroused in the breasts of the prospective hostesses. Their cooks, who had not appeared in the morning, but had sent small boys with messages that they would surely come by one o'clock, sent these same small boys to say they couldn't come, for Mrs. Blain was "done fixing their hair," and it had taken longer than she had thought.

Nobody knew what it meant, but nobody had time to think, for dinners had to be got. Hostesses sent to guests to come over and work, and eventually all the meals were served by smiling, annoyed women, who were too tired to dance afterward. Mr. Durgan, who had gone up to New York the night before, appeared about nine o'clock. At first the partners he sought treated him coldly; then curiosity got the better of their resentment, and they asked him

what the Blain woman was doing to their servants' hair.

Mr. Durgan stared; then a slow look of enlightenment dawned on his face; then he roared with laughter.

"I see it now," he said. "That explains the queer look of a couple of nigger wenches I saw going down my back drive; that explains why the laundry was full of lights and nigger voices. There's a new preparation on the market, and Jane Blain, a Yankee to her finger-tips, must have got hold of it. It makes a nigger's wool straight as an Indian's. That's right; these nigger wenches had lank, rolling pompadours, and they were the queerest and most self-satisfied-looking people you ever saw."

The listeners did not seem to be as much amused as Mr. Durgan, and he said, in his frank, lovable way:

"My dear friends, I am sorry I've caused you, indirectly, so much trouble. May I tell you that I've discharged the Blains, and that by this time they've cleared out, bag and baggage? That I've bought the store Hardy has, and have given him notice to quit? Lastly, will you trust me this far? Will you refuse to take back your black servants when they return to-morrow? If you will, I promise you by mid-morning to have you supplied with servants who will work for you faithfully till the negroes I have been the unhappy instrument of spoiling come back to you on your own terms."

Nobody can resist Mr. Durgan. A happier spirit at once prevailed among the married women, and soon we were all dancing. Between dances we had plenty to talk about, for there was not



MADELINE AND WILLOUGHBY STOOD LOOKING AFTER US

only Mr. Durgan's mysterious announcement, but, also, Madeline was no longer wearing the diamond ring, and she was dancing impartially with Mr. Hess, Mr. Durgan, and Willoughby Thornton. I must say I thought Mr. Durgan need

not have danced with her quite so often. I can't say, either, that I liked it when I heard him make an appointment to call on her the next morning.

At perhaps eleven o'clock the next day I heard his car. I did not go out on the porch as usual to meet him, so he found me, and there was a queer teasing spirit in his eyes when he said: "I'm feeling jealous. I thought I'd find Willoughby Thornton with you. Come along for a drive."

He put a hat on my head—crooked, of course—and fairly lifted me out on the porch. Madeline Carter was sitting in the car, smiling at us, and she called out that she envied me my cave-man. But maybe she looks well in a crooked hat.

We drove slowly, because Mr. Durgan said we mustn't miss the spectacle by the way. This spectacle was dozens of negroes walking proudly with their sun-bonnets off and their hair as straight as a horse's tail. They certainly did look queer—weird, really, and their hair was ink-black and dead. Losing its natural kink had taken all the life out of it. I didn't realize that a negro woman's face had any attractiveness until I could see what it looked like under a limp, lusterless dome of a smooth pompadour. I wanted back the good old "wool."

"Look gay, don't they?" Mr. Durgan said. "I guess it's not dawned on them yet that though they may have white folks' hair, they haven't got any jobs."

He drove on to his house and took the car up the back avenue. The negro quarters seemed filled with little olive-skinned children and one or two old women with gay handkerchiefs on their heads. Working on the grounds we could see gay-shirted men.

"Italians," said Mr. Durgan, briefly. "I imported a little colony of Tuscany Italians I heard of—clean, industrious people. The men are working for Hess and me; the women are farmed out as temporary cooks for your friends."

I gaped. Would any one in the world but Mr. Durgan have thought of such a way of settling the servant problem? If the negro men had no work, their wives would have to go back to cooking, and on our own terms, which had always been generous enough.

The car swept around to the front

door. Willoughby Thornton was sitting on the steps. He looked surprised, and a little embarrassed, at seeing us. Mr. Durgan jumped down and helped Madeline out.

"Not you, Sallie," he said. "You and I are going for a drive, but these young people have something to talk over."

Madeline stared at him indignantly, and Willoughby Thornton looked bewildered.

"I'll tell you why I think so," he said. "Yesterday morning Miss Carter asked me if I cared to buy Aldersbane, and yesterday afternoon Mr. Thornton asked me if I cared to buy Oak Lodge. Neither of you seemed willing to sell to Hess. I said, 'Yes,' knowing that neither of you knew of the other's intended sacrifice. Now, if that doesn't give you something to talk over, I miss my guess. Come along, Sallie."

He leaped into the car and shot it forward as if he feared Madeline and Willoughby would run after us.

"I advised Thornton to go into trade again to help old Bostwick," Mr. Durgan said, "for I could see the girl was crazy about him; and knowing what I do about women, I felt sure that if he did over again the thing she hated most, to help some one she loved, that she'd give in. Besides, I never did believe she was engaged to Hess in Paris. To be on the safe side, I told her last week that Thornton had heard it. And, Sallie, you know all her money? Well, she's going to put aside for her own use the same amount he has, and all the rest is put into a trust fund to be given to her children."

"Isn't it fine, what I've done, Sallie?" Mr. Durgan said. "I wish I knew which house they'll live in."

I could have told him. Each would insist on living in the other's, but they'd compromise on living in Madeline's because she had given up her money.

"Isn't it fine to make people happy?" Mr. Durgan said. "And just look around, Sallie, at all the smoke coming out of all the chimneys, and think of all your friends with cooks! If there's anything I like, it's helping people out."

Of course, I could have said a good deal, but it was more satisfactory to pat his sleeve and tell him he had the most generous heart of any one in the world.

The Rescue of the "Karluk" Survivors

BY BURT M. MCCONNELL

Meteorologist of the Canadian Arctic Expedition



THE fate of the *Karluk* is, I believe, unprecedented in the annals of Arctic tragedy. The vessel, after drifting for weeks helplessly frozen into a vast ice-pack, was crushed at night, and the crew, driven to take refuge on the ice, could only watch the vessel sink into the grave which her berth in the ice had become. The temperature ranged about thirty-five degrees below zero, and a raging blizzard was blowing from the northeast. The nearest approach to light that the twenty-four hours afforded was about five hours daily of semi-dusk, and the disaster occurred when it was darkest—at 7 P. M.

A day and a night—all practically dark—intervened between the first signal of danger and the sinking of the vessel. This gave the crew only enough time to get sufficient stores out of her hold to make them measurably secure against the long wait which, at the best, must come before a rescue-ship could be ranked among the possibilities.

The *Karluk*, it need hardly be recounted here, was the chief vessel of the Canadian Arctic Expedition, which set out in June, 1913, under the direction of Vilhjalmur Stefansson, completely equipped for three years of scientific work in the Arctic Ocean.

The *Karluk* had been a whaler, somewhat celebrated for her fortunate cruises. She was a barkentine of 247 tons, 126 feet long, 23 feet in beam, and drew 16½ feet of water when loaded. Her bow had been reinforced with white oak for bucking ice, and her bottom had been sheathed with ironwood, which is almost as tough as steel.

In August, when on the way to Prince Patrick Land, she was beset by ice near Point Barrow, Alaska, and imprisoned.

She was helpless from the outset, and, caught fast in the ice, drifted along the north coast of Alaska until the first week in September, when the ice-field in which she lay became stationary. As the ship seemed to be safe enough in these enforced winter quarters, Stefansson decided to go ashore—a distance across the ice of about eighteen miles—to hunt caribou, for fresh meat was needed to prevent scurvy.

Accordingly, a party of six set out, consisting of Stefansson, Jenness, Wilkins, two Eskimos, and myself. Two days after we left the ship a furious northeast gale sprang up and continued unabated for four days. At the end of this time we discovered that the *Karluk* had drifted westward with the ice, and, unable to return to her, we were marooned on a small sand-spit five miles from the mainland.

We managed to reach shore a few days later, and immediately started west for Point Barrow, a distance of 175 miles, which we walked in nine days. Upon reaching Point Barrow we learned that the helpless *Karluk* had drifted past a week before.

It was not thought that the vessel was in any danger, and there was a chance that she might soon free herself from the ice-pack. To attempt to follow her was out of the question. Stefansson therefore bought a complete outfit of fur clothing for each member of the party, provisions, a sled, and a dog-team, and as soon as possible, accompanied by Wilkins and myself, journeyed to Col-linson Point, about three hundred miles farther east, which we reached on December 15th.

In January Stefansson made a trip to Fort Macpherson (about three hundred miles) and returned early in March to prepare for an exploration trip over the ice north of Martin Point in search of

land. This party, consisting of Stefansson and six men left Martin Point with four dog-teams, March 22d. In the mean time I had gone back to Point Barrow for the mail, returning late at night to Martin Point on the day of the departure of the ice-party. Setting out on foot, I overtook the party the next day on the ice.

We traveled due north for sixteen days, and arrived on April 6th at the edge of the continental shelf, discovered by Leffingwell and Mikkelsen in 1907. Stefansson then sent the support party back to shore, telling me personally at the time that he would go on for fifteen days more before turning back. He took with him Storker Storkersen and Ole Anderson, two competent and experienced men, the six best dogs, the best sled, two rifles with four hundred rounds of ammunition, fifty days' rations for the dogs, and sixty days' rations for themselves.

No word of Stefansson has been received since that time. With his two companions he may have been carried by the winds and currents near enough to Banks Land to warrant making a dash for shore. In that case, open water probably prevented them from reaching land, since two whalers have searched the southwest coast for beacons and signs of the party without success.

Stefansson's problem could hardly have been that of food. Seals were in abundance, and during three weeks while I was in company with him, before I returned to Nome, we saw four polar bears at close range. As all the men were excellent marksmen, I have every confidence in their ability to subsist even though forced to live indefinitely on the Arctic ice-pack.

And now to return to the drifting *Karluk*, the final disaster which overtook her, and the attempts to rescue the surviving members of her crew.

The *Karluk* drifted steadily in the general direction of Wrangel Island, which lies north of Siberia and about four hundred and fifty miles west of Point Barrow. Three days after Christmas those on board sighted land for the first time in almost three months. It lay over forty miles away, and, while it was supposed to be Wrangel Island, it was in reality Herald Island.

Captain Bartlett, who in Stefansson's absence had assumed command of the expedition, had several months' provisions removed from the hold of the vessel to the ice, where the boxes were piled, in brick fashion, to form walls, with the tops of the boxes on the inside, convenient for opening. He had built houses



THE "KARLUK" IMPRISONED IN THE ICE
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STEFANSSON PREPARING FOR HIS OVERLAND JOURNEY
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in this fashion when on the north-pole dash with Peary. Covered with canvas and banked with snow, this structure made a comfortable haven, and was named "Shipwreck Camp."

Blizzards from the northeast were of frequent occurrence, with the result that the ship was crushed much sooner than she otherwise would have been. When the first warning of disaster came, the whole ship's company was gathered in the after cabin, listening, as was their wont of evenings, to a phonograph concert.

Suddenly the music was interrupted by a tremendous groan from the vessel's timbers as, without other warning, the ice-field closed in. The concert came to an abrupt end. The men knew that the vessel was doomed, and there was a rush to save what they could. All worked heroically, desperately. Every care was taken to secure the twenty-seven dogs, for only by their aid would retreat be possible to the nearest land—Wrangel Island, eighty miles to the southwest.

Presently, to the horror of the ship's

groanings as her timbers were rent, was added the sight of her actual writhings as the ice began to crush her sturdy sides. She turned and twisted like a desperate animal caught in a trap. The whistling of the wind through the rigging had become a cheerfully familiar sound, but now, as she shuddered in her death agonies, this took on a tragic and mournful cadence. Then came the rush of ingoing water.

But she did not sink at once; the marooned men still had time to go aboard for a last phonograph concert. It was a grim farewell. After each record had been played it was burned in the stove. There could be no future use for them. It was now to be a race for land against starvation and the savagery of the elements.

After the last record had been played and burned, Captain Bartlett sent all the other members of the party to the house on the ice, while he himself stayed alone on his doomed vessel. When at length the slow sinking of the vessel warned him to depart, he joined the

other members of the party on the ice. The men, anticipating the impending tragedy, were lined up in a mournful little row. He scarcely had time to join them before the *Karluk* settled, and in a moment more the place where lately she had floated was a mere blot of black water, strongly contrasted against the spotless white of the surrounding ice and snow.

"Shipwreck Camp," which had previously been established on the ice, was now occupied, and when the days lengthened with the return of the sun (the *Karluk* had sunk on January 11th) Captain Bartlett despatched an advance party of seven men toward Wrangel Island to prepare a trail over which the retreat to land might be made. Theirs was a heartbreaking task. Often it was necessary to haul the sleds up steep acclivities with ropes, and to let them down upon the opposite side in similar manner. The progress of this advance party was blocked by open water after a journey of nearly forty miles. Within three miles of Herald Island—then supposed to be Wrangel Island—they were forced to a final halt. They stored on the ice the provisions they were carrying, and Mamen, assistant topographer, with the two Eskimos, returned with their dogs and sleds to "Shipwreck Camp." Anderson, Barker, Brady, and King remained with the two loads already brought.

Against Captain Bartlett's wishes, and contrary to the advice of other members of the expedition, another party determined to set out from "Shipwreck Camp" soon after the departure of the first. This was composed of Dr. A. Forbes Mackay, surgeon; James Murray, oceanographer; Henri Beuchat, anthropologist; and Seaman Morris. Both Murray and Mackay had been with Shackleton's Antarctic Expedition.

A furious gale arose, and Dr. Mackay's party was never heard of again; nor were the four men of the advance party who had remained with the provisions. Before they could have reached land, the gale probably tore loose the ice on which they were camped, and thus set them adrift.

On the 18th of February the surviv-

ors began their retreat over the white, hummocky desert to Wrangel Island, which they reached on March 12th. These twenty-two days of travel were marked by innumerable hardships. For five days in succession a blizzard compelled them to seek refuge in the tents. Trails had to be cut with picks through rough ice piled into forbidding and almost impassable ridges. Vast blocks of ice had been tumbled and piled into barricades by pressure, as if by the hands of a giant. Smaller blocks, the size of a workman's cottage, had been scattered about like pebbles.

As the party neared shore "pressure ridges" became more frequent and more difficult to cross. The name is inadequately expressive of the reality, which in one instance was estimated to be at least two hundred feet in height. This had to be scaled, a task which taxed the strength of the whole party, men and dogs.

Keruk, the Eskimo woman, won general admiration. Each day she plowed along with the men and did a man's full work. She never tired, and seldom complained. The skin clothing she made was of inestimable value to the men. Her baby rode on a sled, while the elder girl trudged beside it. Sometimes, however, the four-year-old girl would be carried for miles by her mother.

After twenty-two days the party reached Wrangel Island, and a comfortable camp was there established.

Then Captain Bartlett, accompanied only by the younger Eskimo, Katarktovik, and with seven dogs and a sled, set out over the ice toward the mainland of Siberia. Chief Engineer Munro was left in charge.

It was a terribly difficult journey. Reaching the mainland, eighty miles south of Wrangel Island, Bartlett and his companion pressed on to East Cape, and thence to Emma Harbor, where they fell in with Captain Pederson of the whaler *Herman*. Captain Pederson promptly abandoned his whaling cruise and landed Captain Bartlett at St. Michael, Alaska, where he was able to communicate by telegraph with the Canadian government. At the request of the latter, the United States government in August despatched the reve-



STEFANSSON (AT RIGHT) SETTING OUT ON HIS HUNTING TRIP
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nue-cutter *Bear*, Captain Cochran commanding, to Wrangel Island to rescue the marooned men, Captain Bartlett going along as a passenger.

The *Bear* was unable to get nearer than twenty miles to the ice-incrusted island. The Russian government, which also responded to Canada's appeal for aid, sent two ice-breakers, the *Taimyr* and *Wiegatch*, capable of forcing a passage through almost any sort of ice, but the outbreak of war in Europe led Russia to recall these vessels by wireless. An effort was also made by an American whaler to reach the survivors, but to no purpose, the ice being too heavy and densely packed.

It was at this juncture that Olaf Swenson, commander of the *King and Winge*, on learning that these several vessels had been unsuccessful, and realizing that the men were in a serious predicament, determined, for the sake of humanity, to put his little schooner in the race.

Much remains to be learned of the Arctic Ocean. Its currents are little understood. Its ice-fields are always in motion. Even the most experienced Arctic skipper cannot predict what they will do from day to day. A crack may open so invitingly in an ice-field that

the captain of a ship will enter. It may open still wider as he proceeds, luring him on. Suddenly, without warning, it may be closed, by either the wind or the current, or both, with the inevitable result that the vessel is crushed like an egg-shell, and one more tragedy is added to a list that is already too long. It is the surmounting of these perils of the ice which makes the trip to Wrangel Island such a feather in Olaf Swenson's cap.

It should be said that at least three other whaling-ships would have made the attempt from Point Barrow, but every one seemed to feel sure that the *Bear* would be able to reach Wrangel Island on her first attempt. When she put back for more coal and provisions before making a second attempt, I telegraphed from Nome to the Canadian government, suggesting the charter of another rescue-ship to proceed independently of the *Bear* and approach Wrangel Island from a different angle.

When this suggestion was rejected I went to talk the matter over with Swenson, whom I had known for several years. What I said might have influenced him somewhat in his determination to succor the marooned party, although I assured him that I did not come as the representative of the Ca-



CAPTAIN BARTLETT LEADING THE "KARLUK" SURVIVORS TOWARD WRANGEL ISLAND
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nadian government. I was invited to go with him, and accepted eagerly.

Jafet Lindeberg, of Nome, whom I had not seen for more than a year, shared my misgivings regarding the men, and I learned upon my return from Wrangel Island that he had personally chartered a vessel, the *Corwin*, to attempt the rescue. Thus it was that three American vessels started to the rescue of the survivors of the Canadian Arctic Expedition, and one succeeded.

On September 3d the *King and Winge* sailed from Nome on her voyage of six hundred miles each way, and reached East Cape, Siberia, the next day. Here Swenson engaged fifteen Eskimo, and secured a native *umiak*, or skin boat. This was for use in case the schooner should find herself unable to get near the island, for there was the chance that the ice might block her as it had blocked the other boats. Swenson intended to be prepared for all emergencies. This *umiak* could be dragged over the ice which might surround the island, and could be launched when open water was reached.

During the voyage we were never in serious danger, although any one entering an ice-pack is in some degree of peril. The possibility of having one's ship crushed by the ice or frozen in for the winter with only a couple of months' provisions on board is not pleasant to contemplate. But Swenson was a man for heroic work. He is six feet two

inches tall, without an ounce of surplus flesh upon his body. His tremendous strength and endurance have served him well in the North. There could be no better evidence of his personal character than the fact that he is equally well known and liked by both the Russian officials and the natives of the Siberian coast.

When we sighted vast herds of walrus Swenson did not for a moment consider stopping to hunt them, although he knew better than any one else how many thousands of dollars their hides would mean to him and his firm. His Eskimo hunters protested strenuously, but Swenson would not allow a shot to be fired. Delay might mean inability to reach the island in time to save the men, for with the approach of winter the freeze-up might come at any time.

When the mountains of Wrangel Island were sighted the outlook for reaching it became brighter. These mountains are not beautiful. Dull, pale-gray, forbidding, they could be dimly seen beyond the jagged white-and-blue ice-field that might yet defeat our most determined efforts.

Then came several hours of ice-bucking. The stanch little vessel, only 110 feet long, but with excellent engines of 140 horse-power, forged her way doggedly, and when Captain Jochimsen encountered ice actually impassable he skirted its edge until an opening was found.

The ice became heavier and more densely packed as we neared the island. We passed pressure ridges almost as high as the masts of the schooner. Sometimes when we sent her full speed into the ice she would slide clamberingly upon the floe, like a bear struggling up out of the water, and break it down with her sheer weight.

The ice was moving all this time under the influence of a southwest wind, which made the situation all the more dangerous for the *King and Winge*.

At midnight, when it became too dark to see at all, the fight was given over. Progress was resumed with the coming of the dawn, and slow and discouraging work it was. Rockets and bright lights had been burned during the night with the object of enheartening the survivors, for we were within fifteen miles of shore.

After three hours of bumping, crashing, and grinding against the densely packed ice we drew within sight of the precipitous granite cliffs and the sandy beach near Rogers Harbor, where Captain Bartlett had told us the survivors would be found. Within five miles of the beach open water appeared, after which the approach was comparatively easy.

A tent was sighted by the lookout in

the crow's-nest when we were within two miles of shore, and as we came nearer, under full speed, a flag-pole and a cross could be seen near the tent. When within half a mile of the camp Captain Jochimsen began blowing the ship's whistle at intervals, and when no one appeared in answer to its blasts our spirits fell. We had hoped to find twenty-three people at this place, yet we could see only a dilapidated four-man tent, a flag-pole, and a cross. No sleds or dogs were to be seen.

Suddenly a man emerged from the tent on his hands and knees. I shall never forget his actions. He did not show any signs of joy. He did not wave his arms and shout for sheer happiness when he sighted the ship, as some of us had anticipated. He did not run up and down the beach to attract our attention. The poor creature simply rose and stood rigidly beside the tent, gazing at us as if dazed.

It was plain that he refused to believe the evidence of his eyes, as he had first refused to believe the evidence of his ears when he heard the sound of the siren. In fact, he brushed his hands across his eyes more than once, as if to clear away something which might be there, deceiving him, before he finally decided that



AN INCIDENT IN ARCTIC NAVIGATION—STRAIGHTENING OUT THE SCREW OF THE "KING AND WINGE"

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the *King and Winge* was a real ship and the men upon her real live men come to rescue him.

Presently he turned abruptly and entered the tent, without another look toward us, and still without so much as a friendly wave of the hand in answer to our signals. Almost immediately, however, he reappeared, bringing with him a British flag, which he raised to half-mast.

This confirmed the news conveyed by the cross—some one had died. Our first fear was that the entire party, with the exception of the one man we saw, had perished, but this gloomy possibility was dispelled presently by the appearance of two other men. But still we were wondering. Could it be possible that but three men remained of the twenty-three?

None of the trio made any demonstration. Each seemed dazed by this sudden good fortune, and stood near the tent and stared at us, while the first mate hastened to get the *umiak* ready. Aboard ship, even the Eskimo were intensely excited. I think none of us white men had ever felt so happy before as we did at that moment, when it be-

came certain that we really would be able to render assistance to those whom we had come so far to find.

When within two hundred yards of shore the *umiak* was launched and Swenson, Granville, Zalibra, and I went ashore with the Eskimo crew. In the mean time two of the castaways had reentered the tent. When the *umiak* was within a hundred yards of the beach the man whom we first had seen started toward us, taking a rifle from a case as he came. He then seemed to be loading the magazine with cartridges, at which our natives became greatly frightened. They pointed to their foreheads and muttered: "That man long time not much eat. Him crazy—all same fox."

Swenson quieted their fears, however, and they kept on paddling. We were mystified by the man's strange actions, but knew it would not do to exhibit fear.

We landed upon the beach and advanced toward this strange individual, whom we met half-way to the tent. His shaggy, matted hair streamed down over his eyes in wild disorder. His grimy face was streaked and furrowed with lines



THE "KING AND WINGE" OFF THE SIBERIAN COAST
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THE RESCUE OF THE SURVIVORS AT RODGERS HARBOR
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and wrinkles. His clothes were in tatters, begrimed with seal-oil, blood, and dirt. The color of his skin could not have been determined from a look at his hands. His full, unkempt beard effectually hid the emaciation of his cheeks, but his sunken eyes told of suffering and want. Could this be John Munro, chief engineer of the *Karluk*? I asked myself, as he advanced with outstretched hand to meet Swenson. I was not certain of his identity until I came within ten feet of him, when I recognized his voice. It was Munro.

"I don't know who you are, but I'm mighty glad to see you all," were his first words.

"Well, believe me, I'm just as glad to see you fellows," Swenson replied.

I then stepped forward to introduce the pair, Munro recognizing me, exclaimed: "How did you get here, and where is Mr. Stefansson? Did Captain Bartlett reach shore all right? How is he, and where?" were the questions rapidly volleyed at me.

I told him that Bartlett had reached Siberia safely, and briefly explained that Stefansson was adrift on the ice somewhere north of the Canadian boundary. It was not a time for discussion.

"Have you a doctor aboard?" Munro demanded of Swenson.

"You don't need a doctor," Swenson assured him. "What you need is a cook, and we have a first-class one. Hurry and get your things together, and we will go aboard and have breakfast."

"Breakfast!" Munro smiled at the unfamiliar word.

It was then that I ventured, almost timidly, to ask how many of the expedition were left. He replied that there were nine. They had stayed at Cape Waring, about forty miles east of Rodgers Harbor, and were all well at the last report. Malloch and Mamen had died during the spring. He pointed toward the two graves. Maurer, one of the firemen, then came up, weak and emaciated. I did not recognize him until Munro spoke his name. He smiled in recognition, but was so visibly affected that I refrained from questioning him. Templeman, the steward, next appeared. He was gaunt and very pale. The clothes of these two men were in the same condition as Munro's; they had been compelled to live and sleep in them for the past six months. Templeman seemed on the verge of a nervous breakdown, so we talked of general topics and asked no questions relative to their experiences and privations. Preparations were made for an immediate departure. The belongings of the rescued men were collected in a very few minutes, while I sat in the tent and wrote a message for any vessel which might come after us. I tied the note to the tent-pole, fastened the door of the tent to prevent snow from drifting in, and hastened away to the *umiak*.

The tent was left standing to serve as a beacon. Several empty pemmican-cans lay about; two pairs of seal-skin boots had been hung up to dry, and were left there. A small amount of seal-oil and a few Arctic fox carcasses were the sum total of their food-supply.

Munro had but twelve cartridges left with which to sustain himself and his companions. Long ago they had given up hope of ever being rescued. They had matches, but their clothing was insufficient for another winter.

The *King and Winge* was immediately headed for Cape Waring. Although Munro had lost about thirty pounds in weight, he was found to be in remarkably good condition, and insisted on piloting the schooner to the other camp. He was soon coaxed below to the breakfast-table, however, where he told a few of the party's experiences.

"We had but three rifles," he said, "one of which, given to Mr. Stefansson by the Harvard Club of New York, I appropriated. It is a wonderful weapon and probably was the means of saving our lives. On one occasion after our food-supply had become exhausted, and we were wondering where the next meal was coming from, I saw a seal out on the ice. I managed to creep to within a hundred yards of him before I was compelled to stop to steady my nerves. My heart was beating so loudly that it seemed as if the seal must surely hear it.

"While resting, the thought came to me: If you miss him you will starve—for seals were very scarce and we had seen no other game in several days.

"The seal was basking in the sunlight, unaware of his peril. I crept to an advantageous position, set the hair-trigger of my rifle, and took deliberate

aim, or tried to. I think I held the gun-sights upon the head of that seal for at least two minutes, and then almost collapsed when I realized that my hand was too unsteady to make my aim certain. It was a terrible predicament. Our very lives were at stake, and here

I was with an acute attack of something akin to "buck fever," although much more serious than that well-known affliction. I lay back on the ice to regain my composure, but the thought that if I waited too long the seal might disappear into the water would not allow me to rest.

"I aimed again, but my nervousness again frustrated me; in that state I could not have hit a barn, so I had to wait. During this interval I kept saying to myself through clenched teeth, 'I'll get you!' and calling the seal all sorts of names. I was a cave-man for a few moments. Then,

when I had become calm, and had convinced myself that I could not miss, I fired. The seal gave one convulsive shudder and lay still.

"I dropped the rifle and ran to secure him before he should slip into his hole in the ice, and from that time on I never feared we would starve while our cartridges lasted. I saw and killed but one seal after that, however; so you see you fellows came in the nick of time."

Our obliging Japanese steward meanwhile had prepared a sumptuous breakfast of soft-boiled eggs, cereal, toast, and coffee. Quarts of coffee were consumed by the survivors. Huge spoon-



MUNRO AND THE HALF-MAST FLAG—RODGERS HARBOR
(Copyright, 1914, by the Sunset Motion Picture Co.)

fuls of both sugar and condensed milk went into each cupful. An hour after breakfast they were hungry again.

"Mr. Swenson, I want to ask a great favor of you," Munro finally gained courage enough to say. "For several months I have been dreaming of eating a whole can of condensed milk with a spoon—"

Three cans were immediately brought forth, as both Maurer and Templeman confessed to a similar craving. And they ate that condensed milk as though it were ice-cream.

We reached Cape Waring almost before we were aware of it. With the aid of glasses we could see the two tents on shore, and near them little black figures running up and down the beach as if trying to attract our attention. We were able to go with the schooner to within two miles of shore before being blocked by the ice. Swenson, Granville, and a sailor, followed by the Eskimo crew, went ashore at a dog-trot over the comparatively smooth ice. Kurraluk, the expedition's best hunter, fearing that we would not see the tiny tents, had come out over the ice to intercept us. His look of wonder and astonishment at seeing me was really ludicrous. He had thought the entire hunting-party which, with Stefansson, had left the ship a year before had been lost in the same gale which blew the *Karluk* to the westward. He now shook hands with me, muttering to himself meanwhile, and insisting on feeling of my arms and shoulders to see if I was really flesh and blood.

The early morning had been cold and clear, but now snow began to fall so thickly that the schooner could not be seen a quarter of a mile away. Several of the marooned men rushed out upon the ice to meet us. Hadley, McKinlay, Kurraluk, Keruk and her children, had been living in one tent, and Williamson, Chafe, and Williams in the other. This statement failed to account for one man, George Breddy, fireman, who, we learned, had accidentally shot himself and was buried on the hill near the camp.

Hadley and Kurraluk had hunted every day, but had not always been able to kill enough game, so that at times starvation threatened the little band.

They were in a desperate plight when we arrived, and had intended that very day to move their camp to the north side of the island, where driftwood is comparatively plentiful. They would have done this but for the snowstorm, in which event we would have been compelled to search the island for them.

They had abandoned hope of rescue for that year, and had but forty cartridges left. Their flimsy tents were torn and full of holes, and their food-supply was almost exhausted. That morning the Eskimo children had caught a number of small tomcod through holes in the ice, and now a feast was spread for us. But we asked the refugees to collect their personal possessions in the shortest possible time, as the ice at any moment might close in on the *King and Winge*. In the mean time Granville and I photographed the tents and survivors; then a happy little cavalcade, talking incessantly, wended its way over the ice to the schooner.

Thus twelve of the original ship's company were rescued; three were known to be dead—Malloch, Mamen, and Breddy. Captain Bartlett and Katarktovik had long ago reached safety, bringing the news of the others' plight. There remained the eight missing men, lost in the storm that befell after their departure from "Shipwreck Camp."

The nerve-racking suspense suffered by the castaways while waiting for relief must have been terrible. They had no way of knowing whether or not Captain Bartlett had been able to reach the mainland, but they knew that Wrangel Island is sometimes utterly inaccessible. Very few ships ever pass near enough to distinguish even a smoke signal upon the island.

Rations, even with the strictest economy, had lasted only until the first week in June, and for the three months following they had subsisted on whatever game could be obtained by Hadley and Kurraluk. These two men were indefatigable. By stretching seal-skins over a frame of driftwood, they had made an Eskimo *kayak*, probably the "crankiest" type of boat in existence, and in this Kurraluk had been able to hunt seals successfully.

Only three dogs of their original twen-

ty were left, and but one sled of their original three. The rest had been lost, with their loads, in the water between Wrangel and Herald islands. They had a plentiful supply of matches, but their clothing was woefully inadequate. Williams had frozen the great toe of one foot in March, and it had been amputated by Williamson, who performed the operation with a knife and the tin shears. Chafe had fallen into the water in March and had frozen the heel of one foot; he was still limping.

The men had become rather expert in a curious sort of bird-angling. Having no shot-gun, and not wishing to waste rifle cartridges, they had gone to the tops of the cliffs on which gulls nested, where they lowered hooks by lines with infinite care lest the birds be frightened, until they swung under the desired prey. Then a quick jerk might or might not secure a prize.

Wood was plentiful, and fresh water could be had by melting snow or pieces of salt-water ice that had been exposed to the rays of the sun. Birds' eggs were a prize. Tobacco, tea, coffee, salt, sugar, flour, and other luxuries they had not known for several months, but still they were alive and well and happy. They made a weird-looking procession as they walked out to the *King and Winge*, by twos, with the Eskimo baby on her mother's shoulders. Hadley and I before leaving visited the grave of poor Breddy—which had not been sufficiently filled in—and completed his burial.

McKinlay, who possessed a few scraps of writing-paper, left a note at his tent for the information of any boat which might come after us; the tents were left standing, and another note was attached by me to a cross planted at the edge of the ice-floe.

A solid field of heavy ice barred our progress toward Herald Island, but we skirted its edge for forty miles before abandoning the quest for the eight missing men and setting a course for Nome, Alaska.

The next afternoon we met the revenue-cutter *Bear*. Captain Bartlett boarded the *King and Winge*, and the rescued men, although glad to see him, asked if they might not continue to Nome on the ship that had rescued them.

He would not allow it, however, and, after thanking Swenson for the trouble he had taken, took them aboard the *Bear*. Captain Cochran, of the *Bear*, took me to Nome also, where we arrived September 13th, gratified with the success that had attended our efforts, but feeling only too keenly the loss of three members of the Canadian Arctic Expedition and our inability at that time to render any assistance to all three parties of missing men. I hope this may be taken up before it is too late.

Eleven men—Stefansson and his two comrades and eight of the wrecked *Karluk* company—probably remain alive. At least some of these men should survive the wait which must elapse before an expedition can be sent to bring them south. My chief fear is that such an expedition may not start, but I hope this article may help to make certain its despatch.

If the missing men were known to be dead, a relief expedition would be a useless matter; but it is *not* known that they are dead. The chances are that some of them still live and are enduring terrible privations on that frozen sea. Personally, I believe it improbable that a majority of them have perished. No particular danger is associated with drifting about on the Arctic ice-pack if the castaways be fairly well equipped, as these men were. We of Mr. Stefansson's party, for example, were adrift for nearly a month during the spring, but we had never a doubt of getting safely to shore. The missing men were all well armed when they were carried beyond the reach of their companions. They could kill walrus, seal, polar bears, and foxes. They could build snow-houses and live in them almost indefinitely, using the skins of their food animals for clothing, while blubber from the same source would furnish oil for their lamps and fuel for warmth.

It seems unbelievable that no further effort toward their rescue should be made. Surely eleven men such as these are worth saving. The American expedition I suggest and plead for would go out on an even nobler mission than the one which England is to despatch to the Antarctic for the bodies of the gallant Scott and his companions.

A Temperament to Discipline

BY ROY R. GARDNER



FLUSH of mortification stole over the comely young face of the Rev. Francis Newgate, councilor-in-chief of Camp Abenaki. "What is the matter with the boys?" he asked himself as he stood, tall and straight, by the massive boulder which, with the white cross of birch rising behind it, formed a fitting altar for the chapel of the camp, a mere grassy opening in dense pine woods. He stared at the rows of white-surpliced boys drawn up at his left. Talcott, the musical member of the camp "councilors," sitting at the little cabinet organ, had a strained look on his youthful face. The choristers seemed to be suffering from a nervous tension which Newgate, intimately as he understood boys, could not fathom.

To observe the effect on the people, he turned his gaze toward the congregation before him—gaily dressed girls, men in flannels, comfortable elderly ladies, all from the summer colony at Dorset, five miles away. Beneficently the elderly ladies were beaming on the campers. "Don't they make a picture? How sweetly they sing!" Newgate heard them murmur, as they rustled on the rough rustic benches. "I'm glad they think so!" he commented, flushing more deeply still. The "Magnificat" was drawing to a miserable close. Never had the boys sung so poorly. Mechanically Newgate began to read the second lesson.

The "Nunc Dimittis" went even more badly than the "Magnificat." Sorely perplexed, once more Newgate turned toward the choir. Talcott was whispering something to James Lake, the leader of the tenors. Despite his healthy coat of tan, Jim Lake looked strangely pale, and his mouth was set. Talcott whispered again. Clenching his fists, Lake began to sing; the two other tenors joined him. With a sigh of relief, Newgate

turned away. "Oh!" he exclaimed, under his breath. In the middle of a phrase the tenors had broken off short. For a second there was total silence in the choir, except for the thundering tones which Talcott succeeded in producing from the insignificant little organ. Then the basses quavered out, "Let there be light," and the choir—all but the tenors—resumed their parts, their voices shaking with what sounded like suppressed laughter.

"They'll repent this!" inwardly vowed Newgate, with a searching glance. Too well trained to show amusement, the boys looked preternaturally solemn, though some of them were red in the face from their efforts for self-control. Newgate, scanning the innocent faces in turn, let his eye rest on James Lake. The boy's face was purple; his dark eyes showed suffering, like those of a wounded animal. Suddenly the flush left his cheeks, he dropped his head, but Newgate could see his pallor and the nervous working of his sensitive mouth. Though the chant had come to a pitiful end, Newgate, in keen distress, gazed on at the boy. Then, recovering himself hurriedly, he began to recite the Creed.

For once the comfortable words of the prayers he read roused no response in his devout young soul; the image of James Lake's face, haggard and forlorn, never left his eye. The moment he rose from his knees to announce the recessional hymn he turned an anxious look at the tenor. With eyes lowered, and a sullen set of his lips, the boy apparently paid no heed to what Talcott, his own face white and drawn, was whispering. The boys broke into "Abide with Me" with all the lusty ardor that boys can throw into the singing of a favorite hymn. In the vast open spaces of wood and sky the natural shrillness of youthful tone was softened to a quality exquisitely ethereal. But the tenors spoiled it. Jim Lake kept silent, and his two col-

leagues, unable to carry so high a part without his help, uttered but a few stray, feeble tones. Suddenly Talcott leaned far toward Lake, and with no attempt at concealment spoke a few sharp words to him. Drawing in a sudden breath, which Newgate, standing by the altar, could distinctly hear, Lake doubled his fists and gave one violent stamp on the ground, snatched a hymnal from his neighbor, and began to sing.

He was singing the high tenor part of the hymn with all the force of his strong young lungs in a curious falsetto voice that sounded like that of an aging soprano. And his tones vibrated with a rage that transformed "Abide with Me" into a suggestion of Ortrud's curse from "Lohengrin." The frenzy in his voice made Newgate, ever acutely susceptible to the emotion that vitalizes music, turn pale. What could have stirred that shy and sensitive boy to a passion that forgot both time and place? The choir began to file from their benches. As they swept on toward the wood path only a few attempted to sing, and they but faintly. Their thin piping served only for an accompaniment to Lake's impassioned solo. Its fury had waned. Tones of throbbing exultation thrilled back from the gloomy woods.

Though kneeling by the great gray boulder, with his face decently hidden in his hands, Newgate made no effort to yield himself to prayer; moved to the depths of his intensely musical nature by the magnetism of Lake's song, he suffered and he rejoiced. With a temperament like that, what might not the boy attain to! But the pitiful lack of control—the hysterical weakness! In the distance the vibrant voice, so curious in timbre, so pure in quality, grew faint. What to do with a nature like that—how to help? Talcott had ceased playing. Rising slowly to his feet, the young minister forced himself to repeat the benediction with fitting dignity.

As soon as he found himself well among the evergreen-trees of the walks, Newgate looked hastily behind him, then gathered his surplice under his arm and ran, at a pace which recalled his not very distant college days, down the knoll to the cluster of shanties which constituted Camp Abenaqui.

There was not a soul to be seen, but from the other side of the "great shanty" floated a hum of boyish voices. Hurrying into the shanty called "head-quarters," Newgate twitched off his surplice, standing revealed in a suit of white flannels. "Oh, Ned! Ned Wentworth!" he called, as the red-haired "messenger of the day" hove in sight. "Do you know where Mr. Talcott is? Will you ask him if he'll please come here a minute? Oh, and, Ned, do you know where Jim Lake is?"

"Yes, Mr. Newgate, he's down at the lake. Right after service he went down there as fast as he could leg it. He looked mighty queer—sort of nutty, you know. I'm going down there now, if you don't mind, sir."

"You'd better not," answered Newgate. "He's upset about something, and I want to speak to him alone first. And look here, there comes Mr. Talcott now. Just tell the fellows to keep out of this shanty for ten minutes, will you? Mr. Talcott and I have something to talk over. Thanks!"

For twenty minutes the councilor-in-chief and the junior councilor discussed the case of Lake. Finally Newgate got up and walked to the window, and for several minutes more gazed silently over at the distant mountains of Vermont.

"Well, it's a question," he said at length, turning back to Talcott. "Discipline—I don't know! If Jim Lake has been up to any tricks, breaking up chapel and the like, home he goes just as fast as I can get word to his uncle. But I must get at the rights of it first. He's a mighty sensitive chap, for all he's so husky, and he's shy, too, and he must have been pretty well stirred up before he could forget himself like that. I'm going down to the lake to have it out with him."

With long strides Newgate swung down the rough path to the strip of beach at the water's edge. On the sand sat Jim Lake. Resting his chin on his hand, he stared moodily across the water, rose-tinted by the rays of the late afternoon sun.

Newgate gave him one searching glance. On the boy's face there was a peculiar look, half defiant, wholly miserable. After an instant's consideration

Newgate began unbuttoning his coat. "Hullo, Jim!" he called. "I'm going to swim out to the raft and back. Do you want to go in?"

For answer Lake darted into the bushes, where he had hung his scanty bathing outfit that morning to dry.

Through waters of rose and gold they swam, the beams of the waning sun flashing full in their eyes. At the anchored raft they turned and swam swiftly back to shore. Newgate struck land first. "You must hurry," he said, shaking himself like a dog. "We have mighty little time."

A minute or so later the boy came out from the bushes fully dressed. Newgate sat on a rock, putting on his shoes. Out of the corner of his clear gray eye he watched Lake. The boy, shifting his weight from one foot to the other, coughed twice, quite unnecessarily.

"Mr. Newgate!" he began.

"What is it?" Newgate seemed intent on a refractory shoe-string.

"I want to tell you about—about this afternoon."

"Well?" The councilor directed his attention to his left shoe-string.

"Well," repeated Lake in a low, expressionless voice, "after that little crack last night it seemed to me I absolutely could not sing this afternoon, for I knew just as well as I know my name, from the way my throat felt, that my voice would break again, and I just couldn't stand it before all that gang—those people, I mean. I told Mr. Talcott so, but he wouldn't listen to me. I swore to myself I wouldn't sing one blessed note, but the choir was so rotten I couldn't stand it, so I tried a little in the 'Magnificat.' I saw it wouldn't do, though, so I shut up again. And then Mr. Talcott whispered I'd got to sing or I'd repent it. I—I didn't know what to do, Mr. Newgate. I didn't see how I could possibly open my face and sing, but I knew you'd never stand for disobedience, and I'd get packed home. I didn't see myself facing my uncle *then*—you know *him*, Mr. Newgate—and I couldn't stand the idea of quitting camp. So I sang in the 'Nunc.' You know that high G sharp? I got it all right, but the first thing I knew my voice broke. I—I gave a little crow, like one of those

young roosters up at the farm, and before I could stop it my voice went on in that falsetto that sounds like an old woman—God! It was fierce!" he burst out.

"It was mighty tough," Newgate sympathized, ignoring the profanity. "But I never heard it, and I am sure the congregation didn't, and Mr. Talcott told me he didn't."

"But the fellows did! Didn't you see them shaking all over? They were decent, though; not one of them looked round at me. Mr. Talcott was making such a row at the organ. If he didn't hear me, that explains," he reflected, "why he insisted on my singing in the recessional. I supposed, of course, he'd heard me, but wouldn't yield on account of discipline. 'I've spoken once,'" quoted Jim, in unconscious imitation of the young councilor's magisterial manner. "When he said right out loud I'd sing or he'd know the reason why, I—I don't know what came over me. I got so hot the roots of my hair tingled, so it seemed to me I must yell. 'Sing, I tell you!' he snarled at me. And before I knew what I was about I was singing just as loud as I could sing. Of course, yelling like that, it came falsetto, but I never gave a rip. I'll sing for you, I thought, more than you bargain for! And when I saw the bunch on the benches rubbering at me and whispering to one another, and giggling, I sang louder still. That'll pay old Tee, I thought, and I just enjoyed it.

"But then—why, something funny happened. I forgot all about old Tee." Lake began to speak so rapidly that Newgate could scarcely follow him; his eyes shone. "You know I haven't been able to sing right out for three months, for fear of my voice breaking. Well, when we got out there in the path I sang and I sang, and I didn't seem to remember where I was or what I was about. I felt somehow as though I were flying right up in the sky. I never felt anything like it before." The boy ceased speaking; his breath came fast; his cheeks glowed. After a moment his color faded. "Then—then the hymn stopped," he went on more slowly. "All at once I felt sort of sick all over."

Newgate did not answer at once. He

sat staring at the little waves sliding up on the beach, blown by a passing breeze. With all his force he concentrated his mind on this question of discipline before him. Finally he got up and started up the steep, rocky path to the camp, now almost dark under the luxuriant crowns of the slender, towering beech-trees. Jim followed close behind, silently unhappy.

"Jim," suddenly began Newgate, "I am going to tell you something which concerns other people's affairs. You understand that it is in the strictest confidence?"

"Sure, Mr. Newgate."

"Probably you didn't know that Mr. Talcott is rather badly off, from a money point of view. It took about all they had to put him through college and give him those two years at York with the cathedral organist there, and now it's up to him to support himself and to help his mother. You know how much Mrs. Bright, over at Dorset, has admired the music here Sunday afternoons? It seems she wrote about Mr. Talcott to a friend of hers, a Mrs. Van Doelen, who has a good deal to do with the music in a church at Clam Harbor, there on Long Island. They need a new choir-master at that church, and Mrs. Van Doelen came up here for a Sunday to hear—"

"Is she the big woman who sat on the front bench with a whole grove of white feathers on her hat—the one who kept beating time—"

"Yes, that's the one," interposed Newgate, grateful for the dusk that hid his ill-timed smile. "But the next time you describe a lady of her age it won't hurt you to do it more courteously. Well, if Mrs. Van Doelen liked his work here it meant the position for Mr. Talcott—a very good position, too, and one that would lead to something still better. Now you see why Mr. Talcott was so insistent about your singing to-day. The position means a great deal to him."

"I guess he's lost it all right."

"I'm afraid he has."

"I wish—I wish there was something I could do."

"I wish there was."

"Mr. Newgate," Jim resumed, after a short silence, "I've been thinking.

Couldn't you go over to-morrow and explain it to the stout woman—Mrs. Van Doelen, I mean?"

"She leaves by the early train."

"You couldn't go to-night?"

"No. Sunday nights, you know, we have our talk by the fire, so my place is here."

Holding his breath with an eagerness that was painful, Newgate waited for a further suggestion. None coming, he drew a sigh of disappointment and trudged heavily up the hill. A bugle pealed, musical and mellow, through the trees. "Get on, Jim," he said. "That's first summons. Don't be late." Dispiritedly he turned into headquarters to prepare for supper.

"There's a failure for you," Newgate grimly told himself, as he ate his supper in very unusual silence. A dismal failure! His firm principle, that an appeal to a boy's sense of decency would never miss, had broken down in trial. Talcott's situation had roused Jim Lake to no active effort to help, but merely to vague sympathy and regret, worthless both. Well, the principle had gone back on him. What next? Abstractedly stirring his tea, the councilor reflected. The problem was of the most serious significance to this young minister, for whom the well-being of the boys he had in charge had become an all-absorbing passion. Throughout the hour by the blazing fire on the knoll, when he gave the boys their weekly Sunday talk, the question lurked in his mind. Taps sounded. Camp grew still. In the grateful darkness of headquarters Newgate gave himself up to five bitter minutes of discouragement. Then he rose and drew in half a dozen deep breaths.

"I'll drop this till to-morrow," he muttered. "I wonder if the fellows—Hullo! What's up?"

"Do you know where Jim Lake is?" asked Talcott, hurrying in with a lantern. "I've just been making my rounds, and he's not in bed."

"When did you see him last?" inquired Newgate, calmly, though with a startled look.

"Not since service. He wasn't at the fire to-night, and he wasn't at supper—I mean, not at our table. We supposed he was in retirement—"

"He wasn't," Newgate broke in, seizing a walking-stick from the corner. "Here, let me have your lantern. I believe I know where he is, but don't you fellows go to bed till I get back, for I may be wrong, and then—" At a swift pace Newgate hastened up the wood road that led away from camp.

The night had drawn in dark. But the councilor's heart as he sprinted along in the blackness was light within him.

"I did the little beggar an injustice," he mused. "He must have hurried straight off to Dorset to put it up to Mrs. Van Doelen!" At the triumph of his principle he exulted. "But there's another side to it," he considered, turning into the dusty road that ran to Dorset. "To go off like this—and there's that settlement of drunken laborers working on the state road—" He quickened his pace. The glow waned. "It's all weak impulse with Jim. I wonder—"

Light footsteps ran toward him. Newgate suddenly raised the lantern aloft, and into its circle of feeble light ran Jim Lake. He halted, uttering a short cry.

"It's all right, Jim," reassured Newgate. "Where have you been?"

"To Dorset. You see, it was like this. All the time I was getting ready for supper I had Mr. Talcott on my mind. I think he was wrong making me sing to-day, but still I didn't want to be the one to do him out of a job. I saw you couldn't go, and it wouldn't do to wait till to-morrow, so I just cut off by myself. I didn't much like it, I can tell you. You know that bunch that's working on the state road?"

"Yes."

"Well, they were pretty drunk—they always are on Sunday. I dodged them, all right, though, going and coming, but I didn't like it much. But it was worse, really, at Mrs. Bright's. You know that long driveway up to her house? About a dozen times between the gate and the house it seemed to me I'd got to give it up and skin back to camp. But each time I thought I wouldn't. But when I got to the house, and the whole lot were there on the piazza, gabbling—gee! how those women can go it!—I

never could have gone a step farther if somebody hadn't seen me and called out, 'Oh, there's one of those dear boys from Camp Abenaki!'

"Then it was too late, so I went up the steps and asked for Mrs. Van Doelen. She sailed forward out of the crowd, and she took me into the house, and she switched on a light. She up with her little gold glass and she gave me one good stare. 'Aren't you the boy who broke up the choir to-day?' she put it to me. 'Yes, Mrs. Van Doelen, I am,' I answered. 'May I tell you about it?' 'Sit down,' she said, still staring through the glass. Well, Mr. Newgate, I told her the whole business, just as I told it to you. I told her how well Mr. Talcott usually makes the music go, and I told her all about my performance. I tell you, sir, it wasn't very good fun!

"Well," the boy went on, more slowly, "she just measured me through her glass, and never opened her face. So finally I asked her, plump out, wouldn't she give old Tee—Mr. Talcott, I mean—the job. 'Yes,' she said, and she snapped the glass to and dropped it into her lap with a clatter that made me jump. I thanked her and then I started to go, but she told me to wait a minute, and then she turned the telescope on me once more. It made me pretty hot under the collar, I can tell you, Mr. Newgate, to be rubbered at that way, but of course all I could do was to wait till she got ready to speak." Once more he stopped in his story.

"Then," he continued, more slowly still, "she began giving me a regular oral exam about my voice, my parents, and all that. And—and, Mr. Newgate, before I knew it I'd told her all about myself—how it seemed I couldn't stand it if I didn't study music, and how my mother hasn't any money, and how my uncle who sends me here won't stand for it; she asked the questions, and there isn't much she doesn't know about me. And—and—and then she said there's something about my singing and something about my voice she likes, and—and—she's going to see you when you get back to New York, and she says—she says if everything is right—she—when my voice changes she'll lend me enough money to study with—with whoever is

best in the world—and—and—" The boy burst into a storm of silent sobs that shook his sturdy frame like a reed.

Newgate put his arm under Lake's. "Brace up, Jim!" he urged.

The sobs ended as suddenly as they began. Drawing away from the councilor, Jim blew his nose. "You must think me an awful duffer, Mr. Newgate," he apologized. "But when I think that what I've longed for so—" Again he broke off with a queer clutch in his throat.

"No, I don't," the councilor reassured him. "After all the talks we've had about your future you can't think that." He's got the genuine tenor temperament, all right, as well as the voice, the minister reflected, to make a sensible woman do a thing like that before she's consulted with the boy's friends!

"You worry me, Jim," he finally began. "When you made a scene in church this afternoon and broke up the whole service just because things had gone wrong with you, you showed what I call weak, hysterical, womanish temper." He heard Lake draw in a quick breath. "To-night you did what you could to set matters straight, and I recognize it was not easy for you. But think how you went about that—instead of asking permission, off you bolt by yourself, breaking a strict rule, putting somebody to the trouble of coming after you, and causing me a good deal of uneasiness, for that workmen's camp is a place to keep away from on a Sunday night. You're too mighty impulsive, Jim. You've got to get self-control or Mrs. Van Doelen's help won't do you much good. You—"

Newgate fell suddenly silent, doubt stealing over him. "Here I am preaching generosity," he mused, "and the boy, Lord knows, has been generous enough, facing a lot of strange women, not to mention the roughs, and yet I'm blowing him up for not remembering the rules. It's too steep for me."

For some minutes they tramped on without further words. As they turned into the camp road Jim spoke:

"I ought not to have slid off that way, Mr. Newgate, but I never thought—"

"Exactly," interrupted Newgate; "you didn't think. I am proud of the way you have behaved in the matter of Mrs. Van Doelen and Mr. Talcott, but, however good your motive, you broke bounds, and at night, too. I must exact the full penalty: except for your bath, you will not go into the water for two weeks, nor will you go on the water for two weeks, and during those two weeks you will do police duty in addition to your regular duties. Can I depend on you?"

"Yes, you can, Mr. Newgate." They reached the knoll above the camp, and paused there a moment, gazing down at the red-glowing embers of the smoldering fire. "It made me sick, all the way over to Dorset to-night, whenever I thought of how I acted this afternoon. But," he added, honestly, "since Mrs. Van Doelen talked to me I haven't thought much about it." He grew thoughtful. "Why—why—" he pondered, "if I hadn't behaved like a blooming idiot at chapel Mrs. Van Doelen wouldn't have heard me sing, and she wouldn't have promised to train my voice; so it's lucky I did, after all. Oh, gee! When I think of that—"

Throwing his arms above his head and snapping his fingers like castanets, Jim Lake danced a few wild steps with all the abandon of a Russian or a Czech. At a restraining gesture from Newgate he stood still, then seized the councilor by the hand.

"I—I sha'n't forget how square you've treated me," he faltered. "And—and—I'll try to remember what you've said. But when I think of Mrs. Van Doelen—" Letting forth a musical cry that made the woods ring, he sped down the ferny slope, waving his arms like a young faun. From about the fire dusky figures sprang into view. Lake skimmed by them, and was lost to sight.

Newgate lingered at the top of the hill, looking down at the tawny orange-red of the dying fire amid the velvet blackness of the forest trees. His lips were parted in a smile. And then he sighed.

"Of course he's roused every boy in camp," he murmured. "So much for discipline! It's too steep for me."

Climate and Civilization

BY ELLSWORTH HUNTINGTON

Department of Geography, Yale University



THE ideal climate is said to be found in many parts of the world, but no one knows exactly what it is. We are frequently told that southern California and the Riviera possess it at all times of the year, and that Florida has it in winter and the Alps in summer. Sometimes we are also told that the cold, clear air of the Alps in winter is ideal. We are never told, however, that an ideal climate prevails in New England, with its chill east winds, or in old England, with its fog and rain. Yet there is as much reason for thinking that it prevails in these places as in the others. The whole matter depends on our definition of "ideal." If we are looking simply for rest and pleasure, a warm, sunny climate is probably the best. If we want to go fishing, something different is preferable. The most essential fact in the lives of the majority of mankind is work. Therefore the climate which is best for work is ideal from that point of view. That is the kind which we shall here consider.

If we take efficiency in the daily work of life as our standard, it is possible to measure what people actually do under different climatic conditions, and thus to form an estimate of the best kind of climate. From the work of about five hundred factory operatives in southern Connecticut and of about eighteen hundred students at West Point and Annapolis, as has been explained in a preceding article, I have prepared curves showing the relative efficiency under different conditions of temperature, humidity, and storminess. These curves, based on investigations among a large number of individuals, agree with similar curves prepared on the basis of a smaller number of people by two Danish psychologists, Lehmann and Pedersen, in Copenhagen. The two sets of data

show that the physical activity of the races of western Europe is greatest when the average temperature is about 60 degrees—that is, on days when the thermometer goes down to perhaps 50 or 55 degrees at night and rises to about 65 or 70 degrees by day. Mental activity, on the other hand, is greatest when the average is a little below 40 degrees—that is, on days which may have a frost at night. Since life consists of both mental and physical activity, and each is essential to success, the most favorable conditions would seem to be those where the temperature never falls far below the optimum, or most propitious point for mental work, or rises above the optimum for physical work. In other words, if the mean temperature were the only thing to be considered, the best climate would be one where the average in winter is about 40 and the average in summer about 60 degrees. Only a few parts of the world are blessed with such conditions. The most important of these, both in area and in population, is England. Next comes the northern Pacific coast of the United States, from Oregon to the southern part of British Columbia. Here, unfortunately, the mountains rise close to the sea, and so prevent the favorable conditions from penetrating far inland. A third highly favored area is found in New Zealand, especially the southern island. This, like its two predecessors, is recognized as one of the highly advanced parts of the earth. The fourth and last of the places where the mean temperature is particularly favorable is not generally so recognized. It lies in Patagonia and the corresponding part of Chili, between latitudes 45° and 50° S. Few people live here, and we are apt to think of it as of relatively slight value. It differs from the other three regions in having a deficient rainfall except in the western part, which is extremely mountainous.

From what has just been said it must not be inferred that the climates of England, the northern Pacific coast of the United States, New Zealand, and Patagonia are necessarily ideal. Mean temperature is by no means the only important condition. In the first place, not only a deficiency of moisture, as in a large part of Patagonia, but an excess, as in the mountains of southern Chili or in Ireland, which otherwise is almost as favored as England, may hamper a country. Such conditions produce not only an adverse economic effect by making agriculture difficult, but also a direct effect upon people's capacity for work. A moderate degree of dampness—that is, a relative humidity of from 65 per cent. in summer to 90 per cent. in winter—is favorable, but when the summers are wet or the winters very dry, people do not work so well.

In its direct physiological and mental effect, a third climatic element seems to be much more important than humidity. This is the change in mean temperature from one day to another. The only tests of this that have yet been made are those which I have described in a previous article, but inasmuch as both men and girls in factories and students at our military and naval academies appear to be similarly influenced, it seems safe to infer that the same is true of Europeans in general. In Connecticut the effect of changes of temperature from day to day is about half as great as the effect of the changes from season to season. If the temperature remains unchanged, people work slowly. If it rises, they may be stimulated a little. If it falls, on the other hand, provided the fall is not excessive, there is a decided stimulus. The effect of constant changes of weather may be compared to that produced upon a horse by a good driver. If the animal is allowed to go his own gait, with no stimulus whatever, he will travel fast at first and then settle down to a slow pace which will protract a journey indefinitely. If he is constantly urged to his topmost speed, he may make the first journey quickly, but he will soon break down. The wise driver urges him for a short time, and then lets him go more slowly. By constantly repeating

this process he gets good speed from his animal, and yet prevents him from becoming exhausted. This is what constant changes of temperature seem to do to man. Therefore, in reckoning the value of any climate from the point of view of efficiency, storms must be rated as of high value. If they alone were the controlling element, southern Canada, from Alberta eastward, would possess the best climate in the world, while the northern United States, from the Dakotas and Nebraska eastward, the northwestern part of Europe, northern Italy, and Japan would come next. England, it will be noticed, is the only country included both in the regions just mentioned and in those where the mean temperature of the seasons approaches the ideal.

In order to determine the climates in which people are most efficient, it is clearly necessary to take account of all the factors that have just been mentioned, and also of others of less importance which have not yet been worked out. When this is done for many countries and races we shall be able to construct a map showing the approximate efficiency which people of any particular race would have in all parts of the world, provided climate were the determining factor.

Such a map in final form is not yet possible, but we can make a first approximation. Of the three main climatic factors mentioned in the preceding paragraphs, only one, the mean temperature of the seasons, has been summed up by meteorologists in such a way that the data are easily available. A great deal is known about the other two—that is, about changes of temperature from day to day, and relative humidity—but to get the figures for a thousand or more stations, as is done in the case of mean temperature, would take years of work or else the expenditure of thousands of dollars. Accordingly, it has been necessary to omit humidity entirely. Fortunately, the general effects of this can readily be determined. In the places where most of the world's inhabitants are gathered, differences of humidity are relatively unimportant compared with differences in temperature. The chief effect of this factor is

seen in deserts and in the moist parts of the torrid zone. In both of these places, but especially in the torrid zone, people's efficiency, so far as it is influenced by climate, is relatively lower than appears on the maps which are presented with this article.

The figures for changes of temperature from day to day are also not yet available for a great number of stations. Such changes, however, depend chiefly upon the number of storms and upon the range of temperature from the coldest to the warmest periods. These two conditions are well known for most parts of the world. By using them we obtain an approximation to our desired end. It must be clearly understood, however, that this is only an approximation, and is liable to error in certain respects. For example, the coast of California has few storms and only a slight range of temperature from season to season. Its mean temperature, however, is highly favorable, and in the portions close to the sea there are frequent stimulating changes from day to day. Some allowance has been made for this, but its amount may not be correct. Elsewhere almost opposite conditions may prevail. For instance, the southern part of South America has many storms, but they do not bring great changes of temperature. Hence, in constructing our map that region receives a value higher than properly belongs to it. These examples indicate that in examining the maps relatively little attention must be given to details. The main outstanding features are approximately correct, however, and they alone should be considered until further data are available.

The map of human energy on the basis of the climatic conditions which have just been set forth is given in Fig. 1. In constructing this the world has been divided into six kinds of regions, according to a rigid mathematical scale. The places shaded black have a climate favorable to a very high degree of energy in people of European races. The next darker degree of shading indicates places where high energy would be looked for, although not the highest. The light lines indicate medium energy, the heavy dots low, and the scattered dots very low energy. The unshaded

areas represent places where the conditions are still worse than in the very low areas.

Let us examine the map closely. The most noticeable feature is the group of two large black areas in the United States and part of southern Canada, on the one hand, and in western Europe on the other. Each of these is surrounded by high areas of large extent. The remaining high areas, three in number, are surprisingly limited. The one in Japan is shown as extending over into Korea, but this is doubtful, for the climatic records of storms in this region are very imperfect. The New Zealand area extends over into the southeastern corner of Australia, and is probably essentially correct. Finally, although the South American area certainly should be placed on the map, its exact extent is doubtful, and we are not yet certain whether any portion of it should be put in the very high division, or whether the southern part should be represented by fine lines because it falls in the medium division. In far northern regions people's energy falls off more than would be expected. We know that population is scanty in the most northerly parts of Canada and Siberia, and that civilization there is at a low ebb. We commonly think, however, that this is due to the difficulties of agriculture and to the fact that nature will not permit many people to get a living. From the map, however, it appears that in addition to this there is a great falling off in energy, so that even if other circumstances were favorable we should not look for any great achievements. Within thirty degrees of the equator conditions are just about as we should expect. So far as mere energy is concerned, the dry areas are actually somewhat better than appears on the map, while wet regions, such as the Amazon Basin and central Africa, are worse. On the great highlands of South America and Africa conditions are much better than in the lowlands, and the same is true of some of the higher parts of India, which are too small for insertion in our map. The striking fact about the equatorial highlands, however, is that none of them has a climate where a high degree of energy would be expected. We are often told that the

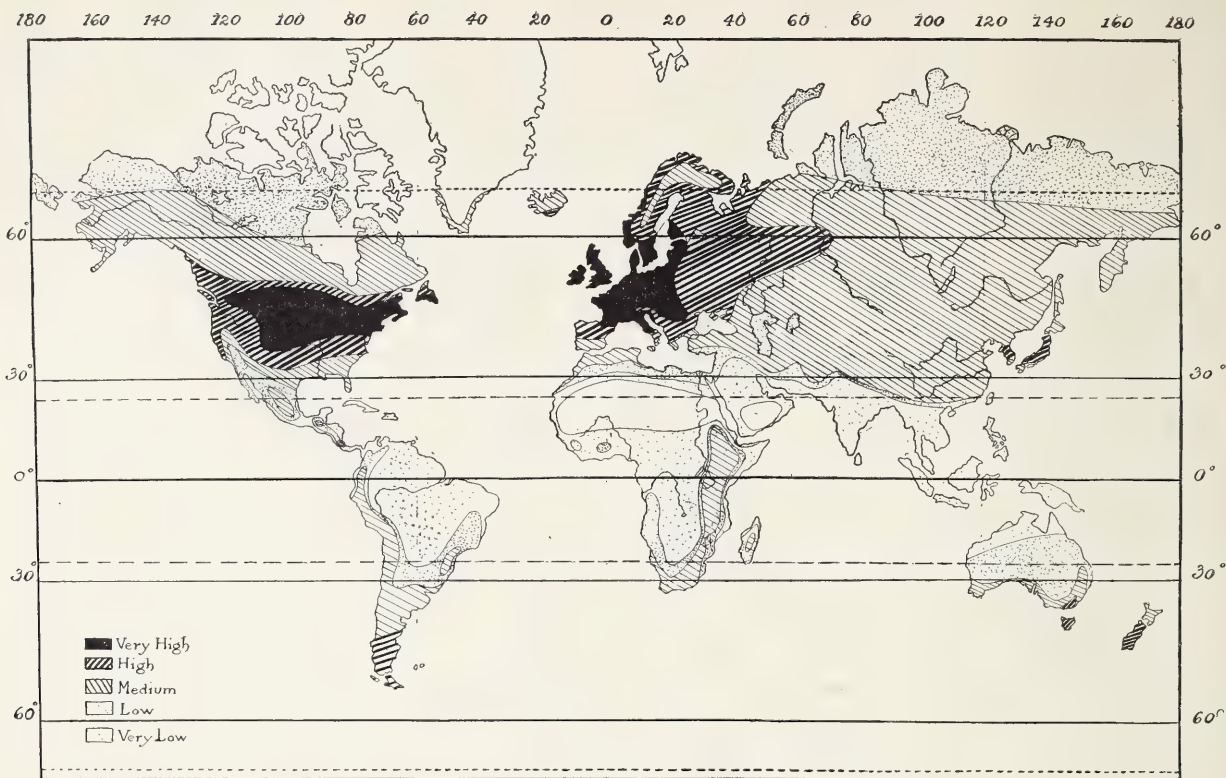


FIG. 1—DISTRIBUTION OF HUMAN ENERGY ON THE BASIS OF CLIMATE

climate of tropical highlands is as fine as any in the world. Not infrequently people are urged to colonize such regions. In book after book we read that so far as the climate of such places is concerned there is not the slightest reason why the white man should not live there as well as at home. Our map seems to point to a different conclusion. Though white men may retain their health in tropical highlands, we should not expect them to have the vigor and energy which they have in Europe and America, or in Japan, southern Australia, and southern South America.

By far the most unexpected feature of the map is the diminution of energy as one proceeds eastward from western Europe to central Asia. This is even greater than appears in the map, for in these latitudes the extreme dryness of deserts apparently tends to diminish man's energy, and the center of Asia is one of the driest places in the world.

Long before this the reader has doubtless taken note of the rather close resemblance between the distribution of energy on a climatic basis and the actual distribution of civilization. The closeness of the resemblance led me to at-

tempt to construct a map of civilization in order that the two might be compared. The wisest plan seemed to be to secure the co-operation of widely informed men in all parts of the world. Accordingly, I wrote to about two hundred persons, chiefly professional geographers, but including statesmen, travelers, anthropologists, missionaries, and others. Slips were sent bearing the names of one hundred and eighty-five countries or parts of countries, and the request was made that the slips be sorted into ten groups according to the status of each region in the scale of civilization. Civilization was defined as being dependent upon "those characteristics which are generally recognized as of the highest value. I mean by this the power of initiative, the capacity for formulating new ideas and for carrying them into effect, the power of self-control, high standards of honesty and morality, the power to lead and control other races, the capacity for disseminating ideas, and other similar qualities which will readily suggest themselves. These qualities find expression in high ideals, respect for law, inventiveness, ability to develop philosophical systems, stability and honesty

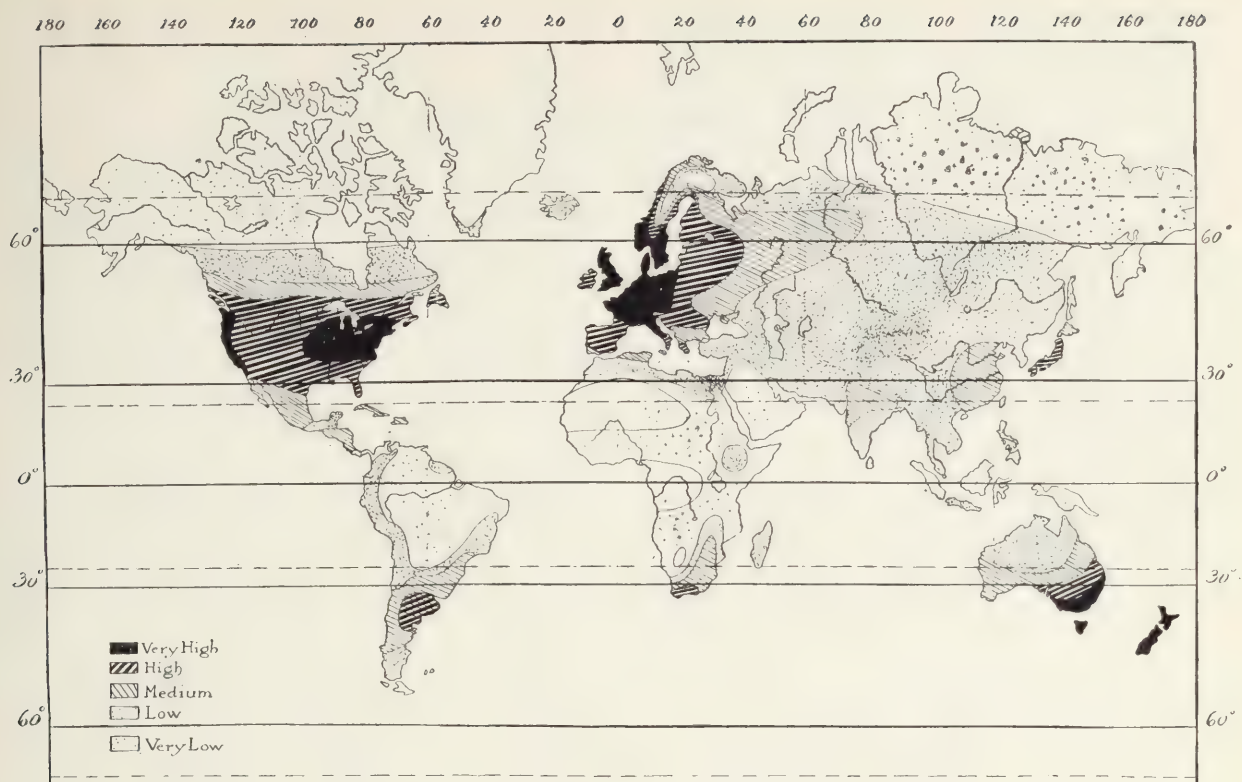


FIG. 2—THE DISTRIBUTION OF CIVILIZATION

of government, a highly developed system of education, the capacity to dominate the less civilized parts of the world, and the ability to carry out far-reaching enterprises covering long periods of time and great areas of the earth's surface."

The classification of the various countries is by no means a light task. In many cases people spent from half a day to two entire days upon it. In spite of this over fifty people made the classification. About half were Americans, including one Canadian; others were English, German, French, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, Danish, Norwegian, Russian, Chinese, and Japanese. It was particularly gratifying that five Japanese and Chinese co-operated. It was also highly fortunate that the classifications were made before the outbreak of the great war had destroyed people's fairness of judgment. In obtaining the average opinion it seemed wiser not to give each individual the same weight, but to let each race or group of races have the same importance. Thus the Americans, the British, the Teutonic Europeans, the Latin Europeans, including one Russian, and

the Asiatics were averaged separately. Then these averages were again averaged to give the final result. Thus the opinion of the Asiatics has precisely the same weight as that of the Americans. In almost all cases one can detect a tendency to place one's own country or race rather higher than other people think right. This is especially marked where the more backward outposts of a given race are concerned. Otherwise the classifications made by the various races agree to a surprising extent. England comes out highest. It is the only place which is invariably placed in the highest or tenth class. Other places, such as the more advanced parts of Germany, France, and the United States, are given a slightly lower position in at least one classification.

The final results of this classification are shown in Fig. 2. All the regions having a rank of 8.5 or higher are rated as very high, and are shaded black. Those from 7 to 8.5 are high, and are shaded in heavy lines; 5 to 7, medium, in light lines; 3 to 5, low, in heavy dots; and under 3, very low, in scattered dots. The first thing that attracts attention is the general resemblance to the map of

energy. In both maps, for example, there is a high area in the middle of western Europe. A tongue extends down into Italy, another projects toward Rumania, and a third to the Baltic. Lapland is the seat of a low area. A relatively high projection runs out into Siberia. Here the high area of the map of civilization extends about as far as the medium area of the energy map. This is not surprising, for even if the people of Siberia have as much energy as is indicated by the energy map, they are hampered by their remoteness and by the newness of their country, not to mention other conditions. It may be, too, that the question of racial ability enters into the matter, and causes Siberia to be lower on the map of civilization than upon the other. The significant thing is that in both maps there is the same falling-off toward central Asia. Still farther east, China and Japan are essentially alike upon both maps, China being medium and Japan high. In Indo-China, and much more in India, the two maps differ. Apparently this arises from the fact that these regions are under European domination. This does not apply to Siam, however, which has worked out its own salvation. It ranks as very low on the energy map, and only as low on the other. This may have no significance. On the other hand, it may mean various things. Possibly the climatic records of Siam are so imperfect that we have not been able to give it quite the right grade on the energy map. It is equally probable that the races of Indo-China and India may by long residence have become differentiated from Europeans, so that they are not so susceptible to the influence of steady heat. Again, we know that race differs from race in its inheritance, and the Siamese may inherit stronger traits than those which are possessed by their neighbors in the East Indies, for example, for in most of those islands both maps are very low. Finally, other possibilities are that the Siamese have been raised by contact with other races, by the adoption of particular institutions of government, religion, and social organization, or by the work of a few men of unusual gifts. I mention all these possibilities, not because they are of special

importance in relation to Siam, but because they illustrate some of the great number of influences which play a part in causing a country to stand high or low in the scale of civilization. In view of all these factors and the strong influence which any one of them may exert, it is by no means surprising that the maps of civilization and energy show disagreements. The truly astonishing thing is that in spite of everything they should present so pronounced an agreement.

One of the features that stands out most prominently when the two maps are compared is the effect which a strong race with good government and high ideals produces upon regions to which Europeans have gone during recent times. Again and again one notes places where the presence of such a race causes a region to be higher in civilization than would be expected on the basis of energy as determined by climate. In the East Indies, for example, Java and the Philippines are higher than the other islands. In Australia the general decrease from southeast to northwest is the same in both maps, but the fact that this continent is English raises the very low places to low, the low to medium, and so on until there is a large high area in the southeast. In South Africa and Egypt the same is true.

In the United States the energy map shows a strip of medium along the southern frontier, but this is all rated as high on the other map. This seems to illustrate the way in which a strong race with high institutions can overcome the handicap of a climate which is only moderate. In the central states and in the Canadian northwest, on the other hand, civilization is not so high as one would expect. Perhaps this is because the country is new. Being new, it is only just coming into its own, and Chinese, Russians, and other foreigners, even though they have traveled and studied extensively, do not realize how great is the progress of recent times. California, like the southern states, is relatively higher on the map of civilization than on that of energy. As already explained, this may be in part due to the impossibility of making a wholly accurate map of energy as yet. It may also

arise from the location of California on the Pacific seaboard.

Turning to Latin America, we find about what would be expected in Mexico and Central America. The highlands are medium and the lowlands low. In South America, on the contrary, there are some unexpected features. The countries of the Andean highlands—namely, Venezuela, Colombia, Ecuador, Peru, and Bolivia—are all ranked as low in civilization, whereas the climatic map would indicate a medium degree of energy. In Africa the same phenomenon is observable along the belt of highlands on the east side of the continent. Perhaps this means that an equatorial climate is even more debilitating than would be expected on the basis of the work of factory operatives in summer. Argentina goes to the other extreme, which is a hopeful sign for the races of Latin America. The central part of the country is higher than would be expected, which suggests that with even a moderate opportunity the Latin American race is able to rise to a high position.

Let us turn back now to the more general aspects of the two maps. In spite of minor disagreements the main features are essentially the same. Both show two great high areas in the United States and western Europe, a pronounced decline from the western border of Russia eastward, and a rise to high conditions on the far eastern edge of Asia in Japan. Likewise, the shape of the very low areas in Africa and South America is alike in both cases. South of latitude 30° each of the southern continents rises, and the rise is more pronounced on the eastern side than on the western. Even where the two maps disagree, the explanation of the disagreement is usually obvious from a consideration of the recent movements of European peoples. The few remaining discrepancies are almost all explicable on well-known grounds, such as the impossibility of agriculture, which prevents civilization from rising as high as would be expected in the northern parts of America and Asia.

When allowance is made for obvious facts such as these, the resemblance between the two maps becomes increasingly striking. They were constructed

quite independently. Neither represents the ideas of any one individual. The map of civilization represents the independent opinion of fifty persons of a dozen different nations. The other simply shows how much energy people would have if their energy depended mainly on temperature, and if all parts of the world were inhabited by people like those of the eastern United States. It is hard to think of any other kind of map that would so closely reproduce the features of the map of civilization. If race were made the criterion, we should find places of high civilization where Teutons, Latins, and Japanese prevail. We should also find low places where Teutons predominate—in Alaska, for example—and where Latins predominate, as in parts of South America, but we should not find any low place for the Japanese. If religion is the criterion, we should find that, although Protestant Christianity prevails only in places which are high or very high, Roman Catholic Christianity prevails in places that range from very high to very low, and Greek Christianity from high to low. Buddhism likewise ranges from high to low, and Mohammedanism from medium to very low. If form of government is our criterion, we find republics ranging from very high in Switzerland and France to low or very low in Venezuela. Limited but autocratic monarchies exist in high countries like Germany, and in low countries like Turkey and Persia.

Thus we might go on to point out how surprising it is that the maps of energy and civilization should agree so closely. Their agreement seems to point to a far-reaching conclusion. It suggests not only that civilization can rise to a high level only where man's physical and mental energy is high, but also that energy is high only where certain favorable conditions of climate prevail. This does not mean that the climate is the cause of civilization, for the cause lies vastly deeper in the unknown force which gives rise to evolution. It merely means that one of the many conditions necessary for the rise and preservation of civilization seems to be the existence of a favorable combination of mean temperature from season to season and of changes of temperature from day to day.

The Compact

BY ALMA G. MADDEN



THE sun beat down upon the sandy prairie road. In places the highway had been swept bare by the wind, which had piled the sand in drifts by the roadside or in the near-by fields. There was no grass between field and road, and the long rows of corn stood wilting in the mid-afternoon heat. Running parallel with the road, like a dejected companion, was the bed of a stream, its sand as innocent of moisture as the highway.

A man stood silent in the road, his head bowed like the leaves of corn, and bared to the scorching sun, his gray-felt hat crushed in his clenched fist. So he had stood, motionless, for the last ten minutes. A sudden breeze from the south sprang up and rustled the dry leaves of a cottonwood by the creek-bed. It struck the man's cheek like the blast from an open furnace, and then passed swiftly to its real mission, blasting the already doomed corn. At the touch of the wind the man lifted his head defiantly, as though it had been a challenge, and felt, though he did not deign to see, the blight that marked the path of the wind.

There had been no rain since June, and this was August. But the prairie crop is used to drought and there had been hope for the corn until the hot winds came three days before. Since that time Enoch Cornwall had neither eaten nor slept. At night he sat brooding by his doorstep until dawn. When the heat was most intense he walked bareheaded through the fields, lifting his head suddenly whenever the wind smote his cheek. His great frame had become gaunt, and his cheeks drawn, but a fierce light burned in his eyes, bloodshot from sleeplessness and the glare from the sun. The dust and burning heat had dulled the blackness of his matted hair. The perspiration had caked the dust on his

shirt. This defiant, uncared-for figure was wholly alien to the zealous, self-confident leader that had guided the temporal and spiritual affairs of the Walnut Ridge inhabitants for more than two years. (Walnut Ridge being a misnomer for a neighborhood that had neither walnut-trees nor ridges, but was the namesake of some happier spot in that indefinite region known as "Back East.") For Enoch Cornwall was the shepherd of a flock that gathered to worship in the small, unpainted school-house barely visible on the horizon from where he now stood. But the school-house had held no service for three weeks because the flock, one by one as the dry season advanced, had gone into the lands whence they came, and Enoch had put forth no hand to stay them. There had been a day—and his eyes now filled with scorn at the thought—when he had babbled foolish words to his parishioners about the providences of God, and had exhorted them that, having put their hands to the plow, they should not now look back. But that was before the summer when the grasshoppers had riddled the promising fields, or before the sand-storms of early spring had blown out the wheat, or the hot winds had blasted the earth.

Three times had the discouraged people taken heart again, encouraged by the fair promises of a crop, and each time their faith had been mocked and their efforts returned to them fruitless. At first Enoch had preached with great fervor, assuring them that God only desired a fiery trial of their faith, and at the crucial moment he would stay the forces of destruction as God had stayed the hand of Abraham and restored Isaac. He charged their early failures to a lack of faith, and urged them with passionate zeal to greater exhibitions of trust.

He was gifted with the eloquence and dominating zeal of the born leader. His superabundance of physical vitality and confidence carried his flock through one



Drawn by Harry Dunn

A FURY WAS SLOWLY GATHERING WITHIN HIM

Engraved by Nelson Demarest

hopeless period after another. They became entirely dependent on him as nature failed them, the responsibility only increasing his fervor. But when the answers to his prophecies were continued failures and the fields lay wasted and parched, doubt crept into his own heart and his message had less assurance. His body began to succumb to the constant drain on it. He stopped working on the frame house that he had been building by the side of his dugout. He even ceased writing to the girl in the East who was to come in the early fall, and her letters to him lay unopened in the post-office, twelve miles away, whither he had not gone for weeks. And the change in Enoch's mental state was reflected in the settled despair on the faces of his flock. Their dull, hopeless eyes accused him. He had failed as an intermediary between them and God. The culmination came one Sunday when Enoch stood before them and gave a passionate message which sounded woefully like a denunciation of Providence.

And now there was no need for exhortation, because the little flock was gone. Only a few non-church-goers, single men who lived alone in the dugouts, remained to neighbor with Enoch. As for the shepherd himself, he no longer prayed—he only brooded. Yesterday his best work-horse had died. The one remaining was sick. His cows were dry from lack of pasture. But he made no effort to oppose the ravages of the drought. An awful apathy possessed him. A fury was slowly gathering within him. This morning he had noticed his Bible open on the table, and he had thrust it into the stove. But some force had made him withdraw his hand, so he had only pushed the book under a chest out of sight.

Now as the wind passed over the field his eye caught sight of something on the distant horizon. It was a thunder-capped cloud, such as had often formed in the sky since the dry season came on. At the same instant a black bird came sailing across the waste, as if straight from the heart of the cloud, growing larger as it approached, until, to Enoch's distorted vision, it blotted out the sky. It descended slowly and settled on a bough of the cottonwood. It was a buz-

zard of unusual size, and it seemed to fix its sinister attention on the man in the road. The sight touched some hidden spring which held the slow-accumulating fury of days. The man began to scream, jumping up and down in the road. He hurled violent imprecations at the bird until he became incoherent and only babbled. Then he suddenly raised his clenched fists to the sky and hissed, "You, you, you." The effort exhausted him. Weak with the heat and lack of food, he began to blubber, muttering brokenly as he stumbled down the road. Instinctively he sought the shelter of some bushes and lay quiet until the storm of his emotions passed. A great calmness came over him; his nerves settled and his mind cleared. He began to speak as if to a second person, quietly and deliberately: "I have done my best, but you have deceived me. You have deceived my people. I have no more faith in you. I am under no obligations to you, and I withdraw my allegiance to you. I will depend on other help."

He felt stronger then, much as if he had prayed. Then he rose and looked about, and as if to shake off his former personality he moved to another position. Then, still speaking quietly, he said: "If there be any other power that can give succor, come. I do not promise to trust until I have seen the promise fulfilled." He waited a moment, but there was no sound, not even of the wind. So he tramped steadily down the road toward his dugout. Once he thought some one came out of the corn-field, just behind him, but it was only the whir of the buzzard's wings as it passed over his head. Again he was sure that he heard the rumble of a wagon in the road, but the highway lay bare and empty in the heat.

The clouds were piling up in the southeast, but he did not heed them. When he reached the dugout he straightened up the untidy rooms which had not been cleared out for days, working calmly, steadily, despite the increasing darkness. The wind had fallen and the prairie was oppressively still. He did his chores, looked after the sick horse, and sat down to supper. It was his first meal for days. He ate long and deliberately, paying no heed to the increasing

thunder or the spurts of wind which sprang up now and then. He cleared away the dishes and went outside, walking between the corn-rows. It was pitch dark and ominously still.

A great quiet was upon Enoch Cornwall's soul, but it was not the oppressive quiet of the storm, but rather a kind of exultation, a waiting for something which was to come. Once he lifted his arms as if in invitation. Then he passed on while the wind raged through the corn. He halted suddenly, thinking a figure approached, but when he stopped it seemed to diffuse itself into the general darkness. As he walked he was conscious of a subtle change in himself. He felt as though he was assuming another personality with different motives and purposes. He walked lightly, and power surged through him until he felt there was no limit to his strength. Once he lifted his head and listened, as if to some one speaking, then he answered aloud, deliberately, "Twenty-five years." Again a figure seemed to loom before him in the road, but the next moment the storm broke with a thunder peal and lightning flash that rived the heavens and then let fall a curtain of blackness and a deluge of rain. The man stood quietly in the field, unconscious of the downpour. When he came to himself he was sitting in his own dugout, drenched to the skin. He looked wonderingly at the window-panes down which the water was streaming. It had been raining an hour. He became conscious of his wet clothes and reached for a dry coat. In doing so he knocked something to the floor. It was a part of his accumulated mail which some neighbor had brought from the post-office. He stooped and picked up a letter which was in Marian Warren's handwriting. One sentence as he opened the missive caught his eye and held it: "I am coming to you, Enoch, because I feel in some way you need me."

He read on:

"Maybe I feel this way because the crops have not been good. I hope I can find a school and teach this winter. It is not fair that you should bear all the burden. The Beals family are moving into your community next month, and I can travel with them for company."

He noted the date of the letter. It

was weeks back. He put the letter away without surprise or emotion, feeling only that the long responsibility for others had fallen from him, and that his own affairs were being shaped by a superior force. He accepted the new administration, or whatever it was, with the passivity that follows prolonged exhaustion, and went to bed to sound and dreamless sleep.

The sun that waked him in the morning was not the glare of yesterday but a softened glow that might have been shed by a sun of May. That morning might have been the first that followed creation, so fresh and sparkling was the earth it saw. Men standing in their dugouts said a miracle had been wrought. The corn stood upright, rustling its slender ribbons in the breeze.

A neighbor riding past Enoch's door called, joyously, "It's the turning-point!" and so it was called ever afterward.

Enoch, looking far across the horizon, had muttered after him, "The turning-point," and wondered what that might imply.

The rain had been general. The crisis was past and the news spread quickly. Covered wagons moved down the deserted road and a new and hopeful immigration quickly repeopled the abandoned communities. In the van of this immigration came the Beals family, bringing Marian Warren with them.

"And so you came, Marian, according to promise," Enoch said.

"Yes, I came as I promised," she answered, wholly alien to his meaning. "And now I am going to teach."

"No; we must marry at once. You are part of my reward."

"Of course, if you wish it," Marian answered, a little puzzled by Enoch's manner, "but we can wait until the new church is built."

At this Enoch's manner became more decisive. "There is no church now," he declared, his tone strange in spite of his precaution. Then, seeing Marian's look of astonishment, he explained that the church had been abandoned because the members had left the neighborhood and that it was not likely to be resumed again, because the incoming population were of various faiths. He could not have told why the words cost him so

much effort nor why the whole explanation, though true enough, seemed like a patchwork of lies. He dared not suggest, as he wanted to do, that they be married before a justice of the peace and go straight to their own home. Marian's wedding festivities seemed much like a makeshift at best as compared with the one she had once planned, so he consented to let Mrs. Beals decorate her house and prepare the wedding dinner that was too great a holiday to pass by in ordinary fashion. They were married within a month after Marian came, and the days preceding it were filled with misty glamour for Enoch. He looked upon the past summer as a bad dream that was over. He did not stop to analyze other great changes that had come into his life. He rather put by all questions that arose and accepted without question such things as the gods provided.

Sometimes in those days he lifted his head exultantly and laughed, he knew not why. He had done this on the morning of his wedding, before he came into the house for Marian. At the sight of her, sweet and demure in all her white draperies, something in his brain snapped. Marian, the neighbors standing stiffly in funereal silence about the little room, the minister with the open book, vanished. Enoch was fighting his way through an awful blackness, battling with a wind that was destroying the world. It was only an instant or only an eternity, but when he came to himself he was mechanically repeating his part of the formal ritual, and staring through the window opposite at a cottonwood-tree. A sudden hot breeze stirred the curtain. A bird flew across the sky, aiming straight for the tree. Enoch stared apprehensively, but it only dipped and passed out of sight. As early as he could do so he slipped from the house into the yard and searched the sky, but there was no bird in sight and the wind was soft. Yet he heard somewhere, like the dim toll of a bell in his soul, the sound of doom. When he returned to the house a well-meaning neighbor slapped him on the shoulder and rallied him on deserting his bride.

"Remember, you're no longer a free man."

The words set all the bells tolling, and he knew in that hour that he would never again be free. He wore invisible but no less powerful shackles, the more painful in that nobody else knew of them. When he next looked at his bride it was with a sense that he must share her with an invisible presence that walked always just behind him.

How he got through the awful day, playing his rôle of happy bridegroom before the guests, he could not tell. How Marian could fail to see through the miserable pretense, he could not fathom. But the neighbors united in saying they had not suspected that Cornwall was such a genuinely good fellow, and Marian noticed with surprise jokes and laughter which she had not remembered as characteristic of her rather serious preacher-lover.

The day finally closed, and they drove homeward. Enoch fell into such a silence that Marian jested with him, and then became silent herself, hurt by his attitude. Enoch had looked forward to the evening for respite, but, with the necessity for being gay removed, an awful misery settled over him, the more keen because he realized that his one hope of solace had failed him. He aroused himself at length and sought to appease his bride, uttering half-hearted jests that in no wise deceived her.

In the gloom that encompassed him as he did his familiar chores he did not foresee the difficulties that were sure to arise from his anomalous position. So he sat down to their first meal together, unthinking. Marian bowed her head and waited, expectantly. Then when the silence grew unbearable she herself said grace. But she avoided Enoch's eyes, and he knew his conduct had been inexplicable to her. As head of the house and as a minister of the gospel he could not avoid leading in the family devotions. At bedtime she brought him her own Bible and sat down, waiting. Blindly he turned the leaves and began at random on a chapter singularly inappropriate for the founding of a new home. He read the chapter about how Esau sold his birthright for a mess of pottage, and could not again find it, though he sought it earnestly and with tears. He laid the book down heavily, resolved

never to read it again if it gave forth such words of torture. He sat in silence while Marian knelt and finished the family devotions.

Later he went out into the night and looked up at the quiet stars and wondered if there was in all the universe a being so tortured as he. He thought of the weary days to be lived through in the stretch of years that lay before him, and raised his clenched hands to the stars, but dropped them again—realizing the futility either of pleadings or curses—and went into the house.

The days that followed tested his vitality and strong will-power to support an appearance of happiness before Marian. She knew in a vague way that he had fallen from grace, but try as she might she could not penetrate the barrier which her husband imposed between her and his inner self, although in general he was more submissive to her than in the days when he had been the eloquent, domineering, spiritual leader of his flock. He was tender now where he had once been harsh and assertive, being at once more refined and less emotional, gentler and colder than the former Enoch.

After the new church was built he could not avoid attendance, and sat in stony rigidity beside Marian's absorbed worship. He was half touched, half resentful over the knowledge that this absorption was the petition of the saintly wife for her wayward husband. During the revival services, which were protracted agony to him, he knew that he was the subject of much prayer and solicitation by the congregation, and that Marian was regarded as a model of wifely piety and martyrdom. Painful as this was to his sensitive nature, it was better than hypocrisy would have been, and infinitely less agonizing than the service itself. The songs sometimes woke depths of old emotions and longing, and he was once more in fancy before his flock in fiery exhortation or tender pleading. Then he remembered the barrier that interposed between him and the sanctuary, and a feeling like ice closed about his heart.

Marian carried her burden, too. She was compelled to sit dumb and helpless, sensible of a grief she could not fathom, and unable to pierce the gloom or reach

a hand to bridge the gap between herself and Enoch.

As the years progressed he settled into the rôle of the confirmed unbeliever in the eyes of his neighbors, and church attendance was not incumbent upon him. He went only at rare intervals to propitiate Marian, but the rarity of these occasions redoubled their torture.

Outwardly Enoch had prospered. He had accumulated many acres. His crops never failed, and his breed of stock was the best in the community. He came to be the model for the farmers in that part of the country. They came to him for advice about the cultivation of their farms, about the care of their stock, and every conceivable question that might arise in farm management. When he realized how easily success fell to his lot, it came to be a kind of substitute for other happiness, and he engrossed himself in his work more and more as time passed. His shackles galled less, because of long usage—except at intervals, when fear caught him in its old grip.

His satisfaction in his broad acres and filled granaries was built upon a definite hope after his son's birth. Nine childless years dotted with three little graves preceded this event. Marian's childlessness had been the chief sorrow of her life, and she yearned over the boy; but from the time he had first reached up tiny fists to Enoch, to the end of his life, he was his father's son. On the day of the baby's birth Enoch descried on the tiny fist a mark that took on the faint but unmistakable outlines of a bird in his eyes. He took up his little son tenderly and said with passion, "Little son, you are mine, mine."

At last Enoch had found a companion, one who understood him and did not probe the wounds in his soul. The two were seldom separated except for the times which "Sonny," as his father called him, grudgingly gave to school and sleep. He rode the horses when he was too small to walk, and followed in the furrow, manfully holding the plow-handles when he grew older. His mother complained that after she took off his long dresses she never saw him in the house except at meal-time. Occasionally he played truant from school on sunny days in spring and came running



Drawn by Harvey Dunn

Engraved by F. A. Pettit

SHE KNEW IN A VAGUE WAY THAT HE HAD FALLEN FROM GRACE

joyously across the field to Enoch, whom he disarmed with a guileless smile.

"I was lonesome for you, fadder, and so I camed back," he would say. After that Enoch could not chide him.

It was inevitable that Sonny should ask about the mark on his hand, putting by his mother's tender interpretation that it was the kiss which the angels had given him. Sonny was serious-minded from his long association with his father, and put no credence in such foolishness. To this question Enoch had answered:

"You know makers put their trade-mark on their own particular goods. You are my own particular son, and that is my trade-mark on you; and nobody," he had finished, solemnly, "can claim you from me."

"But did the angels put it there, fadder?"

"I don't know, Sonny. I can't say, but I hope so."

The boy ever afterward regarded the symbol with pride as his father's "trade-mark," though he said nothing, realizing intuitively that it was something his father did not wish mentioned. Once the boy had questioned him about God and the eternal problems that knock sometimes at every child's mind. Enoch explained to him as he had never been able to explain to any one else, without pain or effort, that it was not possible for him to discuss these questions with him, but he could learn all he wanted to know from his mother, and he must believe implicitly what she told him. The boy understood, and questioned no further. He comprehended Enoch as no other human creature did. There was a bond between them stronger than the ordinary bond of father and son. It was as if from the dank and evil swamp of Enoch's despair had sprung this rare and exotic plant. The boy was healthy enough, but he gave an impression of ephemerality, as if he were only a temporary visitor in this material world. That might have been because he inherited his mother's fairness instead of the massive masculinity of Enoch. He did not lack a boy's love of merriment, but underneath was a gravity beyond his years.

Enoch trembled with apprehension when Sonny grew old enough to be sent

from home for better schooling than the neighborhood afforded. The winter of his absence was one of aching loneliness and occasional seasons of the old haunting fear, but it ended at length, and Sonny returned, taller of limb and manlier in bearing, but as eager to follow his father about as ever. Enoch came as near to peace as he had ever known those first few days of renewed companionship with Sonny. For once the days were too short for him. They did not contain enough hours to say all that waited to be said between him and Sonny. He could not bear the boy out of his sight. Sometimes he arose in the night to look on his face as he slept. He drank in the features, absorbing the image of them for some future time when they would be denied him.

The summer opened with fair prospects for a good season, though it was unusually dry. But as weeks passed and the dry weather continued the people realized they were facing a serious drought. Not that a single season's failure could ruin the prospects of a prosperous community, but it threw a depression over the country, and the people began to talk of the great drought a quarter of a century before. Enoch, absorbed in Sonny's presence, had not succumbed to the depression as early as his neighbors, but as the drought continued, with occasional hot winds, a strange restlessness seized him. Something in the glare of the sun on the sandy roads, and the sight of parched fields, recalled another scene when the land lay like an unpeopled desert. As the days succeeded one another there came to him a curious sense that time was going backward. He half expected at times to see the buildings and other outward signs of the years' passage disappear. He watched with strained eyes the water in the creek that crossed his farm dwindle day by day, much as a man might watch the running of the sands in an hour-glass. Even Sonny was powerless to break the spell that was weaving upon him. Enoch no longer looked at the boy with adoring eyes, but searched the sky or sat motionless, listening, waiting for something, his eyes alert, but oblivious of the objects at which he gazed. Sonny watched his father closely, often following him at

a distance on his solitary excursions into the fields. Sometimes, waking suddenly in the night with a sense that his father was not in the house, he sought until he found him, a lonely, silent figure in the moonlight. Occasionally he made his presence known by laying his hand on Enoch's shoulder, but more often he stayed apart. He divined that the sight of him tortured his father. He often caught his father's eyes on the birth-mark, but no word was spoken concerning their changed relations.

It was a day in mid-August when the sky was filled with thunder-caps that Enoch wandered, without noticing his direction, down an unused, sandy road. The scene took on a strange familiarity. A bare cottonwood seared by lightning stood before him, and straight from the southeast a buzzard flew across the sky and settled on the tree. The blood beat against Enoch's brain. Steps came out of the corn-field behind him, and he listened as he had done for days, feeling that his waiting was nearly over. The next moment Sonny laid his hands on Enoch's clenched fists. His muscles relaxed. His eyes met the compassion in Sonny's and became sane. The boy stooped and picked up a stone, which he aimed at the buzzard on the tree. The bird arose and flew into the far sky whence it had come, the two watching it silently out of sight. Then Sonny spoke:

"It will never come back, father. Let's go home. The heat is terrible."

Enoch looked at the boy and realized that he was ill.

"Sonny, you're not well!" he cried, sharply, restoring at once their old relationship.

"It is only the heat, I think. I have not felt well lately. I'll be all right when we get to the house."

But his feet stumbled as he spoke, and Enoch put his arm around his shoulders, and the two made their slow way across the field.

Marian stood in the doorway, waiting for them. The fever she had expected was come. Sonny fell unconscious across the door-sill at her feet. They put him to bed and summoned a doctor and nurse. Through the long, oppressive, hours of the hot afternoon the watchers about the bed waited. For them time

was suspended and life was centered on a single fact of existence. An approaching storm made an early twilight of the late afternoon. Some subtle presence had entered with the twilight. The doctor closed his watch. His head dropped imperceptibly lower. The nurse adjusted the curtain. Thus the great intruder in the quiet room announced his presence, not with the blare of trumpets, but in apparently slight and casual acts. A great rage and despair seized Enoch. He laid hold of the framework at the foot of the bed, great beads of sweat on his forehead.

Sonny turned his head slightly, looking with clear eyes at his father, and said in a weak voice, "I'll be all right, father, when the rain begins." Then he drifted back into unconsciousness.

Enoch turned and went out into the night. Blacker than the thick darkness of the storm was the weight of doom upon him. This was the end of his weeks of waiting. But he felt no defiance, only an awful sorrow. With a great cry he threw himself on the ground and dug his nails in the dry earth. He sought pleas for mercy, but found no words. The wind shook the trees and the lightning increased, but the man lay groveling on the ground. At last he arose. There was no power to whom he might appeal, no help in all the world. An accusing Deity did not even arise to confront him. He was utterly desolate and alone. He returned to the house.

In the brief time of his absence the Presence had installed itself in the household like an undesired guest who ignores the contempt of the hostess and remains. But something else had come, too, that seemed to check the insolence of the unbidden Presence.

The hours of suffering had worn grooves in Sonny's face, but peace had come now, and he only waited for Enoch. He could not lift his hand from the bed, but Enoch saw at a glance that every trace of the birth-mark was gone.

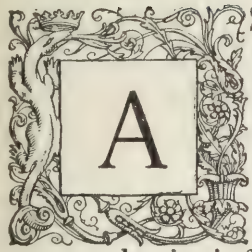
"It's all right, father," he murmured. "I am glad I could do it."

Enoch stumbled to his knees, a lost name on his lips. "My God, my God!" he said.

The rain began to fall gently outside.

The Treasures of the Snow

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE



Snow is one of the first of elemental phenomena to stir our sense of wonder, when, new come into the mystery of our being, we look and look, with our pathetic infant eyes, at the colors and movements so strangely around us, perhaps snow, more than any other, goes on retaining for us, all through our lives, its original quality of surprise and marvel. Some new manifestation of electricity, the latest feat of Edisonian magic, will astonish us for a while, but very soon it will take its place among hackneyed public utilities, like that "common drudge 'twixt man and man," the telephone, or join mankind's other discarded scientific toys. Already we are almost tired of the phonograph and the aeroplane. We patronize moving pictures mainly because they are cheap and are exciting without being exacting. Radium and the wireless we already take for granted; but, oddly enough, we have never yet got used to the snow. Each year the first snowfall of winter still takes us by surprise—comes with the same new enchantment, for old or young, as if it were falling for the first time. Those other marvels seem clever, a sort of splendid conjuring tricks; but, as with all other clever things, we feel that there is some way of finding them out some day. But the snow is so simple, and, therefore, so mysterious. It is so white, too, so quiet, like all ghostly things; and, like them, steals on us so softly, comes up so close to us, so whisperingly, as with a hurrying secret to tell; and seems, too, in some strange way to be falling inside our own minds as well as, or even rather than, outside us, for all its external visibility. So ghostly, so spirit-like a thing it seems.

Along with this strangeness, snow brings a curious sense of friendliness and gaiety. Though a child of the

cold, the gentle sister of the frost, it has a warm, caressing, playful way with it, and, particularly in the city, at once evokes a mood of holiday-making even in the most serious and care-worn hearts. Mankind at large seems to be filled with a boyish glee at its coming, and, at whatever expense to our convenience, tie-ups of traffic, and other interruptions of our serious business, the wilder it whirls and the thicker it falls the better pleased we grow. We read of telegraph wires down, of trains north and west snowed in, of snow-plows fighting their way through twenty-foot drifts, and the like excitements with kindling eyes. We take a personal satisfaction in the triumphs of this wild, white, simple thing from the wilderness that is able with such ease to throw out of gear all the complex machinery of our boasted civilization, and with its soft fingers stop so effectively the pompous work of the world. Deep in our hearts, I am sure, we are glad of the enforced interruption to the dull routine of our lives. It was so at school we might have rejoiced in any happening, however calamitous, from the burning alive of the head master to an epidemic of scarlet fever, that for the time made going to school an absolute impossibility. So the coming of the snow proclaims a sort of elemental holiday, and, however the superficial grown-up side of us affects irritation at the state of the streets, and fumes and fusses at the blocked trolleys, the eternal school-boy in us secretly exults and entertains a wild desire to snowball the passers-by and roll in the luscious gathering drifts. However much man may pride himself upon his growing control of the elements, nothing seems to do his heart more good than the spectacle of their spirited escape through his barriers. So wild waters thundering through a dam delight him, though the dam may have been built by himself, and the glorious madness of

fire makes him glad, though it be his own house that is burning.

One of the most frequently expressed regrets for the passing of what, in imagination, at all events, we are given to regard as a robuster and manlier world, is that winter no longer brings the picturesque knee-deep snow falls of old times, such as we associate with Washington Irving's *Bracebridge Hall* and Randolph Caldecott's pictures or Mr. Pickwick and his friends. The fashion of this world changeth, even in weather. That pernicious modern invention, the Gulf Stream, is usually held responsible for this growing effeminacy of the winter solstice. Snowballing has already grown to be a legendary sport of our ancestors, and it is only occasionally that we get a hint of the fearless old fashion of snow in those good old days when the stage-coaches were buried in its drifts, towns and villages isolated for days, and one must cut one's way from one's own front door through towering walls of soft white marble. Thus the blizzard of 1888 remains one of the most striking of modern events, dated back to with no little pride in familiar narration. It showed what nature could still do, and the number of hours it took certain reminiscent citizens to fight their way home on that memorable night grows with the years. Even the casualties resulting from it, the losses to life and property, are instanced with enthusiasm. People even died within a few yards of their own threshold, bewildered and lost and entombed even so near home! The pleasure of death from drowning is often expatiated on by those, it is presumed, who have never experienced it; but it is nothing, we are asked to believe, compared to the romantic luxury which, in the popular imagination, seems to attach to dying in the snow. It would seem to be the most dreamy and comfortable of all modes of dissolution. It is said, indeed, to have a certain siren fascination about it, as though some beautiful white witch charmed you to forgetfulness of your humanity and lured you away in her whirling arms out of the world of living men. Though, so far as I am aware, no one has spoken of this with the authority of experience, yet one has but to walk alone in a snow-

storm to be aware of the pleasurable sense of isolation it brings; and if a sense of danger blends with it, it has the exhilaration of a beautiful adventure, and brings with it, too, a dreamy indifference, which may be due to some hypnotic effect of the endlessly recurring flakes upon our eyes. Something deeper in us than our purpose of getting home is strangely happy and content, something that still remembers its kinship with the elements, and answers to the call of its wild kindred.

When the snow has stopped falling all other sensations aroused by it are forgotten in our hushed and exalted joy—the purest of all joy that beauty brings us—in its mysterious loveliness, a loveliness simple, absolute, perfect, without attributes; flawless, cloudless, untroubled, complete. The beauty of snow comes as near to abstract, disembodied beauty as can be conceived. It is beauty made visible by the merest breath. Another breath and it vanishes once more into invisibility. The stuff of which it is made is nearest immateriality of all forms of matter. In the shapes it takes it makes seen for us the unseen ways of the wind, lends itself in its white ductility to the modeling of its every caprice. In the flowing contours of its drifts, in its sweeping spirals, and in its myriad fantasies of motion, it reveals to us the shapes of the viewless air. We seem to catch them at their hidden dances and can follow the tracks of their flying feet about the world.

The beauty of snow is that in which, of all beauty, the senses have least share. The austerity of the season which creates it counts for much in its effect upon us. To try to think of warm snow is to realize, by the mere repulsion of the very idea, how essential to the fine pleasure it brings us is the cold by which its vestal being alone exists. The various beauty of the warm-blooded months appeals to our senses in a hundred ways, with provocations of color and perfume, voluptuosities of form, allurements of music, indulgences of softness and sweetness, and calls of honied ease. In the spring and summer the world is “a paradise of dainty devices,” an Armida's bower of enchantment, a Circe's isle.



Photograph by Paul L. Anderson

WHITE BLANKETED FIELDS AND GHOST-LIKE TREES



THE SNOW-COVERED PARK IS ALIEN TO ROMANCE

But, when winter has laid its hushing finger on flower and song and all the Dionysiac rout, and the warm music of insects is stilled and the soft breath of the deep-bosomed earth is no longer on our cheeks, then shall it be seen whether or not we love beauty only for its caress, or can welcome her also when she is nun-like, star-lit, stoled and shod with snow.

There are nature-lovers who make a cult of the beauty of winter, stern ascetics to whom the beauty of the rest of the year seems a flamboyant, almost vulgar thing. Among the poets, Coventry Patmore professes this austere faith. "I," he writes in one of the noble odes of his too-little-read "Unknown Eros"—

I, singularly moved
To love the lovely that
is not beloved,
Of all the seasons most
love winter, and to
trace

The sense of the Tro-
phonian pallor of its
face.

And he continues:

It is not death, but
plenitude of peace,
bringing to our recol-
lection the uncon-
tested truth of nature's
continued activity
beneath the iron-
bound glebe:

The infant harvest
breathing soft below
Its eider coverlet of
snow.

Yet this is rather a
philosophers' attitude
than that of the aver-
age human observer
of the winter land-
scape, which, after the
first thrill of the snow-
fall is past, is likely
with the long proces-
sion of leaden skies,
week after unrelenting
week, to dismay the
soul with nihilistic
rather than resurgent
suggestions, and that
"eider coverlet" to
seem more like "this

shroud unheaving of eternal snow." I remember standing by the side of America's greatest naturalist, one winter's day, waiting for a train at a way-side station, and as we stood there the snow began to fall about us, mingling picturesquely with the snow of my friend's beard, and in the growing darkness swiftly turning the surrounding country into a sheeted ghost of itself. The mournfulness of it seemed to get hold of both of us, nor could all my friend's scientific knowledge of nature's hidden saps and fires conquer for him the general impression. He shook his head. "There is no denying it," he said. "It is not of life that it makes us think." All the same, the snowscape is far from being always suggestive of

shrouds and ghosts or the white immobility of death. It is when the snow has lain long, and we are growing weary of the winter, or on days of unusual atmospheric pessimism, that it so depresses us. In morning sunlight, or even in vivid moonlight, it makes the reverse impression, filling us with an exhilarating sense of life which amounts almost to a realization of immortality. Summer seldom lifts us so high.

The disciplinary rigor of the cold has, as I have hinted, its share in the emotion created in us by the beauty of snow. To worship one must not be too comfortable. Those compromise prayers of our youth, which we used to say sometimes between the blankets instead of on our knees at the bedside, might just as well have remained unsaid. So he who hugs the fireside will never enter into "the treasures of the snow," whatever pictures it may make for him as seen through his windows. We must first subject ourselves to the

salutary lash of the cold as we step out into the keen and ringing morning, learning to love the sting of it, drawing in deep breaths of the glittering air that has no summer sweetness in it, pure and achingly cold as a draught of starlight. Thus our bodies after a while grow aware of a singular elation, as though a process of etherealization were taking place in our members. We see and hear with an indescribable sensitiveness, our blood seems to race to aerial music, and our whole being to grow luminous and strangely winged. To pause, thus lustroly prepared, by some solitary wood-side and gaze upon an expanse of newly fallen snow, a dazzling surface of incredible hushed whiteness, the violet shadows of the trees slanting across it as in a dream, the sunlight of pale gold like the haloes in early Italian paintings, the blue of the sky the tender soul of azure, the interstellar stillness and clarity of the air—this is to know something of the divine calm and true clair-



THE CROSS-ROADS IN MOONLIGHT

voyance of that illuminated contemplation for which the sage dwells alone in the wilderness. One seems to be standing in the heart of a vast crystal, which is the universe, ourselves penetrated with a glorious streaming gladness of light, and our eyes ranging and infolding in their vision the farthest circumference of infinite radiance. Never is the soul within us so confidently aware of itself, or so buoyantly conscious of its security in the sustaining ether; never do we feel it so tiptoe within us to touch the stars; never "in summer when the woods are green," only when they have been changed into a sanctuary of snow.

If snow can thus translate us, as it lies upon our familiar fields and lawns, just across the thresholds of our own homesteads, it is easy to imagine its unearthly impressiveness in those glacial altitudes of mountain ranges and summits where infinite space and eternal solitude have dwelt together since the beginning of the world—in the Hima-

layas, the Caucasus, or on the ivory sides of Fuji Yama. In their awful white loneliness one may well believe that contemplation might indeed result in the development of such supermundane seers as India claims to possess, men to whom "the marvel of the everlasting will" has become "an open scroll." Even in the Alps one may still taste of such snow solitude, though we reach it by the funicular railway, with tourists, instead of seers, for our companions. Down in the valley we have left hot summer and roses. Then presently we lose the sunshine, and are being shot up through a realm of icy cloud. But soon we are aware of a growing happy lightness in the air, and an indescribable perfume, ethereally delicate. It is the perfume of snow, and soon it comes to us blended with the fragrance of sweet violets as we emerge into sunlight again at the top of the world. That perfume of the snow—the odor of the sanctity of the snow! Perhaps the



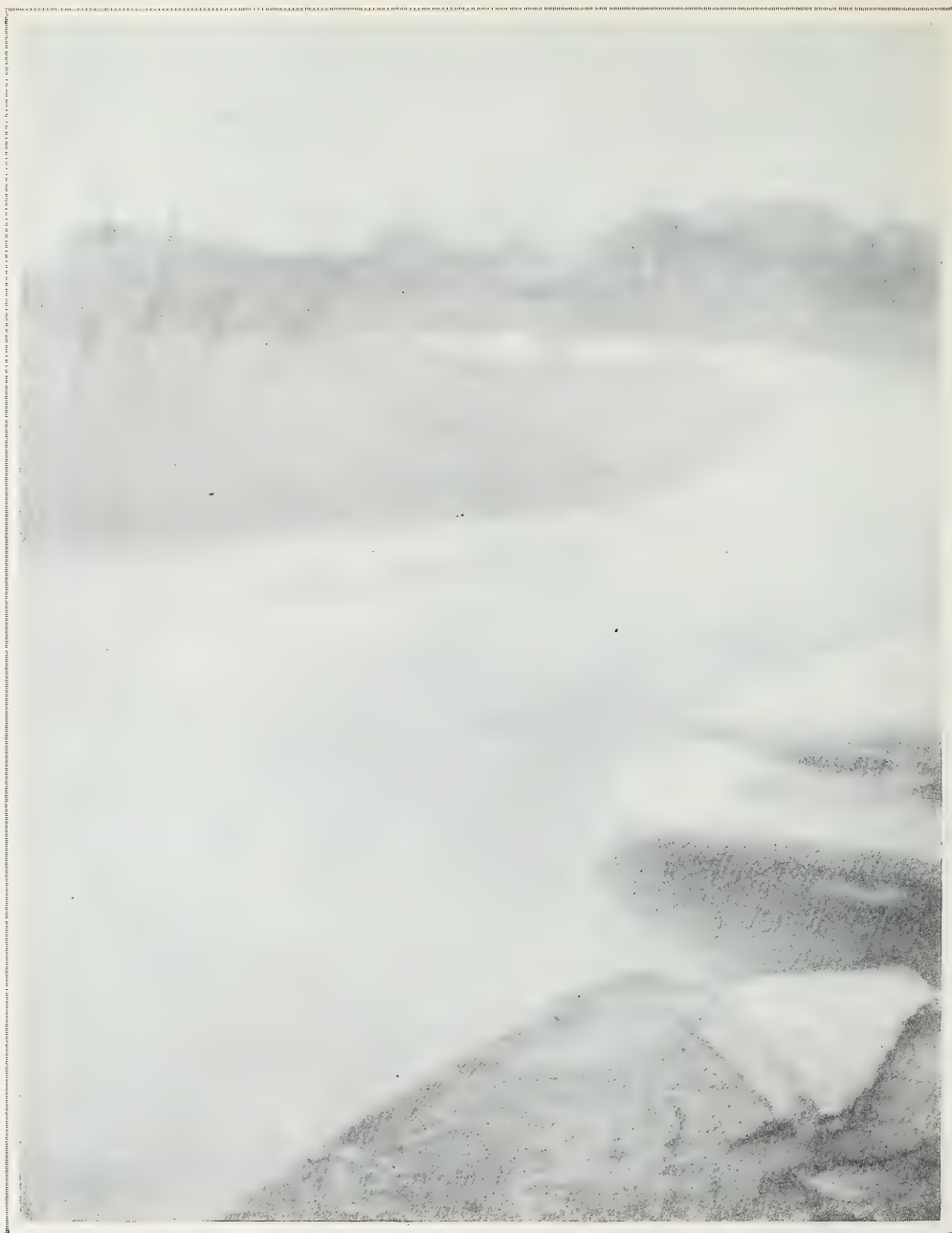
HALF MANTLED TREES AND LAWNS IN WHITE



WINTER WITCHERY

spring water of the Fount of Immortality breathes a similar balm as it brims up in that hidden garden at the back of the sunrise. But nothing else on earth has a smell so aerially sweet. They know it who, in the afternoon, have left the spring behind in Oregon, and, as the blue-black starlit night fills the gorges of the Sierra Nevada, feel a marvelous cool freshness about them, and, looking through the car-windows,

face what seems a pyramid of moonlight and smell the snow on Mount Shasta; till morning comes bringing soft valleys again and the narcissus aflower and San Francisco. Travelers from Spokane to Seattle know it, too, as, after the phantasmagoria of towering snow precipices and dramatic white caves that overawe the Columbia River, they speed down at length toward gleaming soft meadows of snow, and the smell of it comes up



A HUSHING FINGER LAID ON FLOWER AND SONG

to them mingled with the smell of apples from a town with an Indian name that seems made out of apples and the sound of sleigh-bells.

That mention of sleigh-bells calls us back to the more human side of snow, to the winter coziness and fun we associate with it. The world has never a more comfortable, home-like feeling about it than just after a deep, "old-fashioned" fall of snow, when all the houses are tucked in under great ermine hoods, the rough roads cushioned with white velvet, and the sternest buildings softly swaddled in down. That the very look of the snow suggests these warm,

luxurious materials has doubtless something to do with it. And then, as I have said, it has a way of putting every one in good spirits, and such warmth as is in men's hearts seems to glow out with its coming. It provokes hearty salutations, and those healthy exertions that make the blood tingle and the eyes bright. The keen, crystalline air that accompanies it seems made to carry and echo cheerful sounds; it rings at the lightest laughter and sparkles at every opportunity. It is packed with zest and makes one feel ready for anything. The crunching and squealing of snow underfoot and beneath straining wheels sends

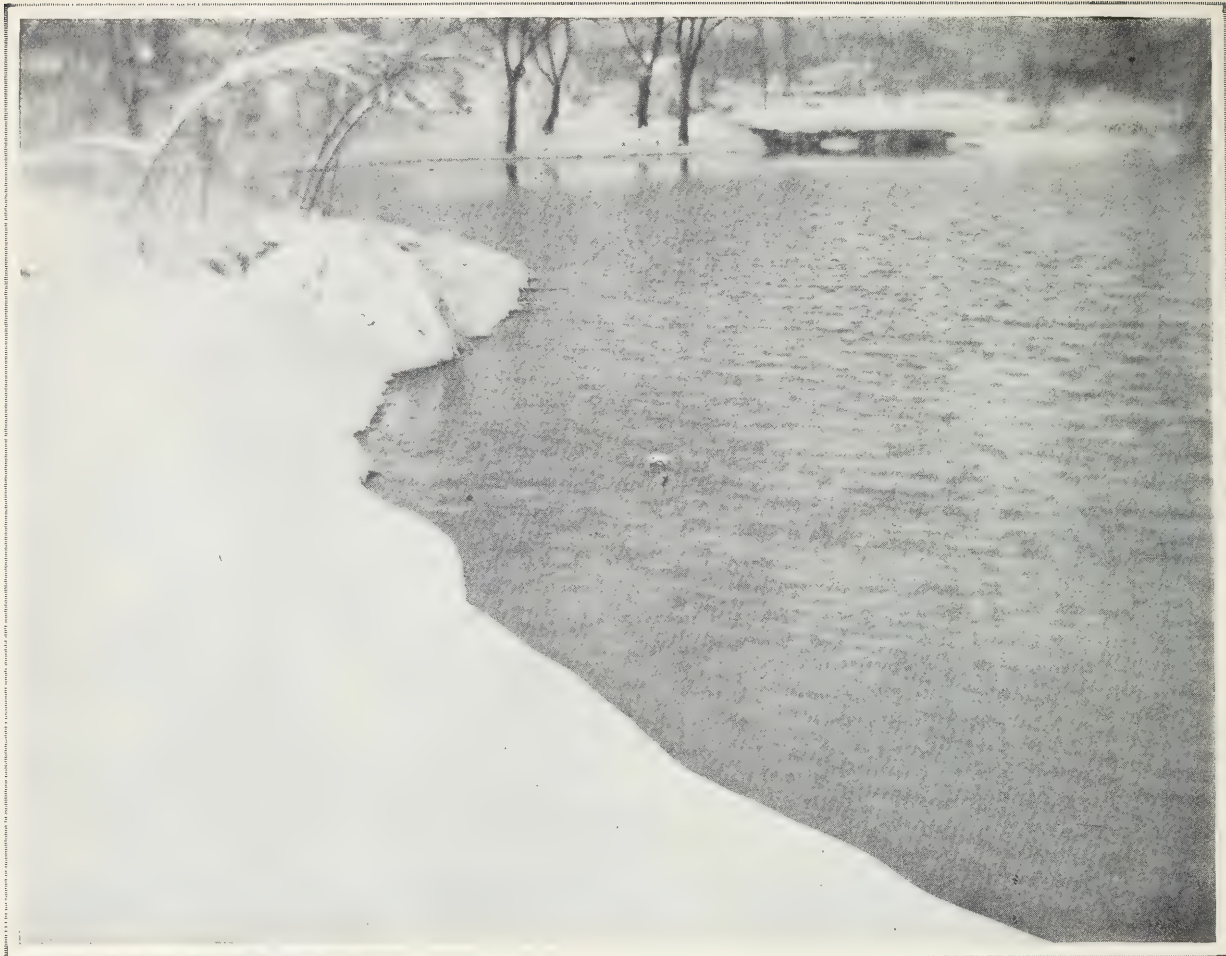
a thrill like music through us, we know not why, and that sudden silver of sleigh-bells strikes on the ear literally like the horns of elf-land. No sound is fuller of fairy-tale suggestion. Perhaps we think of Hans Andersen or of a Russian forest and the wolf-pack gaining on us every moment, or perhaps in our youth we saw Henry Irving in "The Bells." And, after all, it is not a princess in magnificent furs fleeing with her lover, but only an Italian hurrying with a cord of wood to a neighbor's house. But even so, is that not romantic enough? For does not our fancy at once translate it to the Yule-log, and transport us to baronial halls, with escutcheoned fireplaces and antlered walls, holly and mistletoe, the waits at their carol-singing, and all the rest? Yes! the snow is a master of dramatic suggestion. It turns the whole world at a stroke into a stage-setting, and puts us all more or less into a mood of play-acting. Our familiar workaday city is no longer itself. It is transformed into some city of our imagination.

Maybe it is St. Petersburg with its ice palaces, or old Paris, with master François Villon shivering in a church porch, and speculating on a lodging for the night, his head running on such fancies as was the falling snow "only Pagan Jupiter plucking geese upon Olympus, or were the holy angels molting?"

Whether in town or country, the transformative magic of snow upon familiar objects contributes no little to its fascination for us. For a while it creates a quite new and unknown world out of scenes which we had perhaps grown a little tired of looking at, and by disguising itself in this mysterious white mask for a season even the beautiful face of Nature is perhaps the gainer, when the time has come once more for her to throw off the disguise and appear as her old green self again. Worn in the city, that mask is chiefly one of comedy. There the snow delights in quaint distortions and sportive tricks with civic dignities. It would seem to aim to laugh the seriousness out of public buildings with absurd protrusions, and



PURPLE SHADOWS



GRAY WATERS FRET THE SLOW, RETREATING EDGE OF WHITE

place fool's-caps on self-important monuments. Its object appears to be rather satire than beauty, though beauty, of course, it cannot escape. In the country, too, of course, it plays similar pranks:

All day it snows: the sheeted post
Gleams in the dimness like a ghost;
All day the blasted oak has stood
A muffled wizard of the wood;
Garland and airy cap adorn
The sumach and the wayside thorn,
And clustering spangles lodge and shine
In the dark tresses of the pine—

but its elfishness there breeds prettier fancies. There, for the most part, the snow seems bent on making seriously beautiful things. Apart from that mystic beauty of snow on which I have already dwelt—a beauty which had nothing to do with form, but is rather a spiritual emanation as of the soul of snow—wherever it lies or masses, snow lends itself with exquisite adaptability to the invisible artist in nature, that

plastic fanciful force which seems particularly to delight in experimenting with its favorite patterns and designs, first in one material and then in another; that loves to make green ferns out of the vegetable mold in the moist woods in summer, and in winter to reproduce their identical forms in mother-of-pearl on our window-panes; that fills the evening sky with stars, and the caverns of earth with star-shaped crystals; sows the meadows with the star-shaped flowers, and again diapers the surface of the frozen pond with little silver stars. Of all the material used by this invisible artist snow is the most delicately ductile, and whatever Nature can do with such substances as ivory, alabaster, marble, silver, pearl, or the white wax of flowers, she can do again with an added exquisiteness through the medium of snow. The mere material itself, as we all know, before it becomes molded into any other shapes of beauty, is in each tiny falling atom a miracle of intricate design, by the

side of which the daintiest filigree of the finest goldsmith is clumsy blacksmith's work. Who that has examined snowflakes under a microscope but has echoed the challenge of the Eternal in the Book of Job: "Hast thou entered into the treasures of the snow?" Is there anything stranger in creation than that each snowflake, though destined for mere evanescence, should be wrought an individual shape of intricately lovely design, like its fellow only in once more illustrating Nature's strange love for the six-rayed star? Each snowflake a six-rayed star, and each star damascened a different pattern! We can read in Tyndall's *Forms of Water* the electrical "explanation" of this marvel, but Tyndall was too great a scientist to think that talk of "atomic poles" brought us much nearer to the secret of that "unseen architecture which finally produces the visible and beautiful crystals of the snow"—to use words of his own which glow with that poetic fervor which is at the heart of every true scientist. Yes! the snowflake belongs more to the poets than to the scientists.

What fairy effects Nature achieves, what fairy things she makes, with this fairy material, who needs be told, and what pen can describe them? No other effects of light, with either cloud or water, not even the rainbow, can match in ethereality the effects of sunshine on snow. Nowhere else, except in some rare dream, do we ever see color so spiritualized and so strangely at peace. Sculpture from Praxiteles to Rodin has never approached the noble amplitudes of contour, the golden tenderness of line and curve, that hold us enchanted in the broadcast improvisations of the snow. Nor has the most fanciful Japanese carver in ivory or maker of jeweled toys ever conceived so quaintly or wrought so delicately as this unseen magician of the snow. Carelessly throwing his mantle over the trees, what strange new creatures he makes of them! Even when they were laden with blossom they were not so beautiful—even then we had to compare them with the trees of the snow. The wandering vine in its summer glory was not so beautiful as its shriveled ropes become when

touched with the finger of the snow. And how the forlornly shivering reeds and grasses and tattered rags of weeds are transformed to flowers of a strange fairness that ask no aid of color or perfume! For these flora there is no Linnæus, for no two are ever alike, and the same flower never comes again. Perhaps we slight them a little because of their evanescence, though that, too, has its part in their beauty. We are too apt to value beauty by its permanence or its power of recurrence—"immortalized," as we thoughtlessly say, in bronze or marble or the Latin tongue or the wild rose; forgetting that permanence and recurrence are merely relative, and that all material, however enduring, is only a little less transitory than the snow. The only permanent beauty is that mysterious shaping soul of beauty, itself invisible, which is for ever emerging into visible shapes and then retreating again into the unseen, embodying itself for a little while in the myriad forms of its fancy—now in a sunset, now in flowing water, alike in a rose, in a woman's face, in a poem, in a strain of music, or in a snowflake; shapes in themselves equally evanescent and merely shadows of the reality behind. It is a false sense of permanence that makes us value the diamond more than the dewdrop. One, indeed, we can wear on our finger—for how short a time!—but the beauty of each is alike transitory and alike everlasting.

Still, though the illusion of time makes us value some things of beauty the more because they stay by us all our lives, it is no less true that the evanescence of others, "whose very being is their going hence," gives them a certain haunted charm. It is surely so with spring flowers, stealing underground, like Persephone, even as they bloom. And it is so, doubtless, with the ghostly coming and going of the snow. It came like a spirit, and suddenly, lo! it is gone again, spirit-like, away. Nothing that goes from us seems more strangely and irrevocably gone. Villon could have found no other image of things vanishing so utter-true as his "last year's snow."

The Pin-prick

BY MAY SINCLAIR



THAT? That's one of poor May Blissett's things, the one she used to say she'd leave me in her will, because, she said, she knew I'd be kind to it. Her reasons were always rather quaint. She spoke of it as if it were a live thing that could be hurt or made happy.

I've tried to be kind to it. I've framed it as it ought to be framed, and hung it in not too bad a light. I—I've consented to live with it.

You needn't look at it like that. Of course I know it isn't a bit alive in *our* sense. She couldn't draw, she could only paint a little; her inspiration was reminiscent, and she got hung more than once in the Academy. She was like so many of them. But she had a sense of beauty, of color, of decoration, and, at her best, a sort of magic queerness that was suggested irresistibly even when the things didn't quite come off.

That *this* hasn't come off—not quite—is really, to me, what makes it so poignantly alive. It's a bit of *her*, a little sensitive, palpitating shred, torn off from her and flung there—all that was left of her. It stands for her mystery, her queerness, her passionate persistence, and her pluck. To anybody who knew her the thing's excruciatingly alive.

It's so alive, so much *her*, that Frances Archdale wonders how I can bear to live with it, with the terrible reproach of it. She insisted that we—or, rather, that *she*—was responsible for what happened. But that's the sort of thing that Frances always did think.

Certainly she *was* responsible for May's coming here. She was with her when she was looking over the studio above mine, the one that Hanson had—it had been empty nearly a year—and she brought her in to me. I was to tell her whether the studio would do or not.

I think, when it came to the point, Frances wanted to saddle me with the responsibility. There were no other women in the studios—never had been; they're uncomfortable enough for a man who isn't fastidious; there's no service to speak of; and May Blissett purposed to live alone.

I looked at her and decided instantly that it wouldn't do. You had only to look at her to see that it wouldn't. She was small and presented what Frances called the illusion of fragility—an exquisite little person in spite of her queerness. She had one of those broad-browed, broad-cheeked, and suddenly pointed faces, with a rather prominent and intensely obstinate chin. The queerness was in her long eyes and in the way her delicate nose broadened at the nostrils and in the width of her fine mouth, so much too wide for the slenderly pointed face, and in the tiny scale of the whole phenomenon. She was swarthy, with lots of very dark, crinkly hair. There was something subtle about her, and something that I felt, God forgive me, as mysteriously and secretly malign.

Even if we had wanted women in the studios at all, I didn't want that woman. So I told her that it wouldn't do.

She looked at me straight with her long, sad eyes, and said: "But it's just what I'm hunting for. Why won't it do?"

I could have sworn that she knew what I was thinking.

I said there would be nobody to look after her. And Frances cut in, to my horror, "There would be *you*, Roly."

It was only one of her inconsiderate impulses, but it annoyed me and I turned on her. I said, "Has your friend seen that studio next to *yours*?" I knew that it was to let, and Frances knew that I knew. I suspected her of concealing its existence from May Blissett. She didn't want her near her; she didn't like the responsibility. I wished her to know

that it was her responsibility, not mine. I wasn't going to be saddled with it.

Her face—the furtive guilt of it—confirmed my suspicion as we stared at each other across the embarrassment we had created. I ought to have been sorry for Frances. She was mutely imploring me to get her out of it, to see her through. And I wasn't going to.

And then May Blissett laughed, an odd little soft laugh that suggested some gentle but diabolic appreciation of our agony.

"*That* wouldn't do."

I was remorseless and said in my turn: "Why wouldn't it? You'd be near Miss Archdale."

She said: "We don't either of us want to be so near. We should get in each other's way most horribly—just *because* we like each other. I shouldn't be in *your* way, Mr. Simpson."

She was still exquisite, but at the same time a little sinister.

I remember trying to say something about the inference not being very flattering, but Frances got in first.

"She doesn't mean that she doesn't like you, Roly. What she means is—"

"What I mean is that, as Frances knows me and likes me a little—you *said* you did"—(It was as if she thought that Frances was going to say she didn't. She flung her a look that was not sinister, not sinister at all—purely exquisite—exquisitely incredulous, exquisitely shy. And she went on with her explanation)—"I should be on her mind. And I couldn't be on *your* mind, you know."

I said, "Oh, *couldn't* you!"

But she took no notice. She said, "No, if I come here—and I'm coming"—(She got up to go. She was absolutely determined, absolutely final)—"we must make a compact never"—(she was most impressive)—"never to get in each other's way. It's no use for Frances and me to make a compact. We couldn't keep it for five minutes."

She had the air, under all her incredulity, of paying high tribute to their mutual affection.

"I'm coming here to work, and I want to be alone. What's more, I want to feel alone."

"And you think," I said, "I'll make you feel it?"

She said, "I hope so."

She had put herself between Frances and the door. She said: "You'd better stay and explain it if he doesn't understand. I'm going."

She went like a shot, and I gathered that her precipitance was to give me the measure of her capacity for withdrawal.

Frances stayed. I could see her stiffening herself to meet my wrath.

"Frances," I said, "how *could* you?"

Frances was humble and deprecating—for her. She said, "Roly, she really won't be in your way."

"She *will* be in it," I said, "most abominably. You know we're not supposed to have women here."

"I know; but she's not like a woman. She was trying to tell you that she wasn't. She isn't. She isn't—really—quite human. You won't have to do any of the usual things."

I asked her what she meant by the usual things, and she became instantly luminous. She said, "Well—she won't expect you to fall in love with her."

I'm afraid I said, Heaven only knew what she'd expect. But Frances walked over me with "And *you* needn't expect *her* to fall in with you."

And she put it to me, if there'd been a chance of that sort of thing happening, if May had been dangerous, would she have risked it? (We were engaged in those days.) Would she have gone out of her way to plant her up there over my head? Would she have asked me to look after her if she had—well—required looking after? And she reminded me that she wasn't a fool.

As for May, that sort of thing was beyond her.

"Is it," I said, "beyond any woman? I wouldn't put it—"

"Past her?" she snatched me up. "Perhaps not. But she's past it. Gone through it all, my dear. She's utterly beyond. Immune."

I said: "Never. A face with that expression—that half-malign subtlety. She might do things."

And Frances turned on me. You know how she can turn. Malign subtlety! Malign suffering. The malignity was not in the things she'd do, poor lamb, but in the things that had been done to her. And then she sat down and

told me a few of them—told me what, in fact, May had gone through.

First of all, she had lost all her people—father, mother, brothers, and sisters. (She was the youngest of a large family.) That was years and years ago, and she was only thirty-two now, so you may judge the frantic pace of the havoc. And by way of pretty interlude her father had gone mad—mad as a hatter. May had looked after him. Then they lost all their money. (That was a mere detail.) Then she married a man who left her for another woman. Left her with a six-months'-old baby to bring up. Then the child died and she divorced him—he dragged her through horrors. Then, as if that wasn't enough, her lover—I beg her pardon, the man who loved her—was drowned before her eyes in a boating accident. Nothing, Frances said, had happened since then. What could, when everything had happened? As for doing things, there was nothing poor May wanted to do except pictures. And if she thought she could do them better here over my head, wouldn't I be a brute to try and stop her?

Of course I said I shouldn't dream of stopping her, and that it was very sad—it was, indeed, appalling. But it seemed to me that, though Frances had let out so much, she was still keeping something back. And a brutal instinct made me say to her:

"What is it, then, that you dislike so much in her?"

She took it quite simply, as if she had been prepared for it. She even smiled as she answered: "Nothing—except her obstinacy."

I asked her, Wouldn't that be precisely what would get in my way?

And she said, No; May's obstinacy would consist in keeping out of it.

Still, I objected, obstinate people were nearly always tactless.

And Frances said, No, not always. She said—dear Frances!—"I'm not obstinate. But I'm tactless, if you like. Look at the horrid mess I got us both into just now. And look how she got us out. She saved us."

I admitted that she had.

And Frances finished up, triumphantly: "Can't you trust her? Can't you see that she's beyond? That she really

won't be there? There never was a more effaced and self-effacing person, a person more completely self-contained. I assure you none of us exist for her. So she needn't, really, be on your mind."

And she wasn't, not for a moment, from the day of her coming till the day—Though I must say, afterward—

To begin with, she chose a week-end for her installation—a Friday till Tuesday when I was away. I literally didn't know that she was there, so secret and so silent was she in her movements overhead. I couldn't have believed it possible for a woman to be so effacing and effaced. It was super-feminine; it was, as Frances said, hardly human. And yet she didn't overdo it. I had to own that the most exquisite thing about this exquisite and queer little person was her tact. By overdoing it the least bit, by insisting on her detachment, her isolation, she would have made us disagreeably aware. When you met her on the stairs (she used to run up and down them incredibly soft-footed) she smiled and nodded at you (she had really a singularly intriguing smile) as much as to say that she was in an awful hurry, life being so full of work, of a joyous activity, but still it was lucky that we *could* meet like this, sometimes, on the stairs.

And she used to come in to tea, sometimes, when I had a party. She took hardly any room in the studio, and hardly any part in the conversation, but she would smile prettily when you spoke to her; the implication being that it made her happy to be asked to tea, but it was not so necessary to her happiness that you would have to ask her often. She used to come a little late and go a little early—and yet not too early—on the plea (it sounded somehow preposterous) that she was busy. Even the poor art that kept her so was tactful. It had no embarrassing pretensions, it called for no criticism, you could look at it without sacrificing your sincerity to your politeness. And if it hadn't been, May was too well-bred ever to refer to it. And it kept her. It got itself hung, as I've said, now and again. Supremely tactful, it spared your pity.

In short, she made no claim on us, unless, indeed, her courage called to us to admire the spectacle it was.

For, when you think of the horrible things that had happened to her, the wonder was how she ever contrived to smile at all. But that was what she had effaced more than anything—the long trail of her tragedy. Her reticence was inspired by the purest, the most delicate sense of honor. It was as if she felt that it wouldn't be playing the game, the high game of life, to appeal to us on that ground, when we couldn't have resisted. Besides, it would have hurt, and she wouldn't for the world have hurt us. Her subtlety, you see, was anything but malign. It was beneficent, tender, supernaturally lucid. It allowed for every motive, every shade. And we took her as she presented herself—detached, impersonal, and, as Frances said, immune.

I said to Frances: "We needn't have worried. You were right."

And Frances exulted: "Didn't I tell you? She's quite kind to us, but she doesn't want us."

She had made us forget that we hadn't wanted her.

She had made me forget that I had ever said she'd do things. Even now I don't know what on earth it was I thought she'd do.

She had been living up in that studio, I think, three years before it happened.

I can tell you just how it was. On the evening, rather late, Frances came to see me. She asked me if I'd seen anything of May Blissett lately.

I said: No. Had she?

And she said, Yes, May had called that afternoon.

I noticed something funny about Frances's face—something that made me say, "And you weren't very glad to see her?"

She asked me how I knew she wasn't, and I told her that her funny face betrayed her.

Then, by way of extenuation, she told me the tale of May's calling. I remember every word of it, because we went, she and I—she made me go over it again and again—afterward. She told me that she was not really at home that afternoon to anybody but Daisy Valentine. Daisy had got something on her mind that she wanted to talk about. I knew what those two were when they got together—they were as thick as

thieves. And as I also knew that the something on Daisy's mind was Reggie Cotterill, I understood that their communion would be private and intimate to the last degree.

And it seemed that the servant had blundered and let May Blissett in upon the mysteries before they had well begun, and that she'd stayed interminably. There they were, the two of them, snug together on the sofa; their very attitude must have shown May what Daisy was there for. They were just waiting for tea to come before they settled down to it. Poor Daisy was quivering visibly with the things she'd got to say. Couldn't I see her? I could. I gathered that the atmosphere was fairly tingling with suppressed confidence, and that May, obtuse to these vibrations, sat there and simply wouldn't go.

I remember I suggested that she, too, might have had something on her mind and have had things to say. But Frances said: No, she never had things. She'd come for nothing—nothing in the world. She was in one of her silences, those fits which gave her so often the appearance of stupidity. (I knew them. They were formidable, exasperating; for you never could tell what she might be thinking of; and she had a way of smiling through them, a way that we knew now was all part of her high courage, of the web she had spun, that illusion of happiness she had covered herself up in, to spare us.) Frances said she wouldn't have minded May's immobility for herself. It was Daisy who sat palpitating with anxiety, wondering why on earth she didn't go.

I wondered, too. It was so unlike her. I said so.

And Frances, who seemed to understand May through and through, said it wasn't. It was most characteristic. It was just May's obstinacy. If May had made up her mind to do a thing she did it *quand même*. Generally she made up her mind not to be a nuisance. She'd made it up that afternoon that she'd stay, and so she stayed.

"I'm afraid," Frances said, "we weren't very nice to her. We let her see we didn't want her."

"And then?" I asked.

"Oh, then, of course, she went."

I must say I marveled at the obstinacy that could override a delicacy so consummate as May Blissett's. And I thought that Frances's imagination must have been playing her tricks. It did sometimes.

That night, about nine o'clock, I ran up to May Blissett's studio. I knocked at her door three or four times. I knew she was there. I'd heard her come in an hour or two before. Then, remembering our compact, I went away, going rather slowly, in the hope that she'd relent. I can't tell you whether I really heard her open her door and come out on to the stair-head after I'd got down to my own floor; whether I really thought that she leaned out over the banister to see what was there; or whether I tortured myself with the mere possibility—afterward.

It must have been about six o'clock in the morning when they came to me, the hall porter and his son. They told me that Miss Blissett was not in her room and that they couldn't get her studio door open. It wasn't locked, they said; it had given slightly, but it seemed stuck all over, and an uncommonly queer smell was coming through. They thought it was some sort of disinfectant.

I went up with them. You could smell the disinfectant oozing steadily through a chink in the studio door. We opened the big French windows opposite, and the windows of the bedroom and the stairs outside. Then we began to get the door open with knives, cutting through the paper that sealed it up inside. The reek of the sulphur was so strong that I sent the men out to open the studio windows—they were sealed up, too—from the outside, before we finished with the door. One of them came back and told me not to go into the room.

But when the smoke cleared a little I went.

Oh, it was all quite decent. Trust her for that. She was lying on the couch which she'd dragged into the middle of the great bare studio, all ready, dressed in her nightgown, with a sheet drawn up to her chin. The whole place was dim with the fog of the sulphur still burning. She had set the candles, one on each side, one at the head, and one at the foot.

No, there's nothing stately and cere-

monial about a sulphur candle. Have you ever seen one? It's a little fat yellow devil that squats in a saucer. There's a crimson ooze from it when it burns, as if the thing sweated blood before it began its work. *One* of those stinking devils would have done what she wanted, and there were four. Can't you see her going softly round the couch in her white nightgown, lighting her candles, smiling her subtle and mysterious smile? The ghost of it was still there. I am sure she was thinking how beautifully she had managed and how she had saved us all. The dear woman couldn't have had any other thought.

Even Frances saw that.

Frances nearly went off her head about it. Just as she did afterward about poor Dickinson. She declared that we, or rather she, was responsible. She'd had a letter from May Blissett written that night.

It's stuck in my head ever since (it wasn't long). "Forgive me for stopping on like that. It was very thick-skinned of me when I saw you so dear and happy there together. But somehow I couldn't help it. And you *have* forgiven me."

A perfectly sane letter. Not a word about what she meant to do. Evidently she didn't want Frances to connect it with their reception of her.

But of course she did. She insisted that if she had only sent Daisy Valentine away and kept May, May would have been living and happy now. She had shown her that they hadn't wanted her, that she was in their way, and May had just gone and taken herself, once for all, out of it. In the sight of God she—she had killed May.

I couldn't do anything with her. I couldn't make her see that the two things couldn't have had anything in the world to do with each other; that the affair of the visit, to May—after what she'd been through—would be a mere pin-prick; that you don't go through such things to be killed by a pin-prick.

But Frances would have it that you do; that it was because of what May had been through that she was so vulnerable.

Besides, she maintained that her responsibility went deeper and further back. It was that from the first she had

been afraid of May Blissett—afraid of something about her. No, not her queerness: her loneliness. She had been afraid that it would cling, that it would get in her way. She had compelled her to suppress it. She had driven it in, and the thing was poisonous. I reminded her that May didn't want us, and she wailed:

"We tried to make ourselves think she didn't. But she did. She did. She wanted us most awfully all the time."

If she had only known! And so on.

I did all I could. I pointed out to her that poor May was insane. What she

did proved it. In her right mind she would never have done it. She would have been incapable of that cruelty to us who cared for her. But Frances stuck to it that that was just it. She wouldn't have done it if she'd known we did care. It was the very essence of her despair that she had thought we didn't.

And sometimes I wonder whether Frances wasn't right. Whether, if I had run back that night and caught May Blissett on the staircase—

But, you see, I wasn't really sure that she was there. I mean, she may have lit her candles before that.

The Service

BY *BURGES JOHNSON*

I WAS the third man running in a race,
 And memory still must run it o'er and o'er:
 The pounding heart that beat against my frame;
 The wind that dried the sweat upon my face
 And turned my throat to paper creased and sore;
 The jabbing pain that sharply went and came.

My eyes saw nothing save a strip of road
 That flaunted there behind the second man;
 It swam and blurred, yet still it lay before.
 My legs seemed none of mine, but rhythmic strode
 Unconscious of my will that urged, "You can!"
 And cried at them to make one effort more.

Then suddenly there broke a wave of sound,—
 Crowds shouting when the first man struck the tape;
 And then the second roused that friendly din;
 While I—I stumbled forward and the ground
 All wavered 'neath my feet, while men agape,
 But silent, saw me as I staggered in.

As sick in heart and flesh I bent my head,
 Two seized me and embraced me, and one cried,
 "Your thudding footsteps held me to the grind."
 And then the winner, smiling wanly, said,
 "No dream of records kept me to my stride—
 I dreaded you two thundering behind!"

The Turmoil

A NOVEL

BY BOOTH TARKINGTON

CHAPTER XXVII



RS. SHERIDAN, in a wrapper, noiselessly opened the door of her husband's room at day-break the next morning, and peered within the darkened chamber. At the "old" house they had shared a room, but the architect had chosen to separate them at the New, and they had not known how to formulate an objection, although to both of them something seemed vaguely reprehensible in the new arrangement.

Sheridan did not stir, and she was withdrawing her head from the aperture when he spoke.

"Oh, I'm *awake!* Come in, if you want to, and shut the door."

She came and sat by the bed. "I woke up thinkin' about it," she explained. "And the more I thought about it the surer I got I must be right, and I knew you'd be tormentin' yourself if you was awake, so—well, you got plenty other troubles, but I'm just sure you ain't goin' to have the worry with Bibbs it looks like."

"You *bet* I ain't!" he grunted.

"Look how biddable he was about goin' back to the Works," she continued. "He's a right good-hearted boy, really; and sometimes I honestly have to say he seems right smart, too. Now and then he'll say something sounds right bright. Course, most always it doesn't, and a good deal of the time, when he says things, why, I have to feel glad we haven't got company, because they'd think he didn't have any gumption at all. Yet, look at the way he did when Jim—when Jim got hurt. He took right hold o' things. Course he'd been sick himself so much and all—and the rest of us never had, much, and we were kind

o' green about what to do in that kind o' trouble—still, he did take hold, and everything went off all right; you'll have to say that much, papa. And Dr. Gurney says he's got brains, and you can't deny but what the doctor's right considerable of a man. He acts sleepy, but that's only because he's got such a large practice—he's a pretty wide-awake kind of a man some ways. Well, what he says, last night, about Bibbs himself bein' asleep, and how much he'd amount to if he ever woke up—that's what I got to thinkin' about. You heard him, papa: he says, 'Bibbs'll be a bigger business man than what Jim and Roscoe was put together—if he ever wakes up,' he says. Wasn't that exactly what he says?"

"I suppose so," said Sheridan, without exhibiting any interest. "Gurney's crazier'n Bibbs, but if he wasn't—if what he says was true—what of it?"

"Listen, papa. Just suppose Bibbs took it into his mind to get married. You know where he goes all the time—"

"Oh, Lord, yes!" Sheridan turned over in the bed, his face to the wall, leaving visible of himself only the thick grizzle of his hair. "You better go back to sleep. He runs over there—every minute she'll let him, I suppose. Go back to bed. There's nothin' in it."

"*Why* ain't there?" she urged. "I know better—there is, too! You wait and see. There's just one thing in the world that'll wake the sleepest young man alive up—yes, and make him *jump* up—and I don't care who he is or how sound asleep it looks like he is. That's when he takes it into his head to pick out some girl and settle down and have a home and chulderd of his own. *Then*, I guess, he'll go out after the money! You'll see. I've known dozens o' cases, and so 've you—moony, no-'count young men, all notions and talk, goin' to be ministers, maybe, or something; and

there's just this one thing takes it out of 'em, and brings 'em right down to business. Well, I never could make out just what it is Bibbs wants to be, really; doesn't seem he wants to be a minister exactly—he's so far-away you can't tell—but I know *this* is goin' to get him right down to common-sense. Now, I don't say that Bibbs has got the idea in his head yet—'r else he wouldn't be talkin' that fool-talk about nine dollars a week bein' good enough for him to live on. But it's *comin'*, papa; and he'll *jump* for whatever you want to hand him out. He will! And I can tell you this much, too: he'll want all the salary and stock he can get hold of, and he'll hustle to keep gettin' more. That girl's the kind that a young husband just goes crazy to give things to! She's pretty and fine-lookin', and things look nice on her, and I guess she'd like to have 'em about as well as the next. And I guess she isn't gettin' many these days, either, and she'll be pretty ready for the change. I saw her with her sleeves rolled up at the kitchen window the other day, and Jackson told me yesterday their cook left two weeks ago, and they haven't tried to hire another one. He says her and her mother been doin' the housework a good while, and now they're doin' the cookin', too. Course Bibbs wouldn't know that unless she's told him, and I reckon she wouldn't; she's kind o' proud-lookin' and Bibbs is too up in the clouds to notice anything like that for himself. They've never asked him to a meal in the house, but he wouldn't notice that, either—he's kind o' innocent. Now I was thinkin'—you know, I don't suppose we've hardly mentioned the girl's name at table since Jim went, but it seems to me maybe if—"

Sheridan flung out his arms, uttering a sound half-groan, half-yawn. "You're barkin' up the wrong tree!"

"Why am I?" she demanded, crossly.

"Why am I barkin' up the wrong tree?"

"Because you are. There's nothin' in it."

"I'll bet you," she said, rising—"I'll bet you he goes to church with her this morning. What you want to bet?"

"Go on back to bed," he commanded.

"I *know* what I'm talkin' about; there's nothin' in it, I tell you."

She shook her head perplexedly. "You think because—because Jim was runnin' so much with her it wouldn't look right?"

"No. Nothin' to do with it."

"Then—do you know something about it that you ain't told me?"

"Yes, I do," he grunted. "Now go on. Maybe I can get a little sleep. I ain't had any yet!"

"Well—" She went to the door, her expression downcast. "I thought maybe—but—" She coughed prefatorily. "Oh, papa, something else I wanted to tell you. I was talkin' to Roscoe over the 'phone last night when the telegram came, so I forgot to tell you, but—well, Sibyl wants to come over this afternoon. Roscoe says she has something she wants to say to us. It'll be the first time she's been out since she was able to sit up—and I reckon she wants to tell us she's sorry for what happened. They expect to get off by the end o' the week, and I reckon she wants to feel she's done what she could to kind o' make up. Anyway, that's what he said. I 'phoned him again about Edith, and he said it wouldn't disturb Sibyl, because she'd been expectin' it; she was sure all along it was goin' to happen; and, besides, I guess she's got all that foolishness pretty much out of her, bein' so sick. But what I thought was, no use bein' rough with her, papa—I reckon she's suffered a good deal—and I don't think we ought to be, on Roscoe's account. You'll—you'll be kind o' polite to her, won't you, papa?"

He mumbled something which was smothered under the coverlet he had pulled over his head.

"What?" she said, timidly. "I was just sayin' I hoped you'd treat Sibyl all right when she comes, this afternoon. You will, won't you, papa?"

He threw the coverlet off furiously. "I presume so!" he roared.

She departed, guiltily.

But if he had accepted her proffered wager that Bibbs would go to church with Mary Vertrees that morning, Mrs. Sheridan would have lost. Nevertheless, Bibbs and Mary did certainly set out from Mr. Vertrees's house with the purpose of going to church. That was their intention; and they had no other. They meant, simply, to go to church.

But it happened that they were attentively preoccupied in a conversation as they came to the church; and though Mary was looking to the right and Bibbs was looking to the left, Bibbs's leftward glance converged with Mary's rightward glance, and neither was looking far beyond the other at this time. It also happened that, though they were a little jostled among groups of people in the vicinity of the church, they passed this somewhat prominent edifice without being aware of their proximity to it; and they had gone an incredible number of blocks beyond it before they discovered their error. Upon that, feeling that they might be embarrassingly late if they returned, they decided that a walk would make them as good. It was a windless winter morning, with an inch of crisp snow over the ground. So they walked, and for the most part they were silent, but on their way home, after they had turned back at noon, they began to be talkative again.

"Mary," said Bibbs, after a time, "am I a sleep-walker?"

She laughed a little, then looked grave. "Does your father say you are?"

"Yes—when he's in a mood to flatter me. Other times, other names. He has quite a list."

"You mustn't mind," she said, gently. "He's been getting some pretty severe shocks. What you've told me makes me pretty sorry for him, Bibbs. I've always been sure he's very big."

"Yes. Big and—blind. He's like a Hercules without eyes and without any consciousness except that of his strength and of his purpose to grow stronger. Stronger for what? For nothing."

"Are you sure, Bibbs? It *can't* be for nothing; it must be stronger for something, even though he doesn't know what it is. Perhaps what he and his kind are struggling for is something so great they *couldn't* see it—so great none of us could see it."

"No; he's just like some blind, unconscious thing heaving underground—"

"Till he breaks through and leaps out into the daylight," she finished for him, cheerily.

"Into the smoke," said Bibbs. "Look at the powder of coal-dust already dirtying the decent snow, even though it's

Sunday. That's from the little pigs; the big ones aren't so bad, on Sunday! There's a fleck of soot on your cheek. Some pig sent it out into the air; he might as well have thrown it on you. It would have been braver, for then he'd have taken his chance of my whipping him for it if I could."

"Is there soot on my cheek, Bibbs, or were you only saying so rhetorically? Is there?"

"Is there? There *are* soot on your cheeks, Mary—a fleck on each. One landed since I mentioned the first."

She stopped immediately, handing him her handkerchief, and he succeeded in transferring most of the black from her face to the cambric. They were entirely matter-of-course about it.

An elderly couple, it chanced, had been walking behind Bibbs and Mary for the last block or so and passed ahead during the removal of the soot. "There!" said the elderly wife. "You're always wrong when you begin guessing about strangers. Those two young people aren't honeymooners at all—they've been married for years. A blind man could see that."

"I wish I did know who threw that soot on you," said Bibbs, looking up at the neighboring chimneys, as they went on. "They arrest children for throwing snowballs at the street-cars, but—"

"But they don't arrest the street-cars for shaking all the pictures in the houses crooked every time they go by. Nor for the uproar they make. I wonder what's the cost in nerves for the noise of the city each year. Yes, we pay the price for living in a 'growing town,' whether we have money to pay or none."

"Who is it gets the pay?" said Bibbs.

"Not I!" she laughed.

"Nobody gets it. There isn't any pay; there's only money. And only some of the men down-town get much of that. That's what my father wants me to get."

"Yes," she said, smiling to him, and nodding. "And you don't want it, and you don't need it."

"And you don't think I'm a sleep-walker, Mary?" He had told her of his father's new plans for him, though he

had not described the vigor and picturesqueness of their setting forth. "You think I'm right?"

"A thousand times!" she cried. "There aren't so many happy people in this world I think—and you say you've found what makes you happy. If it's a dream—keep it!"

"The thought of going down there—into the money shuffle—I hate it as I never hated the shop!" he said. "I hate it! And the city itself, the city that the money shuffle has made—just look at it! Look at it in winter. The snow's tried hard to make the ugliness bearable, but the ugliness is winning; it's making the snow hideous; the snow's getting dirty on top, and it's foul underneath with the dirt and disease of the unclean street. And the dirt and the ugliness and the rush and the noise aren't the worst of it; it's what the dirt and ugliness and rush and noise *mean*—that's the worst! The outward things are insufferable, but they're only the expression of a spirit—a blind embryo of a spirit, not yet a soul—oh, just greed! And this 'go ahead' nonsense! Oughtn't it all to be a fellowship? I shouldn't want to get ahead if I could—I'd want to help the other fellow to keep up with me."

"I read something the other day and remembered it for you," said Mary. "It was something Burne-Jones said of a picture he was going to paint: 'In the first picture I shall make a man walking in the street of a great city, full of all kinds of happy life: children, and lovers walking, and ladies leaning from windows all down great lengths of street leading to the city walls; and there the gates are wide open, letting in a space of green field and cornfield in harvest; and all round his head a great rain of swirling autumn leaves blowing from a little walled graveyard.'"

"And if I painted," Bibbs returned, "I'd paint a lady walking in the street of a great city, full of all kinds of uproarious and futile life—children being taught only how to make money, and lovers hurrying to get richer, and ladies who'd given up trying to wash their windows clean, and the gates of the city wide open, letting in slums and slaughter-houses and freight-yards, and all round this lady's head a great rain of

swirling soot—" He paused, adding, thoughtfully: "And yet I believe I'm glad that soot got on your cheek. It was just as if I were your brother—the way you gave me your handkerchief to rub it off for you. Still, Edith never—"

"Didn't she?" said Mary, as he paused again.

"No. And I—" He contented himself with shaking his head instead of offering more definite information. Then he realized that they were passing the New House, and he sighed profoundly. "Mary, our walk's almost over."

She looked as blank. "So it is, Bibbs."

They said no more until they came to her gate. As they drifted slowly to a stop, the door of Roscoe's house opened and Roscoe came out with Sibyl, who was startlingly pale. She seemed little enfeebled by her illness, however, walking rather quickly at her husband's side and not taking his arm. The two crossed the street without appearing to see Mary and her companion, and, entering the New House, were lost to sight. Mary gazed after them gravely, but Bibbs, looking at Mary, did not see them.

"Mary," he said, "you look very serious. Is anything bothering you?"

"No, Bibbs." And she gave him a bright, quick look that made him instantly unreasonably happy.

"I know you want to go in—" he began.

"No. I don't want to."

"I mustn't keep you standing here, and I mustn't go in with you—but—I just wanted to say—I've seemed very stupid to myself this morning, grumbling about soot and all that—while all the time I— Mary, I think it's been the very happiest of all the hours you've given me. I do. And—I don't know just why—but it's seemed to me that it was one I'd always remember. And you," he added, falteringly, "you look so—so beautiful to-day!"

"It must have been the soot on my cheek, Bibbs."

"Mary, will you tell me something?" he asked.

"I think I will."

"It's something I've had a lot of theories about, but none of them ever just fits. You used to wear furs in the

fall, but now it's so much colder, you don't—you never wear them at all any more. Why don't you?"

Her eyes fell for a moment, and she grew red. Then, she looked up gaily. "Bibbs, if I tell you the answer will you promise not to ask any more questions?"

"Yes. Why did you stop wearing them?"

"Because I found I'd be warmer without them!" She caught his hand quickly in her own for an instant, laughed into his eyes, and ran into the house.

CHAPTER XXVIII

IT is the consoling attribute of unused books that their decorative warmth will so often make even a ready-made library the actual "living-room" of a family to whom the shelved volumes are indeed sealed. Thus it was with Sheridan, who read nothing except newspapers, business letters, and figures; who looked upon books as he looked upon bric-à-brac or crocheting—when he was at home, and not abed or eating, he was in the library.

He stood in the many-colored light of the stained-glass window at the far end of the long room when Roscoe and his wife came in; and he exhaled a solemnity. His deference to the Sabbath was manifest, as always, in the length of his coat and the closeness of his Saturday-night shave; and his expression, to match this religious pomp, was more than Sabbatical, but the most dismaying of his demonstrations was his keeping his hand in his sling.

Sibyl advanced to the middle of the room and halted there, not looking at him, but down at her muff, in which, it could be seen, her hands were nervously moving. Roscoe went to a chair in another part of the room. There was a deadly silence.

But Sibyl found a shaky voice, after an interval of gulping, though she was unable to lift her eyes and the darkling lids continued to veil them. She spoke hurriedly, like an ungifted child reciting something committed to memory, but her sincerity was none the less evident for that.

"Father Sheridan, you and mother Sheridan have always been so kind to

me, and I would hate to have you think I don't appreciate it, from the way I acted. I've come to tell you I am sorry for the way I did that night, and to say I know as well as anybody the way I behaved, and it will never happen again, because it's been a pretty hard lesson; and when we come back, some day, I hope you'll see that you've got a daughter-in-law you never need to be ashamed of again. I want to ask you to excuse me for the way I did, and I can say I haven't any feelings toward Edith now, but only wish her happiness and good in her new life. I thank you for all your kindness to me and I know I made a poor return for it, but if you can overlook the way I behaved I know I would feel a good deal happier—and I know Roscoe would, too. I wish to promise not to be as foolish in the future, and the same error would never occur again to make us all so unhappy, if you can be charitable enough to excuse it this time."

He looked steadily at her without replying, and she stood before him, never lifting her eyes; motionless, save where the moving fur proved the agitation of her hands within the muff.

"All right," he said at last.

She looked up then with vast relief, though there was a revelation of heavy tears when the eyelids lifted.

"Thank you," she said. "There's something else—about something different—I want to say to you, but I want mother Sheridan to hear it, too."

"She's up-stairs in her room," said Sheridan. "Roscoe—"

Sibyl interrupted. She had just seen Bibbs pass through the hall and begin to ascend the stairs; and in a flash she instinctively perceived the chance for precisely the effect she wanted.

"No, let me go," she said. "I want to speak to her a minute first, anyway."

And she went quickly, gaining the top of the stairs in time to see Bibbs enter his room and close the door. Sibyl knew that Bibbs, in his room, had overheard her quarrel with Edith in the hall outside; for bitter Edith, thinking the more to shame her, had subsequently informed her of the circumstance. Sibyl had just remembered this, and with the recollection there had flashed the thought—out

of her own experience—that people are often much more deeply impressed by words they overhear than by words directly addressed to them. Sibyl intended to make it impossible for Bibbs not to overhear. She did not hesitate—her heart was hot with the old sore, and she believed wholly in the justice of her cause and in the truth of what she was going to say. Fate was virtuous at times; it had delivered into her hands the girl who had affronted her.

Mrs. Sheridan was in her own room. The approach of Sibyl and Roscoe had driven her from the library, for she had miscalculated her husband's mood, and she felt that if he used his injured hand as a mark of emphasis again, in her presence, she would (as she thought of it) "have a fit right there." She heard Sibyl's step, and pretended to be putting a touch to her hair before a mirror.

"I was just comin' down," she said, as the door opened.

"Yes, he wants you to," said Sibyl. "It's all right, mother Sheridan. He's forgiven me."

Mrs. Sheridan sniffed instantly; tears appeared; she kissed her daughter-in-law's cheek; then, in silence, regarded the mirror afresh, wiped her eyes, and applied powder.

"And I hope Edith will be happy," Sibyl added, inciting more applications of Mrs. Sheridan's handkerchief and powder.

"Yes, yes," murmured the good woman; "we mustn't make the worst of things."

"Well, there was something else I had to say, and he wants you to hear it, too," said Sibyl. "We better go down, mother Sheridan."

She led the way, Mrs. Sheridan following obediently, but when they came to a spot close by Bibbs's door Sibyl stopped. "I want to tell you about it first," she said, abruptly. "It isn't a secret, of course, in any way; it's something the whole family has to know, and the sooner the whole family knows it the better. It's something it wouldn't be *right* for us *all* not to understand, and of course father Sheridan most of all. But I want to just kind of go over it first with you; it'll kind of help me to see I got it all straight. I haven't got any

reason for saying it except the good of the family; and it's nothing to me, one way or the other, of course, except for that. I oughtn't to 've behaved the way I did that night, and it seems to me if there's anything I can do to help the family I ought to, because it would help show I felt the right way. Well, what I want to do is to tell this so's to keep the family from being made a fool of. I don't want to see the family just made use of and twisted around her finger by somebody that's got no more heart than so much ice, and just as sure to bring troubles in the long run as—as Edith's mistake is. Well, then, this is the way it is. I'll just tell you how it looks to me and see if it don't strike you the same way."

Within the room, Bibbs, much annoyed, tapped his ear with his pencil. He wished they wouldn't stand talking near his door when he was trying to write. He had just taken from his trunk the manuscript of a poem begun the preceding Sunday afternoon, and he had some ideas he wanted to fix upon paper before they maliciously seized the first opportunity to vanish, for they were but gossamer. Bibbs was pleased with the beginnings of his poem, and if he could carry it through he meant to dare greatly with it—he would venture it upon an editor. For he had his plan of life, now: his day would be of manual labor and thinking—he could think of his friend and he could think in cadences for poems, to the crashing of the strong machines—and if his father turned him out of home and out of the Works, he would work elsewhere and live elsewhere. His father had the right, and it mattered very little to Bibbs—he faced the prospect of a working-man's lodging-house without trepidation. He could find a washstand to write upon, he thought; and every evening when he left Mary he would write a little; and he would write on holidays and on Sundays—on Sundays in the afternoon. In a lodging-house, at least, he wouldn't be interrupted by his sister-in-law's choosing the immediate vicinity of his door for conversations evidently important to herself but merely disturbing to him. He frowned plaintively, wishing he could think of some polite way of asking her

to go away. But, as she went on, he started violently, dropping manuscript and pencil upon the floor.

"I don't know whether you heard it, mother Sheridan," she said, "but this old Vertrees house, next door, has been sold on foreclosure and all *they* got out of it was an agreement that lets 'em live there a little longer. Roscoe told me, and he says he heard Mr. Vertrees has been up and down the streets more 'n two years, tryin' to get a job he could call a 'position,' and couldn't land it. You heard anything about it, mother Sheridan?"

"Well, I *did* know they been doin' their own housework a good while back," said Mrs. Sheridan. "And now they're doin' the cookin', too."

Sibyl sent forth a little titter with a sharp edge. "I hope they find something to cook! She sold her piano mighty quick after Jim died!"

Bibbs jumped up. He was trembling from head to foot, and he was dizzy—of all the real things he could never have dreamed in his dream the last would have been what he heard now. He felt that something incredible was happening, and that he was powerless to stop it. It seemed to him that heavy blows were falling upon his head and upon Mary's; it seemed to him that he and Mary were being struck and beaten physically—and that something hideous impended. He wanted to shout to Sibyl to be silent, but he could not; he could only stand, swallowing and trembling.

"What I think the whole family ought to understand is just this," said Sibyl, sharply. "Those people were so hard up that this Miss Vertrees started after Bibbs before they knew whether he was insane or not! They'd got a notion he might be, from his being in a sanitarium, and Mrs. Vertrees *asked* me if he was insane, the very first day Bibbs took the daughter out auto-riding!" She paused a moment, looking at Mrs. Sheridan, but listening intently. There was no sound from within the room.

"No!" exclaimed Mrs. Sheridan.

"It's the truth," Sibyl declared, loudly. "Oh, of course we were all crazy about that girl at first. We were pretty green when we moved up here, and we thought she'd get us *in*—but it didn't

take *me* long to read her! Her family were down and out when it came to money—and they had to go after it, one way or another, *somehow*! So she started for Roscoe; but she found out pretty quick he was married, and she turned right around to Jim—and she landed him! There's no doubt about it, she had Jim, and if he'd lived you'd had another daughter-in-law before this, as sure as I stand here telling you the God's truth about it! Well—when Jim was left in the cemetery she was waiting out there to drive home with Bibbs! Jim wasn't *cold*—and she didn't know whether Bibbs was insane or not, but he was the only one of the rich Sheridan boys left. She had to get him."

The texture of what was the truth made an even fabric with what was not, in Sibyl's mind; she believed every word that she uttered, and she spoke with the rapid vehemence of fierce conviction.

"What I feel about it is," she said, "it oughtn't to be allowed to go on. It's too mean! I like poor Bibbs, and I don't want to see him made such a fool of, and I don't want to see the family made such a fool of! I like poor Bibbs, but if he'd only stop to think a minute himself, he'd have to realize he isn't the kind of a man *any* girl would be apt to fall in love with. He's better-looking lately, maybe, but you know how he *was*—just kind of a long white rag in good clothes. And girls like men with some *go* to 'em—*some* sort of dashingness, anyhow! Nobody ever looked at poor Bibbs before, and neither 'd *she*—no, *sir*! not till she'd tried both Roscoe and Jim first! It was only when her and her family got desperate that she—"

Bibbs—whiter than when he came from the sanitarium—opened the door. He stepped across its threshold and stood looking at her. Both women screamed.

"Oh, good heavens!" cried Sibyl. "Were you *in there*? Oh, I wouldn't—" She seized Mrs. Sheridan's arm, pulling her toward the stairway. "Come on, mother Sheridan!" she urged, and as the befuddled and confused lady obeyed, Sibyl left a trail of noisy exclamations: "Good gracious! Oh, I wouldn't— Too bad! I didn't *dream* he was there! I wouldn't hurt his feelings! Not for the

world! Of *course* he had to know some time! But, good heavens—"

She heard his door close as she and Mrs. Sheridan reached the top of the stairs, and she glanced over her shoulder quickly, but Bibbs was not following; he had gone back into his room.

"He—he looked—oh, terrible bad!" stammered Mrs. Sheridan. "I—I wish—"

"Still, it's a good deal better he knows about it," said Sibyl. "I shouldn't wonder it might turn out the very best thing could happened. Come on!"

And completing their descent to the library, the two made their appearance to Roscoe and his father. Sibyl at once gave a full and truthful account of what had taken place, repeating her own remarks, and omitting only the fact that it was through her design that Bibbs had overheard them.

"But as I told mother Sheridan," she said in conclusion, "it might turn out for the very best that he did hear—just that way. Don't you think so, father Sheridan?"

He merely grunted in reply, and sat rubbing the thick hair on the top of his head with his left hand, and looking at the fire. He had given no sign of being impressed in any manner by her exposure of Mary Vertrees's character; but his impassivity did not dismay Sibyl—it was Bibbs she desired to impress, and she was content in that matter.

"I'm sure it was all for the best," she said. "It's over now, and he knows what she is. In one way I think it was lucky, because just hearing a thing that way, a person can tell it's *so*—and he knows *I* haven't got any ax to grind except his own good and the good of the family."

Mrs. Sheridan went nervously to the door and stood there, looking toward the stairway. "I wish—I wish I knew what he was doin'," she said. "He did look terrible bad. It was like something had been done to him that was—I don't know what. I never saw anybody look like he did. He looked—so queer. It was like you'd—" She called down the hall, "George!"

"Yes'm?"

"Were you up in Mr. Bibbs's room just now?"

"Yes'm. He ring bell; tole me make him fiah in his grate. I done buil' him nice fiah. I reckon he ain' feelin' so well. Yes'm." He departed.

"What do you expect he wants a fire for?" she asked, turning toward her husband. "The house is warm as can be. I do wish I—"

"Oh, quit frettin'!" said Sheridan.

"Well, I—I kind o' wish you hadn't said anything, Sibyl. I know you meant it for the best and all, but I don't believe it would been so much harm if—"

"Mother Sheridan, you don't mean you *want* that kind of a girl in the family? Why, she—"

"I don't know, I don't know," the troubled woman quavered. "If he liked her it seems kind of a pity to spoil it. He's so queer, and he hasn't ever taken much enjoyment. And besides, I believe the way it was, there was more chance of him bein' willin' to do what papa wants him to. If she wants to marry him—"

Sheridan interrupted her with a hooting laugh. "She don't!" he said. "You're barkin' up the wrong tree, Sibyl. She ain't that kind of a girl."

"But, father Sheridan, didn't she—"

He cut her short. "That's enough. You may mean all right, but you guess wrong. So do you, mamma."

Sibyl cried out, "Oh! But just *look* how she ran after Jim—"

"She did not," he said, curtly. "She wouldn't take Jim. She turned him down cold."

"But that's impossi—"

"It's not. I *know* she did."

Sibyl looked flatly incredulous.

"And you needn't worry," he said, turning to his wife. "This won't have any effect on your idea, because there wasn't any sense to it, anyhow. D'you think she'd be very likely to take Bibbs—after she wouldn't take *Jim*? She's a good-hearted girl, and she lets Bibbs come to see her; but if she'd ever given him one sign of encouragement the way you women think, he wouldn't of acted the stubborn fool he has—he'd 've been at me long ago, beggin' me for some kind of a job he could support a wife on. There's nothin' in it—and I've got the same old fight with him on my hands I've had all his life—and God knows

what he won't do to balk me. What's happened now 'll probably only make him twice as stubborn, but—"

"*Sh!*" Mrs. Sheridan, still in the doorway, lifted her hand. "That's his step—he's comin' down-stairs." She shrank away from the door as if she feared to have Bibbs see her. "I—I wonder—" she said, almost in a whisper—"I wonder what he's goin'—to do."

Her timorousness had its effect upon the others. Sheridan rose, frowning, but remained standing beside his chair; and Roscoe moved toward Sibyl, who stared uneasily at the open doorway. They listened as the slow steps descended the stairs and came toward the library.

Bibbs stopped upon the threshold, and with sick and haggard eyes looked slowly from one to the other until at last his gaze rested upon his father. Then he came and stood before him.

"I'm sorry you've had so much trouble with me," he said, gently. "You won't, any more. I'll take the job you offered me."

Sheridan did not speak—he stared, astounded and incredulous; and Bibbs had left the room before any of its occupants uttered a sound, though he went as slowly as he came. Mrs. Sheridan was the first to move. She went nervously back to the doorway, and then out into the hall. Bibbs had left the house.

Bibbs's mother had a feeling about him then that she had never known before; it was indefinite and vague, but very poignant—something in her mourned for him uncomprehendingly. She felt that an awful thing had been done to him, though she did not know what it was. She went up to his room.

The fire George had built for him was almost smothered under thick, charred ashes of paper. The lid of his trunk stood open, and the large upper tray, which she remembered to have seen full of papers and note-books, was empty. And somehow she understood that Bibbs had given up the mysterious vocation he had hoped to follow—and that he had given it up for ever. She thought it was the wisest thing he could have done—and yet, for an unknown reason, she sat upon the bed and wept a little before she went down-stairs.

So Sheridan had his way with Bibbs, all through.

CHAPTER XXIX

AS Bibbs came out of the New House a Sunday trio was in course of passage upon the sidewalk: an ample young woman, placid of face; a black-clad, thin young man, whose expression was one of habitual anxiety, habitual wariness, and habitual eagerness. He propelled a perambulator containing the third—and all three were newly cleaned, Sundayfied, and made fit to dine with the wife's relatives.

"How'd you like for me to be *that* young fella, mamma?" the husband whispered. "He's one of the sons, and there ain't but two left now."

The wife stared curiously at Bibbs. "Well, I don't know," she returned. "He looks to me like he had his own troubles."

"I expect he has, like anybody else," said the young husband, "but I guess we could stand a good deal if we had his money."

"Well, maybe, if you keep on the way you been, baby 'll be as well fixed as the Sheridans. You can't tell." She glanced back at Bibbs, who had turned north. "He walks awful slow and stooped-over-like."

"So much money in his pockets it makes him sag, I guess," said the young husband with bitter admiration.

Mary, happening to glance from a window, saw Bibbs coming, and she started, clasping her hands together in a sudden alarm. She met him at the door.

"Bibbs!" she cried. "What is the matter? I saw something was terribly wrong when I— You look—" She paused, and he came in, not lifting his eyes to hers. Always before, when he crossed that threshold he came with his head up and his wistful gaze seeking hers. "Ah, poor boy!" she said, with a gesture of understanding and pity. "I know what it is!"

He followed her into the room where they always sat, and sank into a chair. "You needn't tell me," she said. "They've made you give up. Your father's won—you're going to do what he wants. You've given up."

Still without looking at her, he inclined his head in affirmation.

She gave a little cry of compassion and came and sat near him. "Bibbs," she said, "I can be glad of one thing, though it's selfish. I can be glad you came straight to me. It's more to me than even if you'd come because you were happy." She did not speak again for a little while; then she said: "Bibbs—dear—could you tell me about it? Do you want to?"

Still he did not look up, but in a voice shaken and husky he asked her a question so grotesque that at first she thought she had misunderstood his words.

"Mary," he said, "could you marry me?"

"What did you say, Bibbs?" she asked, quietly.

His tone and attitude did not change. "Will you marry me?"

Both of her hands leaped to her cheeks—she grew red and then white. She rose slowly, and moved backward from him, staring at him, at first incredulously, then with an intense perplexity more and more luminous in her wide eyes till it was like a point of fire. The room filled with strangeness in the long silence—the two were so strange to each other. At last she said:

"What made you say that?"

He did not answer.

"Bibbs, look at me!" Her voice was loud and clear. "What made you say that? Look at me!"

He could not look at her and he could not speak.

"What was it that made you?" she said. "I want you to tell me."

She went closer to him, her eyes ever brighter and wider with that intensity of wonder. "You've given up—to your father," she said, slowly, "and then you came to ask me—" She broke off. "Bibbs, do you want me to marry you?"

"Yes," he said, just audibly.

"No!" she cried. "You do not. Then what made you ask me? What is it that's happened?"

"Nothing."

"Wait," she said. "Let me think. It's something that happened since our walk this morning—yes, since you left me at noon. Something happened

that—" She stopped abruptly, with a long, tremulous murmur of amazement and dawning comprehension. She remembered that Sibyl had gone to the New House.

Bibbs swallowed painfully, and contrived to say, "I do—I do want you to—marry me, if—if—you could."

She looked at him, and slowly shook her head. "Bibbs, do you—" Her voice was as unsteady as his—little more than a whisper. "Do you think I'm—in love with you?"

"No," he said.

Somewhere in the still air of the room there was a whispered word; it did not seem to come from Mary's parted lips, but he was aware of it. "Why?"

"I've had nothing but dreams," Bibbs said, desolately, "but they weren't like that. Sibyl said no girl could care about me." He smiled, faintly, though still he did not look at Mary. "And when I first came home, Edith told me Sibyl was so anxious to marry that she'd have married *me*. She meant it to express Sibyl's extremity, you see. But I hardly needed either of them to tell me. I hadn't thought of myself as—well, as particularly captivating!"

Oddly enough, Mary's pallor changed to an angry flush. "Those two!" she exclaimed, sharply; and then, with thorough-going contempt: "Lamhorn! That's like them!" She turned away, went to the bare little black mantel, and stood leaning upon it. Presently she asked:

"When did Mrs. Roscoe Sheridan say that 'no girl' could care about you?"

"To-day."

Mary drew a deep breath. "I think I'm beginning to understand—a little." She bit her lip; there was anger in good truth in her eyes and in her voice. "Answer me once more," she said. "Bibbs, do you know now why I stopped wearing my furs?"

"Yes."

"I thought so! Your sister-in-law told you, didn't she?"

"I—I heard her say—"

"I think I know what happened, now." Mary's breath came fast and her voice shook, but she spoke rapidly. "You 'heard her say' more than that. You 'heard her say' that we were bit-

terly poor, and that on that account I tried first to marry your brother—and then—” But now she faltered, and it was only after a convulsive effort that she was able to go on. “And then—that I tried to marry—you! You ‘heard her say’ that—and you believe that I don’t care for you and that ‘no girl’ could care for you—but you think I am in such an ‘extremity,’ as Sibyl was—that y— And so—not wanting me, and believing that I could not want you—except for my ‘extremity’—you took your father’s offer and then came to ask me—to marry you! What had I shown you of myself that could make you—”

Suddenly she sank down, kneeling, with her face buried in her arms upon the lap of a chair, and burst into a passion of tears.

“Mary, Mary!” he cried, helplessly. “Oh *no*—you—you don’t understand.”

“I do, though!” she sobbed. “I do!”

He came and stood beside her. “You kill me!” he said. “I can’t make it plain. From the first of your loveliness to me, I was all self. It was always you that gave and I that took. I was the dependent—I did nothing but lean on you. We always talked of me, not of you. It was all about my idiotic distresses and troubles. I thought of you as a kind of wonderful being that had no mortal or human suffering except by sympathy. You seemed to lean down—out of a rosy cloud—to be kind to me. I never dreamed I could do anything for you! I never dreamed you could need anything to be done for you by anybody. And to-day I heard that—that you—”

“You heard that I needed to marry—some one—anybody—with money,” she sobbed. “And you thought we were so—so desperate—you believed that I had—”

“No!” he said, quickly. “I didn’t believe you’d done one kind thing for me—for that. No, no, no! I knew you’d *never* thought of me except generously—to give. I said I couldn’t make it plain!” he cried, despairingly.

“Wait!” She lifted her head and extended her hands to him unconsciously, like a child. “Help me up, Bibbs.” Then, when she was once more upon her

feet, she wiped her eyes and smiled upon him ruefully and faintly, but reassuringly, as if to tell him, in that way, that she knew he had not meant to hurt her. And that smile of hers, so lamentable but so faithfully friendly, misted his own eyes, for his shamefacedness lowered them no more.

“Let me tell you what you want to tell me,” she said. “You can’t, because you can’t put it into words—they are too humiliating for me, and you’re too gentle to say them. Tell me, though, isn’t it true? You didn’t believe that I’d tried to make you fall in love with me—”

“Never! Never for an instant!”

“You didn’t believe I’d tried to make you want to marry me—”

“No, no, no!”

“I believe it, Bibbs. You thought that I was fond of you; you knew I cared for you—but you didn’t think I might be—in love with you. But you thought that I might marry you without being in love with you because you did believe I had tried to marry your brother, and—”

“Mary, I only knew—for the first time—that you—that you were—”

“Were desperately poor,” she said. “You can’t even say that! Bibbs, it was true; I did try to make Jim want to marry me. I did!” And she sank down into the chair, weeping bitterly again. Bibbs was agonized.

“Mary,” he groaned, “I didn’t know you *could* cry!”

“Listen,” she said. “Listen till I get through—I want you to understand. We were poor, and we weren’t fitted to be. We never had been, and we didn’t know what to do. We’d been almost rich; there was plenty, but my father wanted to take advantage of the growth of the town; he wanted to be richer, but instead—well, just about the time your father finished building next door we found we hadn’t anything. People say that sometimes, meaning that they haven’t anything in comparison with other people of their own kind, but we really hadn’t anything—we hadn’t anything at all, Bibbs! And we couldn’t *do* anything. You might wonder why I didn’t ‘try to be a stenographer’—and I wonder myself, why, when a family loses its money, people always say the daugh-

ters 'ought to go and be stenographers.' It's curious!—as if a wave of the hand made you into a stenographer. No, I'd been raised to be either married comfortably, or a well-to-do old maid, if I chose not to marry. The poverty came on slowly, Bibbs, but at last it was all there—and I didn't know how to be a stenographer. I didn't know how to be anything except a well-to-do old maid or somebody's wife—and I couldn't be a well-to-do old maid. Then, Bibbs, I did what I'd been raised to know how to do. I went out to be fascinating and be married. I did it openly, at least, and with a kind of decent honesty. I told your brother I had meant to fascinate him and that I was not in love with him, but I let him think that perhaps I meant to marry him. I think I did mean to marry him. I had never cared for anybody—like that—and I thought it might be there really *wasn't* anything more than a kind of excited fondness. I can't be sure, but I think that though I did mean to marry him, I never should have done it, because that sort of a marriage is—it's sacrilege—something would have stopped me. Something did stop me; it was your sister-in-law, Sibyl. She meant no harm—but she was horrible, and she put what I was doing into such horrible words—and they were the truth—oh! I *saw* myself! She was proposing a miserable compact with me—and I couldn't breathe the air of the same room with her, though I'd so cheapened myself she had a right to assume that I *would*. But I couldn't! I left her, and I wrote to your brother—just a quick scrawl. I told him just what I'd done; I asked his pardon, and I said I would not marry him. I posted the letter, but he never got it. That was the afternoon he was killed. That's all, Bibbs. Now you know what I did—and you know—*me!*" She pressed her clenched hands tightly against her eyes, leaning far forward, her head bowed before him.

Bibbs had forgotten himself long ago; his heart broke for her. "Couldn't you—Isn't there— Won't you—" he stammered. "Mary, I'm going with father. Isn't there some way you could use the money without having to take me?"

She gave a choked little laugh.

"You gave me something to live for," he said. "You kept me alive, I think—and I've hurt you like this!"

"Not you—oh no!"

"You could forgive me, Mary?"

"Oh, a thousand times!" Her right hand went out in a faltering gesture, and just touched his own for an instant. "But there's nothing to forgive."

"And you can't—you can't—"

"Can't what, Bibbs?"

"You couldn't—"

"Marry you?" she said for him.

"Yes."

"No, no, no!" She sprang up, facing him, and without knowing what she did she set her hands upon his breast, pushing him back from her a little. "I can't, I can't! Don't you *see?*"

"Mary—"

"No, no! And you must go now, Bibbs; I can't bear any more—please—"

"Mary—"

"Never, never, never!" she cried, in a passion of tears. "You mustn't come any more. I can't see you, dear! Never, never, never!"

Somehow, in helpless, stumbling obedience to her beseeching gesture, he got himself to the door and out of the house.

CHAPTER XXX

SIBYL and Roscoe were upon the point of leaving when Bibbs returned to the New House. He went straight to Sibyl, and spoke to her quietly, but so that the others might hear.

"When you said that if I'd stop to think, I'd realize that no one would be apt to care enough about me to marry me, you were right," he said. "I thought perhaps you weren't, and so I asked Miss Vertrees to marry me. It proved what you said of me, and disproved what you said of her. She refused."

And having thus spoken, he quitted the room as straightforwardly as he had entered it.

"He's *so* queer!" Mrs. Sheridan gasped. "Who on earth would thought of his doin' *that?*"

"I told you," said her husband, grimly.

"You didn't tell us he'd go and—"

"I told you she wouldn't have him. I told you she wouldn't have *Jim*, didn't I?"

Sibyl was altogether taken aback. "Do you suppose it's true? Do you suppose she *wouldn't*?"

"He didn't look exactly like a young man that 'd just got things fixed up fine with his girl," said Sheridan. "Not to me, he didn't!"

"But why would—"

"I told you," he interrupted, angrily, "she ain't that kind of a girl! If you got to have proof, well, I'll tell you and get it over with, though I'd pretty near just as soon not have to talk a whole lot about my dead boy's private affairs. She wrote to Jim she couldn't take him; and it was a good, straight letter, too. It came to Jim's office; he never saw it. She wrote it the afternoon he was hurt."

"I remember I saw her put a letter in the mail-box that afternoon," said Roscoe. "Don't you remember, Sibyl? I told you about it—I was waiting for you while you were in there so long talking to her mother. It was just before we saw that something was wrong over here, and Edith came and called me."

Sibyl shook her head, but she remembered. And she was not cast down, for although some remnants of perplexity were left in her eyes, they were dimmed by an increasing glow of triumph; and she departed—after some further fragmentary discourse—visibly elated. After all, the guilty had not been exalted; and she perceived vaguely, but none the less surely, that her injury had been copiously avenged. She bestowed a contented glance upon the old house with the cupola as she and Roscoe crossed the street.

When they had gone, Mrs. Sheridan indulged in reverie, but after a while she said, uneasily, "Papa, you think it would be any use to tell Bibbs about that letter?"

"I don't know," he answered, walking moodily to the window. "I been thinkin' about it." He came to a decision. "I reckon I will." And he went up to Bibbs's room.

"Well, you goin' back on what you said?" he inquired, brusquely, as he opened the door. "You goin' to take it back and lay down on me again?"

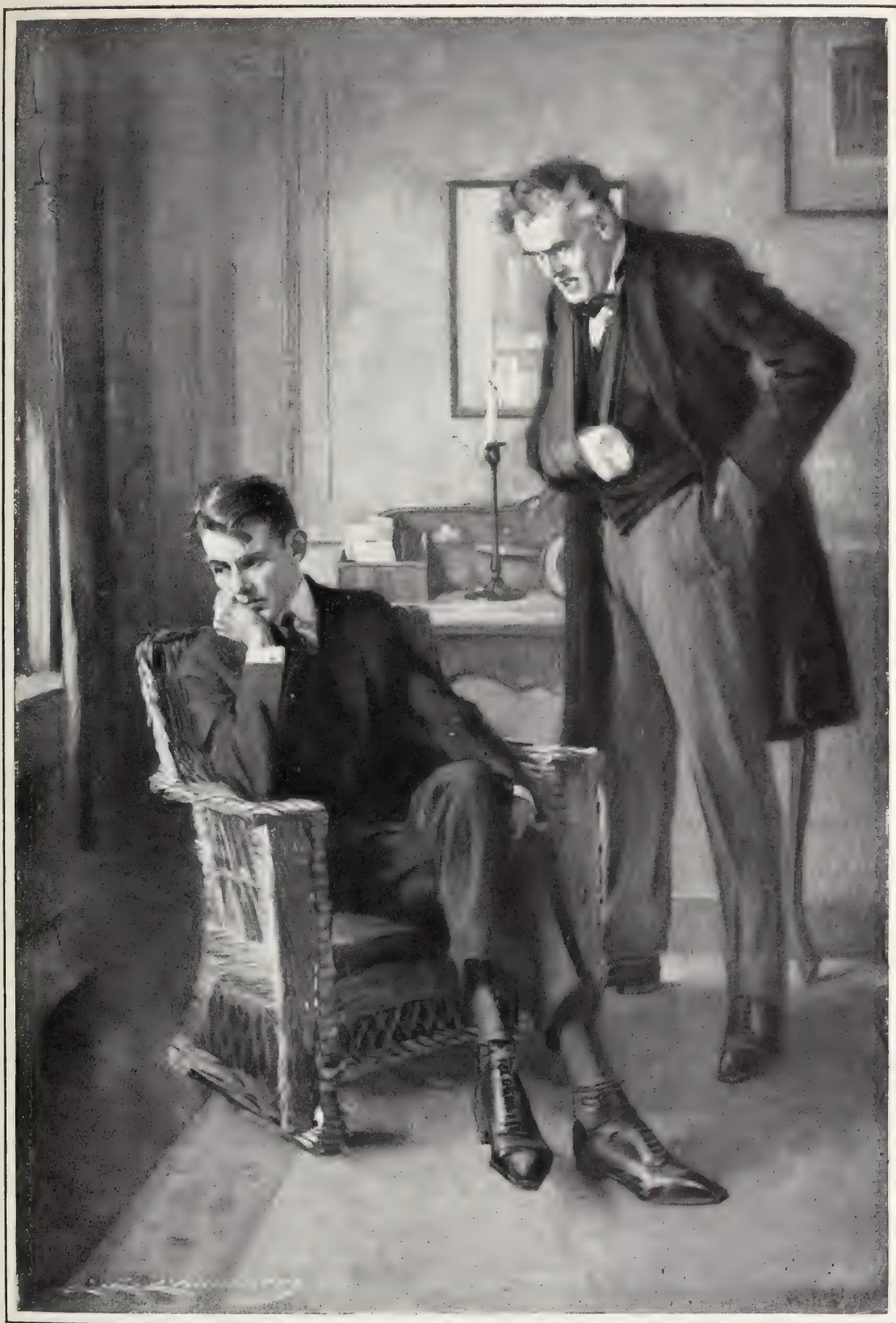
"No," said Bibbs.

"Well, perhaps I didn't have any call to accuse you of that. I don't know as you ever did go back on anything you said, exactly, though God knows you've laid down on me enough. You certainly have!" Sheridan was baffled. This was not what he wished to say, but his words were unmanageable; he found himself unable to control them, and his querulous abuse went on in spite of him. "I can't say I expect much of you—not from the way you always been, up to now—unless you turn over a new leaf, and I don't see any encouragement to think you're goin' to do *that*! If you go down there and show a spark o' real *git-up*, I reckon the whole office 'll fall in a faint. But if you're ever goin' to show any, you better begin right at the beginning and begin to show it to-morrow."

"Yes—I'll try."

"You better, if it's in you!" Sheridan was sheerly nonplussed. He had always been able to say whatever he wished to say, but his tongue seemed bewitched. He had come to tell Bibbs about Mary's letter, and to his own angry astonishment it seemed impossible for him to do anything except to scold like a drudge-driver. "You better come down there with your mind made up to hustle harder than the hardest workin'-man that's under you, or you'll not get on very good with me, I tell you! The way to get ahead—and you better set it down in your books—the way to get ahead is to do ten times the work of the hardest worker that works *for* you. But you don't know what work is, yet. All you've ever done was just stand around and feed a machine a child could handle, and then come home and take a bath and go callin'. I tell you you're up against a mighty different proposition now, and if you're worth your salt—and you never showed any signs of it yet,—not any signs that stuck out enough to bang somebody on the head and make 'em sit up and take notice—well, I want to say, right here and now—and you better listen, because I want to say just what I *do* say. I say—"

He meandered to a full stop. His mouth hung open and his mind was a hopeless blank.



Drawn by C. E. Chambers

"BUT YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT WORK IS, YET"

Bibbs looked up patiently—an old, old look. “Yes, father; I’m listening.”

“That’s all,” said Sheridan, frowning heavily. “That’s all I came to say, and you better see ’t you remember it!”

He shook his head warningly, and went out, closing the door behind him with a crash. However, no sound of footsteps indicated his departure. He stopped just outside the door, and stood there a minute or more. Then abruptly he turned the knob and exhibited to his son a forehead liberally covered with perspiration.

“Look here,” he said, crossly. “That girl over yonder wrote Jim a letter—”

“I know,” said Bibbs. “She told me.”

“Well, I thought you needn’t feel so much upset about it—” The door closed on his voice as he withdrew, but the conclusion of the sentence was nevertheless audible—“if you knew she wouldn’t have Jim, either.”

And he stamped his way down-stairs to tell his wife to quit her frettin’ and not bother him with any more fool’s errands. She was about to inquire what Bibbs “said,” but after a second thought she decided not to speak at all. She merely murmured a wordless assent, and verbal communication was given over between them for the rest of that afternoon.

Bibbs and his father were gone when Mrs. Sheridan woke the next morning, and she had a dreary day. She missed Edith woefully, and she worried about what might be taking place in the Sheridan Building. She felt that everything depended on how Bibbs “took hold,” and, upon her husband’s return in the evening, she seized upon the first opportunity to ask him how things had gone. He was non-committal. What could anybody tell by the first day? He’d seen plenty go at things well enough right at the start and then blow up. Pretty near anybody could show up fair the first day or so. There was a big job ahead. This material, such as it was—Bibbs, in fact—had to be broken in to handling the work Roscoe had done; and then, at least as an overseer, he must take Jim’s position in the Realty Company as well. He told her to ask him again in a month.

But during the course of dinner she gathered from some disjointed remarks of his that he and Bibbs had lunched together at the small restaurant where it had been Sheridan’s custom to lunch with Jim, and she took this to be an encouraging sign. Bibbs went to his room as soon as they left the table, and her husband was not communicative after reading his paper.

She became an anxious spectator of Bibbs’s progress as a man of business, although it was a progress she could glimpse but dimly and only in the evening, through his remarks and his father’s at dinner. Usually Bibbs was silent, except when directly addressed, but on the first evening of the third week of his new career he offered an opinion which had apparently been the subject of previous argument.

“I’d like you to understand just what I meant about those storage-rooms, father,” he said, as Jackson placed his coffee before him. “Abercrombie agreed with me, but you wouldn’t listen to him.”

“You can talk, if you want to, and I’ll listen,” Sheridan returned, “but you can’t show me that Jim ever took up with a bad thing. The roof fell because it hadn’t had time to settle and on account of weather conditions. I want that building put just the way Jim planned it.”

“You can’t have it,” said Bibbs. “You can’t because Jim planned for the building to stand up, and it won’t do it. The other one—the one that didn’t fall—is so shot with cracks we haven’t dared use it for storage. It won’t stand weight. There’s only one thing to do: get both buildings down as quickly as we can, and build over. Brick’s the best and cheapest in the long run for that type.”

Sheridan looked sarcastic. “Fine! What we goin’ to do for storage-rooms while we’re waitin’ for those few bricks to be laid?”

“Rent,” Bibbs returned, promptly. “We’ll lose money if we don’t rent, anyhow—they were waiting so long for you to give the warehouse matter your attention after the roof fell. You don’t know what an amount of stuff they’ve got piled up on us over there. We’d have to rent until we could patch up

those process perils—and the Krivitch Manufacturing Company's plant is empty, right across the street. I took an option on it for us this morning."

Sheridan's expression was queer. "Look here!" he said, sharply. "Did you go and do that without consulting me?"

"It didn't cost anything," said Bibbs. "It's only until to-morrow afternoon at two o'clock. I undertook to convince you before then."

"Oh, you did?" Sheridan's tone was sardonic. "Well, just suppose you couldn't convince me."

"I can, though—and I intend to," said Bibbs, quietly. "I don't think you understand the condition of those buildings you want patched up."

"Now, see here," said Sheridan, with slow emphasis; "suppose I had my mind set about this. *Jim* thought they'd stand, and suppose it was—well, kind of a matter of sentiment with me to prove he was right."

Bibbs looked at him compassionately. "I'm sorry if you have a sentiment about it, father," he said. "But whether you have or not can't make a difference. You'll get other people hurt if you trust that process, and that won't do. And if you want a monument to Jim, at least you want one that will stand. Besides, I don't think you can reasonably defend sentiment in this particular kind of affair."

"Oh, you don't?"

"No, but I'm sorry you didn't tell me you felt it."

Sheridan seemed struck with his son's tone. "Why are you 'sorry'?" he asked, curiously.

"Because I had the building inspector up there, this noon," said Bibbs, "and I had him condemn both those buildings."

"What!"

"He'd been afraid to do it before, until he heard from us—afraid you'd see he lost his job. But he can't un-condemn them—they've got to come down now."

Sheridan gave him a long and piercing stare from beneath lowered brows. Finally he said, "How long did they give you on that option to convince me?"

"Until two o'clock to-morrow afternoon."

"All right," said Sheridan, not relaxing. "I'm convinced."

Bibbs jumped up. "I thought you would be. I'll telephone the Krivitch agent. He gave me the option until to-morrow, but I told him I'd settle it this evening."

Sheridan gazed after him as he left the room, and then, though his expression did not alter in the slightest, a sound came from him that startled his wife. It had been a long time since she had heard anything resembling a chuckle from him, and this sound—although it was grim and dry—bore that resemblance.

She brightened eagerly. "Looks like he was startin' right well, don't it, papa?"

"Startin'? Lord! He got me on the hip! Why, *he* knew what I wanted—that's why he had the inspector up there, so 't he'd have me beat before we even started to talk about it. And did you hear him? 'Can't reasonably defend *sentiment!*' And the way he says 'Us.' 'Took an option for Us'! 'Stuff piled up on Us'!"

There was always an alloy for Mrs. Sheridan. "I don't just like the way he looks, though, papa."

"Oh, there's got to be something! Only one chick left at home, so you start to frettin' about it!"

"No. He's changed. There's kind of a settish look to his face, and—"

"I guess that's the common-sense comin' out on him, then," said Sheridan. "You'll see symptoms like that in a good many business men, I expect."

"Well, and he don't have as good color as he was gettin', before. And he'd begun to fill out some, but—"

Sheridan gave forth another dry chuckle, and, going round the table to her, patted her upon the shoulder with his left hand, his right being still heavily bandaged, though he no longer wore a sling. "That's the way it is with you, mamma—got to take your frettin' out one way if you don't another!"

"No. He don't look well. It ain't exactly the way he looked when he begun to get sick that time, but he kind o' seems to be losin', some way."

"Yes, he may 've lost something," said Sheridan. "I expect he's lost a whole lot o' foolishness besides his God-for-

saken notions about writin' poetry and—"

"No," his wife persisted. "I mean he looks right peakid. And yesterday, when he was settin' with us, he kept lookin' out the window. He wasn't readin'."

"Well, why shouldn't he look out the window?"

"He was lookin' over there. He never read a word all afternoon, I don't believe."

"Look here," said Sheridan. "Bibbs might 'a' kept goin' on over there the rest of his life, moonin' on and on, but what he heard Sibyl say did one big thing, anyway. It woke him up out of his trance. Well, he had to go and bust clean out with a bang; and that stopped his goin' over there, and it stopped his poetry, but I reckon he's begun to get pretty fair pay for what he lost. I guess

a good many young men have had to get over worries like his; they got to lose *something* if they're goin' to keep ahead o' the procession nowadays—and it kind o' looks to me, mamma, like Bibbs might keep quite a considerable long way ahead. Why, a year from now I'll bet you he won't know there ever *was* such a thing as poetry! And ain't he funny? He wanted to stick to the shop so's he could 'think'! What he meant was, think about something useless. Well, I guess he's keepin' his mind pretty occupied the other way, these days. Yes, sir, it took a pretty fair-sized shock to get him out of his trance, but it certainly did the business." He patted his wife's shoulder again, and then, without any prefatory symptoms, broke into a boisterous laugh.

"Honest, mamma, he works like a gorilla!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Song in the Dusk

BY DANA BURNET

A SINGER, passing on the star-flecked stream,
Sang to the moon, in heaven's window framed;
His dipping oar dragged silver through the dusk—
His voice was full of music still untamed. . . .

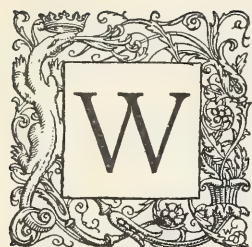
The echoes lived and lived along the night
Till they were old with ecstasy. . . . The note
That clasps the meaning of a universe
Lifted and thrilled from that far Singer's throat.

I know not what he sang, this Voyageur,
I only know it was his heart's desire!
Within the cottage we sat listening,
He with his years and I with dreams and fire. . . .

Through the long twilight, till the dark grew deep,
We sat together, silent, distant-eyed.
In me there was a need of worlds to storm;
In him it seemed that worlds on worlds had died.

The Cleansing Tears

BY EUGENE A. CLANCY



WITHOUT any particular rhyme or reason Ralph Madden had been fed into the down-town clerk-machine the day after he left the public school. In the Madden sphere of life no discussion is wasted on such matters, and no problem, indeed, is perceived. The home atmosphere is charged with supreme indifference to such questions as vocation, character, ability, and choice. The line of business the boy enters depends entirely on what firm happens to need a boy, or on what office-manager chances to be pleased with the boy's appearance. A clean collar and a neatly combed and brushed head may get him into a bank, should he have the luck or sense to apply to a bank first, or the lack of such neatness may attach him to the packing-room of a wholesale house. Unless there happen to be extraordinary circumstances of some kind, youth, on leaving school, goes wandering into the lower city and gets a job as an office-boy. Instead of being started on life's road with serious forethought, he is allowed to set forth without guidance on a reckless adventure. There is a general illusion that this is quite the proper course and that the results are usually gratifying in the end. There are exceptions, but in nine cases out of ten the result is the inevitable one—the boy is quickly whirled into the clerk-machine and stays there.

Ralph was not one of the exceptions, and at nineteen he was a clerk in the accounting department of a corporation. Life meant little to him—in fact, he did not consider life at all as an abstract proposition. But he never doubted that his was a deep knowledge of the world. He would have laughed at the idea that he was new and untried material waiting for the kindling spark. That spark was not likely to be struck from his daily occupation, and he was fast developing

into the finished product of the combination of his business and his home environment: a conceited, thoughtless youth; unspeakably innocent in the larger sense of the word, but likable and completely human. He eagerly cultivated the queer, foolish philosophy of his kind—the code of action and comment which youth derives from an ardent devotion to the comic supplement, and an equally devout attendance on vaudeville.

But Ralph was not altogether unaware that his life was a drear and drab thing at best. His daily occupation was a monotonous routine, though he was still too young to realize this fully. His home was merely a place in which to eat and sleep. Even had it been more attractive than it was, he could not imagine such a thing as *staying* home. In his own vernacular, a boy who stayed home was “a dead one.” Ralph had no taste for study or reading. He hurried out every evening after supper, to join “the crowd,” to haunt billiard-rooms and moving-picture shows, or to make crude and ludicrous efforts to ingratiate himself with the other sex. He spent a vast deal of energy and enthusiasm on these pursuits. He took them quite seriously—not to do so was to be that most contemptible of beings, “a dead one.” He set great value on the freemasonry of his companions. He feared nothing so much as a loss of popularity with them, a popularity which might be easily impaired by not being “wise to” things—especially things which have to do with the more dubious phases of life, in a knowledge of which Ralph conceived himself deeply versed.

But as time went on his enthusiasm for this narrow cycle of idle diversions began to lag, though he took care to hide this state of mind. He might have said that he was bored. He felt a longing for something, without having any distinct idea what it was he wanted. There

were evenings when he came home tired, but, nevertheless, went out to places where he did not really want to go, and listened to conversations (or what passed for such in his world) that no longer held his interest. Once or twice he thought of staying home in the evening, but the shabby, dirty flat repelled him. His lumbering, beer-swilling father, who seldom spoke to him, pervaded the flat, going about shoeless and in shirt-sleeves, smoking a dirty pipe like a foul chimney, ceaselessly growling at and bullying his timid, sickly wife. John Madden regarded all boys as "young loafers," and amply acted up to this parental dogma. He took his wife's sickliness as a personal affront—he could not forgive her for it. Again, he had a suspicion (which happened to be correct) that she would be over-lenient to the boy if she had the

chance, and he watched her jealously, swiftly thwarting the feeble, secretive attempts that Mary Madden made to better her son's lot at home.

Mary Madden had her physical troubles to contend with and her own bitter realizations of life, and she could not have done much for her son had the father been out of the way. Her love was helpless. But she was quietly placing great faith in Ralph's future. She had glorious visions of happier days, with Ralph as the master of the house. Her consuming fear was that she would lose him before that time came—that he would become dissatisfied and disgusted with his parents and his home. She regarded Ralph as a kind of miracle, for Mary Madden had a notion that a young man who went to work in his best clothes and a white collar, and



who worked in an office (her husband wrapped up newspapers in the shipping-room of an afternoon paper), was necessarily a superior being. But she could do little for him, and Ralph did not see. To him she was just his mother—and that was all.

One evening, when Ralph was standing idly on the apartment-house stoop, he did actually, and much to his secret astonishment, attract the notice of a girl. He had seen her come by a number of times, but the approved tactics which he used had always failed, as they had in countless other cases; for Ralph had not yet learned that, contrary to the peculiar ideas of his kind, the average girl is too shy and modest for that sort of thing. Nor did it occur to him that such girls have ample opportunities for meeting young men without resorting to chance.

But this time the girl returned his smile and his "Good evening." He immediately joined her and they walked on up the street together, Ralph giving voice to a series of inane and banal remarks. Like all his boy associates, he had no doubt that such remarks were highly entertaining and witty, and peculiarly adapted to the clinching of situations like the present. He was thoroughly satisfied with himself, and did not notice that the girl was making no reply.

They came to the corner of the avenue and stopped. Ralph lost no time in suggesting that they go to a picture-show.

"I can't to-night," said the girl. "I just ran out to do some shopping. But you can come along—if you want to."

This was altogether contrary to the code which Ralph was putting into action. He tried persuasion, but she cut him short with a finality that startled him. He summoned a laugh and agreed to the shopping. To him it was a doubtful and unheard-of proceeding, but she was his first "success," and he was tickled.

They visited several stores, and she made quite a number of purchases. Ralph ceased his remarks—he had somehow gained an impression that they were not making the desired "hit." He endeavored to make effective use of his eyes. The girl stole a keen glance at

him now and then, but otherwise she paid little attention to him. As he stood beside her at a counter, it suddenly occurred to him that she was controlling him—something the code did not countenance; but he had no idea what to do.

She was not pretty—not in his eyes, at least, for Ralph had but one idea of beauty: for him beauty was obvious, gorgeous, blatant, and generally blond. But it did not matter much whether she was pretty or not. She was a girl, and sufficiently attractive. She was passable. He did not take the trouble to note that the face under the brown hair was sweet and gentle; that the gray eyes were wistful and a little sad. And least of all could the boy, hardened by his nights with "the crowd," read the secret which stood clear enough in those gentle gray eyes—the shy hopes, the romantic fancies, the beautiful, eternal dreams of girlhood. He did not know that the "passable" girl's heart was beating fast—with fear that perhaps she had made a great mistake, and hope that perhaps her daring decision to meet his advances had been right. She stole another glance at him, and hope won the day. Ralph was blessed with an ample share of good looks, and whatever his thoughts might now be, his face and his clear blue eyes belied them.

She had an inconvenient number of bags and packages by the time they left the last store.

"Won't you help me carry them?" she asked, in a tone which carried the suggestion that he might have offered to do so.

Ralph hastily and confusedly grabbed them all. It was his first experience of the kind; his thoughts were far from anything of this nature, but something within him seemed to stir and make him respond. But he was disconcerted and at a loss how to proceed. The girl unexpectedly came to his relief.

"Let's have a soda—before I go home."

This was better; this was in the code, and Ralph eagerly grasped at the opportunity. They entered the candy-store on the corner and sat down at one of the little tables, with the bundles on the floor beside them. Two ice-cream sodas were brought. The girl now looked at



SHE WAS ABASHED; SUDDENLY AFRAID OF WHAT SHE HAD DONE

him frankly, searchingly. Ralph found himself suddenly tongue-tied.

"You live in that house, don't you?" she asked, poising her spoon. "That's why I thought I'd—I'd speak. I never met any one this way before. But I was sure you lived there, and as I live in the same block, I—I kind of thought it would be—all right, maybe."

"Sure it's all right!" Ralph burst out. "Say, I like you! What's your name? Mine's Madden—Ralph Madden. How about comin' out after you take these things home?"

"My name's Norton—Rose Norton. No, I can't get out to-night; but some other time—"

"To-morrow night?"

"I'll try. You might look for me at

eight. If I don't come by a quarter after, you'll know I can't get out."

The boy smiled to himself at that phrase, "I can't get out." The girl's artless revelation of her home circumstances did not inspire Ralph with any sympathy. He did not think it artless; he would have laughed at the mere notion of the existence of any such mental state. He took it rather as a hint that she was ready for the kind of revolt that was the constant subject of much luscious conversation among his companions. He leaned across the table and endeavored to take her hand, but she drew back in a startled way and began to gather up the bundles. She was abashed, suddenly afraid of what she had done—of herself. The boy did not

understand; he thought it highly amusing. He took the bundles from her and led the way out, enlivening and improving their short walk with choice remarks. When they reached her house and he had transferred the packages to her arms, they stood in the street for a moment in conversation: the boy slyly following up his code, the girl wondering, trying to understand him—fighting for her preconception of him. Then Ralph turned away, whistling, thoroughly satisfied with himself.

The girl hurried up to her apartment—an even more unkempt one than the Madden establishment—where she lived with her aunt's family. A lean, hard-faced woman came bridling into the kitchen, pouring out words vociferously.

"Y' bin an hour an' more! Y' needn't tell me. I seen you out the front window with that feller! Who is he?"

"His name's Madden; he lives just up the street."

"Y' know him, do you? Well, let me tell you I know him, too! Ain't I seen him up on the corner every night with that gang o' loafers? I might 'a' known they was your kind! Just you keep on the way you're goin' and you'll get there, all right—you'll land where your fine sister is, on the street! Me tryin' to bring up my children decent, an' you—"

The girl turned white; she swayed and shook as the words struck her like so many blows. The packages fell from her arms and scattered on the floor. She ran to her room, locked the door, and flung herself on the bed, sobbing wildly.

Still whistling, Ralph strolled up to the corner, where he found several of his companions. They had seen him with the girl and had made appropriate remarks as she and Ralph passed. He joined the group with a nonchalant air, but secretly consumed with a desire to revel in their comment. He listened complacently, and then proceeded to expound his plan of action. It was a wretched, pitiful revelation, but the boy's egotism glowed; he had no doubt that he was appearing in the light of a clever Don Juan. He went on with the sordid avowal, unaware that he was merely laying bare the shallowness of callow youth. He was a common pro-

duct of the big city. He had no suspicion that standing there, scorning sentiment and laughing at the simplicity that makes youth sacred, he was a pathetic figure: a boy capable of claiming and having his due mite of happiness; able to dream, yet dreaming only of the gutter.

The girl did not appear the next night, and Ralph only half guessed the truth of her failure to meet him. But she did meet him a few evenings later. They walked down the street, away from their own neighborhood—the girl still conscious of slight misgivings, but still hoping; the boy absurdly striving to make what he considered a favorable and desirable impression. He was careful to reveal nothing of his real thoughts; he was sly, and was taking his time—according to the code. He knew that he had made an impression, but he did not understand in the least that his conscious efforts had very little to do with it. Absorbed in himself and his intent, the wistful gray eyes that now and then met his own held no secret for him. When he had exhausted the idle conversation, or monologue, which he had probably learned by heart, he asked her about herself with a superior, absent-minded air. She told him, readily and simply, what little there was to tell. She worked in a Harlem store, for five dollars a week, which she had to give to her aunt by way of board. Her parents were both dead, and she lived as best she could with her relatives. She wanted to learn stenography, but nobody showed any interest in her ambition. Ralph showed even less interest. He cut her short with a new series of remarks about stenographers he knew, or said he knew. He narrated some incidents which he deemed highly diverting. He was annoyed when she did not join in his laugh. He had no idea that she saw nothing at which to laugh and was hurt at his curt dismissal of her tentative confidences.

The following Sunday afternoon they went to Bronx Park. On Sundays, it seemed, the girl was rather in the way at home; the flat swarmed with the aunt's numerous family. They wandered through the Park aimlessly and a little diffidently, the boy busy with his

thoughts—his pursuit of the game—the girl indulging a novel sensation of happiness. They found a secluded bench and sat down. They were silent for a while; they knew they had come there consciously, to withdraw from the world. Each wondered what the other was thinking about, but neither suspected the gulf of misunderstanding between them. A few moments ago the boy had considered that this would be his opportunity, but now his plans unaccountably crumpled up. There was something about the girl—he did not know it was her innate refinement, her delicacy—that made him falter. He had often laughed at the notion of his ever being capable of any such feeling, but now it was there and he could not fight it off. For the first time in his life he was experiencing a faint twinge of shame, a dawning self-doubt. Suddenly the girl put her hand on his arm, intimately, confidently, and looked at him with a frank smile.

"Ralph," she said simply, "tell me—about yourself."

She had not called him Ralph before. That, her words, and the soft touch on his arm, spoke volumes. The boy could not but understand, a little; yet it did not strike home. He had not been thinking of her that way, and he could not respond. But at the moment a strange feeling crept over him; for a fleeting instant the better part of the boy was touched. His imagination stirred—ventured to a higher plane. He had a glimpse of new and unexpectedly pleasing vistas. But it was only a glimpse; his heart held no answer for

her. He was able to shake off the emotion, able to feel merely flattered.

He proceeded to tell her about himself. He had not intended to, but Ralph could not forego any opportunity of that kind. He had as little to tell as the girl, but he made a lengthy and



"RALPH," SHE SAID SIMPLY, "TELL ME—ABOUT YOURSELF"

highly colored epic of it, the girl listening appreciatively. She had many comments to make, and before he knew it they were plunged into a simple, natural, and, to them, absorbing conversation. He almost forgot about his plans; he had no idea girls could give him that sort of companionship.

The afternoon waned and their talk became desultory. His eyes noted the watch she was wearing, and with a frankness born of the Madden environment he asked where she got it.

"My sister gave it to me—for Christmas," she replied.

"Didn't know you had a sister." Ralph was interested.

"She don't live with us. I don't see her often, but she writes to me. And she sends me money for lots of things—that's how I got this nice suit—else I'd never have had it."

"She must have a swell job!"

It was a long while before the girl replied. "I—I don't know," she said, at last.

Ralph put his arm around her. She turned her face up to him, a great question in the gray eyes. He leaned over and kissed her. She waited, breathlessly, but he said nothing. Her head sank in her hands. She was crying. The boy drew away, startled; he had never seen a girl cry. Again the unaccustomed emotion crept over him. What was she crying for? Nothing within him whispered the answer. He sat there, silent, wondering. Then, without any volition on his part, the right impulse moved him. He put his arms around her and made a clumsy effort to comfort her. It was enough—for the time, at least. They went home placidly—the girl hopefully happy; the boy congratulating himself on his cleverness.

It was several days before they met again, and then the girl had agreeable news. The entire horde of relatives were going to a wedding one night during the following week and she would have the evening to herself. She would be able to go out somewhere and no one would know, provided she was home by one o'clock. Ralph instantly seized on this. They would go to Coney Island!

"I'd like to!" she exclaimed. "I ain't ever had a chance to go there at night—it must be great!"

It was settled. When the appointed evening came and they joined the pleasure-craving crowd on Surf Avenue, the boys eyes glittered. He imagined himself a hunter who has cunningly set the trap and has only to await the right moment to snap it. It did not matter that this was his first adventure of the sort; he had listened to many tales, and conceived himself deeply versed in the lore of "life."

For a while they rushed about in the

foolish way of people at Coney Island, and then Ralph proposed that they go to a place which lay a little beyond the limits of the tinsel city. The girl protested that it was getting late, but he laughed and dragged her along with him.

Once inside the place, she knew its meaning with a comprehensiveness that would have both puzzled and awed the boy. That he could take pleasure in the scene, that he could bring her to such a resort, cut the girl's heart like a lash.

It was a dance-hall of the cheapest sort. The floor was crowded with dancers; at regular intervals a woman sang raucously, hideously; at a score of little tables other couples fringed the four walls.

The girl could not dance, but Ralph did not mind. He ordered drinks. He put his arm around her, frankly, and spoke—and the words cut and tore at her heart. While he spoke, she perceived that at every table the boy's words were being openly and blatantly dramatized. Her eyes paused on a pretty, obviously radiant woman—a type characteristic of the place—sitting at a distant table. She got up quickly, an expression of startled, unbelieving recognition on her face. Her sister's name escaped her lips and she stepped impulsively in the direction of the distant table. But it was only an impulse; it could not hold against the sudden and overwhelming impression that the whole place was rushing at her—its meaning became intensely personified in an under-sized, putty-faced waiter who came insolently toward her. She turned, dodged among the crowded tables, and went out, running the gantlet of a hundred leering eyes.

Ralph followed, his face flushed. He was filled with petty anger, considering himself the sufferer. He felt supremely embarrassed and publicly shamed—what would these people think of him! She was a fool, and had made him a public spectacle.

He caught up with her, and she let him pay the train fare and accompany her, though she did not speak. And Ralph, despite his callow rage, soon ceased his spluttering attempts at accusing and protesting speech. Something in her quiet disregard impelled him to silence. Sitting side by side, they

rode back to the city without the exchange of a word. But several times the girl stole a glance at him. His good looks still drew her—perhaps a little more now than before, and she sighed, tears glistening in her gray eyes. She was dreaming the after-dream, the might-have-been; it was hard to give up. Rose Norton, surrounded by “life” and quite cognizant of its meaning and its powerful allurements, had glimpsed the eternal ideal of girlhood, and she clung to it, tranquilly, with artless persistence. At her door they paused awkwardly. Rose’s heart fluttered for an instant, but the boy merely said a short “Good night” and abruptly turned away.

The weeks went by, and they did not meet again. Ralph found out that she

was using the next street, rather than pass his house, and he smiled to himself cynically. He industriously pursued his pointless existence. Day by day he became more perfectly representative of the mean and pitiful type which in his innocence he idealized.

One evening, coming home in his careless, indifferent way, the boy found strange people in his flat, and a strange something in the air that made his heart suddenly pound. His father sat in a corner of the kitchen, staring stupidly. Two women, one who lived in the flat across the hall, and one who lived underneath, were moving about. They had evidently taken charge. One of them turned to Ralph, motioning him to be quiet.

“It’s your mother,” she said. “She was took with a stroke this afternoon.



The doctor's been twice, an' he's with her now—we're waitin' on what he says."

She spoke with the directness of the woman of the tenements—the woman who lives close to such things. She made no attempt to soften the meaning of the words, uttering them with a keen relish of their dramatic value. The boy stood staring at her. He knew what she meant, but he could not think—did not know how to face it. He was aware only that his heart was pounding, pounding. The doctor came into the kitchen at the moment. His wearily experienced eyes rested on John Madden for an instant—and then he dismissed John Madden from his consideration. He was about to speak to the women when he saw Ralph. He looked at the boy, searchingly, evidently a little surprised, and his expression softened.

"He's the son," said the woman in a low voice, having accurately guessed the unspoken verdict. The doctor hesitated, but he knew that if he left it to the women they would make the situation doubly harrowing; he knew how they relished such moments. He turned to Ralph and put his arm over the boy's shoulder, holding him gently, as would a woman, and speaking quietly. He led him to the bedroom door. "It's good-by, sonny," he whispered, and stepped back into the kitchen—where the two women were already discussing the things of death.

Nearly an hour later the boy stumbled into the kitchen. He sank down at the table and sobbed it out, the doctor motioning the women to leave him alone and come into the bedroom. The father and son were left together for a long time, but neither paid any attention to the other. John Madden sat there motionless, stupidly staring—a cowardly, merely physical hulk. The boy writhed in agony of spirit. For the first time something had struck home to his dormant nature and he was humanly alive. Death had ripped away the mean and foolish shell and had shown him something real—the mother-heart. And the boy, clean and simple underneath the veneer of sham worldliness and cheap affectations, could see at last. He could still feel her arms, miraculously strength-

ened, about him as he put his head on the pillow beside hers. He remembered that she used to hold him that way when he was very little. He could still hear, and felt that he would always hear, the lovely, simple words of comfort she had spoken when she felt her boy's hot tears on her cheek. He understood now how she had yearned for him, how she had suffered; what a lonely, neglected life hers had been. And he had not seen! He had scarcely given her so much as an occasional careless embrace and perfunctory kiss. And now she was gone from him, with no word of complaint or blame, seeing nothing to forgive—with her weak arms around him and murmuring those gentle words of mother-love. The boy's heart swelled to bursting with the cruel, intense anguish of the young when they experience a sudden exaggerated realization that they have been blind and in their blindness have sinned. His helpless anguish, his bitter self-reproach, shook him to the core. He knew himself at last—the spark had been struck. He had found his soul.

When the women came back, they made some coffee and forced him to eat. Ralph listened to the doctor's directions, and afterward went out and did the things he was told he must do—for John Madden was useless. The women stayed and helped him, with the ready, unselfish humanity of their kind; a humanity which shines large and beautiful despite its manifold shortcomings.

The two days that followed were periods of time without definite divisions. It was a strange, lifeless interval. He seemed to be drifting and dreaming in some sad, remote existence. He knew that he spent one night sitting beside her, alone, in the little front room. One other thing stood out as a reality in the dream—a wreath of flowers. He had bought some flowers, but not this wreath, which was all there was beside his own. He asked who had brought it. A girl, they said—a girl who had merely come in, knelt down and prayed a moment, and then gone quickly away. He asked about her, thinking it must be some girl his mother had known. He did not guess. But when they described her and he knew her to be Rose Norton,

all his anguish seemed to rush on him afresh—for now he understood.

Sunday morning, the day after the funeral, he rose listlessly, wretchedly, wondering what he would do; how he would face the thing in its immediate, practical aspects, for he knew these must be solved first. He went to a lunch-room and had his breakfast. Coming out, he hurried away from his neighborhood. He had a horror of meeting any of his companions. He wanted to get away—somewhere distant, where he could be alone and give free rein to this insistent new faculty that had come to him, the power and desire to think. He wanted to think of it all, bit by bit—and there was so much to think of! He had no way of knowing that he had merely found himself, and was now simply obeying the laws of sorrow and readjustment. He took the subway to Van Cortlandt Park and then a trolley which bore him out into the country. He got off the car in a stretch of woodland along the shore of the Hudson and made his way down to the rocks at the water's edge. It was early summer, and the natural wonderland of the Hudson lay before him, but he was not impressed. It was a scene utterly foreign to him, and under ordinary circumstances would have made him restless and depressed. But now it suited him—he was entirely alone.

He sat there through the long afternoon, doing his thinking, and he cried without restraint. She had been sick for years and no one had known, or done a single thing for her! He had never even stayed home with her. Night after night she had made his supper and he had hurried out—to what?—and left her there, sick, to be bullied by his brutal father! And he thought of the little things she was constantly doing for him,



THE SOUL OF THE GIRL SHONE IN THE WISTFUL GRAY EYES

and he had not noticed or cared. They kept coming back into his memory, those little things, one by one. It was torture, genuine torture.

He would begin a new, a decent life, in memory of her. It was all he could do. For a moment he imagined that she was watching him, and was pleased. But now, pondering the future, his mind went swiftly to something that had come into his thoughts when he found out about the wreath of flowers. Ever since, he had been meditating deeply upon the girl who came and prayed; deeply, though in a subconscious way, rather than directly. Now in his thoughts she became inextricably linked

with his mother. She had come and prayed there—after the things he had spoken to her! He knew what that meant now, knew its value. She was *good*. And she was thinking of him.

Through the last sunlit hour of the afternoon he dwelt on the thought of the girl, until she absorbed the whole mental picture. He thought of that day with her in Bronx Park—how blind he had been! How sweet and good she was—and she cared for him! A suggestion of happiness shot through his grief. He wanted her. He wanted to hear her quiet voice and feel her arms around him.

He got up from among the rocks and made for the car-tracks. He did not go to his own flat—he had a half-formed conviction that he no longer had any home. Vague, disjointed ideas of making a home of his own floated in his mind. He went straight to the girl's house. She was not there, and had not been home all day, the aunt said.

The boy lingered. He wanted her! Reluctantly he made his way to his own flat. He entered, and stood lost in astonishment, scarcely daring to hope that he had grasped the true significance of what he saw.

The kitchen was quiet and newly cleaned. His father sat at the neatly spread table, placidly eating his supper. Cowed indifference, and something of mystified awe, were in the man's dull eyes as he raised them for a moment. Standing by the stove, watching something cook, was Rose Norton.

She turned when she heard the door open, and the soul of the girl—her simple love and gentle sympathy, the artless courage of her—shone in the wistful gray eyes. The blood surged to her cheeks; she was trembling, but her look expressed no false note, no fear of any doubtful interpretation of what she was doing. A child might have seen it all so clear there in her eyes—that she had done it in simplicity, letting her heart and intuition dictate. She had so little to lose, and, oh, how much to gain!

She had thought of something to say, but there was no need—her dream had come true. She was loved. The boy's arms held her close, and the kiss was warm and sweet. She clung to him, lost in the joy of it, though her heart melted for him, he was sobbing so.

The man at the table had stopped eating to look at them, curiously, but now he went on with his meal.

The Derelicts

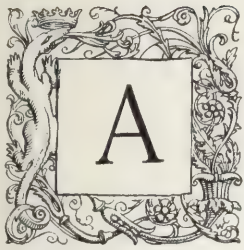
BY ROBERT HEALY

THERE'S a ship floats past with a swaying lurch,
 No sails, no crew, no spar;
 And she drifts from the paths of her sister ships
 To the place where the dead ships are.
 The song of her crew is hushed for aye,
 Her name no man can say;
 She is ruled by the tide and whatever wind blows—
 And no one knows
 Where the derelict goes.

There's a man slinks past with a lurching gait,
 No joy, no hope, no star;
 And he drifts from the paths of his brother men
 To wherever the other wrecks are.
 The song of his youth is hushed for aye,
 His name but he can say;
 He is ruled by the tide and whatever wind blows—
 And no one knows
 Where the derelict goes.

Shipmates of the Coral Sea

BY NORMAN DUNCAN



LONG by-path of travel leads from Sydney to Singapore. In the mellow, continual charm of sailing new seas, and in the lively little surprises, too, it is the more remunerative half of the wide Australian detour from Colombo. Australian travelers, not gravely concerned with time, wisely follow it from Sydney into the world again. There are many days ashore, in alien, savage little ports never heard of before—all amazingly far away from the completest and most talkative learning in elementary geography; and there is much slow landing and shipping of spicy cargo—lying in the offing, now, on a flat, green sea, a breeze blowing past with the tropical odors of the shore, and lighters clustered about the sun-soaked, drowsy ship, swarming with noisy native labor, naked and grinning and altogether outlandish. It is like a voyage accomplished at leisure, with many ports of call, truly out of the way and engaging—a month or more, splashing softly north to the tropics, and rolling west a bit below the line, with a singular mixture of shipmates to be intimate with; and all the while it is a warm, sleepy, breezy passage, sparkling with the spray of the blue trade-winds and brilliant with sunlit, incredible color, at sea and ashore.

Whilst we waited at Cairns of the North Queensland coast for the New Guinea packet to be under way across the Coral Sea we got ear of a Cape York aborigine who had some years before astounded the Australian world by saving his life from the sea in the midst of a great hurricane. The wind had fallen down so swiftly—and with such furious white violence (said they)—that of the five hundred luggers of the pearling fleet which it cast away, some were blown to the bottom within a few rods of shore with the loss of all hands. It was a rare

tale: we doubted it—in the manner of all travelers of cock-sure caution in a new country. So greatly was our interest enlisted, however, that we put off in a sloop to clap eyes on the hero of the incredible adventure and to have his own recital.

In the season of the Great Hurricane this aborigine was shipped aboard a lugger of eighteen tons to fish the Great Barrier Reef off the Cape York coast for shell and *bêche-de-mer*. When the big wind came down (said he) it lifted the little lugger clean out of the water—like a leaf in a gale—and flung her back capsized and cast away. And so swift was this, and wanton, and complete, and careless and lazy, that the aborigine was greatly astonished, for he had not thought that any wind could accomplish it. It was then near six o'clock of a Saturday evening. And all at once it was dark. The wreck of the lugger vanished in the surprising night and a smother of broken water. What a turmoil there was—how the wind tore off the crests of the magical waves and drenched the air with a stifling mist of spray—and what a confusion of noise and movement, and how black, and how white, the rush of the night—the aborigine could not with any art relate; but said, with his eyes popped out, in the recollection of the magical performance of that jinkie-jinkie gale, “My word, one big-fellow sea!” He was tossed and driven like a chip of driftwood all that night (said he); his head was up, his heels were up, he was rolled over and over, he was beaten deep under water, the breath was blown back in his mouth; and he fancied sometimes that the wind picked him up with its hands and cast him through the air, from crest to crest, clear of the sea—which was doubtless true, for the wind was magically strong, and in magical wrath, and magically as sticky as gum.

In the morning the aborigine fell in

with his *lubra* (wife); and the *lubra* stood by—to help him (said they), being a stronger swimmer than he, and a more cunning diver after shell and *bêche-de-mer*, and more daring and elusive in shark-water; so that her value was known to all the masters of luggers out of Thursday Island and known quite as well, you may be sure, to the aborigine. By and by—dawn long ago come and noon near, and the wind abating—these two could glimpse the land from the crests of the waves. It was far away—a low, blue line. Yet now, having found themselves, they set out heartily, in about their fourteenth hour on the water, to win the shore. In the afternoon the aborigine began to fail. The thing was too much for him. He lost heart (said he); he was worn out, and needed food—sleepy, too, with weakness. His anxious little *lubra* must rest him, now and again—support him whilst he lay still, and once, indeed, whilst he nodded off to sleep, and in this way refreshed his strength and spirit. And so they swam together, and paused to rest, and swam on—the woman having no rest at all, but lending strength to the man, at shortening periods, all the while. In the end they crawled up the beach and fell down and slept for a long time. It was then eight o'clock of a Sunday night; they had been in hurricane water a matter of twenty-six hours; and the man would surely have gone down had it not been for the faithful little *lubra*. And they did not wake up (said the aborigine) until dawn of Monday.

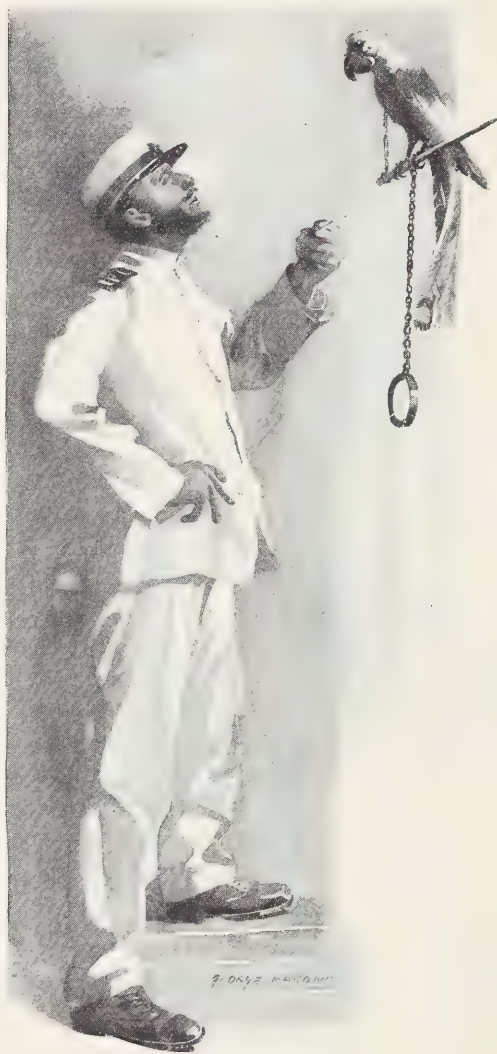
All this while the woman had carried the baby. It was dead, of course—must have died soon in the smother.

"Wouldn't drop it," said the skipper of our sloop.

We watched the aborigine and his *lubra* leave the warm, green water.

"That little woman?" said I.

"Oh, my word, not at all!" the skipper exclaimed. "The woman went crazy when she woke up in the morning and found her baby dead. And the black fellow deserted her. *This one's a new one!*"



THE CAPTAIN'S PARROT

We went out from Cairns, Papua bound, across the Coral Sea, in the starlit dark of two o'clock in the morning; and so laden was our little packet by this time, with cargo in the hold, and ponies in the stables between decks, and a vast overflow of logs stowed forward—as it turned out—that the plimsoll-mark was deep under water. In gray weather we stepped with care through the Grafton Passage of the Great Barrier Reef—ugly patches of brown

water, reaches of perilous green, wide spaces of free blue; and when the gray was blown out of the sky, and the sun was hot upon our decks, the coral was all behind, for the time, and the sea flowing deep and blue. This was the season of the favorable trades; the wind blew fresh, but neither freshened greatly nor fell away, nor would abate or rise, we thought; and the white-horses were running to the steady urging of the wind—an exhilarating pace: white manes flying, a swish of speed sounding, and a diamond-dust of spray in the blue



Drawn by George Harding

LIGHTERS CLUSTER ABOUT THE SUN-SOAKED SHIP IN THE OFFING

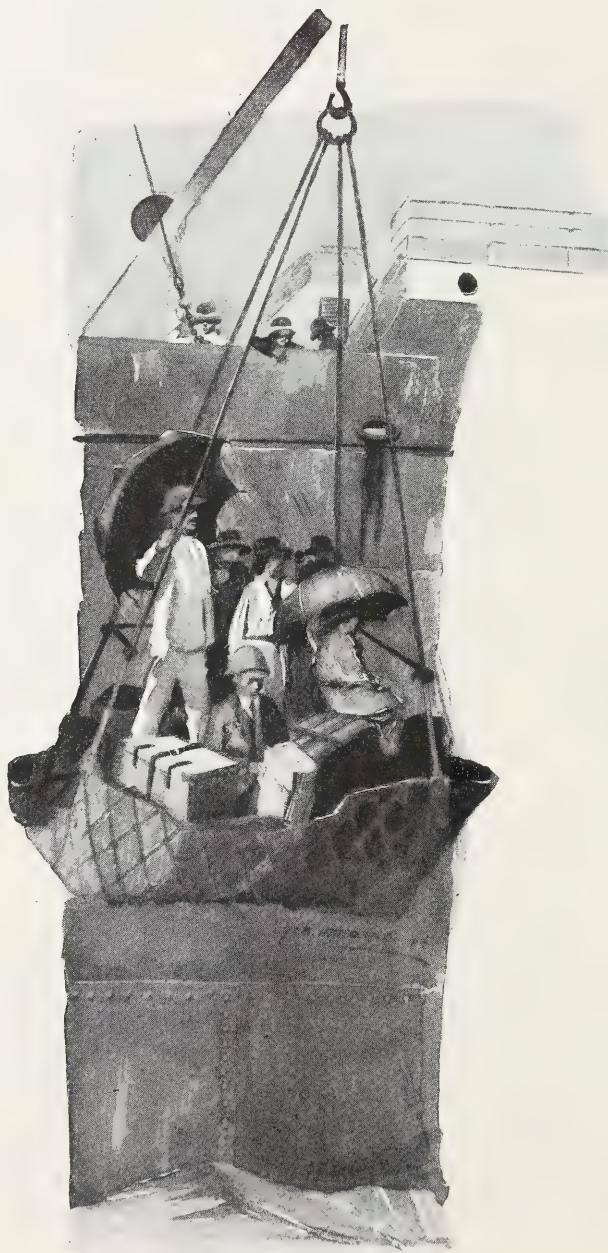
air. We ran through a cross-sea, quartering somewhat—with a little splashing lift and a long roll; a rocking, and a whisper of breaking water, and a serene color of sky and sea, and a warmth of sunlight, and a jovial play of wind, all in a happy concert, and quite easily able to soothe any mood to contentment, and to put the most clamorous anxiety in a tight and far-away limbo of forgetfulness. And thus went all the breezy days and starlit nights of that rolling passage to the half-forgotten destination of Port Moresby of New Guinea.

Barefoot Javanese boys, in bright sarongs, a grave aspect drawn over their disposition to be merry—some of them wrinkled old fellows without teeth—barefoot Javanese served the abundant table. A Dutch provender, this; a Dutch cooking, too, no doubt, in a ship's Dutch oven, and Dutch inventions, every dish, but with notable Javanese improvements, and all slyly mitigated to the palate with the tropical flavors of Java—a cunning application of Javanese art to the substantial Dutch structure of the concoctions, as it were.

Our ship fairly swarmed with barefoot Javanese boys in bright sarongs—old boys and young ones; from the shriveled quartermaster to the captain's midget. And they kept the ship; and the ship was white and shining and sweet—board and

brass of it: every expanse and every nook our eyes chanced to search. And they served the long, shady lower deck, which was amidships and roofed with awnings; and they served the sunny upper deck; and without any telling whatsoever, and before a notion of the wish had broken upon our drowsy intelligence, they moved chairs into the sun, and moved chairs out of the sun, and took down awnings to give way to the sun, and put up awnings against the sun, and took 'em down again to let the breeze blow through the shady places. And so softly did they accomplish these affairs—which were awkward enough for

the deftest hands that ever you saw at work—that no nod or wink of sleep was interrupted, nor the lightest slumber needlessly disturbed; and such was the deference of their behavior, in general, and so nearly did their apprehension of our needs resemble a magical performance, in the service of the comfort of us all, that we must every one yield to the delight of it and find something to praise in this keeping of a dark-skinned people in a sort of subjection. And all this while they were content, not sullen, like some natives: being squatted asleep in out-of-the-way corners when off watch—so that, prying about, one must not tread on them—or at play on the forward deck, whence their



AN ISLAND DISEMBARKMENT



DROWSY. DELIGHTFUL HOURS UNDER THE DECK AWNINGS

laughter drifted back to us. A slipshod Chinese boy, however, served the smoking-room: the matter of money being intrusted to the Chinese in all these parts, it seems—who love money more than any others do.

The captain was a young Dutchman, and the chief was a younger Dutchman, and the first officer was a younger Dutchman still; and all the juniors, whether of the bridge or the engine-room, were such very young Dutchmen, indeed, that we wondered how long they had been out of knickerbockers, of a voluminous Dutch description, and whence their strut and air of authority, which were surely not derived from their years; and where they had learned the will to challenge responsibility and the manner of seeming able to vanquish every difficulty the sea could present. Not one of them (we thought) but would say "Pooh!" to a hurricane. The purser,

who was the chief steward as well, was a gray Englishman, of a threadbare heartiness, which he had worn out, no doubt, in a too long service in the trades of the East Indies—a great reader of the Greek, when he had time (said he); and I fancy that he eased his loneliness, which compelled him to melancholy, poor chap! in a sharp keeping of the ship as clean as a Dutch kitchen. The captain's canaries—a melodious crew in Dutch cages—sang in a language intelligible to anybody, and were in happy fortune all the while, if chirps and trills and flights of song meant anything at all; but the captain's parrot was a stupid, loud, illiterate bird, having no command of language, blithering without meaning, and at a shocking rate, so that we detested the unaccomplished creature—until the captain told us that the bird spoke excellent Dutch and had mastered a good deal more than the mere

matter of profane swearing: whereupon we learned respect for the captain's parrot, and were heartily ashamed of our own selves, resolving never again to be caught in a pitiable lapse like that.

We were of one class, which was first-class, to be sure; and this was a jolly good thing—making for a promiscuously jovial behavior, as comfortable to the passage as the drowsy weather was. A busy little two-thousand-ton packet, in a remote trade like this, with cargo to treat with scrupulous respect, must ignore the proprieties in respect to the contact of the mighty with the meek, and has neither the time nor the temper, nor the room to spare, to exalt the one and cast down the other, in the way of the glittering great world of the P. & O. If she manages a dividing-line—and keeps it drawn and impassable—which favors all white folk with the run of the ship, and confines the inconsiderable black and chocolate and tan and yellow, with the various colors of their admixture, to the invisible seclusion of deck-passage, she does well enough, and may honestly advertise the excellence of her accommodations. We were miners, missionaries, planters, adventurers, commercial travelers, civil-service personages, and birds of passage; and we were the wives and children of birds of passage, civil-service personages, planters, missionaries, or miners—the adventurers and commercial travelers among us having none. There was but one Silver Tail aboard; and she, the good lady, was so serenely perched, alone in her social altitude, which nobody had the temerity to challenge, and so amiably inclined altogether, in the sleepy heat of the voyage, that we should not have recognized her species at all had it not been for the lift of her chin, and the set of her countenance, and the variety and depth of her gowns, when she swept in to dinner, a bit late, with a rubicund old father in attendance, and a chip of a son in the wake of both.¹

Nobody could account for Mr. Todd. The captain was in the dark; the purser

was in the dark. Nobody knew where he came from, nobody knew where he was bound for—and had Mr. Todd had his way, I am sure nobody would have known even so much about him as the inconsequential little fact of his existence. Mr. Todd was a very small, very thin, very carelessly fashioned, pinch-featured bit of a man, with a ragged red mustache, and with thin, pale hair, parted with precision and compelled with oil to maintain that painful position upon a scalp which was never once wrinkled to relieve it. Mr. Todd had head and heels, of course, and hands, ears, nose, chin, and the like of that; but whether Mr. Todd had eyes or not, nobody knew, except from inference, for you might look at Mr. Todd as often as you liked, and as long as he would let you, and from any angle you chose or could obtain, but you could never discover any eyes in his head, however patiently, however alertly you might stalk him to see; and whether Mr. Todd had a tongue or not, with which he could say more than a startled “Good morning!”—whether he possessed a tongue he could use for more than a moment without completely exhausting it—nobody could find out, though everybody tried. Mr. Todd dressed for these tropics in hot blue serge, and hot black shoes, and hot black-silk shirts, and a hot, high celluloid collar (which had sinister designs on his throat), and a hot black cravat, and a hot blue cap; and withal he was clad so heavily, and carried such a weight of watch-chain, that it made one perspire to see him pace the deck.

It was Mr. Todd's custom to pace the deck with an antiquated telescope under his arm and the air of having a moment ago shouldered all the duties of this ticklish navigation; but when Mr. Todd desired to observe what passed—or even to search the empty sea for incident—he would importantly retire to a corner of the smoking-room, seat himself at ease, extend the sections of his telescope to the limit of its enormous length, and take his observation through the opposite port-hole. Mr. Todd occasionally had something of everything at dinner, in a way to fluster the barefoot Javanese boys and amaze all the spectators of his

¹In the Australian bush a Silver Tail is an incongruously feathered individual of an incongruously aristocratic habit of behavior and utterance—a human individual, of course.



Drawn by George Harding

NATIVE BOATS GATHER ABOUT EAGER TO BARTER

gastronomical achievement; he would begin precisely at the beginning, with no visible evidence of trepidation, but quite the contrary, and go clean through to the end, omitting not an item by the way, and with nothing better to assist him than two bottles of port-wine. It was not often that little Mr. Todd settled himself to the performance of this large feat; but when he did—when the undertaking was once under way—he would carry it off with dignity and retire to his repose. Mr. Todd's repose, moreover, was a mystery of the ship—how he managed to achieve repose in the heat of these nights (without the help of the occasional port-wine); for the old fellow in the bright sarong, whose duties positively informed him of the truth, reported to the steward, who divulged his surprise to the passengers, that it was Mr. Todd's custom to close and screw up his port-hole, upon retiring, and to lock his door, and to stuff the ventilator with a pillow. It was no mystery, after all, perhaps: Mr. Todd stifled himself into a comatose state and survived by being able to come out of it in the nick of time to save his life.

Mr. Todd left us unexpectedly in a port of Java—far away from the Coral Sea.

"Gone!" says the captain, portentously.

"Gone? *Mister Todd!*"

"M-m-m!"

All this, you will presently know, is not in ridicule of Mr. Todd. We were warmly attached to the queer, timid little man, however mean his station, however slender his purse; and we should have heartened his courage—even con-

spiring cunningly together to this end—had he not started away from us in a fright that was painful to behold. I would not ridicule Mr. Todd. I present him: that is all. And you will find your own Mr. Todd if ever you travel these seas. They are the seas of romance—

the windy blue seas, sunlit and hot, with coral shores and coconut islands: so that a man, when his thoughts run away to them, truant from the inimical pressure of his duties, or in disgust with the dull repetitions of his life, or broken by the fever of it, or desperate with the constraint of it—so that a man says in his heart, "Ah, if I could go there, how quickly I should be healed!" Not one of us but pitied the invalidism of poor little Mr. Todd and heartily wished him the restoration he was searching for in this travel of the tropical Eastern seas. Nor was there any escape from dwelling upon

his perilous situation in that strange city—his protracted battle with those odds of nervous fear which must overmaster him in the end. Yet we must admire his spirit: he is surely a good warrior who fights his fight alone in strange places.

We who were in no bad way found this voyage of the Coral Sea to our taste. A little packet, this: we were low in the splash and blue roll, close to the sea, which tumbled and broke on a level with us, in a sportive fashion, and in a friendly contact with us, too, touching us sometimes with a jovial shower of spray, and for ever swishing near, like a gossiping fellow of our own company, who might play us a prank the very next moment and break into laughter with us. After breakfast, the morning wind blow-



A DECK DIVERSION

ing fresh, and the decks cool with washing, the ship was wide awake—all awake, sir, and wide awake, and determined to stay awake. Brisk pacing, now—and shining faces and lusty tones. Mid-morning coming on, this flight of energy suffered its inevitable collapse. The ship sat down—reclined presently—read a little—nodded a little—was a bit shamefaced to be caught nodding at that hour—but dozed a little, just the same—and at last helplessly succumbed to the languor of the day. It was not until the tea-hour was imminent that the ship came again to its waking senses; and then there was a great yawning and stretching, and chatter and stirring about, and many a “Well, well, well!” of amazement to find the day so far spent—which was precisely what the ship exclaimed yesterday, at precisely the same hour, and would exclaim tomorrow, with precisely the same degree of astonishment. But one day of the seven—Cairns to Papua and back to Thursday Island—was lived wide awake: the day of the sports—the crew competing, and the passengers contributing nothing more to exhaust them in that heat than laughter and applause.

At night—the dark of the moon—the long lower deck was a lively, cozy little corner of the big world. Light overflowed it. Big black seas ran into the yellow glow, like children bent upon Hallowe’en mischief, and broke all at once in a noisy flash of white, and scampered away, as though delighted with the notion that they had aroused a vast amount of consternation. They made mischief enough on the night of the masquerade, choosing that night, of all nights, like naughty boys, to be troublesome: they came inboard—a troupe of them—and flooded the deck, and drenched the dancers, and incommoded the piano, and put an end to the festivities before midnight. The young Dutch captain

was indignant with this obstreperous behavior—and the young Dutch chief, too, and all the young juniors; and, although the captain did not express the intention in so many words, his grim attitude might easily have led one to fancy that he would take the matter up in the morning, when he had commanded his ill temper and could administer correction with the best parental discretion. Whatever he did about it—which was possibly nothing at all—after the great occasion of the masquerade the sea did not once lapse from manners of the most charming description. Every night, on the long lower deck, the wicker chairs were grouped, and tables were out for cards and dominoes and chess; and the lights glowed,



CORAL SHORES AND COCOANUT ISLANDS

the awnings flapped, the piano tinkled, and the best wear of them all was displayed—and there was a happy clatter and laughter until long past twelve o'clock.

Through all the mild gaieties a faded little lady fluttered like a butterfly of impoverished attractions—sipping drops of wit and laughter and ponderous conversation so avidly that it seemed she could never sip her fill—being all the while so restless and eager that her opportunity for enjoyment was damaged by sheer fear that some drops of all that abundant honey would escape her. She had come by way of Sydney (said she)

from an island of the South Seas, where she had lived many years with her husband, the manager of a plantation, and his two white helpers and their wives and children; and she was bound now, in the high spirits of a better expectation, to rejoin her husband in the midst of the East Indies, where he was newly become the manager of another plantation, near the line—an island more remote and savage than she had left, and a life more lonely, since her husband was the only white man there and she was to be the only white woman. And now was the amazing interval—a brief flight through the crowd and merriment of the world, as through a patch of sunshine or a

lighted room. It was to be observed that as the voyage progressed the faded little lady progressively yielded to the new customs. Mrs. Silver Tail patronized her. Doubtless that good lady whispered, "My dear, they do it *everywhere!*" Presently, at any rate, the faded little lady began to repair the ravages of a tropical climate with innocent little touches of rouge. Indeed, she was a radiant little creature, and owed the rouge no thanks: her eyes were bright, her smile broke honestly, and her chatter was crisp with little trills of laughter.

She was glad to be going to the East Indies (said she); and this was so strange a thing—the waiting circumstances being more desperate than those she had escaped from—that they asked her in astonishment why she was both glad and grateful.

"It isn't in the hurricane zone!" she explained, astonished, in turn, to find the world so stupid.

Our missionaries were going together to the Roper River district of Australia to teach the savage aborigines of that hor-



FILING EAGERLY YET REGRETFULLY DOWN THE ACCOMMODATION LADDER

rible country the elements of Christianity and the first principles of agriculture. The one was a dry, pale, grave man, coming elderly in age, with a slow, precise habit of speech, which frequently lapsed into ungrammatical forms. He had been a haberdasher's shopman (said he); but was now—having undergone a violent religious experience some years before—most earnestly intent upon communicating his philosophy to the bestial inhabitants of the Roper River wilderness. For this employment he had painstakingly fitted himself according to the requirements; and being here close upon his work at last, he was a happy fellow, considerably subdued by a heavy sense of responsibility. His companion was a lusty young minister, in a clerical vest and collar—a great, hearty, laughing chap, loving a jest and a dinner, and not disinclined, you may be sure, toward the physical adventures of the life into which he was going. They knew little of savage customs, less of the country, and not a word of aboriginal dialect; but they were confidently persuaded that time and industry would yield them knowledge, and that this hard task, to which they had addressed themselves with pleased courage, would issue in a sufficient triumph. A term of complete isolation confronted them—I recall it as seven years—and we wondered why they had submitted themselves to it, and asked them to tell us frankly why.

"For the love of God," said the young man, his eyes twinkling.

"Quite right," said the elder, solemnly.

Having touched Port Moresby, of British New Guinea, the packet returned across the Coral Sea to Thursday Island, where it dropped five young men, traveling as gentlemen, who had come all this way in search of profit, which must offer itself, however, as an addition to the delights of romantic adventure or be rejected. There was young Smith: he led—an American who had roughed it in Western Australia, in his time, having once (said he) bought a train of camels from an individual with the dry-horrors, and profitably pursued the business of transporting water in the drylands until the adventure ran out its sands of interest and he must be away to the Klondike to renew his zest. In Alaska, young Smith rescued young Jones from a hanging predicament, having to do with the sale of a mining-claim, and struck a partnership with the spirited chap. In Alabama, young Smith and young Jones encountered young Robinson; and as young Robinson had nothing to do, and would do nothing

irksome, he was easily persuaded to join fortunes with young Smith and young Jones, who promised him no dull employment. In Paris, Smith and Jones and Robinson fell in with young Thompson, an Englishman. Thompson was engaged in the study of architecture; he abandoned it for good and all when Smith pointed out that diving for pearls off Thursday Island was a more lively and lucrative occupation. In London, Smith and Jones and Robinson and Thompson, then outfitting for the South Sea trade, chanced into the convivial company of young Johnson; and as



A GREAT GONG DREW US
TO THE DINING-SALOON



ON THE GREAT BARRIER REEF

young Johnson's family desired his absence from London, and was willing to procure it at a price, provided the distance was considerable, the matter of his enlistment was quickly arranged.

It was a pretty plan: the design and specifications could not have been more alluring had the young architect of the party been an accomplished architect of romantic futures for young gentlemen—had he been directed to indulge his fancy as he pleased. What deep talk there was in the Paris café and London bar—what laughter and expectant toasts—every man will know who has been young; and he will know, too, what visions of pleasant happenings to come, where the free ends of the earth are, fashioned themselves in the mists of smoke—the wishes of youth, abundantly to realize themselves in romance. In the hold of the Dutch packet, here, at last, crossing the Coral Sea, was the trade: gin and trinkets and tobacco and bright cloth—the like of that. And there was also a second-hand diving outfit. They would buy a lugger (said they); and they would sail her themselves, with the help of a Japanese skipper, and they would fish the Great Barrier Reef, and the coral of the Torres Strait, for shell and pearl. Suppose that failed: then they would trade the wild islands—they had designs on Timor, I recall—for copra, meanwhile secretly planting co-

conut-trees, when opportunity arose, to the riches of which they would return after seven years, as to a buried treasure.

And suppose that failed: then they would load the lugger with savages and curios and sail her across the Pacific to San Francisco in time to grow rich as merchants and showmen at the Panama Exposition.

"Suppose you can't *do* that?"

"Well," says Smith, the leader, "I can cook for a living."

They were come for good, at any rate. It was a desperate adventure. There was no return. Except for cash sufficient to buy the lugger, the fortunes of them all were expended in trade and passage-money. A miscalculation—a misfortune—would cast them every one on the beach. And the desperate character of the thing was indicated by the habit and behavior of the young architect. He was a young architect no longer; he was a full-grown desperado—his sweater and scowl, and his expectation of offense and trickery, and his swagger and potations, and his bulging hip-pocket. Already he had accumulated a despised past—early years of mild and sheltered life. No gentleman's existence now, you may believe! A buccaneerish life in a world without law! It was agreeable to contemplate the young architect, indeed: it was a pretty

child's play—he was young, and he was in earnest, and he was approaching the frontiers of romance. It was he who directed the physical preparation of the party for the nearing adventure; and he was like a trainer of athletes—an implacable fellow. Every afternoon he fetched his crew to the deck for exercise; and he put them in a circle, and had them toss a medicine-ball, and bade them lie flat on their backs and lift their heels in the air, and directed them to lie flat on their bellies and lift their weight with their hands and toes, and in other ways familiar to a gymnasium sought to accomplish their well-being—a violent measure in that heat.

What came of it all I do not know. When we left Thursday Island the price of pearly-luggers had mysteriously risen to precisely that amount of cash which the adventurers possessed.

“Hard luck!” says we. “What you going to do?”

“I’ll wait,” says Smith.

A shrewd American! They waited.

By and by the white little Dutch packet was tied up at the last wharf of this mild voyage, and we were turned out like men reluctant and yawning from a doze in spring sunshine. It was like waking from a dream; and there was that refreshment presently—sleep having left the eyes—which follows upon

good rest. We remember these shipmates of the Coral Sea as the people of a dream—familiar, unreal faces, drifting through an easy sleep; and all the cradled way of that breezy blue passage is a separate experience, like a dream, its elements abrupt and surprising and acceptable, and its end a complete termination and return to the usual happenings of life, the interval of it having no continuity with anything before or since. And I defy any man to sail from Sydney to Singapore in the favorable season and thereafter to possess this drowsy voyage as a definite reality. What remains will be a pleasant confusion of rocking and laughter and warmth and stars and sunlit color and the neighborhood of blue water, like this: the sun-soaked ship lying in the offing, on a flat, green sea, with the tropical odors of the land in the air—and coral shores and cocoanut islands and naked savages—and the fresh wind and flash and blue of the open—and mist of warm rain and falling dark—and a glow of light, and merry voices, and the clink of ice in glasses, and flapping awnings—and big black waves running in, like mischievous children, to break with a swish and flash of white and scamper away—and the morning trills and chirps and flights of song of the Dutch captain’s canaries, and the noisy chatter of the Dutch captain’s accomplished Dutch parrot.



The Stone Dog

BY ARTHUR JOHNSON



ROME seemed to bring out the difference between me and Aunt Trumbul; her interests were all so glaringly apart from mine, and mine so especially *not* what she thought them.

The day, for example, that we went to have tea with Princess Regliani I was keen for the beauty of everything. I reveled in the dank old house—but best of all were the gardens where I so loved to sit, looking through the luxuriant distances, and then back at Emilia Weston, whom I found so divertingly different from it all.

"Were you making love to Emilia? Did she at last show signs of yielding, or—or was she as adamant?" Aunt Trumbul asked me in the motor.

"She did not indicate what her feelings were," I answered, sadly. But my answers were seldom regarded.

"The Princess's clothes are strange," she said, "very strange indeed. She gets them on the Avenue de l'Alma, I should say."

"Or the Rue de la Paix?" I hazarded.

"She can't afford to," my aunt said, decisively; and then: "Did you see that stone dog by the little *pièce d'eau*, set in the hedge there?"

I just waited.

"Well"—she drew herself up to give force to what was coming—"well," she ominously repeated, "I intend to have a dog like it, if there's one to be found."

"If there is one, you'll find it," I told her.

"It's a very unusual dog," she said. "I never saw a dog just like it, and I've taken a strong fancy to that dog."

She was looking out of the window—scheming, calculating. Suddenly she leaned forward and said to the chauffeur, "Stop at Castor's Antique Shop, please."

I think it was my exasperation that day that drove me, the following day,

to call on Emilia. She was rather aquiline and beautiful, with vivid pale-blue eyes which she turned on you all the time, seldom saying very much and never saying anything you expected. And she was as deep as she was logical; I knew she was dead on to every fine shade in Aunt Trumbul.

"She's such a many-sided mixture," I argued to Emilia, "of wanting to be snobbish (though she really can't be, you know—she's too kind!), and of liking younger people, and of collecting queer, romantic-looking objects, and—now what do you think impressed her most about going to see the Princess?"

"The bitterness of the tea, perhaps," Emilia mused—"or the sourness of the cream."

"No. There's a certain stone dog in the garden, by a *pièce d'eau*, set in a hedge—*under an oleander-bush!*" I added in desperation; and that did make Emilia laugh.

"Oh, what can I do about it, Emilia?" I cried. "I ought never to have let Aunt Trumbul get the ascendancy she has over me by paying for my education. I ought to have begun earlier to be self-supporting, for, though I've paid her all back, she will never get used to thinking she doesn't own me. Of course I'm perfectly willing, if she needs me, to go on living with her—"

"Men are so conceited," said Emilia.

"I'm *not* conceited. I love Aunt Trumbul. Of course I love her; I admire her. Everybody knows that. And the worst of it is, *she* does, too. But I never can have a chance to do anything—by myself—without her. Here she comes flying over to Rome after me, and last year she followed me to the Adirondacks when I had only a three weeks' vacation. I suppose it's because she hasn't any children and I haven't any parents—"

"Or any wife," she commented, mischievously.

"Who marries me marries Aunt Trumbul! Do you know anybody who would stand for *that*?" I suggested.

"It's too bad," Emilia said, "that all women don't have some regular business. Your aunt has great creative energy. She just hasn't anything to direct it on."

"Hasn't she?" I groaned.

"Of course she has—you," said Emilia, "and clothes, and—well, things like that stone dog. She ought to have a trade or profession."

"My," I said, "but she would make things hum!"

"If she'd only been a man, and lived when there was a war," said Emilia, "she'd have been a Napoleon."

"That's just about what she is now with her own household," I couldn't help saying. "Why, have you ever seen the way she runs it? The servants are all mobilized, and there's that gray one at the head. And Aunt Trumbul's up in the morning at seven-thirty—drinking coffee and giving orders. If it snows she summons Louisa and tells her to get three men in from 'the charities' and shovel. 'Give them a good hot meal,' she says, 'and keep them busy!' And when that's over she has to think up something to tell old Mrs. Susie Linnet; and she calls for the motor and goes down to tell her."

"And Susie comes up two hours later," continued Emilia, "and adds something to it."

"Emilia," I cried, "those motors roll back and forth over the street between Susie's and Aunt Trumbul's forty times a day! The road-bed's worn out, really."

"It's a shame," Emilia said without a smile, "that the position of women has brought her so low."

"Think of *me*, too," I insisted. "If by chance I'm home for dinner, it's *me* again her energies are focused on. Sometimes, really, I think her aimless, futile cravings will drive me crazy. She saps my vitality, she vampires me—just because she hasn't any body or thing to busy herself with."

"You ought to provide some other amusement for her, then," Emilia calmly observed.

"Doubtless a mere woman could do it," I flung back.

"A man can't. That's certain," Emilia concluded.

I invited her to go walking with me; she shook her head. She asked me then if I minded dining with her at the Van Weasels'. "Mrs. Van Weasel wants me to bring somebody," she explained. And when I made it perfectly clear that I didn't like the Van Weasels at all, she only said, "Oh, well, *that* doesn't matter. Come back for me at seven o'clock."

Sometimes it has seemed to me that all women are just alike.

One hot afternoon a fortnight later, when Aunt Trumbul sent word for me to come at once to her parlor, I knew there was something unusual up.

"Seen Emilia to-day?" she asked as she swept toward me.

"No, I haven't seen Emilia. Why dwell on the fact?" I replied, angrily.

As always, it was as if I hadn't spoken at all. She shut the door and faced me.

"Robert," she said—"Robert, I have got the best dog in Rome!"

"Aunt Trumbul!" I gasped.

"I found him," she further proclaimed, "outside an old palace, in a pesky little garden that hadn't had a drop of rain or a bit of care for the last century."

"At first," she went on, "that fellow wouldn't sell him for love nor money. Now what do you think he intended to do with him, Robert? Said nothing had ever been changed on the place and he didn't intend ever to have anything changed—as long as he lived, at least. Why, the house was dirty and poverty-stricken! And—just think of it—he intended to keep this dog for his children! Did you ever hear anything so ridiculous? He did not intend, Robert, to sell me that dog! He wanted to hand him down—as his father had done, and his father's father before him."

"Well, I reasoned him out of that fast enough—though I admit I had a hard time doing it. I told him that a stone dog wouldn't help him much; that what he ought to do was to sell a few useless, unimportant things to get money enough to fix up his house and water his garden. And I advised him to begin by selling me that dog."

"Talk about corporations forcing the weaker competitors out of business! Poor little independent owner!" I murmured.

"I think I really taught him something," said Aunt Trumbul.

Just then there came a knock.

"It's the dog!" Aunt Trumbul ex-

claimed, indignantly at him when he said the thing had to be "listed"—that the government required it.

"List a dog?" she argued to him. "Who ever heard of such a thing! He *sha'n't* be listed. He shall go right through—like any other dog—without it."

"Now don't be lawless, Aunt Trumbul," I began.

"Don't talk to me!" she screamed. "I wouldn't trust you to get a handkerchief in. You're too accurate and ridiculous."

The dog went home in Putney's trunk. Putney was Aunt Trumbul's maid. And I imagine Putney had to throw away most of her clothes to make room for it. How Aunt Trumbul ever had the nerve to call that dog "excess baggage" I don't see. But she could have passed a kangaroo off as a muff if she'd once set out to!

Our house is one of those without any stoop, and with a sort of pedestal either side the door. So the stone dog was set up to guard grandly and unctuously on one of them. Aunt Trumbul was very much excited over him for a while.

She had him bathed regularly every two days, and told various of her lieutenants not to let any lichens grow on him. Gradually he got to be like any other of the expensively maintained appointments she loves to dwell among.

Children used to stop and come up to the door and try to pat him; and their mothers thought Aunt Trumbul must have a lovely gentle nature to want to please them by putting him there. Policemen smiled when they walked past; dogs strolled hither and sniffed, and sometimes stood barking at the utter unresponsiveness they encountered. People paying us visits would discuss—be-



FOUR HOTEL PORTERS BROUGHT THE ANIMAL IN ON A KIND OF BIER

claimed, breathlessly; and she gave one of her wonderful sweeps to the door and opened it.

Four hotel porters brought the animal in on a kind of bier that was generally used for trunks.

"Nearer the table!" cried Aunt Trumbul. "No—by the window. . . . Now, put him over there and face him to the light. . . . What do you think of him, Robert dear?"

I admitted that she had procured a fine specimen of stone dog. I don't doubt it was the very best dog in Rome.

I shall never forget the time Aunt Trumbul had getting that dog home.

fore being let in—whether it was a real antique or whether Aunt Trumbul had got the dog at Koopman's.

When, one September evening, I made known my intention of going away for a rest of a fortnight or so, Aunt Trumbul was up in arms over the plan. She was in a particularly restive mood; no argument of mine could quell her.

"Wait until a little later, Robert," she kept saying.

"Until it gets colder!" I ridiculed.

"Yes; until after the line-storm," she persuasively chimed in.

But I set about packing my things.

"You'll be sorry for this, Robert," threatened Aunt Trumbul.

And next morning, while I stood waiting for a cab, Emilia Weston walked in upon me.

"Whenever did you get back from Bar Harbor?" I exclaimed as, dumfoundedly, I viewed my departure in a new light.

"This morning," answered Emilia, concealing any stray particle of gladness she might have felt on seeing me. "It was so kind of your aunt to telephone that I could stay with her until things got settled."

So this was Aunt Trumbul's game—by getting Emilia to come she had played her last card to detain me! It wouldn't do to let her win now, though, whatever pleasures defeat held in store; if only for the sake of moral effect, I must keep up the fight.

Then I noted suddenly Emilia's surprise on seeing my trunk and my bag and my hat-box stacked up there by the door, ready to be taken out. For a moment she just looked wonderingly at me, then over at the pile of luggage.

"Oh, Bob!" she let slip; "are you going away?"

"I? You don't mean— Emilia! Did you come because you thought I was going to be here?" And I couldn't help flinging my arms about her.

But she half unwound herself. "Are you going to be, Bob?" she demanded, holding me away until she should get at the facts.

She looked at the trunk. I saw the possible advantage I might gain by pretending not to care; I shook my head.

At that Emilia entirely extricated herself from my reach. "You're all alike!" she declared, contemptuously; "always exulting in your strength, and thinking everybody's falling in love with you! I came—and you knew it—to furnish an occupation for your aunt."

"You'll think up pleasant little ways



"LIST A DOG?" SHE ARGUED. "WHO EVER HEARD OF SUCH A THING!"

of keeping her interested and amused?" I annoyingly suggested.

"Trust me!" was all Emilia said.

I regretted a good deal, during the journey, that I should have to miss her visit; but Garrison's, in autumn, proved even lovelier and more agreeable than I had remembered it could be. I wrote

back to Aunt Trumbul how much I was enjoying the tennis and golf, and asked her to send up some more clothes, and said at the end of my letter, "Be sure and give my love to Emilia, won't you?"

It was on Tuesday morning that Aunt Trumbul's long-distance call came. I had to wrap a sheet round me and follow a man down to the pantry where the only telephone in the house was. That was about eight o'clock; and, after a half-hour's desperate wait for connections, Aunt Trumbul was brought auricularly within my ken.

"Robert," was her first word—and her second and her third. I could see she was in a perfect panic. "Robert, my dog—my stone dog—you remember him?—has been stolen. There wasn't a vestige of him there this morning when Louisa opened the door. Not a trace of him, Robert! Nothing—nothing whatever—"

I talked back to her. I asked her if she was well.

"Miserable, Robert; wretched!" she

reassured me. "Oh, Robert! Who do you suppose? What shall I do? Where shall I look for him? My dog! He was the best dog in Rome!"

"Now, Aunt Trumbul, if you're only patient," I called, "you can get that dog back."

"I need you, Robert," she said, intensely. "You must come right home and help me."

I reasoned with her; I refused to go.

"Nonsense!" she said. "When I'm in trouble you must expect to come to me. Remember, you're the only man I have to depend upon in times of emergency. I've lost my dog. I need support—I need somebody here. . . . Oh, don't talk any more about it! You must come back to me at once. Why—it's ridiculous, with that dog gone, for you to argue with me!"

"Where's Emilia?" I panted.

"Emilia won't budge," said Aunt Trumbul; "you might as well try to push a dead cow up-hill as to get Emilia to do anything about it. . . . Robert, I sha'n't say another word. Come home



May Wilson Inc.



CHILDREN USED TO STOP AND TRY TO PAT HIM

and find that dog." And Aunt Trumbul hung up her receiver.

That's the way she had of vampiring me. What was I to do? A tennis-match at eleven; two people motoring twenty miles to see me at lunch; riding afterward; dinner: and I was supposed to tell everybody—without a smile—that a stone dog had been stolen from in front of my aunt's house, and that I had been summoned home suddenly to help her find it. . . . Emilia would consider me hard-hearted, I thought, with an ironical feeling of pity.

When my cab drew up in front of No. 400 it looked rather forlorn; I admit, with that right-hand pedestal stripped of its accustomed burden.

"Bare, ruined choirs where late the sweet birds sang," I was murmuring to myself as Louisa let me into the house.

Emilia had fled; apparently *she* hadn't been able to stand it.

Aunt Trumbul had left a message—perched in the hand of a little Narcissus that stood on the hall consol—for me to wait for her in the library. So I sat

there and tried to read the morning paper; but all the while I could hear the tread, tread, tread of her majestic sweep across and across the floor of the bedroom above. When at last she appeared—in a thin, flimsy "picture" pink-silk wrapper, with her hair just started toward its usual pomp—she made short work of the space between us.

"Of course, Robert," she said, "some *boys* have taken it. Some *students*."

"That's an old-fashioned explanation," I attempted; but Aunt Trumbul, I needn't say, did not hear me.

"When I lived in Boston," she philosophized, "the worst things used to happen. Actually Mrs. C——'s wig was stolen one night from right off her bedpost. . . . But how could they have *carried* my dog? How could they ever have got it *up*?"

"Some dealer," I thoughtfully tried to imagine, "has taken it."

"Without a sound!" Aunt Trumbul went on. "And I was awake late, too. Louisa sleeps light, and *never* after five."

"It's the just retribution of Heaven,

Aunt Trumbul, for snaking it the way you did—out of that poor old Marquis's garden."

"Boys are barbarians—*devils*, Robert!" she exclaimed. "And they have automobiles nowadays, and every other satanic tool to help them. They must have been strong and healthy, besides. And they pried it—they *prided* it, Robert!" Aunt Trumbul morbidly insisted.

"I can't bear to believe that—even of boys," I said.

"Oh, where have they taken it—my dog?" Aunt Trumbul cried out to me, with a warble in her voice that meant impending tears.

I don't suppose there was a minute of that day or the next that wasn't spent discussing the pros and the cons and the strength and the fallacy of every known theory to account for the disappearance of her stone dog. By Friday there was at least one distinct kind of advertisement in each of the papers. A detective was put on the job, and—unknown to him, nay, contrary even to his very orders—seven auxiliary rising would-be detectives ("such nice, able fellows, all of them!" Aunt Trumbul said) were set rummaging the country.

Daily she had a fresh million of questions ready for me on my return from the office; she even began breakfasting with me, so as to have a little extra time to "go over matters."

"What," I asked Emilia, "can I do about it?"

"You can always," she said, with a horrible look at me, "go back to Garrison's."

"Is it only on that condition, Emilia, you will come to 'furnish an occupation' for Aunt Trumbul?"

"Do let her enjoy her fling for once," suggested Emilia.

"Now, Emilia," I replied, sternly, "no fooling. It's up to you to help me reconcile her to this loss."

"It's up to you to find the dog," Emilia listlessly answered.

"Emilia," I shouted, "do you care anything for me at all?"

"Of course I don't," she assured me with a sweet smile. And I left her, disgusted with everything.

"Seen Emilia?" Aunt Trumbul said to me.

"Certainly not," I answered.

"Well, I knew you'd make up sooner or later. I saw that you'd just have to. How was she, Robert?" was Aunt Trumbul's next.

"I am going to Garrison's to-morrow," I responded.

"Robert, dear," Aunt Trumbul said, "if we can't find that dog"—and her voice broke in a little tender flutter—"let's you and I just run over to Rome and hunt up another one."

I shivered.

"My dog!" she moaned. "My *own* dog!"

The next morning, at about half-past six, I awoke to find Louisa shaking me—her grizzly hair in curl-papers, her old eyes aflame.

"Mr. Robert—Mr. Robert!" she was calling. "The police-station's on the line, and I don't dare disturb your aunt."

"Of course not," I dreamed; and I arose and dashed—in her dizzy, unkempt wake—down two flights, to the boudoir telephone.

"Three and a half feet high; white, chiseled; with a wide collar, and sitting on his tail," were the exact words that came to me.

"Yes, yes!" I roared. "You're on the right track."

"What do you want done with him, sir?" was the police-station's next.

"Well," I sleepily pondered, "do you *deliver*? . . . Oh, then, that's very nice. Just send him over, please—as soon as possible."

Aunt Trumbul had roused herself and was looking out of the window by the time the hurry-up wagon stopped in front of our house. I don't know what her first impression could have been, but when she caught sight of that stone dog being lifted forcibly about by several burly policemen she just threw up her window and began to give orders.

"Don't you leave that dog out-of-doors a minute," she called forth. "Ring the bell and take him right into the house. Tell Louisa to put him in the dining-room. I'll be down in a minute. Now don't drop him. Is he injured, Mr. Officer? I'll reward somebody for this; I vow I will."

Hectic and drastic commands were forthwith landed on Louisa, to say

nothing of the long talk Aunt Trumbul handed out to me. Before the sun set that dog was back on his pedestal—spiked and cemented down in the very latest best construction-company manner; and Aunt Trumbul and Susie Linnet spent the rest of the afternoon and evening rolling back and forth in their respective motors to thresh out each new and ever newer aspect of the case.

Aunt Trumbul had offered seventeen different rewards. But the dog had been left on the door-steps of the police-station at four in the morning—with a bag round his head, by the way, to keep him from remembering his way back—and the force said they couldn't justly claim any skill for finding him. So it got to be a distinct source of anxiety to Aunt Trumbul to discover whom she could pay.

Then it was that she received this letter, which so freshly and so inconveniently re-whetted her curiosity, though when she started to read it to me that evening she repeated over again her old-fashioned convictions: "Students,

Robert. It was students of some kind or other, who took that dog."

The letter ran:

DEAR MADAM,—We return your dog with a thousand apologies. The poor beast looked so lonely that we decided to give it a party. Unfortunately—though every dog has his day—those of a stone dog come infrequently, and it was impossible to foretell results. Alas!—we hate to have to admit it to you—the poor animal was inadequate to the exigencies of the situation. In short, it enjoyed itself somewhat too unrestrainedly, and, as a result, only the most careful nursing has brought about its recovery.

Seriously, we regret immensely the trouble and worry our merciful act has apparently caused you. Had we for a moment dreamed that the dog was of such monetary or sentimental worth as is indicated in your advertisements, *Fido*—or perhaps better *Fidesse*—had never left her happy home.

A not unnatural delicacy prohibits us from signing our names. We trust, however, that you will believe that the agonies of terror we are about to undergo in order to return the brute will more than compensate for our hurried crime—and that you will accordingly



"DON'T YOU LEAVE THAT DOG OUT-OF-DOORS A MINUTE," SHE CALLED TO THE POLICEMEN

print a short notice in the papers to the effect that you have forgiven us.

THE THIEVES.

"You see it has all the ear-marks of students, Robert," said Aunt Trumbul.

"Of the devil," I ejaculated.

"Sweet little sophomoric touches, Robert," she went on.



"IMPOSTOR! WHY ARE YOU HERE?" I MOCKED

"Why, it's the most charming letter that woman—or man—ever received. You ought to be proud, Aunt Trumbul, to get it. It's a compliment to you and to the whole sex."

"They liked my dog, you see," sentimentalized Aunt Trumbul. "Jolly fellows, all of them! I should like to see them."

"It may cost you a pretty penny if they turn up and claim the reward," I told her. "Let's see—fifty times seventeen equals—"

"I shall *invite* them to, Robert!" Aunt Trumbul announced, triumphantly. "I shall put a notice in the paper; I shall invite them all to come to tea and claim

it. Oh, how wonderful! Think now, Robert. Use your mind, now, for once. What shall I say? How shall I word it?"

"Oh, oh!" I feebly protested, as this new complication was flashed before me. At which Aunt Trumbul swept to the telephone.

Susie Linnet and she rolled back and forth over those ten blocks of battered asphalt through the next two days, and the exact words to be put into that notice kept them busy. When my eye first lit on the thing in the morning paper—printed bold and brilliant above the theaters and music-halls—I saw that the product of their conference did not contain even the palest reflection of Susie Linnet. This was how it looked:

BOYS! BOYS! BOYS!

Come to tea with me on Wednesday, please, and I will reward you gladly. You are all forgiven. Everyone of you. Don't forget.

(Signed)

THE DOG'S MISTRESS.

"Do you think that will fetch 'em?" she asked, proudly.

"It will fetch about two hundred I reckon, if the weather's good," I replied. "You'd better have your carpets up and the furniture covered."

"I have ordered a wreath of gardenias," sang Aunt Trumbul, "to go round the dog's neck. And you are to be here, Robert—I think there ought to be some *one* man—and Susie Linnet also."

When Wednesday dawned Susie was ill, so it was only Aunt Trumbul and I who lined up at four o'clock to await that onrush of students. She made me strew cigarettes over the tables, and open a popular magazine or two here and there on the chairs—to make them all "feel perfectly at home" she said.

"Funny they don't begin to come, Robert," she commented to me at about four-thirty or so, as she swept by me to rearrange the position of a chair near the fireplace.

"Getting a bone at the market, perhaps," I suggested.

"It is most five," murmured Aunt Trumbul, twenty minutes later. "Robert, do you think my notice was too severe? Do you think it may have frightened them?"

At six Aunt Trumbul was overwrought and angry. And just then we heard a smothered shutting-to of the distant door.

"Walk up and down—with your hands in your pockets," muttered Aunt Trumbul under her breath. "Appear free and easy and natural."

"Steady, auntie, now—steady!" I enjoined. "Be prepared for *anything*."

At which Emilia Weston ambled in, two gardenias stuck in the front of her dress. I shall never forget the discumgumfricated glance Aunt Trumbul shot at her. But Emilia never moved a lash. She just sat down languidly in the chair Aunt Trumbul had been arranging by the fire, and said she wanted tea.

"Tea? *Tea!*" stormed Aunt Trumbul.

"Impostor! *Why* are you here?" I mocked.

"Because *you're* here, Bob," Emilia answered, sarcastically.

I tried to conceal the way it momentarily took me in. "I'm not here because I thought *you* were coming!" I retorted. "I'm here to greet the thieves who took that confounded dog!"

Aunt Trumbul glared fiercely, and I saw Emilia rush over to her. For a while I didn't listen to their prattling interchange.

"Really," I finally heard Emilia saying, "you need a rest. You look tired, though I do think some excitement and effort have been good for you. But I planned it mostly to get even with Bob—really I did—when I couldn't help

seeing you missed him so much that the least little excuse would make you send for him to come home. So one night I got Phil and Harry to help me move the dog down cellar. He's been there ever since—until we carried him over to the police station. Do you hear me?" Emilia was repeating. "I tell you I stole that dog!"

Aunt Trumbul shrank visibly. "You?" she screamed, as the reason for the absurd strategy dawned on her. "You?—my *dog!* Robert, Robert—she—she—she's in love with you, after all!"

Emilia turned to me. "Behold, *I*, a mere woman, with the help only of my two brothers and a borrowed wheelbarrow."

The thought of Garrison's and the pleasant time I might still have been having there if Emilia hadn't been so dreadfully vindictive, faded at sight of the joy she got from her accomplishment.

"I suppose you brought me back home just because you wanted to see me so much?" I teasingly reasoned.

"It was low—it wasn't worthy of me!" Emilia ranted, pretending to admit the truth of my gibe.

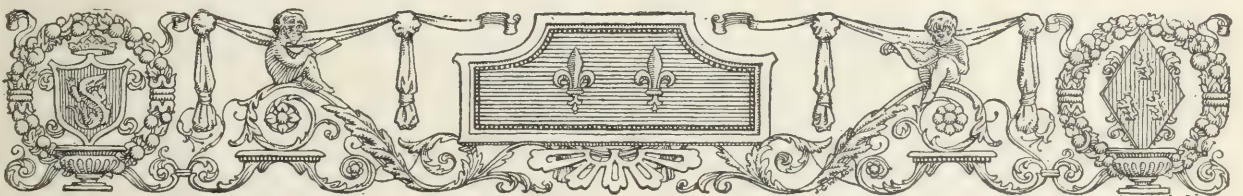
"It did the trick," I said, aping the rôle of magnanimous lover.

"Using unfair methods—like all women!" she added—as if deep in humility—and tried not to laugh.

Our tone caused Aunt Trumbul to seize that moment in which to clench matters.

"If you marry Robert, Emilia," she said in her most authoritative business voice, taking her purse up from the table—"if you will, I'll pay you the reward I offered for finding my dog."

Emilia held out her hand.



The Material Needs of Our Diplomatic Service

BY DAVID JAYNE HILL

Former Ambassador of the United States to Germany



THE entire company had gathered at the residence of Judge Evenweight, and were about to proceed to the dining-room, when the cry of "Extra!" rang out on the street.

For a moment dinner was forgotten, and attention was concentrated upon the general inquiry, "What can it be?" A few minutes later a servant handed the Judge a copy of the "extra."

The headlines told the whole story. A revolution had broken out in Central America, and the life and property of citizens of the United States were said to be in danger.

The tension of suspense being thus relieved, the company moved toward the open doors of the dining-room and were presently seated at the table.

"I feared," said the Judge, "it might be the breaking out of a general war in Europe. The situation recently has been very grave. A spark from the Balkans might create a conflagration in which all the great Powers would be involved."

"It is strange," interposed the Representative, "that with so much at stake in the clash of their enormous armaments, the statesmen of Europe cannot devise a means of guaranteeing peace."

"The Balkans," remarked the Editor, "seem to be to the great powers of Europe what some of the countries to the south of us are to the United States—a kind of plague-spot where trouble may be looked for at any time."

"That is true," interposed the Ambassador; "and in addition to the inconvenience that always attends interventions in a neighbor's quarrels, the

Europeans have the serious embarrassment that no one of them can intervene alone, and they cannot all possibly agree to intervene in the same sense."

"What is at the bottom of all this friction between the powers?" inquired the Senator. "They would do much better to consider their common interests and protect them by pacific agreement, by a real 'concert'—to employ a word that was once much used, but now appears to have lost all meaning. What do you think the cause is, Channing?"

"The meat in the cocoanut is world-commerce," the Ambassador replied. "The facilities for mechanical production have been in recent years so enormously augmented that all the older nations are anxious about new markets. There are only two ways of securing these: first, by obtaining political control of new territory and enforcing a market by imposing a tariff on foreign imports, thus excluding competition; or, second, by preventing this procedure on the part of others, thus maintaining the 'open door' in the less advanced countries where opportunities for the extension of trade still exist. The jealousy between the great powers is thereby rendered intense. Nearly all the important international incidents of recent times have had this origin. Connected with the same interests are the efforts of the less favored nations to secure an avenue to the open sea, advantageous ports, and naval stations in other parts of the globe. It is for these reasons that armies, navies, and the diplomatic and consular services are objects of special interest to the great nations of the earth. The fact is, they are trade rivals."

"In this country," suggested the Senator, "we have been disposed to consider the political and the commercial aspects

of foreign policy as quite independent, or at least hardly at all connected. I have often heard it remarked that the diplomatic service is a purely 'political' branch of an administration, while all questions of a 'commercial' character fall to the consular service. Upon this ground it might very well be contended that, being essentially 'political,' the diplomatic service should be treated differently from the consular service, this last being in no sense political, but entirely commercial."

"It looks to me," said the Editor, "as if that were a mere refinement of words. Take, for example, this revolution just announced this evening. That is, no doubt, political; and yet see how it affects business. Not only is normal trade interrupted, but the lives and property of all foreigners who are conducting business in that country are endangered. It immediately becomes the duty of foreign diplomatic representatives to demand protection for these interests, and war vessels will no doubt be sent to support the demand. Was it not just as much of a duty, as far as possible, to prevent this danger as to try to exorcise the evil now?"

"I have heard it said," remarked the Representative, "that there is no obligation on the part of our government to protect life and property in foreign lands. If American citizens want to be protected in their rights, it is said, let them stay at home where they are safe."

"But, on that principle, what is to become of our foreign interests—our trade and commerce, and the home industries that supply them?" inquired the Ambassador. "Are we to leave these things altogether to other nations, or are we to have a share in them? And if we are to have it, how shall we obtain it if we neglect the protection of our citizens abroad?"

"It appears to me an entirely new idea," said the Judge, "that American citizens have no claim to protection outside of our own country. Have we not from the beginning, even in our comparatively feeble condition, protected our citizens and their commerce? Did we not even then drive the Algerian pirates off the sea? And in recent times did we not rescue Miss Stone from Bul-

garian brigands, and save Mr. Perdicaris from death or captivity, when John Hay sent his famous message, 'Perdicaris alive, or Raisouli dead?'"

"A too strenuous insistence upon the protection of our citizens in foreign lands might easily involve us in war, and war has become very expensive," said the Senator. "We are lovers of peace, and the people have no disposition to go to war for the sake of a few adventurers, sometimes themselves trouble-makers, who go abroad to improve their fortunes."

"If we cultivate that spirit of indifference," broke in the Editor, "we shall soon reach a point of pusillanimity where we will not be disposed to protect life and property at home. Until human nature is radically changed, life and property everywhere will be exposed to violence. It is the business of the state to protect them, and all civilized states offer them protection. Where there is no state, or where a government has reached a condition of impotence or indifference in this matter, there is anarchy. In the name of civilization something has to be done about it. It is well enough to let foreign nations alone so long as they remain civilized, but when they relapse into barbarism they expose themselves to conquest; and, sooner or later, some power or combination of powers will undertake this task. But there are many means of accomplishing the desired end besides war. The fear of war often has the same effect. It is demoralizing to let it be understood that life and property will not be protected. A good rule is, to put the weaker and less perfectly organized peoples upon their good behavior; but it is important to make them comprehend that they cannot continue in a state of anarchy. We should not countenance it."

"If," observed the Historian, "you compare the development of those nations that have not failed to protect their interests with the collapse of the nations that have lost the power to do so through first weakening their own prestige, you will see that it is a law of history that indifference on the part of the state to the rights of its citizens has in the end led to national disaster. Some nations are weak through their

poverty, others through their wealth. A nation which, through the self-contentment of its people and their indifference to the national prestige, permits the more aggressive nations to push it into the background, soon becomes itself the prey of their avarice. They will ultimately deprive it of all its natural advantages and cover it with humiliation. Prestige, once lost, cannot easily be regained."

"It is, of course, a fine thing for a country to have a great navy, if it can stand the cost," said the Senator. "No maritime nation, or even a country which has no ships but only merchandise on the sea, wishes to incur the hostility of such a power; but I do not see what diplomacy can accomplish; or, indeed, that it has much of anything to do with material interests. I have always looked upon it as a kind of social institution, intended to create neighborly feeling by means of friendly intercourse."

"Friendly feeling, no doubt, has its place, and it is the business of diplomacy when possible to cultivate it; but there is no period of history in which it has been indifferent to the substantial interests of trade and commerce, or without a serious effect upon them," replied the Historian. "There never was, I suppose, a monarch who made a larger use of diplomatic agencies to accomplish his purposes than Louis XIV. of France; yet, if you will examine closely into his policies, you will see that many of his negotiations were directed toward the development of French predominance through an extension of French industry and commerce. He personally interested himself—often writing despatches to his ambassadors with his own hand on these subjects—in order to place the cloths of Provence and Languedoc in Turkey, the wines of Médoc in England, the salt of Brittany in Sweden, the silks of Lyons and the watches of Paris in Persia, hardware in Portugal, and dry-goods in the Indies—and throughout the whole world the manufactures and products *du crû du royaume*. Of these details we have the written evidence in the archives. The interest of the Grand Monarch in obtaining the ports of the Netherlands, the possessions of Canada, and the trade of the Spanish colonies,

had behind it the same motive. A recent French writer, urging a renewed interest in questions of finance and commerce by his government, asserts that if you read the diplomatic correspondence of the Pharaohs of the nineteenth century before Christ, restored to us in the ruins of Tell-el-Amarnah by the cuneiform inscriptions, you will see what a prominent place in the letters of kings was given, even in that early time, to affairs of finance and commerce. In every age of the world the history of diplomacy is closely connected with plans for obtaining possession of the world's wealth."

"This sounds," said the Editor, "as if we ought to choose our ambassadors from the ranks of business men."

"So far as this phase of their duties is concerned," observed the Judge, "that would be a good idea; but would they, as a rule, have the necessary equipment in other respects?"

"As a rule," continued the Historian, "business men do not possess all the qualifications necessary for diplomatic usefulness; and, even if they did, to draw exclusively or largely on that class would give the impression of a too pronounced commercialism. It would be difficult also to induce the best qualified business men to abandon their private enterprises in order to enter a branch of the public service that demands of its personnel great pecuniary sacrifices and offers no substantial rewards. An active business man would consider entrance into the diplomatic service as the most unbusiness-like performance that could be suggested to him; especially if he knew, as he would soon discover, that his government would certainly not permit him to engage during his mission in any kind of private enterprise on his own account."

"How, then, are we ever to obtain the services of men in all respects adapted to the work required in the diplomatic service? Can we hope to do any better than we are doing? Have we not had, and have we not at present, some very able diplomatic officers?" demanded the Senator.

"No doubt," interposed the Editor. "We have had some extremely able and even brilliant diplomatists, and it is not

disputed that we have at present some highly accomplished representatives of our country at some of the foreign capitals. It is, however, no reflection upon them, and implies no criticism of the appointing power, to inquire what our diplomatic service really needs. Assuming that we have done the best we know how, there is no harm in asking if we might not do still better. It is only of late that I have become interested in this subject, and I am already convinced that, as a nation, we are not doing for this branch of the public service what we ought to do; nothing, for example, comparable to what we are doing for the army, and especially the navy. In those branches of the service we take the matter seriously, and see to it that they are properly organized and properly equipped."

"We begin by forming the personnel of the service," observed the Ambassador. "We educate our officers."

"And why should we not, for the same reason, educate our diplomatists?" asked the Representative.

"It requires a long period to produce a scientific officer, fit to command a regiment or a ship," remarked the Senator; "but general knowledge is all that is needed by a diplomat, and this is to be had in our colleges and universities. For military and naval officers, however, we require special schools."

"How is it in other countries?" inquired the Representative. "Do they not educate their diplomatic officers?"

"Practically all the young diplomats of France have diplomas from the *École Libre des Sciences Politiques*, and among the students are representatives of most of the European countries. Some of our own secretaries have attended there," said the Ambassador. "Besides, on account of the privileges which most governments accord to diplomatic *attachés*, who have already passed the preliminary examinations and are preparing to enter the service, nearly every European embassy becomes a practical training-school in diplomacy."

"It is only recently, I believe," said the Historian, "that this training has finally been reduced to a system. Still, in many countries the Foreign Office has long been a seminary of instruction; and

more than a century ago there was at Strasburg a school for young diplomats, presided over by Koch, the well-known authority on treaties."

"Why," asked the Editor, "could we not organize in connection with our Department of State an educational bureau that would serve this purpose? Some of the better qualified diplomatic and consular officers could be recalled on leave from time to time to impart the results of their experience. Only a small permanent staff of carefully selected men would be necessary, and the whole enterprise would cost the government less than a hundred thousand dollars a year."

"I have just been reading a book by Sir Harry Johnston on *Common Sense in Foreign Policy*," remarked the Ambassador, "in which the importance of putting such matters in charge of persons who from personal experience realize the needs of the service is well illustrated. Taking up the examination-paper set in 1911 for appointment to the position of clerk in the Foreign Office by the Civil Service Commission of England, he calls attention to such questions as these: 'What has been the relation of intuitionism to utilitarianism in British moral theory before Mill?' 'Can the claim that the *dictum de omni et de nullo* is the fundamental principle of syllogistic inference be sustained?' and, *mirabile dictu*, 'What reasons have we to believe that other persons exist?'"

"I should think," observed the Judge, "it would be unfortunate for a diplomatist to have any doubts on that point!"

"Commenting on this sort of 'rubbish,' as he calls it, Sir Harry very pertinently inquires: 'Of what earthly use would an acquaintance with all the tricks of speech of this sort be to a British secretary of embassy at the court of Wilhelm II.; or to a student-interpreter at Smyrna; or to an envoy to the Argentine, who must know the facts about the foot-and-mouth disease from A to Z, and the prices of British short-horned bulls?'"

"Good!" exclaimed the Representative with enthusiasm. "If Congress had an idea that training for diplomacy meant that sort of thing, they would vote five million dollars for the imme-

diate establishment of a special school, even if they had to cut the appropriation for government post-office buildings in cities of ten thousand inhabitants. They could then face their constituents with a mind at rest."

"Does your English author propose any curriculum of study for such students?" inquired the Senator with some interest.

"Oh yes; he fully explains his ideas on that point, and they are very sensible. Even more interesting than that, however, is his summary of the qualities that should be possessed by the novitiates out of whom future diplomats are to be made: no 'pedants with bulging brows' or 'addle-pated students with crammed learning of a useless type,' but 'hearty, manly, shrewd, business-like, observant, and well-informed young men,' fit to be 'employed in foreign countries as the eyes and ears and mouthpieces of the British Imperial Government,' as the 'makers of friendship, the detectors of plots, the protectors of British subjects, and the advocates of British commerce'; no '*fainéant* holders of nice posts,' no '*languid dilettanti*, concentrating all their time and abilities on collecting or discussing *bric-à-brac*,' but 'members of a widespread Intelligence Division.'"

"Fine!" broke out the Senator. "You would hardly need to ask Congress for a cent if the country had that conception of our diplomatic service. By Jove! it is a tonic to think of it. I shall—"

"But hold!" cried out the Judge. "You are proposing here, all of a sudden, the creation of a school for young diplomatists, less pretentious and less costly, no doubt, than those we have for our soldiers and sailors, but what are you going to do for the young fellows who, with ardor and even with enthusiasm, gather to obtain its instruction? Will you offer them a career? No; you will offer them after a long period of study the salary of a city clerk, with the prospect—if they turn out brilliantly—some day of becoming ministers, and possibly even ambassadors. You will order them for half a lifetime to countries remote from their homes, to unhealthy climates, to conditions often uncomfortable for their

wives and dangerous for the lives of their children. You will expect them to move about the world on short notice; and when, finally, after long service, the ambition of some of them is realized, you will expect them to rent from their own private purses establishments for the representation of their country's interests that will consume more than their salaries. Finally, you will, at your pleasure and without notice, turn them off without a penny, to be forgotten and to die in obscurity!"

In saying this the Judge had spoken with solemnity, and a look of gravity deepened on every countenance as he proceeded.

"You will go on," he resumed, "speaking of their service as 'merely ornamental.' You will think of them as 'idle fellows' who have fallen into 'soft places.' And it is, in reality, only to young men who expect to inherit fortunes that your school will appeal. Who else would think of placing his life at the disposal of a department which might condemn him to twenty years of waiting, to reward him finally, perhaps, with a position which he cannot maintain for want of means? If you really wish to have a service, you must make it a career, and you must make it possible for a young man to believe that he will be at least as well treated as an officer in the army or the navy. Are you prepared to do that?"

"I see no reason why we should not," replied the Representative. "We can afford to do it. The service will be worth all it will cost. The money, if the work be well done, will all come back, with a surplus. By better preparing the conditions of peace we might save the expense of a war."

"Great Britain, I understand," interposed the Senator, "is extremely liberal in providing for her higher diplomatic officers. The British ambassador at Washington, I have been informed, receives a salary of fifty thousand dollars a year, besides the use of a suitable embassy building and a liberal allowance for service and entertainment. All the British embassies, I believe, are maintained on a similar scale. How much does all that cost the British government?"

"The British government," replied the Ambassador, "pays out annually for its foreign service less than we do."

"Why, how is that possible?" asked several persons at once.

"The answer is very simple. Great Britain owns its buildings throughout the world, pays no rent and no taxes, and these buildings would sell to-day for much more than they cost," replied the Ambassador. "We, on the contrary, pay high rent for our offices nearly everywhere, and have poor accommodation. We are like a man living in a hotel, instead of in his own house. We pay high and do not even have the credit of being neighborly. We are constantly on the move, and have the appearance of entertaining a secret intention to move out altogether; while France and Germany, who have the reputation of being potential foes, have quietly settled down to stay in each other's capitals. You always know where to find the embassies of the great powers of Europe, but to find ours you cannot even depend on the latest city directory. You finally, in despair, go to a cab-stand and ask the cabby to drive you round till you find it."

"You say Great Britain pays no taxes," broke in the Senator. "How is that? Do we pay taxes? I thought all foreign embassies and legations were exempt from taxation. Why are we discriminated against?"

"It is strange, Senator, that you, who are a business man, should ask that question of a mere ambassador, who is supposed to know nothing of business, and is simply 'ornamental,'" was the laughing reply. "Does not the landlord always charge up the taxes in the rent he demands of his tenant? We are to-day paying taxes in every capital of Europe, except Constantinople. The other powers, who own their own buildings, pay no taxes, because these are by courtesy exempt."

"But the frequent sight of the embassy archives, the United States coat of arms, and the Stars and Stripes, with the household outfit of the ambassador, carted through the streets on a dray, like the effects of an evicted tenant—does not that affect the prestige of our country?" demanded the Editor.

"It would if we had ever had any in that respect," replied the Ambassador; "but in every capital of Europe the arrival of a new American ambassador is greeted with inquiries as to the hotel at which he will stop; and that is besieged with house agents who want to put off on the stranger the houses which, for reasons well understood by them, they cannot rent to residents of the place. I know of an instance where an American ambassador was saved only by a happy accident from renting as an Embassy of the United States a house that a few months before had been closed because of the disreputable character of its occupants. Had he taken it, his act would have caused a scandal that might have made his life miserable and his mission a failure. Having been warned in time, he escaped this calamity; but, not being able at once to find another residence, he spent several months in the company of house-agents looking at impossible habitations before he was finally so fortunate as to find a property which, after extensive repairs at his own expense, he considered suitable for the representative of the United States government to occupy."

"Was he not a little too particular?" asked the Editor.

"Not at all. He was simply determined that, cost him what it might, his country should not be disgraced."

"We are taking care of that," replied the Senator. "Congress has passed a bill authorizing the Secretary of State to expend as much as five hundred thousand dollars a year in the purchase of embassy and legation buildings."

"On condition," added the Representative, "that the Secretary of State can induce Congress to appropriate the money, which the present bill permits but does not provide for; and further, that he shall expend no more than one hundred and fifty thousand dollars in any one place. That will do very well for the legations in the smaller capitals, but it leaves the embassies in the great capitals out of the question. In London, Paris, Berlin, and St. Petersburg, for example, you could not buy the ground for an embassy, in a proper location, for that sum. What, for example, could you obtain for that amount in a central

location in New York City, or in Chicago? In the capitals I have mentioned nothing short of half a million dollars would make a proper showing. I once thought this extravagant. In the town where I live the best house and lot, containing a whole acre of ground, can be bought for forty thousand dollars. At first, I could not understand how such a great sum as half a million dollars could be needed for an Embassy of the United States anywhere, and I opposed such 'profligacy,' as I called it, on the ground that it was inconsistent with our republican ideas; but I have since personally looked into this matter, and I am convinced that it is our duty, and that it would be greatly to our advantage, to acquire a suitable property in every great capital. Still, I have had a hard time to convince my neighbors."

"We are heading in the right direction," said the Senator. "In time, with the growth of public sentiment, we shall be able to do the right thing everywhere. It is for you and your colleagues of the press, Mr. Editor, to see that the people are properly instructed on this point."

"We are fully awake to our duty in that respect, Senator," replied the Editor. "The people are already better informed than you think. They will approve any reasonable action Congress may take; and it will be easy to convince them that it is reasonable, if it really be so. They cannot, however, be readily persuaded that an American ambassador should receive a salary of fifty thousand dollars a year. That will appear to them a piece of extravagance; and I, for one, will never defend such an increase. On the contrary, the salaries of ambassadors and ministers should be lowered; the latter, at least, brought down to the level of what we pay our Senators and Representatives. Certainly, a minister to Peru or Bolivia is not a more important public officer than a Senator of the United States. Of course, he cannot travel to his post, hire a house in a foreign country, and entertain officially on seventy-five hundred dollars a year. No one should expect him to do so, and yet he must do these things. He has a mission of representation. He does not go there for his own benefit, but to do certain work for his

country. His country should bear the expense, and should have a voice in determining what he shall do in its name. It should certainly consider its own prestige, and not limit his expenses unduly. His outlay for travel, for himself and his family, his official residence, the means of locomotion in the performance of his duties, and a liberal amount of official entertainment should all be provided for by his government. His salary would then be merely the remuneration of his personal services, and would probably suffice for his necessary personal expenses, such as his private table and the ordinary family living. All this is so entirely reasonable that the most critical advocate of economy could not object to it."

"Who, then, would determine what the expense of representation should be—the officer himself?" asked the Senator.

"By no means," replied the Editor. "This being a government expense, the government should, by careful inquiry, ascertain the cost of the kind of representation it desires to have in each country. This estimate having been made and settled, it should appear as a distinct item in the annual budget, and the money should be appropriated for this purpose."

"What would be the advantage of that method over the present one?" inquired the Senator. "As it is, some of our diplomatic officers expend large sums out of their own pockets. Is not this a desirable saving to the taxpayers?"

"There are, Senator, two distinct answers to your question—one of fact and the other of principle," replied the Editor.

"As a matter of fact, the expenditure of money by a diplomatic officer out of his own purse is of doubtful advantage to his government. It is, of course, known that public representation is thus made dependent upon private generosity. It is, therefore, perfectly understood that whatever hospitality is extended is not at the expense of the government, which in consequence obtains no credit for it. The ambassador may be considered generous and may be personally esteemed by the beneficiaries of

his entertainments; but, quite logically, his government will be regarded as penurious or indisposed to manifest its friendliness by hospitality.

"When put to the test of principle, the showing is still less favorable. It is often said, 'Why pay money out of the public treasury, when there are persons not only willing, but eager, to fill these offices at their own expense, and even to pay for the privilege?' But if this method is to be commended in the case of this class of offices, why not farm out all other public offices in the same manner? Why not offer Senatorships, Cabinet positions, and high rank in the army and navy to those who would save the most to the taxpayers by personally bearing the expenses of their offices? In the past, in certain countries, this was customary. Governments farmed out the taxes to favored persons, sold commissions in the army to the highest bidder, and conferred titles of nobility for a money consideration. Do you approve of such practices, Senator?"

"Why, certainly not," was the quick reply.

"But," inquired the Historian, "did you not just now speak with commendation of 'a desirable saving to the taxpayers' by allowing public officers to represent the country at their own expense? Which horn of the dilemma, then, do you prefer: to say that such expenditure by an officer does *not* really represent the country, but only *himself*, or that he *pays* his country for *permitting* him to represent it? What would you say to appointing a man who was not a sailor to be a captain in the navy, on condition that he provide the ship?"

"I had not looked at the matter in that light before," returned the Senator in a somewhat subdued tone. "But," he added, "a ship, to be a part of the navy, must necessarily be a vessel of a public character."

"Do you consider, then, that an embassy or a legation does *not* possess a public character?" queried the Editor.

"I think, Senator," interposed the Judge, good-naturedly, "you might as well abandon that argument."

"I do not wish to press the point," persisted the Historian, "but it seems to me impossible to separate the per-

sonal and official sides of a diplomatic mission, for the reason that the official character of it overrules everything personal. An officer's person and residence both enjoy certain immunities. No matter who pays the rent of it, the house in which he lives is extra-territorial, and, for the time, legally a part of his own country. Personality is completely absorbed by the office. Such immunities could not be accorded to a private individual. An ambassador has a rank at court and a position in society that no one not a public officer could possibly obtain. You cannot divest him of this official character so long as he remains in the country to which he is accredited. In that country he not only outranks all his fellow-countrymen, but any slight to him would be regarded as an insult to his country."

"It is, I suppose, on account of this exceptional distinction that some persons are not only willing, but anxious, to occupy such positions at their own expense. They enjoy great honor; and, if they do save money to the taxpayers, they receive for it an acceptable *quid pro quo*," observed the Editor.

"But," inquired the Representative, "if they receive a *quid pro quo*, how does that differ from paying for the office?"

"Oh, it is not so bad as that!" exclaimed the Senator. "Such a conclusion would be unpatriotic. No one has ever meant to profit by such a transaction."

"Probably, Senator," resumed the Historian, "no one has ever done in this connection what has appeared to him morally wrong. We simply have not analyzed the motives of our practice in this respect, or considered the construction that may be put upon it; but others have not failed to do this, much to our discredit."

"Why, what do you mean? Who would presume to offer any criticism upon our method of filling our offices? We have a right to do as we please in these matters," observed the Senator.

"Certainly, we have that right; but we must accept the consequences. Let me mention one of them. A member of the *Corps Diplomatique*, in my presence, said to an American of great wealth who was living abroad, but had no per-

sonal distinction entitling him to the station in society he was ambitious to obtain, 'Why do you not return to your country and buy an ambassadorship?'"

After a painful silence, which no one ventured to break, the Judge, looking up from an intense contemplation of the table-cloth, relieved the strain by asking:

"And what did the American say?"

"He said nothing. He merely laughed."

"And what did *you* say?" asked the Editor.

"I made up my mind to resent the insult, as I felt it to be, and said, 'How much does an ambassadorship cost in *your* country?'"

"What did he reply?" demanded the Senator.

"I was expecting a blow in the face, and was prepared to answer it, when the man replied, very pleasantly, 'Thirty years of previous service.'"

Obviously, the discussion was at an

end; and, the coffee and cigars having been finished, the company arose.

As the gentlemen passed into the Judge's library before saying "Good night," it was noticed that the Senator looked somewhat vexed.

"Of course that was only an impudent joke, and should not be taken seriously," he remarked to the Historian as they left the dining-room together.

"As it turned out, I was not, upon reflection, disposed to take it seriously. I believe the man meant no harm, and was not even aware that we would regard his suggestion as insolent. He was, I think, quite innocently giving advice to a friend on the strength of certain impressions he had received."

"But where could he have obtained such impressions?" queried the Senator.

The guests were already taking leave of their host; and, not wishing to linger behind the others, the Historian replied, "That, Senator, is a question that might involve a long discussion."

Song

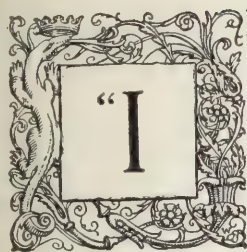
BY MARION KEEP PATTON

"O COME and kiss," the laddies cried,
And set my thoughts to smiling,
And then beneath the little hill
One caught me, with beguiling.
He laughed against my lips until
I ran, and proved the fleeter.
'Tis sweet to kiss—but, ah, to dream
Of kissing—that is sweeter.

"O come and love," the laddies called,
And set my heart to laughter.
Then o'er the hill my laddie went,
And I went following after.
My heart o'ertook his heart, but I
Sped on, for I was fleeter.
'Tis sweet to love—but, ah, to dream
Of loving—that is sweeter.

The Wax Bust

BY MARIE SCHERR



F the woman is willing to give you twenty-five francs for a morsel no bigger than that, I think you are a fool, Mary, my dear, not to let her have it."

The speaker drew down her plump, too-short upper lip for an instant, with a comically visible effort, over her large, prominent teeth. She never did this except when annoyed or ruffled. As a rule, her mouth parted with the appearance of a pant, giving her a false air of *bonhomie*, and making her seem younger than her years.

Now she glanced about her friend's dim, denuded room in the *entresol* of the old house in the Rue de Condé—at the chairs shrouded in coarse, gray covers, shiny and cheap; at the empty mantel-shelf, the black hollow of the grate. No pictures on the sallow, painted walls to lead the eye into a dream of green fields; nothing but a colored drawing after Bakst, torn out of some art review, depicting a semi-nude young man with amazing legs, apparently flying through the air. Mrs. James considered it violent, vulgar, and improper, and told her friend so the moment it caught her eye.

"I stuck it up there," Mary explained, "to see if I could copy that design on his tunic—this thing that floats off here. Those whorls are like eyes that look a hundred ways at once. They fascinate me. I have got the colors, too. See."

She held out a piece of orange silk into which her clever needle had woven a brilliant arabesque, the hot tones jostling one another in a furious dance. The whorls seemed to writhe and shoot out sparks. Emily James felt still more affronted.

"I confess I don't understand all this new-fangled art. Do you mean to say, Mary, that any one would be fool

enough to buy that thing?" She pointed a stubby, accusing finger in the general direction of the orange silk. "Do you mean to say you—*like* it?"

Her companion spread out the disparaged square upon the large bare table at her side, where it winked and flamed like some huge tropical blossom, drenched with perfume, cut off and dying in this low, cold room, closed in by the puritanical, distempered walls.

Mary smoothed its edges with her sensitive, well-shaped fingers.

"I *do* like it, Emily," she finally brought out, with an effort she tried to conceal—for it always hurt her not to pretend, at least, to agree with her old friend. Emily had a painful way of disposing of all things under heaven with a sledge-hammer definiteness only equaled in its noisy futility by the lack of imagination and of sympathy with which it was perforce accompanied. All this pother and welter, these judgments on subjects of which the stout little magistrate in the shabby, tight gloves and the tinkling jet bonnet was in a state of fathomless ignorance, jarred the nerves of Mary Thompson, who, beneath a worn exterior, guarded a creeping spark of joy, a pure delight in light and beauty. Now she went on to explain that a shop in the Boulevard Malesherbes had expressed a willingness to buy this despised square that she presumed would be used as a cushion-top.

"Dear me, how unpleasant!" interjected Emily James, irrepressibly. "Whatever must some people's rooms be like if they can buy such a blotch as that. I remember a beautiful cover I worked once with a stork and a bunch of irises. Every one said it was so natural. Well, I'm glad, Mary, for your sake, that you can make something that will sell. Now about that blue piece with those queer green spots. If that woman will give you twenty-five francs

for it, I certainly consider it your duty to let her have it. There are a hundred things you could do with the money to make this room more cheerful. You ought to get a screen to cover up that hideous grate; or a nice picture for over the sofa. You are so proud, you won't take any of mine, though you know I would gladly give you one or two out of the dining-room. Why won't you sell that rag?" she ended vigorously, the prick of curiosity urging her to explore the queer mental processes she dimly suspected to be going on behind her old friend's determination to keep by her this strip of faded silk which her restless, adroit fingers had spotted with what appeared to be a maniacal rash of livid, greenish spots.

Mary turned away from the low window irradiated with that gold-powdered, dusty gleam a September sun knows so well how to spray over these long, close Paris streets. The silk dangled in her hand.

"I know you think me a fool, Emily, and perhaps I am one, but this design means something to me that no one else could ever understand. The spots fall on it—how can I express it?—*just so*. If one were the least bit different the whole effect would be gone. And I happened on it quite by accident. Suddenly it seemed to jump at me—the way the lines and circles run. It makes me happy in a queer way simply to look at it." She held it up, gazing at the pattern as a devout person might regard the monstrosity.

This flighty talk was too much for Emily.

"Fiddle-de-dee!" she exclaimed, brazenly. "Don't be hysterical, Mary, whatever you do. Living so much alone is bad for you. If those sickly spots make you feel happy, then all I can say is that there must be something wrong with your liver. Put the thing up and let us be sensible. You know I couldn't come to Paris without stopping in to see you. I find this place a chillier and darker hole than I expected. You poor thing! No wonder you are morbid, wearing your eyes out all day over those crazy embroideries. Come down to me for a month. You can have any room in the house but mine. It will cheer you up

to see all the cozy old English furniture again—not a foolish French thing in the house. We brought the parsonage stuff straight over when poor Arthur's health gave way. Chartres is gloomy enough, but it's not a patch on this room. It will brighten you up to have the change. Take that bilious-looking cushion-cover to the man on the Boulevard, shut this place up for a month, and come to me. It won't cost you a penny."

Oh, foolish, inept, warm-hearted, little, masterful woman! Every word scraped the delicate susceptibilities of Mary Thompson as a coarse peasant clog tramples some silly young fern-fronds by the roadside; but underneath the rough coating of each phrase she felt the warmth of a real generosity, of a hearty friendliness that wished her well.

She glanced around her poor, faded room. It was dull, it was sallow, it was cold. But it had taken Emily James to tell her so. She had sat long days by the small window, working out her bizarre imaginings, letting them bud and flower in a dazzling riot of tropical color on the shining satin of these strips and rounds and squares. She had never before noticed how ugly an environment could be. She lived in herself, and found there something that was not herself. The fascinating mental complications that ensued lent her no eyes for the actual material facts expressed by these small, dim, cold rooms she rented for a trifling sum and thought no more about. Now Emily had come with her common-sense view, as definite as a bludgeon, and had struck down her house of dreams about her ears. She would like to see Chartres, too, the one cathedral in France, they say, that is alive; the one whose heart still beats, flushing with blood the blue-veined windows, whose soul still stirs in the heavy incense clouds that steal along the shadowy arches of the crypt. She had read about the windy square on the hill before the great west portal where the enigmatic queens look down with slanting eyes. A word to Emily, and she might see it all for herself. Swift in her moods, she thanked her friend with an emotion that Mrs. James put down to insufficient food. ("Poor thing! I'll tone her up," said the good Emily to her comfortable



Drawn by W. Hatherell, R.I.

HOW THE BELLS WOULD SOUND, ECHOING IN ALL THE ROOMS!

bosom.) And so they settled it then and there.

For all the remainder of that golden September, when the Luxembourg gardens are a blur of dusty green, and the sun sets every day in an apricot mist behind the towers of the Trocadero, the *entresol* in the old house in the Rue de Condé knew Mary Thompson no more—that tall, slim, faded Englishwoman, with the barbarous French accent and the tender smile that made up for it.

In the old gray town of Chartres Emily James had set up her tent, incongruously enough. Not for the Emilys of this world does Romanism hold out its soothing, hypnotic spell; the great living organism of the cathedral breathes no message to such ears. It was always too dark inside to see anything properly, she was wont to say, and the gorgeous shrine of the Black Virgin made her thumbs prick.

Her husband, the Rev. Arthur James, had died in the quiet, double house almost in the cathedral precincts, whither he had retired from his damp-soaked English home to draw easier breath into his poor, choked lungs for the few months of life that were left to him. The pure, clear air that circles about this church-crowned hilltop gave him a spurt of deceptive strength, but when the autumnal day shortened into its brief twilight, mild Arthur James followed it quietly into the night. Emily found him with his hands folded on his book. Her Arthur had made the gentle and decorous end that might have been expected of one of his nature. His wife had always secretly considered herself to be the man of the family. In pursuance of this idea, she briskly settled her husband's estate, and, realizing how far her money would go in a French provincial town, she determined to keep on the house in Chartres for the term of the original lease.

Surrounded by the relics of her English home, by these broad, unwieldy chairs and tables, these pictures of a bad period, these engravings of a worse, Mrs. James had certainly achieved a startling effect. Into this fine old French house, with its admirably preserved seventeenth-century floors, its tall windows properly set, its moldings and

framings, its thin slips of mirrors, its general air of balance and sobriety, Emily had not scrupled to thrust the miscellaneous collection of inferior objects she called her "things." To her eye the result was rather pleasing. When Mary saw it she had a half-humorous spasm of pity for the *ancien régime* so betricked.

Emily was hospitality itself, bustling about to make her old friend comfortable. Like so many commonplace people, she was at her best in her own home, winning a certain poise and dignity from the inanimate objects over which she held undisputed sway—such a room, such a bed, such curtains, would be the best for Mary. Instantly these silent servitors seemed to press forward unmistakable claims.

So Mary found herself and her modest box in a long, high chamber looking out on the fretted columns, the solemn, niched figures of the north porch of the great church. How the bells would sound, echoing in all the vacant rooms and passages of the house! Now that she had left Paris behind her, she realized how weary she had grown of her trivial daily round; how nervously exhausted her delicate, trying work would leave her of an evening. The odd pleasure she had taken in her intricate designs now seemed to her a little morbid and hysterical. Our poor Mary was no psychologist, and she would not have believed you had you told her that the most interesting thing about her—the only vivid spot in her sweetly colorless disposition—was just this abnormal capacity, this morbid faculty for feeling. That its object should be merely a certain arrangement of lines, made the intensity of the pleasure felt only the more disconcerting.

Now she swept her eyes about her room with a twisted lip for poor Emily's attempts at decoration. She would vastly prefer the plain gray walls, clear and cool and negative, but she knew she must keep her hands off these Victorian idols, hung up so piously with stout, rolled, red-worsted cord, in this old French house with its subtle odor of a past century—so fugitive, yet so unmistakable, as verbenas on a moist summer night.

Mary opened her box and shook out the slender store of her garments. She always wore black or gray, with a ribbon or a button or a spray of violet. She was tall, slender, neat, this English old maid. In her happiest moments she was not without a kind of distinction. People quite plain and dowdy themselves often show this quality, born, I am sure, because they love beautiful things, because a god once blew ever so tenderly on their eyelids, thus making them free of the gardens of Epicurus. However this may be, Mary descended to the *salon* where Emily was awaiting her, full of the gossip she had been extracting from her ancient *femme de ménage*, an excellent woman with an unerring eye and a priceless ear for all the minute, half-subterranean burrowings that pass for life in a provincial town.

"Father Gaston is back," announced Emily with a brisk little twitch of her lips.

Mary looked polite, but no more. Her roving gaze was assimilating this room with its ponderous walnut and its oil-paintings.

"Did you hear what I said, Mary?" Mrs. James's voice was on the ruffled note.

Her companion turned hastily toward her, compunction in her heart. Here she had been inwardly criticizing and, yes, sneering at poor Emily's dreadful belongings, quite forgetting the generous and hospitable spirit that had led her into this house, that was now hovering its plump hands among the tea-cups, while it said something about a Father Somebody.

"Forgive me, Emily, for being so absent. You were saying—?"

Here the kettle boiled noisily, and finally the tea was made.

During the progress of the little meal Mary learned that the Father spoken of was an Anglican who had "gone over" some twenty years before. Arthur James had known him in their early days. To the ancestral tug of the French blood his name implied may be attributed his conversion to the older faith. Walter Gaston, wading deeper and deeper in his historical studies, had, with the approval of his bishop, retired

to Chartres, where he hoped to put the finishing touches to the treatise that had been the main preoccupation of his later years. It had been a mild pleasure to run across his old friend James here, in this unlikely environment, and who knows what hidden, starved fibers had been stirred to something resembling life and motion by the sound of the English tongue, the rediscovery of certain simple points of view—so calm, so flat, so bovine?

Grateful for James's untarnished friendship, for his modesty and piety, although the man himself might be divorced from any knowledge of their True Fount, Father Gaston had continued his visits to his dead friend's wife when that resolute lady had decided to remain at Chartres.

The slight, elderly, bent man, with his shrewd eye and long, bluish chin, brought into Emily's preposterous *salon* a saving aroma of that mysterious world of intellectual activity that his hostess recognized but could not approve. To regard as important an idea or a tendency seemed to her a subdued form of madness, but her purse was open and her hand ready and hearty, and Father Gaston felt no scruples as to the employment of both for the ease of her poorer brethren.

He had formed a habit of coming to her in the late afternoon, before her supper, when his day's work was over and his nature craved contact with something healthy, simple, and impeccably sane. The Emilys of this world are the cushions that so admirably temper the jar of mere living, especially when the nerves are wrenched over the incredible lives of fourteenth-century saints, who may or may not have been epileptic.

"Yes, Marianne tells me that his Pauline told her that the Father was just home from England," pursued Emily, leaning back with a lofty disregard for the cake-crumbs that scudded down the generous slope of her black-satin lap like so much confetti. "He will be sure to drop in to-morrow afternoon. You will like to meet him. He's not like some of these foreign priests, you know, my dear. He talks to you quite like any other man."

Upon the removal of the tray Mary

drew out her delicate, exotic work, the tangled silks winking and gleaming on the low table in the soft lamplight.

Emily, with a stubby pencil, was happily engaged in the shrewd inspection of a stout household book that bore Marianne's sign-manual in many a characteristic smudge.

The next day was tranquil and sunny, with the subdued charm of early autumn when the light still filters through the shady *allées*, though heaps of fallen leaves lie like molten bronze on the grassy stretches.

Mary was out betimes, encircling the cathedral, staring up at the vast portals with their troops of carved figures—kings and queens, saints and angels. This strange Gothic art bewildered but did not fascinate her. The spirit of it eluded her. The surging tumult of the vivid, reckless life that had produced it could find no echo in this elderly Englishwoman. Her timidity demanded a geometric orderliness in a work of art. The substance must never crack the mold into which it is poured. Here at Chartres the great stream of creative design has broken all barriers, has flung itself in a wild gush of fancy from crypt to topmost pinnacle, flowering in those mysterious personages that crowd the doorways, that nod or seem to lure one with their unfathomable stone eyes. No, certainly this cup was too heady a one for Mary Thompson, so she merely sipped at it, a capricious breeze stirring her skirts as she emerged by the north porch to walk along the quiet, hilly street into the town. A bird threw out a speaking note from a knot of ivy on top of a gray wall; the placid, bluish sky arched gently over the distant misty fields. She drew a breath of relief to be in fresh surroundings, to be free of the stale atmosphere of her dull Paris room. She could fill her orders here as well as in town, and she experienced a lightness of spirit she had not known for years. Holidays had been few in her solitary, pinched existence. Gratitude to Emily budded in her heart. She forgot her friend's obtuseness and little, nagging, managing ways. She even looked forward to seeing Father Gaston at tea-time, although usually she was timid and self-conscious with strangers.

Nothing, however, could have been less formidable than the picture the dark, little, lean man presented as he sat in the twilight between the two elderly women, his tea-cup balanced on his knee, his gaze at once obscured and enlarged by his thick glasses. He had been exchanging with Emily James his local budget for hers.

"My Pauline gospel for your Mariannine," he smilingly said to his pleased hostess. "Eh, but it is good to be back at one's own fireside and bureau. But I find the former scoured to an unnatural luster, and the latter so clear of rubbish that I have threatened Pauline with excommunication if one scrap of paper has been destroyed. I am an untidy old man, I confess it, but out of this weed-grown field who knows what blessed lily of the Annunciation I may not coax into blossom?"

Mary thought him a charming person, and sat looking at him responsively, replenishing his big cup while Emily told a lengthy anecdote of Arthur and a housemaid who had once toyed disastrously with the sheets of a sermon. This being off her mind (she related it on an average of twice a year), she bethought her to exhibit to Father Gaston Mary's extraordinary handiwork. While she would have died rather than admit it, she was secretly not a little proud of her friend's originality; of the daring that could not only produce such bizarre balderdash, but actually sell it. Mary herself was not unconscious of an amusing filip of incongruity as she spread out, with her long, white fingers, on the shiny soutane covering Father Gaston's knees, the most barbaric of her creations, some rajah's opium-soaked dream come to life in this jungle of meandering lines, biting into the flame-colored satin with a flare of gold and green and lapis-lazuli.

"Whew! What have we here?" exclaimed the little man. "So you are an artist, Miss Thompson. Many a time I've seen things not unlike this in the Persian drawings—oh, hundreds of years old—at the Bibliothèque. Does the form mean less to you than the color? The latter is so particularly gorgeous that I confess I lose the sense of line. Does the pattern mean anything to you?"

"I don't think I can quite explain it," Mary replied, wrinkling her brows in the effort to make herself clear, "but I *feel* the form inside my brain with the oddest little spasm of pleasure."

Father Gaston shot at her a look of distinct and rather sudden interest. Abnormalities were his specialty, and here, in this thin, dry, elderly woman, he thought he detected a nature that, given the proper occasion, might burst into a sufficiently lively flame through this tiny vent-hole of morbid feeling.

Amused at the idea of testing her responsiveness, he bethought him of an exquisite trifle he had once seen in Arthur James's possession—a wax bust of late seventeenth-century make that its owner could never be brought to see in a proper light. The good Arthur was no connoisseur, and something in the dingy object he had one day discovered in an old box, wrapped in a striped bed-quilt, disturbed without pleasing him. Father Gaston had prevailed upon his friend to send the thing to Paris for a valuation, and the Reverend James's breath was somewhat taken away when the report of authenticity came back, accompanied by an offer of purchase for a not inconsiderable sum.

Emily was rather flattered by this, and although she thought the bust hideous, it eventually found its place in the *salon*. The Father's eye now roamed about for it, fruitlessly.

"What has become of my bust?" he asked his hostess. "Don't tell me it is broken. I want to show it to your friend Miss Thompson. You know it is a good thing."

"It may be good, but the man who made it was wicked," retorted Mrs. Emily, with more imagination than one might have credited her with. "I told Marianne to put it away in that cupboard. I couldn't bear the sight of it any longer."

"Is it as dreadful as that?" cried Mary. "May I get it, Emily?"

"Yes, but be careful. The door sticks, and then flies out in your face. It will break the glass some day."

Mary's skilled fingers avoided a catastrophe, and in a moment she came back down the long room toward the group by the fire, bearing in her arms, against

her thin breast, the enchanting head of a boy. It was the wax bust.

"What do you think of it, eh?" asked Father Gaston, settling his glasses and peering at her like an inquisitive bird. Mary set the bust carefully on the table and stood before it, her arms hanging at her sides, a dusty smudge on the front of her black gown.

"It is wonderful, wonderful," she said. "But what awful thing is he looking at?"

"That's it, that's it!" cried Father Gaston. "You've touched the root of the whole matter. The workmanship is consummate; as any one can see, but how the sculptor managed to give just that touch of horror to it is what interests me. That is why Mrs. James keeps it locked up in the cupboard, and why it troubled my old friend James's peace of mind."

"Ah, but I am not afraid," exclaimed Mary. "If I could study it long enough, I am sure I should end by seeing what he sees—and willingly, too."

"It would be wiser to have it exorcised first," put in the priest. "He saw an evil spirit and the horror of it dwelt in him, youth though he seems. I should not be surprised if this bit were modeled in some Italian lazaretto, some equivalent for our *maison de santé*. It is morbid, but as a masterpiece it must be put up with."

"Not by me," cried Emily. "It is detestable. I wish you would lock it up again in the cupboard."

"Oh, Emily!" murmured Mary. "Since you hate him, would you—would you—give him to me?" She had the head in her arms again, the bold sweep of its curls, the jut of the high, delicate nose silhouetted against her dark gown.

"Stuff and nonsense!" was Emily's first exclamation, interrupted by Marianne's entrance to remove the tea-tray and to light the lamp.

The shrewd peasant woman stood amused at the sight of the English *vieille fille* holding the wax image like a baby. "*Pauvre mademoiselle!*" she thought, feeling the wick of the lamp with her thick, red fingers. She was not slow to take in the talk that went on around her. *Monsieur le Curé* was urging madame to some act that displeased her—some gift to mademoiselle. But it



Drawn by W. Hatherell, R.I.

"WHAT DO YOU THINK OF IT, EH?" ASKED FATHER GASTON

was worth a great deal of money. Then madame would never give it, you may be sure. She was as close-fisted as Père Simon. There, they were putting the image back in the cupboard. Those were strange folk in Paris if they were willing to pay money for such an ugly foundling as that. The devil had blown on his eyeballs. She never could bear the sight of them. It was strange that *Monsieur le Curé* talked about this impious image so much. He must know as well as she that it was bewitched.

What was this madame was saying? Why did she, Marianne, take so long lighting the lamp? The old fox! she thought; but all she said in her gruff voice was, "*Je m'en vais, madame, je m'en vais,*" and then she had not been too careful to shut the door noiselessly behind her.

"That Marianne!" groaned Emily.

Father Gaston rose to go. He felt a little uneasy at the scene he had just witnessed. Mrs. James had been more brusque than usual in refusing Miss Thompson's request that she might have the wax bust. She was unaware of its monetary value when she spoke, and her friend had enlightened her none too delicately. He was conscious of a twinge of sympathy as he took his leave.

The priest's little ruse had succeeded better than he knew. Poor Mary had risen to the bait with an ardor scarcely to have been expected. Something in the portrayal of this puzzling adolescent, of this boy who had lived some curious, haunted life in the Italy of two hundred years ago, smote her imagination, filled her eyes with its beauty, intrigued her whole spirit with its troubling charm.

Some hours later, as she lay in bed watching the chilly autumn moonlight creep in across the polished floor, she was conscious of gusts of feeling of which she would have deemed herself incapable. A tigerish determination took possession of her to wrest the bust away from Emily, who had insulted it. She was feeling, poor thing—poor, innocent, faded Mary Thompson—as a savage mother might who heard her young whimpering and moaning in captivity.

She slipped out of bed and stood listening, bent down by the door. The wind had risen and had begun to call

out gentle whisperings and fugitive sounds from the ancient boards of the stairs, from the hinges of doors, from old cupboards. . . .

At the end of the following week Emily began to believe that something was seriously wrong with her friend. Mary would sit for hours at a time, her neglected embroidery in her lap. She appeared to be gazing into space, and would scarcely answer you when you spoke to her. Emily was vexed; sorry that she had asked her down. Mary ought to realize what was being done for her, and show a little gratitude. Father Gaston had been much occupied, or she would have spoken to him about it. In fact, now that she thought of it, the change in Mary had come the very day he had taken tea with them and they had had that unnecessary discussion about the wax bust. As though she were going to give away a work of art that had belonged to Arthur and that was certainly worth some money! If she chose to keep it locked up, out of sight, that was nobody's business but her own.

She threw an aggrieved look at Mary, who was sitting listlessly by the window, pretending to make the most of the last moments of daylight, drawing the needle slowly in and out of the web of silk in her hand.

Emily, a little restless, had a sudden inspiration to take a look at her wax possession, the root of all her woe. The floor creaked under her tread and Mary started, fixing her gaze on her companion as though unable to remove it. Now the cupboard door swung open. Mrs. James inserted a plump hand. It came out empty. She tried again. Nothing but a broken teacup. The shelf was bare.

"But wherever is the bust?" cried Emily. "I put it in here myself the other night. Don't you remember?" She directed a puzzled eye upon Mary. "Have you seen it?" she asked with obvious meaning.

Mary shook her head. Then she cleared her throat and said, "Why, no," quite naturally.

Emily had moved across the room again with a darkened brow and the little red curtain of her lip drawn tightly down.

"I must send for Father Gaston," she said to herself, "before I do anything."

As it turned out, Mary offered to fetch him. She was as restless now as she had been inert a few hours before.

Father Gaston was struck by the change in his visitor when Pauline came to call him into his cold parlor with its set chairs drawn up against the wall. Nothing but parochial business was ever enacted here, and the atmosphere bespoke it.

Miss Thompson was thinner than ever, and he would lay a wager there was more of fever than the touch of the autumn wind in the red that burned on her prominent cheekbones. Her long hands were never still, busied about her cloak, twitching her neck-ruff, settling her wisp of veil. She gave the impression of being driven from within—a poor, dried leaf, dancing painfully before some headlong gale.

He found it difficult to talk to her, yet she gave him an odd sense of the confessional. She had something preying on her that she didn't know how to escape—ah, these poor, hag-ridden Protestants, when the way was so easy!

They found Mrs. James in her place by the window, fronting her austere tea-table. When Father Gaston had his second cup carefully balanced on his knee, Emily broke out with her tale of the vanished bust.

"And now I recollect that she was in the room the very moment you were saying how much it was worth, and what the dealer in Paris had offered Arthur for it. She has been getting more and more out of the household money, and now the time has come to act. I have made up my mind to go through her box. She—"

"Who? Who?" cried the priest, his eyes on Mary Thompson.

"Why, Marianne, of course! Whom did you think I meant?"

Father Gaston leaned over and placed his untouched cup on the table. "Do you really believe that good creature took the bust—?"

"Some one has stolen it—some one who knew its value. You can't trust these French servants—"

"Stop, my dear friend," said the priest, quietly. "You have lived long

enough among us to know that what you say is unjust. You are a little upset. Marianne is incapable of doing what you suspect. The bust will be found. It has been mislaid. Search for it, but do not accuse an honest servant without proof. I will speak to her privately, if you wish."

"By no means," returned Emily James, warmly. "I can do that myself, and I will, this very instant."

The door had scarcely closed behind her when Mary Thompson's hand clutched Father Gaston's arm.

"Oh, what shall I do? What shall I do?" she whispered, trembling. "Am I a bad woman? Am I a thief? It's up in my wardrobe, wrapped in my coat. It has bewitched me. I came down in the middle of the night to get it. I know I meant to put it back. I look at it every moment I can steal away. I thought Emily would never miss it. She hates it, and I—"

"Poor thing, poor thing!" said Father Gaston, patting her shoulder. "Run up and bring it down instantly. Run, quick!" He pushed her out of the room.

Emily, he knew, would find no one in the kitchen. Ten minutes ago he had seen Marianne pass along the path by the side of the house, going for a chat with his Pauline, he had no doubt.

In an instant Mary was back, breathless, the bust hidden in her dress.

"Take it!" she gasped. "I have been mad, I think. I haven't had a really happy moment since I saw it; yet I thought I was happy, happier than I had ever been in my life. I've burned I don't know how many candles watching it at night. I buy them myself, of course. Emily doesn't know. You haven't a notion, Father, how extraordinary he looks in the shadows." She put out a creeping hand.

The priest swung the thing out of her reach. "A clear case of possession," he thought to himself, walking quickly to the other end of the room. As he stooped suddenly, Emily bustled back.

"Marianne's gone out," she cried. "What are you doing there?"

"Proving the good Marianne's innocence, my dear friend," replied Father Gaston. "I've just been having a look at your cupboard myself, and this is

what I find—the famous bust a little the worse for wear. His *beaux yeux* will no longer trouble any one; neither would he bring much in the salesroom now.”

He advanced upon the two women, holding the bust in his hand. It was cracked from brow to chin, and the tip of the faultless nose was gone for ever. He dusted it thoughtfully with his handkerchief.

“It was wedged between the shelves. Something must have given way. You didn’t see it in the dark.”

“Well, of all things—!” sighed Emily, hopelessly. “I feel quite upset.”

“Better let me throw it in the dust-heap,” suggested Father Gaston. “It is quite spoiled.”

“You wouldn’t want it, would you, Mary?” Mrs. James asked.

“No, oh, no, no!” cried Miss Thompson, putting her hands over her eyes. “Oh, Emily!”

“Sit down, Mary, do,” said her friend,

brusquely. “Any one would think you were going to cry.”

Father Gaston wrapped the mutilated wax effigy in his handkerchief and took up his broad, black hat.

“I’ll carry this troublesome young Italian away with me, and so cast out the evil spirit. You must show me some more of your beautiful embroideries when I come again, Miss Thompson. Stick to color.” He gave her a shrewd, kindly look as he took her cold hand.

“Poor soul! I could help her, but she’ll never let me,” he thought as he walked toward his lodging, passing the great, gray, majestic church, mysterious in the twilight, that keeps alive the soul of France.

“Why on earth did he speak of your embroidery?” asked Emily James.

“Because he’s a good man.” replied Mary Thompson, her hands clenched in her lap to keep them from trembling, but to her friend her answer seemed to have even less point than usual.

Rachel Comforted

BY LOUIS HOW

SHE watches little children sleep,
She wanders where they play;
And she has neither tears to weep
Nor words to say.

A little boy she thinks a girl
Has eyes she sees as blue,
And chestnut hair,—for her, in curl,
And blond of hue.

Interminably shall she wait
For death to break the spell;
And meanwhile beat at heaven’s gate
And stare at hell.

The half her heart hath ceased to be;
The remnant is forespent.
No longer desperate is she,
Nor yet content.

The Undergraduate Background

BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

Assistant Professor of English in Yale University



I must have occurred to many to explore the background of the Freshman's mind, but in the midst of endless discussions of preparatory schools, entrance examinations, and all the vast and creaking machinery of American secondary education I find little mention of it. Perhaps the results have seemed too confused for publication. Perhaps—and this, as I sit and look at my Freshman class, I feel to be the true reason—a fear of the blank and empty stretches which may be behind their agreeable faces, a dread of discovering just how little background the undergraduate does possess, has silenced the timorous pedagogue.

Occasionally I nerve myself to overcome this hesitancy, prepare for shocks and disillusionments, apply my probe, and proceed to reach the minds of that Freshman class, which squirms and writhes as I proceed. They are not altogether discouraging, the results of that operation. I find much valuable and interesting material, even when I cannot discover the intellectual equipment that the college has specified. The youth who confuses Dogberry and doggerel has well-developed opinions on morality. He who describes the Puritans in terms of the Salvation Army is nevertheless a shrewd judge of human nature. And that quiet fellow in the corner, who belongs to a new and more intellectual America, names an opera, or a symphony, or a good book with a familiarity which makes me blush for the crudeness of my own days as an American undergraduate. But he is only one, and well-nigh everywhere else I find a bleak ignorance — redeemed, sometimes, by shrewdness, persistence, and business ability, but lacking the sympathetic interest in knowledge and the arts which

should be found in a boy who is ready to enter college.

When we declare, after examination in a number of definite subjects, that a boy is ready to enter our institution, and then are displeased with the result, it is this deficiency in background, I think, this poverty in intellectual interests, that makes the trouble. It is this that explains why so much effort is wasted in American colleges. Our teaching is strewn upon a bare and barren hinterland, and, finding no warmth to sprout in, no soil to root in, dries up and blows away. And if a liberal education displays itself in so many college graduates as neither liberal nor an education, here is one cause that it is folly to neglect.

I never fully appreciated the importance of the Freshman's background until the exigencies of bachelor life lodged me for some years in the midst of a college dormitory. In those years I made what was, for me, a great discovery in undergraduate psychology. I learned that many a boy had gone through a long and expensive preparation for college with no perceptible effect on his intellectual interests; and this made me realize that a college course must possess and fructify those desert regions where the Freshman intellect pursues its nomadic way, or be a waste of time that might as profitably be spent at the "movies" or the ball-game. It was a discouraging conviction for a young and hard-worked teacher; but it was the truth.

There were a dozen or so of us living in a kind of prairie-dog settlement about a great central living-hall on which all our rooms opened. I was proctor, but under the influence of a common living-room the rigid barriers which separate the teacher and the taught weakened, and sometimes broke down. There were talks while we shaved, informal calls in dressing-gown or sweater, and (for better evidence) conversations outside my

closed door, where the Freshman revealed himself to the reflective instructor with startling clarity. It was a highly differentiated gathering: West, East, South, and many schools had contributed to my family. One is a writer of rising distinction now, another a mining-engineer, a third a successful business man, a fourth (I should judge) one of the pillars of the Tenderloin. As their divergent careers indicate, they differed as much, one from another, as boys can differ, which is only a little less than men; and yet one statement could be made for nearly all: the sympathies, the prejudices, the knowledge they had gained at home or among their school-mates had little to do with the things they had learned at school. It was the first that made their background. It was there that they were living. The second—their formal training—was held in suspension, waiting, and often waiting vainly, to pass into the life processes.

The gulf between their thought and their so-called education showed itself only too clearly. Sometimes the talk would go for hours after endless hours of trivialities of "prep-school" gossip, second-hand comment on college athletics, wearisome disputes as to who said this or who said that, in which no one was interested—without a suggestion of the new ideas that college was supposed to be giving them. But this was merely the reticence or the fatigue of active spirits. Often enough, if personality came into the discussion, or prejudice, or achievements that touched their imaginations, they would take fire; and when I talked with them alone, it was seldom that some vitality of interest did not reveal itself. But in ideas—esthetic, intellectual, commercial, for I tried them all—they were not interested.

It was in these talks that I came to understand the magnitude of the teacher's problem. Thanks to the narrowness of their interests, the subject-matter of civilization—history, literature, science—was not at home in their minds. They received instruction as the Eskimo receives the arts of the white man—politely, but with some suspicion and not a little contempt. And yet, unless our teaching entered into and became a part of their backgrounds it did not live

beyond the cooling of the breath. I quickly discovered that the lesson which touched no chord of previous sympathy had to fight all the forces of youthful indifference, and speedily dropped away. I soon learned that a quickening appreciation was due as much to some old influence which time had welded into the brain as to the teacher who awoke it. And when there was nothing to work upon we worked in vain.

The banker's son from New York was clear-sighted and quick of comprehension, but he had lived his life amid ideals of profit and physical pleasure. The moral philosophy of English literature shed from his brain like water from a roof. The son of the Montana miner had a heart of gold and common sense worth millions, but he had come from an over-practical world which recognized the abstract only when it was sentimental. Thought about religion or atoms or politics or poetry passed through his head and left never a path behind it. And there was one youth, by no means the most intellectual, or even the most likable, who seemed to clinch the argument. He, it seemed, had lived in a family where food, business, reprimand, and complaint had not been the only topics of conversation. His mind was stored with vague interests in politics, science, art, vague ambitions toward knowing "why things were so," and how to control them; interests and ambitions worthless in themselves because of their very vagueness. He knew nothing definite, he could do nothing well, he had always been at the middle of his classes; he was, so he thought, and with justice, mediocre. Nevertheless, that boy was getting educated while the rest of them were merely being trained. From his position of inferiority he was advancing, and he advanced, abreast of and then beyond them. It may have been delayed ability. I do not think so. It was rather that, thanks to the sympathies which had been rooted in his mind, his thoughts were hospitable to education. I doubt whether he has made as much money as the rest of them. He lacked shrewdness for that. But I know that he got more from his education; and I think that he is doing more with his life.

That boy had *background*—a background not so much of knowledge and experience, though all that he had was valuable, as of awakened intellectual desires. The others, with slight exceptions, had not. It did not make them less excellent fellows to know and to live with. It did not affect their common sense or their morality. But it did make them less interesting to talk to; for once outside a narrow range of athletics, travel, or mutual acquaintances, they did not react. And, oh, what a difference when it came to educating them! It was painful to know that, failing to reach the distant background where the boy was living, our ardor was flung away for trivial results. But at least it explained the many, many disappointments, and nerved one to assault more intelligently the well-guarded citadel where lurked the minds of the Freshman class.

I had been too recently an undergraduate myself to feel rancor. It seemed the established order that a boy should come to college keenly alive to its social possibilities, and indifferent to ideas and to culture. It seemed a notable triumph for the university when I considered how many men of my college generation had emerged with minds that were sweetened, made liberal, filled full of useful interests, and ready to discriminate among the values of life. I praise my university a little less now that, being part of her, I realize the things she did not, perhaps could not, do for us. But against the "established order" and its self-satisfied indifference I am in revolt.

Why should the universities have to take over from good schools and comfortable homes so much sodden clay into which only a new creation could put the breath of intellectual life? Why should they have to press their wares upon the unwilling student like patent-medicine venders? Is it fair, is it honest, is it wise to send them boys who might want education, yet do not; who might be interested in knowledge, yet are not; whose habit of mind is opposed to all cultivation not directly associated with elementary pleasure or dollars and cents? The critics say, If you gave them an education adapted to modern life they would not be indifferent to it. Alas! if in the intellectual loafers among our un-

dergraduates I could discover an interest in any kind of education, I should be more optimistic.

I am not complaining of the preparation of our undergraduates, in the strict, scholastic sense of the word. That is *our* problem. I freely admit that the schools might teach them more, and I know, of course, that better educational methods would enrich their backgrounds as well as increase their knowledge. Indeed, I see a dozen instances in my Freshman classes where this has been true, especially among boys who have been subjected to the superior discipline and richer education of a European school. The trouble fundamentally is not here—it is in the home. In an earlier essay I pointed out, with as much restraint as the ruffled spirit of a weary teacher would permit, that the parents who sent their boys to college to "make a society" and become "good mixers" were unjust, then and afterward, to the boys and to the college. They are also chiefly to blame, these parents, for the weak and pallid background of the undergraduate. And it is in the home that children learn a bad philosophy of getting educated.

To speak of a "philosophy of getting educated" in boys of seventeen is not so foolish as it sounds. The Freshmen, consciously or unconsciously, have a very definite attitude toward "learning things," and that attitude is their philosophy. Try them and you will quickly find that they have taken their stand already as regards "culture" and "mental discipline," just as they have taken their stand in moral matters. I do not refer to what they *say*. The undergraduates will maintain as one man that "culture" is desirable. The most flagrantly epicurean and wilfully Philistine members of my class will cheerfully assert in writing, and over their signatures, that from the bottom of their hearts they believe "a man ought to broaden his mind by studying a number of subjects" in college. And the laziest Senior, after an evening at a café or the "movies," will stroll over to the class polls next morning, humming "In this college life there is rest," and cheerfully vote that Phi Beta Kappa was what he most desired in college! I mean, of course, what they *feel*, as indicated by

what they *do*. And it is not usually the school that makes the striking differences which will appear—differences ranging from a warm and fruitful appreciation to a dull and indifferent spirit. It is the philosophy which they drew from their background—which is to say, from their environment, and most of all their homes.

American parents might echo the regretful words of King Lear, who had “ta’en too little care” of the social errors ripening before his unseeing eyes. Like “big business,” and the exploiters of our natural resources, they let the period of excessive individualism now drawing to a close lead them into serious errors of omission and commission. In the nineteenth century religious education in the home, with the incidental culture that accompanied it, began to decline. Its place was taken by an almost superstitious faith in the power of the college and the school. Thousands of American parents, who professed to desire cultivation for their sons and daughters, chose—through modesty or laziness—the method of *laissez-faire*, and shifted their responsibility upon formal education. The mother was busy learning the ways and means of the new luxury which in the ’80’s began to be obligatory for socially ambitious Americans; the father was still busier, earning the wherewithal for the process. Both, in many instances—I judge by results—gladly welcomed these insidious theories of individualism in education. Let us put the boy in a good school, they said, where of course he will become educated. Then, having spared no expense in the effort to give him the best in the market, they washed their hands of the whole affair, and, unless he was dropped or expelled, concerned themselves no more with the matter. The result is the college problem of to-day—a profusion of well-dressed, well-mannered boys, fairly well-trained, fairly well-stocked in mind, but devoid of any active interest whatever in their education.

The mistake was to suppose that a school alone could give them background. By what miracle of education could these children of parents indifferent to knowledge and scornful of culture be endowed in the schools with the thing

that all their early environment had taught them to neglect or despise! It was too late. Instruction, like a thunder-storm above rocky summits, rumbled and burst upon their impervious heads, and only the mental habits of their boy companions, with minds as immature as their own, really influenced their ways of thinking. Thus at school they lived in a barbarous age of their own and their friends’ creating, where light, learning, and scientific truth were viewed much as the Crusaders, who stamped Greek bronzes into coin and burned marbles for lime, regarded the beauty and the civilization of ancient Constantinople. The *laissez-faire* method, as I have described it, may have increased self-confidence, favored manliness, and saved time and worry for the American parent, but as a cultural process it was thoroughly inefficient.

Well, what is to be done about it? Let us suppose that we want culture, by which I mean no mere affectation of knowledge, nor any power of glib speech, or idle command of the fopperies of art and literature, but, rather, an intelligent interest in the possibilities of living. Indeed, there is no *raison d’être* for the college of liberal arts if there is no such desire. Well, what is to be done? Buy a library, redecorate the living-room, adopt the broad *a*, enter the whole family in the nearest summer school, and take the boys to “Götterdämmerung” instead of to the ball-game? Such a method of providing a background in a hurry has been tried, with results that our native playwrights have failed to grasp only because their fondness for melodrama has dulled their sense of humor.

And yet even a college professor can see remedies—partial, to be sure, yet remedies that will bring relief.

The first is to be honest. If you are content with an education for your children that gives a certain amount of superficial information, to be acquired while they are making friends, advancing socially, and preparing to come out of college good “mixers,” if not educated men and women, why, then, be honest about it, teach them to be honest, and do not deceive yourself or them into supposing that it is culture you are after,

or culture that they have got. For some undergraduates this is the best, indeed it is the only course, though for most it is perdition. Some minds can absorb, and some will absorb, no more than a certain measure, even though deans and faculties and educational journals rage. Once they get into college, one must make the best of them. The college will suffer. But then education has always had to carry dead weight, and will continue to do so until some new economic order makes it necessary for every one to work for a living.

If the lazy-minded are honest, they are not dangerous—one learns to accept them, like humidity and flies. It is the men who are not honest that corrupt college life, the men who wish to turn college into a social institution and call that culture, or into an athletic competition and call that education, or into a mold of character or good manners, and call that intellectual training. If they were honest with themselves, if you were honest with them, they could not be so deluded. They would either frankly admit that their goal was not intellectual development, and so become less dangerous; or turn more of their admirable energies into training the mind, and so become really valuable; or stay away from college. I do not believe that many men are the worse for their college course, since our undergraduate life has a wonderful vigor and sweetness, which enriches often where it does not educate. It is the colleges that suffer.

Of course there are many fathers—especially among business men—who frankly do not believe in culture, and who are quite willing that their children should get the associations of college life with the modicum of cultivation which cannot be escaped. I have another and equally serious quarrel with them, which demands more space than this essay can afford. They at least are honest. Their prejudices are due to a well-grounded distrust of the intellectual fops and dry-as-dust pedants who will sometimes develop as excrescences upon the cultural process. Or, if not prejudice, it is a wilful ignorance of what the colleges mean by culture that misleads them, and a wilful blindness to the kind of intellect which will be required of the next gene-

ration. But my quarrel here is with the parents who profess to believe in college education.

If, being such a parent, you are not content with the ambiguous training desired by the advocate of "country-club colleges"; if you belong to the new generation which has begun to realize that the complexities and competitions of modern life are crying for intelligence to master them, and that even millions are growing difficult to spend; if you demand a training for your children that will stir the inner virtues of the mind—why, then, two courses are open. Granted schools and colleges as good as one can provide—and they are not yet good enough for the splendid material that America is breeding—it is indispensable that there be, in addition, either background, with all it implies, or a heartfelt desire for education.

Now it should not be difficult to give the current Freshman a proper background. Colleges in America have spread with incredible rapidity. But they have spread no faster than the homes where all the appliances of civilization are at hand. The background of culture, thanks largely to our women, is available in many, if not in most, families of moderate means. But, unfortunately, it is not yet our background. We are a little restive before it—suspicious of its refinements, contemptuous of its luxuries. It is like a new fashion, worn awkwardly, scornfully, by practical men, if worn at all. And the hearty young barbarians, who always imitate those they love best, magnify our suspicions, our contempts, and go off to school and college with that for their intellectual and esthetic philosophy.

It is hard at middle age to broaden tastes, to become interested in thought, to learn to use as well as to possess the possibilities of living that a good income and the twentieth century put before us. And yet, if the children are to be given a fair start in the more intellectual period that is certainly coming, the effort must be contemplated. Unless they are strong enough to break away from their first environment—and many are not—school alone will never bring culture with it, nor will college.

The families who lack the apparatus

and the atmosphere of fine living, whether through the hampering poverty of a tenement flat or the distracting riches of a new-made million, are handicapped, perhaps, but in no sense deprived of the opportunity to give education a fair chance. They may not be able to insure for their children a background rich in experience of the arts of life, but they can inculcate the desire for one; and in youth, desire is even better than possession. There may be bad pictures on the wall, cheap books on the shelves, narrow talk or none at all at table, and yet the boy who emerges from such an environment may be surer of awakening his intellectual being than the son of an art-collector or a patron of symphony concerts—if he really wants to be educated. Neither poverty nor riches is the determining factor. In either case, the wish to know truly and to feel truly can be instilled, if there is the will to instil it. And such a longing wins against any odds.

In one respect, at least, the youth who must fight his way out of utter Philistinism, or the barren environment of the poor, is better off than he who enters college already acquainted with the liberal arts. He has rubbed, and rubbed hard, against the basic necessities of life—need of food, need of clothes, need of money—or at least his parents have made him familiar with those incorrigible realities which came before the arts and will stay after them. And the saving practicality that comes with hard-earned sustenance, and remains when the stress and the pinch are past, will save him from the poses, the potterings, and the fopperies that accompany culture too easily won, and make it—what all culture seems to many Americans—an ornament, rather than an aid to a richer and more purposeful life.

There is no getting round it. If we

wish the colleges to instil culture, we must either become cultivated ourselves, or by some other means make our children desirous of culture. Even so, the problem will not be solved. Inefficient teachers will remain to be reckoned with, especially since we shall probably continue to refuse to give them enough income to keep what culture they possess at the boiling-point. And there are few schools and few colleges in which outworn, ineffective methods do not here and there hold back even the willing mind from a full measure of accomplishment. The sociologist will remark that there is also heredity. It is still true that you cannot make a silk purse out of a sow's ear, and as there are boys who would become educated in Greenland or Nigeria, so, as I have already admitted, there are others whose brains permit of only a moderate education, strive as we may. But the psychologists and anthropologists now give us reason to believe what common sense has long taught—that the power of environment, if not absolute, is at least greater than any other shaping influence upon the mind. Environment cannot make, though it may mar, genius or even talent; but a bad heredity will not prevent a boy in a favorable environment from acquiring an adequate education.

A far more serious problem is to determine just what true culture is going to be for the next generation, so that the bewildered parent may adequately prepare for it. Few will agree as to its probable nature, and in the particular forms of education and environment by which we try to instil it there is abundant room for legitimate differences of opinion. But no one will deny, I think, that a mind eager to get at the truth and willing to enjoy the best is a chief requisite in any conceivable educational programme.





EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

OUR visitor had such an air of distinction, with a general effect of strangeness, and at the same time a perplexing suggestion of familiarity, that we scarcely knew how to take him. But we remembered the hospitality which we had shown all sorts of visitors in times past, and though it was our busy day (we have one a month, when we try to think up what we are going to say), we asked him, still a little doubtfully, if he would not sit down. "Oh, thank you," he said, "I *have* come rather a long way, and if you don't mind, for a moment," and he took the uncomfortable chair which we keep for the purpose of speeding the parting guest when he cannot make up his mind to go without help.

We remained looking at each other for an appreciable moment, and then, with rather an appealing smile, he said, "And you don't know me?"

"Why, yes, perfectly," we answered, "but somehow we can't place you exactly. Where have we had the pleasure of— When—"

"I don't wonder," he returned. "I've been gone ever since the early eighteenth-seventies—"

"That accounts," we interpolated, "for something oddly Mid-Victorian about you which we noticed when you first came in."

"And I may say, without exaggeration, that I have been pretty much round the Cosmos since. Star-dust, protoplasm, natural selection, survival of the fittest, anthropoidal ancestry—I have returned from them all, and here I am again, scarcely changed in the least, I hope, and glad enough to be back. I had hoped you had missed me, but if you don't know me—"

We sat up, and pulled ourselves forward by the arms of the Easy Chair for a good look. "You're not—you don't tell us—you can't be—the Human Soul?"

He laughed out joyously, "I *am* the Human Soul."

"Well," we said, and in order to gain time we repeated ourselves in adding, "We thought there was something strangely familiar about you. But," we hedged, "you're not the Choir Invisible are you? No funny business of race immortality? No living in the bettered lives of others?"

"No, no," he shouted for pleasure in forbidding the supposition. "Just the plain old-fashioned, individual Human Soul, such as everybody once had, without the slightest misgiving."

It is impossible to express the satisfaction we felt at this. "Then you are the Unsevered Consciousness?"

The Soul beamed upon us with a nod of assent and confirmation. But we had a sudden disquiet. "You don't mean," we anxiously entreated, "that you are a result of Psychical Research?"

This seemed to amuse the Soul still more, and he laughed again in glad derision. "There *are* spirits," he said, "that are willing to come back that way round, but I had rather not. I should say that I had arrived through a renewal of that simple old process of realizing a fact by feeling it in the bones. Of course, the figure rings a little out of harmony; but I don't know why, though I am now a spiritual body, I should not have been sensible in the material frame which I once animated."

"Exactly, exactly!" we agreed, and we emitted a low, vague whistle. "Nothing more reasonable. As we understand, you are not now in the flesh. You have been exterminated by some such process—" We stopped for want of ideas.

The Soul was apparently delighted. "You haven't been supposing that I was *your* soul?"

"Oh no; not at all. Nothing of the kind!"

"Because if that had been the case

they would have been looking round for your successor by this time."

We shuddered, and hastened to leave the point for something less personal to ourselves. "Do you mind talking a little about your impressions of the renewed interest in you among mortals? You are very much in the public eye, just now, or as the Press Clippings Bureaus modestly put it, you are 'attracting a good deal of attention,' as perhaps you have noticed, with the help of the Press Clippings, or without. There is scarcely a recent publication of any sort in which you are not mentioned. Of course you have seen what Sir Oliver Lodge has said."

"That he had positive proof of my survival after death? But I knew that already; and besides his evidence seems to have come through the agency of Psychical Research methods, which I think you agreed with me in—"

"We have never expressed any feeling of slight for them, or distrust, and we should not like to be implicated by your personal feeling on the point. No writer concerning you, or the question of unsevered consciousness, can well avoid referring to the mass of evidence accumulated by that society. Mr. Henry Holt, for instance, in his very interesting volumes *On the Cosmic Relations*, refers to it so frequently that we had almost said constantly. We confess that we rather like him better when he is not doing so, but is speculating and reasoning on his own bat, so to speak. But what we were really trying to arrive at, 'merely for purposes of identification,' as the newspapers say in requiring the names and addresses of correspondents, are the points of resemblance between yourself and the Human Soul as we knew it before Evolution began to make its inroads upon Faith. We hope it will not seem too intimate if we inquire, for instance, whether you still regard yourself as a Soul to be Saved or Lost, as all souls outside the Unitarian or Universalist cult did in the early seventies. If you will remember, there was then a prevalent belief in a Heaven for the repentant and a Hell for the unrepentant sinners' souls. As yet the newspapers had not seriously taken up the question of Hell,

and decided by a large majority against the doctrine of the good old perdition which was a main prop of the hope of salvation."

"Yes," the Soul asserted. "But in my own case, with my trust in the divine mercy, I never accepted that doctrine. I—"

"Allow us," we interposed. "We would rather inquire whether you have come back with any such preoccupation concerning other souls. We have just been reading a very important little book on *A Century's Change in Religion*, and if you have seen it—"

"Oh yes," the Soul assented. "By the Rev. George Harris, who was formerly Professor in Andover Theological Seminary. A very important book, indeed, and extremely sound and kind. I suppose you have in mind that admirable chapter on 'The Waning of Calvinism,' where certain passages from the old-fashioned 'plan of salvation' are quoted, like, 'God having out of His mere good pleasure, from all eternity, elected some to everlasting life, did enter into a covenant of grace to deliver them out of the state of sin and misery, and to bring them into a state of salvation by a Redeemer. . . . We are made partakers of the redemption purchased by Christ by the effectual application of it to us by the Holy Spirit . . . working faith in us and thereby uniting us to Christ in our effectual calling.' Well, I have not returned with any such preoccupation concerning other souls or myself, and still less have I come back holding the belief through my experience of immortality that 'all mankind by their fall' in Adam 'lost communion with God, are under His wrath and curse, and so made liable to all the . . . pains of hell for ever.' Those ideas, it appears from Dr. Harris's book, are no longer accepted by the church, and were never evolved from the Bible. I speak, of course, for myself, but I do not believe that any soul returning to its own from our long exile in the greater light of up-to-date science could possibly hold these doctrines."

"Excuse us," we said, "we cannot, with all respect due a disembodied spirit, allow you to enter upon a theological

discussion here. We have no doubt of your sincere convictions or your good intentions, but we must draw the line. What we would like to know is whether science has accepted and now tolerates you as Man created out of the dust of the earth, and inspired with the undying life which the Creator breathed into his nostrils, or whether it glories in you as a triumphant ultimatum of protoplasm; whether it rejoices in you as a proof of revelation or an illustration of evolution, a survival of the fittest, in short."

The Soul hesitated a thoughtful moment. "I don't know whether I should be justified in replying categorically to your questions. You seem to assume that I have come into my own again wholly under favor of science—"

"Only so far," we interposed, "as your present scientific repatriation is a corollary of your scientific exile forty or forty-five years ago."

"I am not sure," the Soul took the word, "that science either exiled or repatriated me. Aren't you confusing two rather different things? When you name science don't you mean the philosophy deriving from some results of scientific research? Isn't science, properly speaking, now as ever, occupied with questioning the facts of the material universe, large and small, dissecting, analyzing, observing, noting, and steadfastly refusing to leave its job for any speculative inferences? I grant you that there are scientists, and great ones, who seem to have left their job to inquire into what all scientific men would once have called the Unknowable. In the very hour of Evolution's triumph Agassiz denied it, and dared to lift a prayer to the Unknown God in the temple of the knowable gods. The great Wallace who made Darwin's discovery simultaneously with him never ceased to believe in me, as far as spiritualism could give proof of it. Sir Oliver Lodge turns for a moment from scientific research to evoke the evidence of psychical research in proof of me; and Mr. Holt, whom we may call a scientiated philosopher, bred in the strictest sect of the evolutionaries, leans upon the often-breaking reeds supplied by that inquiry to find his way about the world of spirits. John Fiske, eldest

son of that hopeless faith, Apostle to the Scientific Heathen, as I think you once called him, never altogether renounced belief in the unsevered consciousness, and he held steadfastly to an 'Idea of God' which some who tried to grasp with him, found their hands empty of when they opened them to look closely at it. No, as to science which devotedly remained science, I must say, 'Thank you for nothing. You did not, because you could not, banish me from the hearts and hopes of men; and it is not you who have called me home. I did not exist by your grace, and I do not persist by your leave!'"

It appeared to us that the Soul was losing itself somewhat in the vagaries of self-satisfaction bordering on brag, and we thought it well to bring it back to the solid facts again. "Then if it was not science that did it, and if science has not done it, how do you account for having been away this long while, and for being here now?"

"Who knows?" the Soul answered. "Perhaps in both events there has been merely the effect of human moods. In a certain mood of mankind, and for a certain almost definite period, the love of poetry prevails. That period passes, and the love of strong, true, perhaps rather disdainful and intolerant prose succeeds. At one time people like to read the best fiction, at another the worst. In a certain epoch the arts reach their most beautiful, delicate, and powerful expression; at another they strive for the ugly, the mean, the mad, in picture, architecture, sculpture. These changes are from fluctuations of emotions which no one can measure or forecast."

"Yes, that is all very true," we said, "and it certainly throws some light on the question. "But we cannot understand why, the scientific objection to you being removed, you disembodied spirits, you Souls, do not return in such force as to induce the most incredulous among us to believe in the unsevered consciousness. Why, in short, you come back single spies, as it were, and not battalions."

"You persist," the Soul replied, "in your notion that I am here by the leave or the invitation of science. Nothing of the kind—"

"You miss the point, rather," we said. "Religion has always admitted your immortality; but since science has taken its present benevolent attitude, don't you think it would be, say, handsome of you to show your appreciation—I won't say gratitude—by, as it were, meeting her half-way, so to speak?"

"On the conditions offered? Really," the Soul returned, with a smile that had perhaps too much compassion in it, "would you yourself, if you were a disembodied spirit, would you like to come back to a world whose scientific keepers welcomed you on some such terms as they would offer a suspected impostor? What is the animating purpose, the declared function, of the Psychical Research Society? It is the investigation of every manifestation of the supernatural, as if it were fraudulent. Would you like to submit yourself to any such scrutiny of your essence and identity? I admit that there is an almost Lombrosian breadth of inquiry in its consideration of instances. Everything is fish that comes to the net it casts into the unfathomable sea of the Unknown, but once in its net, fish and every other live or dead thing share alike. No self-respecting spirit can submit itself to the ordeal proposed."

"There is a good deal in what you say," we returned. "But don't you think you have a duty in the matter, a duty to the race? Suppose the terms *are* humiliating, wouldn't it be your sufficient reparation if you convinced only one despairing mortal that there was a hereafter through your authentication by such an accepted and approved tribunal? The final and decisive removal of doubt—"

"Doubt! Doubt!" the Soul broke in upon us. "For one such doubt there is faith a millionfold. For the despair of one such mortal as you imagine there is the hope of the myriad majority who have always hoped with unwavering belief that if they die they will live again, and that they will meet in im-

mortality those who died before them, and whom their souls hold dear in the unbroken embrace of the love that links together a life here and hereafter. Tell me," the Soul suddenly turned upon us with the personality, "you once believed in me, didn't you?"

"Unquestioningly."

"When and how did you lose faith in me?"

"How, we don't know; but as to when, it was about the year 1870, when most other cultivated people gave you up."

"But now you believe in me again?"

"We must."

"And what made you return to a belief in eternal life?"

"Death."

The word was surprised from us, but we could not take it back.

"Many," we said, "cease to believe in that dreadful hour which brings belief back to others."

"No, not many; not really *any*!" the Soul triumphed. "And death you have always with you, and always will have. It is the promise, and the witness of the promise, that the Soul cannot die. While you live here you cannot understand this saying, and I have not the mortal words to declare it to you. World without end, perhaps you on earth will have no other promise, no other witness of the promise; but it may be that in the fullness of eternity it shall be seen on earth that death was only another form of life. It seems to rend your very soul; it tears apart every fiber of your being when it comes to your beloved. You said that you could not bear it when it came; but you bore it, as all the innumerable host of men have borne it from the first. In the very ecstasy of your anguish there was somehow peace, there was refuge, there was escape. If here you can outlive, is not it a sign that you shall live on?"

While we looked hard at the Soul, radiant, exultant, there ceased to be anything where it had been. Perhaps there had never been anything.



EDITOR'S STUDY

THE prosperity of literature is not measured by the aggregate profits of authors and publishers. It is a matter of life rather than of business—not the life of one mortal generation, but of humanity. Fortunately literature, the art preservative of all the others, is itself the most easily preserved—the only living thing on earth whose pulse can be coeval with human pulsation. What a pulse old Homer had, beating on for ever! 'Tis just as fortunate that most that is scribbled is as short-lived as it is momentarily lucky, contributing nothing to the essential and lasting prosperity of literature.

Tradition, if vital, is translation even into new terms of life. In this view it would seem quite unessential to the prosperity of a living literature—the life of which at any time, indeed the very life of its own time, would seem to be its prosperity—that any author should be eminent in the perspective of generations to come. The present generation has more consciousness of self-sufficiency than any past has had, and, though more generally than any past it is acquainted with an older literature, this being more accessible to a larger number of readers, it has in the least degree the feeling of dependence upon anything old.

Our very remoteness in feeling helps our perspective: the more distant the stars the clearer their constellation. What is alien to us heightens our romantic interest and is a lure to curiosity; our scientific inclination, too, for distinct grouping and analysis has a satisfactorily large and interesting scope.

Our historic sense increases as the hold of tradition upon us is loosened. The thinner is the more eager air. So, while not being replete with the erudition of eighteenth-century scholarship, we become ardently devoted to the very things that, in our modern self-assurance, we feel that we could very well do without,

so far as our own immediate activities in life or literature are concerned.

Our philosophy, at least that most sympathetic to the idea of creative evolution, emphasizes the absolute newness of the new, thus absolving us from formal tradition in the qualitative transformation of life, confirming in us the conviction of our independence of the past. But, even supposing that for the aims and purposes and for the guidance of our lives the writers of our own generation suffice, that it is really a disadvantage to our art and literature if we regard, so as to be tempted to follow, past models, and that we should be content within the scope of our present literature of knowledge and of power, ever widening in our own time—would not our ignorance of the past mean a curtailment of our perspective far more to be regretted than if perpetual daylight should, for our own and for all time to come, veil from us the starry heavens?

Happily such a possibility does not lie within the range of our choice. The past lives in the present, whether we will or no, not repeated, but rising again in us, qualitatively and qualifyingly—a selective resurrection, distributive and methodical, with the mighty propulsion in it of the whole current, modified by the special strain, so that development in any generation does predisposingly count for something in the next, selectively, as we have said—that is, by elimination and variation. This is physiological heredity, with its wonderful psychical implications. Moreover, life itself, not our choice, by the overlapping of generations, sees to it that the immediate past is with us, reinforcing and directing hereditary predisposition.

The written record as a means of continuing the past into the present is an advanced stage of specialization, as inevitable as memory, yet letting memory fall more and more into lassitude. Re-

leasing the living voice, it seems less vital. Though itself fixed, it permits detachment. The same record with the passing of time becomes remote from the initial sympathetic impulse, cold and alien, easier to let slip. One may take it or leave it. Often it escapes oblivion only by accident or by its association with some cherished cause, sectarian or partisan, or with some educational exercise. How many pupils have "parsed" Milton who would not otherwise have read him! But for the close relation between Judaism and Christianity, Isaiah and Job and The Canticles might have been lost to us and, even so, the wonderful Apocrypha is almost as "hidden" as its name indicates.

The historic sense nevertheless persists, and its development grows with our increase and diffusion of culture. It is itself diffuse and thin, being so much an intellectual and critical interest, but still warmed by the feeling of human kinship and, in the instances it finds of creative genius, awakening enthusiasm.

The time will never come when the humanist *can* be indifferent to the human past, and he must depend mainly upon literature not only for the direct presentation of examples of creative genius, but for the reflection of past manners, beliefs, loyalties, heroisms, and ethical dispositions—all of these in the field of spontaneous and disinterested feeling and action. As to the values of real culture in the successive stages of human evolution, no generation can live or die to itself alone.

In all matters affecting progress, as distinguished from evolution, we are not dependent upon past literature; thus old treatises relating to such matters are preserved, as books of reference, for the use of specialists. Only the creative can be immortal—creative literature and creative criticism. Can any age ever be so sufficient to itself in its own creativeness that the prosperity of literature will not in large measure derive from older fonts? Our historic sense shall always find in the beginnings of human institutions and conventions clearer intimations of their real meaning and of their fulfilment than we can gather from their course in its full volume. Moreover, it is only in the retrospect which

literature affords that we are permitted to behold the beginning, the course, and the completion of the streams of ancient national destinies—as of Greece and Rome—and to discern their full meanings and values for themselves and for the world after them.

A peculiar interest and significance is attached to the manners, moods, and imaginings of still surviving plastic races, not yet hardened by civilization, and how much more to the myths, folklores, fables, and legends of the earliest men of whom we have any record. Such imaginings easily blend with those of every child; their remoteness from our maturity enhances their romance; their intimations put us in the way of becoming intuitional psychologists. The first meanings of language would constitute a *real* psychology, but comprehensible only to those who have exhausted the secondary meanings and passed beyond them. When we have exhausted logic and civilization, the stream of culture and of life—that is, of culture as a life—will have cleared itself. But every intermediate stage has some prophecy of this realization in its creative literature. There is no end to these intermediate stages—no absolute ultimacy and clarity of realization—therefore, while creative literature lasts, all the links of this prophecy of something for ever beyond hold together, and none can be lost, whether we will or no.

The most impressive, the most naïve, the most human of past literature—legendary, poetic, dramatic, fictional, and speculative—remains to us not to give aid or direction to our own art or life; not merely to extend and define our historical perspective, but for our satisfaction in its very content and quality, in the wonder of its creations, in its humor and in its large disinterestedness. It is not difficult to imagine any really thoughtful reader seeking satisfaction of this kind in old books rather than in nine-tenths, or even in a larger ratio, of the brand-new ones.

The number of readers whose interest is confined to books which, taking the centuries together, count for the essential and lasting prosperity of literature is not, nor ever likely to be, great enough to disturb the equanimity of the most

liberal-minded publisher or of the popular author. So fastidious a selection is far from being commendable. One's sympathy with his own time should naturally compel a larger indulgence. It is not creditable to any one of any time that he could say, "When a new book appears, I read an old one instead." We can imagine Charles Lamb, in a mood of whimsical humor, uttering such an apothegm—so passionate was his love of all old things. Certainly as an author he affected to court past rather than present or future applause, saying: "Hang the age! I'll write for antiquity."

Not with so good humor, the late Samuel Butler, the author of *Erewhon*—a brilliant and partially successful book—was of as crusty a temper as Lamb in his judgment of his time. He was as indifferent to the regard of his own generation as he was contemptuous of its idols and its religious beliefs. His books during his lifetime netted him, on the whole, a loss that would have been serious but for his having a comfortable competence. But he looked forward with serene assurance to posthumous appreciation, and the favor with which his novel, *The Way of All Flesh*, published the year after his death, was received confirmed his expectation. Yet this novel would have had as hearty a welcome if it had been published during his lifetime, and would as surely have turned the tide in his favor, despite his heterodoxy and his frank cynicism. We cannot, therefore, agree with him that no really worthy author can come into his own until he is dead, though it is true of the worthiest, that until afterward, or perhaps long afterward, he cannot come into all of his own.

The present reader gains very much from past contributions to the prosperity of literature—something appealing to his sympathy from the recognition of qualities common to human nature; but far more, developing his analytic and selective judgment, from the different and distinctive traits and features of successive periods. The present writer has only the same gain as the reader; his creative power is neither generated nor increased, but its field is widened, its inspiration reinforced, and its method improved by a critical discernment that

cannot be so well or wisely acquired in any other way.

Very many of the creations of past genius, equal to those which have been preserved, have not escaped oblivion. They had the lasting quality, but have not lasted. So there are few books which, in our own time, contribute to the essential prosperity of literature, in our just regard, that will seem indispensable to future generations of readers. Writers most companionable to us will be succeeded by writers just as sympathetic and companionable and possessed of as much genius.

None of us now living could surely say what novels written during the last thirty years will be read a hundred years from now, though as a theme for conjecture it might serve the Sunday magazine section of a newspaper. Some indefinable quality might carry one or two of these novels that far—such a quality as we find in *Cranford* or in *Pride and Prejudice*—but, in the very nature of the case, nobody could tell what variation of genius would give the right of way, unless he could divine what turn the way itself would take. Indeed, it might not be any novel that would find thoroughfare, but some other vehicle of genius surely homing along that devious course. In any case, neither the carrier nor the goal would answer to our rational expectation.

The main drift of our humanity is taken by us as unawares as that of the stars in space; it is the privilege of our conscious effort or thought, within extremely liberal bounds, to veer, and we very liberally avail ourselves of it, but the eccentricity confounds our sense of direction. This sense, as to the present or future, is committed to Life itself. It is more comfortable to us not to have it consciously, as it is not to feel the earth's motion—which feeling would show that we are not really taking it. We are allowed some sense of the way we have come, but our human astronomy does not include a calculation of our future course. The creative literature of any century to come will take the way of creative life; and that way, too, taste will follow in the selection and assimilation of past literature—but always with revaluation.

EDITOR'S DRAWER

Mrs. Weldon Breakfasts Early

BY FRANKLIN JAMES

"HEL-LO, Mrs. Weldon!" I exclaimed, springing from my chair. "What on earth brings you down to breakfast?"

"Good morning!" chirped Mrs. Weldon, trailing toward the chair opposite mine, which I hastened to pull out from the table and hold for her. "Oh, I don't know—just a whim. I'm tired of having it in my room, and, as we're the last of Margaret's guests left, I thought I'd break the rule and see how carnivorous you are mornings." She settled herself gracefully and rang for her tea.

"Carnivorous doesn't describe it, now that you're here," I parried, gallantly. "I should call it gynæcophagous."

"Heavens, Mr. James!" she gasped, rolling two very bright gray eyes at me. "What *does* it mean? Is it a fashionable new disease?"

"I should like to make it so," I answered. "Anthropophagous—man-eating; therefore gynæcophagous—woman-eating. Do you get it? Perfectly good Greek-English."

"And so early in the morning, too," murmured Mrs. Weldon, eying me carefully. "The unexpected strain—"

"Oh, very easy," I dismissed it lightly. "Years of training, you know."

Here Mrs. Weldon's breakfast was brought in, and she fiddled competently with the tea-urn and then cracked the top of an egg. The butler mumbled, discreetly,

"Anything more, madam?" and withdrew.

"It was awfully jolly of you to come down," I began over again.

"Not at all," returned Mrs. Weldon, gaily. "It was sheer

idle curiosity. Really, if you'd like to know, I wanted to see how you behave at breakfast. It's the great test, isn't it—to see what it would be like if I were—well, let's say married to you, and had to do it often?" She smiled impishly.

"Well, of *all* the nerve!" I exclaimed in a half-whisper, taking pains that it should be audible.

Mrs. Weldon studied her rings a moment, and I studied Mrs. Weldon. She's one of



SHE SETTLED HERSELF GRACEFULLY AND RANG FOR HER TEA

those awfully pretty women who are perfectly sure of themselves. I especially liked the little upward tilt of her nose and the slight cleft in her small chin. She had put on a particularly domestic-looking gown with trig linen hemstitched cuffs that seemed very breakfasty in the right way. Altogether she was as fresh and clean as a daisy, and I tried to assume a proprietary feeling, wondering how Jack Weldon felt at breakfast. Straightway I determined her little game shouldn't be one-sided.

I took up the newspaper, found a good long article, and began it. A surreptitious glance over the top assured me of Mrs. Weldon's surprise.

"What are you going to do to-day?" queried Mrs. Weldon, pretending to ignore my move.

"Oh—most anything," I answered, abstractedly, and reading steadily. "Er—any suggestions?"

"I *had* thought of several things," mused Mrs. Weldon, trying to provoke inquiries.

"M-m," I assented, elaborately turning a page and burrowing deeper.

There was a longish pause.

"Anything particularly exciting in the paper this morning?" inquired Mrs. Weldon, with studied sweetness.

"M-m—nothing special," I reluctantly grunted.

Another pause.

"How quiet it is after the night's rain!" observed Mrs. Weldon, philosophically. "Perhaps you'll give me a sheet of the paper to look over."

"Certainly, my dear," I replied, politely.

At 'my dear' she turned pink. With a table-knife I neatly slit the paper apart, and, carefully picking out the sheet containing the shipping news, passed it across the table. Mrs. Weldon scrutinized it intently, and then I could see her gathering herself together for battle. There was a moment's lull while I continued reading.

"Oh, do listen to this," Mrs. Weldon called out; "it's rather fascinating: 'Seaman's Church Institute, 25 South Street—through arrangements with the North Atlantic Cable Company. Dropped at exact noon to-day, twelve M., seventy-fifth meridian, or five P. M. Greenwich time.' What *do* you suppose dropped, and did it hit anything?"

I merely looked at her with long-suffering patience.

"Or perhaps this is more helpful," she calmly read on: "'Distances in nautical miles on usual steamer-tracks from Ambrose Channel Lightship, Sable Island, six hundred and forty-eight; Nantucket, South Shoal, Lightship, one hundred and—'"

"Betty!" I interrupted, putting down my paper (she stopped short), "would you in the least mind reading it quietly to yourself? You know that, with a very wearing day ahead of me, I have to conserve all my energies in order to cope with later—and purely necessary—exasperations."

Mrs. Weldon slightly flushed, took it, got its little histrionic implications, and settled down into the part assigned.

"You poor dear!" She cocked her head sympathetically. "Did you have a bad night? I think, 'Jamie,' you stay up much too late for one with your—er—high-strung temperament."

"On the contrary, I had a perfect night," I replied, calmly, burrowing back into the paper to think.

'High-strung' she had pronounced as if it were a euphemism. She was getting on pretty well,



"YOU POOR DEAR! DID YOU HAVE A BAD NIGHT?"



MRS. WELDON WAS RECOVERING, BUT SLOWLY, SO I HELPED HER OUT

and I should have to be careful about openings.

"Pretty sloppy tea you're setting up lately, Betty," I presently remarked, shoving my cup back of the paper.

"Do you think so?" Mrs. Weldon purred. "I'm so sorry, but I thought that last brand made you a little—fretful."

This was even better; clearly I ought to be up and doing.

"No," I replied, "it wasn't the—tea."

Mrs. Weldon dodged that, of course, and out of the tail of my eye I could see her drawing in for a final spring. She let several minutes slip by and pottered with her breakfast. Then she looked at me critically.

"Jamie," she asked, with sudden sympathy, "*have* you remembered to use your hair-tonic this morning?"

I stared at her in astonishment. I know things are getting a bit wispish there, but this was certainly carrying the game a little too far.

"My dear," I said, still quietly, but severely, "I think that the minor details of—er—toilet and costume are scarcely matters for table discussion. It's all a question of taste, of course, but—" And I let the line trail off.

She took the bait beautifully, as I had hoped. "Not at all," she replied, pleasantly, "I think, considering our—intimate relations, your delicacy is a bit forced."

This was too good to be missed. It was no longer a question of playing fair.

"Oh, very well, Betty," I said, now quite gently, "since you invite it, there's a little matter I've wanted to speak about for some time. I hope you'll take it right, as I'm simply thinking of your own good. But I *do* wish you wouldn't put so much powder on your nose. Really, my dear Betty, this whited sepulchre what-d'-you-call-'em of Babylon effect is—er—quite *démodé*."

Mrs. Weldon gasped, grew pinker than pink, and instinctively rubbed her nose with her napkin. "Well, I *never*!" she began to sputter, while I leaned back, trying hard not to yell "hurrah."

What on earth she would have flung back at me I can't imagine, for, fortunately, just then Margaret sailed into the room.

"Why, Betty," exclaimed our hostess, merrily, "*you* having breakfast down-stairs—and with Mr. James? What's the reason for this sudden change of habit?"

Mrs. Weldon was recovering, but slowly, so I helped her out. "Why, you see, Margaret," I explained, "she wanted to find out how it would be if she were married to me."

"Yes," sputtered Mrs. Weldon, "and he was just like any other man at breakfast—horrible—perfectly horrible!"

Margaret looked at me inquiringly.

"Well," I retorted. "I just had to do it. If I'd been as charming as I normally am mornings, why, when she got back to Weldon she'd have felt dreadfully, thinking of the contrast"

"I wonder," laughed Mrs. Weldon.



RURAL STATION AGENT: "The express 'll be along purty quick, now, there's th' conductor's little dog comin' around th' curve!"

Summed Up

"DESCRIBE the manners and customs of the people in India," wrote the geography-teacher on the blackboard.

A small boy on the front seat chewed the end of his lead-pencil into pulp, and then disposed of the subject by writing, laboriously, "They haint got no manners and they dont wear no customes."

The Fly in the Ointment

I NEVER care when my feet are wet,
Though grown-ups worry so;
I never trouble how cold I get—
I'm tougher 'n people know.
And the coldest kind of a day just suits;
But I *hate* when snow gets into my boots.

I like it often to storm and blow;
I don't want it always fair.
I fight and play in the deepest snow;
If a snowball hits me square
I ain't the kind that hollers and scoots;
But I *hate* when snow gets into my boots.

I'd never button my coat *at all*
If people would let me be.
I never mind when I slip and fall
In slush way up to my knee,
Not even if somebody laughs and hoots;
But I *hate* when snow gets into my boots.
BURGES JOHNSON.

Up to Her

BETTY heard for the first time that there was no real Santa Claus and that parents were responsible for the filled stockings. She was very indignant and ran to her mother to have the incredible statement refuted. Gently the mother tried to disillusion the child.

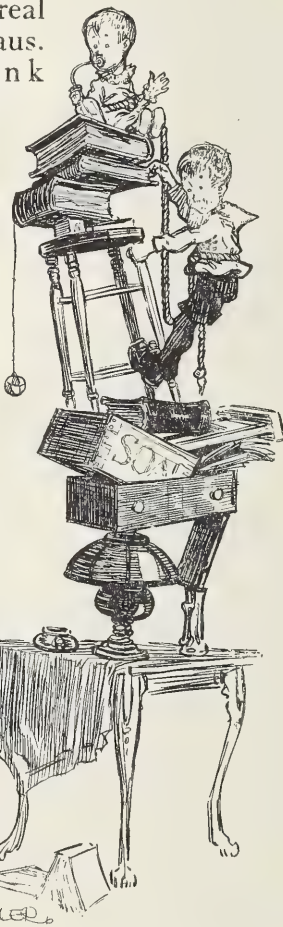
"Then you've always filled my stockings, instead of Santa Claus?" Betty asked, her face tragic with the possibility of losing her beloved Santa.

The mother nodded.

Betty fled from the room and hid in some secluded spot to mourn her greatest hero. An hour or two elapsed before she was seen again. Then she came to her mother, her sad but heroic little face lighted up with generous impulses, and said:

"Mother, I'm glad, after all, that I know there's no real Santa Claus. Just think

how awful it would be if I grew up and had children of my own and didn't know it was up to me to fill their stockings!"



MOTHER: "My goodness, Thomas, what does this mean?"

THOMAS: "Don't worry, Mother; we are just playing mountain-climbing, and we can't fall 'cause we're tied together."

Her Reason

MR. CAPRON and his wife struggled valiantly to teach their little daughter, Edith, to repeat the letter "a." Try as they might, the little girl refused to pronounce the first letter of the alphabet, and after several vain efforts Mr. Capron retired from the struggle discouraged.

Mrs. Capron called the child to her, and in an affectionate manner asked:

"Edith dear, tell mother why you won't learn to say 'a.'"

"Well, mother," explained Edith, "it's because just as soon as I say 'a' you and father will want me to say 'b.'"

Criticism

MR. BRAMAN was one of the guests at a dinner followed by a musical. The hostess had been playing on the piano. As she began another selection he leaned over to a charming young woman seated next him and asked:

"What do you think of her execution?"

The girl calmly turned and replied, coolly, "I am in favor of it!"

Strategy

MRS. BRIGHT and her little nephew, Kenneth, were visiting some relatives in the country and, one morning, were crossing a pasture lot together. When they were about half-way across Mrs. Bright saw two oxen, and paused doubtfully.

"I really don't know whether it is safe for us to go so near those oxen, Kenneth," she said, stopping.

"Oh, don't you be afraid of the oxen, auntie," said Kenneth, as he tightened his hold on her hand encouragingly. "They won't hurt us. The first time I came out here I was afraid of them. I didn't dare to go back of them, and I didn't dare to go in front of them. But I thought of a fine way at last, auntie; I just got down and crawled under them."

A Mother's Letter

"DEAR TEACHER,—
Pleas oxcuse my son George. He has a sick off his neck. He is my son I am his mother.

"MRS. SCHMID."

Her Full Duty

MISS BRIGHTMAN kept a very attractive little tea-room, and when away on a business trip recently she left it in charge of a young woman clerk. The morning she returned she did not think things looked quite as neat and attractive as usual.

"You know, Miss Bristol," remarked the proprietress, as she glanced around, "there is a great deal in having your sandwiches look attractive."

"Yes, Miss Brightman, I know it," was the reply. "I have done everything I could while you were away. I have dusted those sandwiches every morning for the last ten days."

A Distinction

TOM, the country six-year-old, presenting himself one day in even more than his usual state of dust and disorder, was asked by his mother if he would not like to be a little city boy and always be nice and clean in white suits and shoes and stockings. Tom answered, scornfully, "They're not *children*; they're *pets*."

A Nature-Faker

THE teacher was holding up a picture of a zebra.

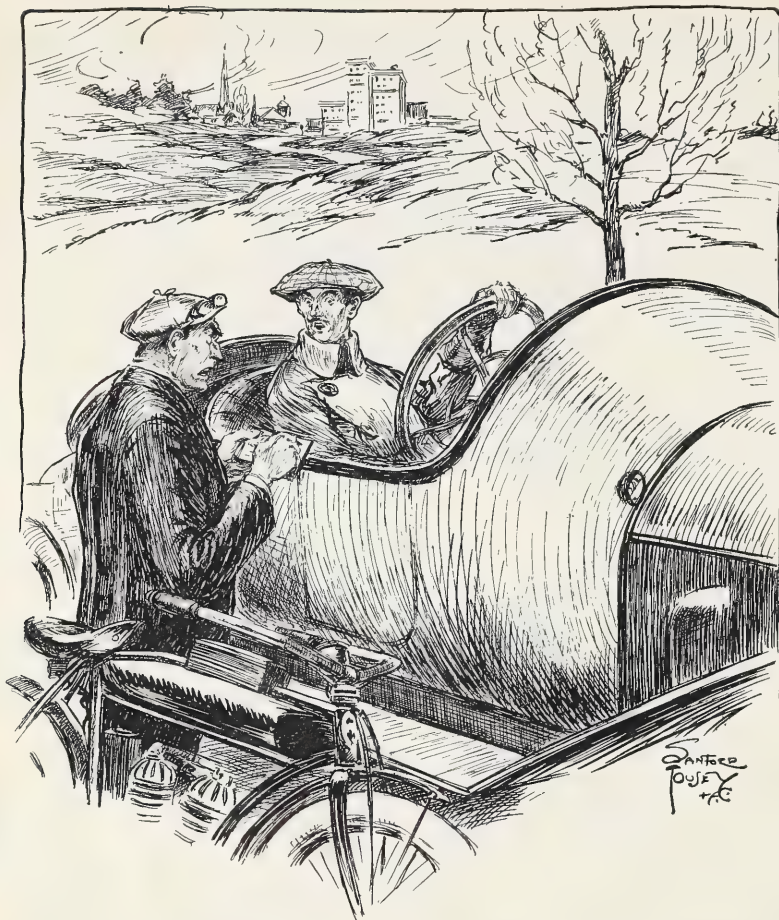
"Now, children, what is this?"

"It looks to me like a horse in a bathing-suit," answered little Arthur.



In the Park

"Please, lady, will you turn your face away a minute? I want to get me little brudder by"



MOTOR-CYCLE COP: "*Why didn't you stop when you heard me whistle?*"

"*I didn't know you wanted me to stop. I thought you wanted to race.*"

Generosity

MRS. BLACKINGTON was collecting funds for a widow and orphans who had been suddenly left destitute by the death of their provider. Meeting Mr. Cronin, she asked if he wished to contribute a few cents toward the fund.

"Now, Mr. Cronin," she said, "can I put you down for a small subscription?"

"Shure, mum," replied the old Irishman, "an' it's a very laudable object, and ye kin put me down fer a couple av dollars, an' th' Lord knows I'd give ye th' money if I had it."

Circumstantial Evidence

ONE morning Mr. Bainbridge came downstairs in a very disturbed state of mind. He informed his wife that little Bobby had taken some money out of his pocket.

"Now, Henry," said the wife, reproachfully, "I don't think it is right for you to charge Bobby with taking money out of your pocket. Why, you might as well accuse me!"

"Oh no, Sue," replied the brute. "It wasn't all taken, you know."

A Good Loser

"TICKETS!" said the conductor, as he stood in front of a passenger the other day on a train leaving town.

The passenger began fumbling nervously through his pockets, and finally turned them all inside out.

"Where's your ticket?" asked the conductor. "You can't have lost it."

"Can't have lost it!" repeated the nervous one, sarcastically. "My friend, I lost a bass drum once."

Well Defined

THE class was studying flora and fauna of Australia, and in response to the teacher's question, "What is a kangaroo?" little Anne replied: "A kangaroo is like a rat, only big. It sits on its tail and is useful to put in packages of animal crackers."

A Gloomy View

THE five-year-old daughter of an army officer at Fort Hamilton, Long Island, was returning from Sunday-school a short time ago when she met

a friend of the family who asked her where she had been.

"Jus' to Sunday-school," the little maid replied.

"And what did you do there?" questioned the friend.

"Oh, we jus' sang sad songs about Heaven," answered the child.

Her Limit

LITTLE Robert was very bright, and at the end of his first term at school was promoted to the second grade. He was much attached to his first-grade teacher and was loath to leave her.

"Miss Eva," he said, with tears in his eyes, "I do wish you knew enough to teach second grade, so I wouldn't have to leave you."

A "Fan"

IT was an Episcopal clergyman, and an ardent lover of the great American game, who inadvertently remarked at the end of the portion of Scripture appointed to be read:

"Here endeth the first inning."

Our Suburb

ARTHUR GUITERMAN

OUR Garden Spot is always bright and pretty
(Of course it's rather soggy when it rains),
And only thirty minutes from the city
(Of course you have to catch the proper trains).
We're through with Grasping Landlords, rents, and leases
(Of course there's still a mortgage debt to pay).
At last we know what True Domestic Peace is
(Of course you can't *compel* a cook to stay).
Our Little Home is always nice and cozy
(Of course the furnace needs a lot of care).
The country keeps the children fresh and rosy
(Of course the schools are only middling fair).
The Country Club is glorious on Sunday
(Of course it's overcrowded now and then).
We see a play on Broadway every Monday
(Of course we have to leave at half past ten).
It's lovely having grass and trees and flowers
(Of course, at times, mosquitoes *are* a pest).
Yes, life is *life* out here in Rangeley Towers
(Of course Some People like the city best)!



A Letter from HER!



CUSTOMER: "By the way, did that waiter who took my order leave any family?"

No Use for Him

THE handsome young minister always stationed himself at the church door after the service in order to greet his parishioners as they filed out.

One Sabbath morning along came a raw Swedish maid, a stranger, so, with his usual cordiality, the minister grasped her hand and said:

"I am very glad to see you here this morning. Will you not tell me your name and address, so that I may call on you soon?"

The maid looked him coldly in the eye and, withdrawing her hand, replied:

"I t'ank you, but I got one steady fella already; he come twice a week, and I t'ank he no like you to come."

An Evasion

MRS. COADY saw the street-car approaching just as she left her house. As she was in a great hurry to get down-town she frantically waved her hand toward it. It passed her, but halted just below the corner, and she ran to get it.

"Why didn't you stop at once, conductor," she asked, angrily, "when you saw me waving my hand?"

"Gee!" exclaimed the man, "I thought you was throwin' kisses at me!"

She Knew

LITTLE Ethel came running home from school, and breathlessly exclaimed:

"Mamma, I want to ask you something. Is it true that Jesus was a Jew?"

"Yes, my dear," answered her mother. "Didn't you know it before?"

"No," answered Ethel, thoughtfully, and then, as if to justify her ignorance, she added, "I knew that God was a Presbyterian, but I never heard that Jesus was a Jew."

Rival Authorities

TWO little girls who played together a great deal had an altercation one morning. Beth had told Blanche what she called "a little fib."

"A fib is the same thing as a story," explained Blanche, "and a story is the same thing as a lie."

"No," argued Beth, "it's not."

"Yes, it is," insisted Blanche, "because my father said so, and my father is professor at the college, and he knows everything."

"I don't care if he is a professor," said Beth. "My father is a real-estate man, and he knows a lot more about lying than your father."



Painting by C. E. Chambers

Illustration for "The Turmoil"

"WHY CAN'T YOU LET HIM COME BACK?"

HARPER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. CXXX

MARCH, 1915

No. DCCLXXVIII



How Napoleon Really Looked

BY CAMILLE GRONKOWSKI

Attaché of the Petit Palais Galleries, Paris



OF all human physiognomies that of Napoleon Bonaparte has, perhaps, been oftenest reproduced by brush, pencil, chisel, or burin. The department of prints of the National Library at Paris has between six and seven thousand portraits of the Emperor! The museums and private collections of France, to say nothing of the other parts of the world, also contain a large number. Consequently, the task of presenting here a few typical likenesses of him is a difficult one, not because of any penury of material, but rather because of its abundance. This is indeed an instance of an *embarras de richesse*. But our perplexity is not so great as it might appear at first blush, for in order to offer the reader a striking epitome of the Emperor's countenance through its successive transformations we have simply to observe strictly a line of conduct which has been made the inflexible rule in the preparation of this article—*viz.*, to select from these thousands of effigies only those which were made in the presence of Napoleon by artists of the Imperial period. This immediately greatly reduces the amount of available matter. Again, we have paid comparatively little attention to the work of the great painters of the epoch, to the famous pictures and the majestic

statues, but have striven rather to make our presentation "documented," as they say to-day, by taking "snap-shots," so to speak, of Napoleon. A simple little sketch of the boy Bonaparte made by a school companion during a recess seems to us far more interesting than a renowned official canvas. In fact, the second dilemma encountered by the writer has been the need of discarding, even from among the portraits painted at the time and more or less in the presence of Napoleon, those which for special reasons might be lacking in honesty or exactness. Take, for example, Greuze's "Bonaparte, Lieutenant of Artillery." This well-known picture is refused, without a moment's hesitation, admittance to our gallery, because it not only fails to give us a true idea of Napoleon's visage, but actually gives us wrong impressions. In this composition the hair is short and unpowdered, the face seems flabby, rather fat, and characterless. How are we to explain such fabrications on the part of a celebrated artist who a few years later was commissioned to make the official portrait of the First Consul? By the fact that the aged painter of gentle maidens wished to have it believed that he had known Bonaparte at the beginning of the latter's extraordinary career! It was probably about 1800 that Greuze imagined this so-called "portrait," so open to suspicion, which,

furthermore, the impecunious lieutenant could not have paid for in 1789, at a time when, for economy, he ate only one meal a day! But the Greuze canvas is only one of several similar examples of pretended likenesses signed by well-known names which we have scruples about introducing here. Such, for instance, are Gérard's "Bonaparte" in the Condé Museum at Chantilly, Ingres's "First Consul" in the Museum of Liège, and David's "The First Consul Crossing the Alps" at Versailles. Our ambition is rather to offer the reader the illusion of a pleasing anachronism by laying before him some photographs of the great Emperor.

The earliest Napoleonic portrait of this kind that we can present is one made at Brienne by a young school-fellow of his—a document of the first order, which lies hidden in the Louvre portfolios of drawings.

On April 23, 1779, the boy Napoleon became a cadet at this military academy, which no longer exists, and remained there until September, 1784. This drawing is the work of a playmate who, between classes probably, traced with a clever pencil the features of the future Cæsar—an elegantly arched nose, pronounced superciliary ridge, firm mouth, and Roman chin. Notwithstanding the youthfulness of the visage, there is something anxious, perhaps even a touch of timidity, in the expression, due probably to the fact that the boy was not happy. It is now well known that he was worried at that time by lack of money. One day in 1811 the Emperor said to Caulaincourt: "At Brienne I was the poor-

est of all the cadets. They had pocket-money, but I never had any. I was proud and did all I could to hide my real financial condition. I never could laugh or be like the other boys. Cadet Bonaparte stood well, but was not liked."

This profile should be carefully examined, for each feature is a revelation, since it is found in the face of a lad of fourteen, where everything can still be read. One sees there, it seems to us, mildness and kindness, for instance—those traits which Napoleon displayed throughout his whole life, even in his relations with those who betrayed and disowned him, such as Fouché, Talleyrand, Murat, and Bernadotte. At the very moment this portrait was made we know that the boy was occupied with tender

thoughts of his parents and the future of his brothers, while applying himself assiduously to his studies.

The childlike characteristics noticeable in this Brienne portrait clung to Napoleon for several years. His thinness increased, and as he grew older awkwardness in his movements showed itself. We see signs of these things in the next portrait we are able to present, made in the early months of 1792, eight or nine years after that of Brienne. It marks a new stage in young Bonaparte's physical, as well as intellectual and professional life. In this year he was named Adjutant-Major of one of the four battalions of Corsican Volunteers, and he wears a blue coat, with a black collar and white plastron. This water-color is unsigned, and its date is fixed by this uniform. The young man's face now wears a graver aspect.



THE EARLIEST PORTRAIT OF BONAPARTE

Sketched in pencil by a school-mate at Brienne in 1783

He is twenty-three. There seems to be no tendency to smile. In fact, speaking of this period in 1811, he said: "Too many cares spoiled my early life, and had an influence on my disposition; they made me solemn beyond my years." At the moment this portrait was painted he had left Corsica with the hope of being accorded a higher pay, which would have enabled him to come more effectively to the aid of his mother, who had just become a widow with six children. The material side of existence had indeed so far been a continual source of anxiety to the rising young officer. At about this time, while garrisoned at Auxonne, he lived chiefly on milk, and wrote his needy mother: "My only food is work. I dress up once a week. I sleep remarkably little since my illness. I go to bed at ten and get up at four. I eat but once a day, at three o'clock." And fearing that all these details might worry his mother, who had already enough to trouble her, he adds: "But I never felt better in my life." But this was not exact. The truth is that this regimen so undermined his health that he soon became anemic and feverish. Does not this portrait disclose the fact? And his financial situation became still worse when, at his own suggestion and in order to lighten the mother's burden, his young brother Louis, then thirteen, was sent to join him. So the Emperor could truthfully say later, when a functionary complained that he could not live on his salary of one thousand francs: "I understand all that thing, for when I had the honor of being a lieutenant I used to breakfast on dry bread. But I closed my door on my poverty, and in public my fellow-officers were not ashamed of me." This sad dignity, this want nobly endured, appear in the portrait under review.

The 13th Vendémiaire (October 5, 1795) was a decisive turning-point in the career of Bonaparte. He suddenly became a Parisian personality, for he had saved the Convention from the Sections. Then, on March 9, 1796, he married Josephine Beauharnais, whom he loved passionately, and started a few days later for Italy as general-in-chief. The sun of his glory was about to rise.

As always happens when a new hero comes upon the public stage, a multitude of artists were eager to gratify the country's impatience to have his portrait. Painters, sculptors, and engravers vied with one another in this effort. We have examined this vast artistic output and have selected two examples which seem to meet our conditions. Some of my readers will perhaps be surprised to find that neither of these is the famous "Bonaparte on the Bridge of Arcola," by Baron Gros, which is generally regarded as the typical portrait of this period. It must of course be admitted that this



NAPOLEON AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-THREE

In the uniform of Adjutant-Major of the Corsican Volunteers

work is a masterpiece, not only as regards execution, but in the matter of likeness. But this Louvre canvas is so well known that it need not be given here. There is something still better to put in its place. Less theatrical and more psychological is the little sketch made by the artist for this very picture.

The artist himself tells the story in a letter dated the "16th Frimaire, Year V":

"The citizen wife of the general has arrived in Genoa and has received me most civilly. 'I will take you with us to Milan,' she said to me; 'in fact, I will take you wherever we go.' The next day she presented me to her distinguished spouse, who, cold and reserved, received me in a fashion that seemed to have more regard for the arts than for the artist. 'I

have a grand subject to treat,' I said to him; 'in a word, it is my ardent desire to paint your Excellency's portrait.' Thereupon he made a slight and modest inclination of the head and invited me to dinner."

The 17th Frimaire, Gros continues:

"I have just begun the General's portrait. But the short time he gave me cannot be called a sitting. I hadn't time to choose my colors. I had to be satisfied with catching the character of his physiognomy, and now I must do my best to give this sketch the form of a portrait."

So this is the history of the little drawing which Gros himself has labeled, "Bonaparte in Italy." It is the preparatory step, the first impression made on the artist in the very presence of Bonaparte, and is therefore most sug-

gestive. The young general is still very thin; the face looks like parchment; the lower jaw is very prominent; the nose is slim; the eye is deep-set behind the osseous cheek-bone; the lips are drawn tightly together, and the hair, very thick and slightly powdered, hides the forehead and the ears and reaches down to

the collar. The expression is rather harsh and reserved, and is marked by an appearance almost of suffering.

But why is this so? Bonaparte is of course no longer subject to material privations. Now he has plenty of money and is covered with glory. A bright worldly future is before him. But the fact is that besides the anxieties occasioned by his important command he is deeply pained at heart; he is wildly in love with



"BONAPARTE IN ITALY"

Sketch made from life by Baron Gros

Josephine, who, however, does not requite this affection. He sends her in Paris this letter from Italy: "Write me, my tender one, write me very long letters and receive these thousand and one love kisses, the tenderest and the truest." Josephine not only does not reply to these ardent messages, but at first declines to join her husband in Italy, notwithstanding his earnest entreaties that she do so. On June 15th he writes her from Tortona: "My life is a perfect nightmare. A fatal presentiment checks my breath. I no longer live. I have lost more than life, more than happiness, more than repose; I am almost without hope. I am sending you a courier who will remain in Paris only a few hours and bring me back your reply." But Josephine, indifferent, surrounded by adorers, simply exclaims,



"BONAPARTE, FIRST CONSUL"

A magnificent, half-finished canvas painted by David, for which Napoleon gave only a single sitting

"This Bonaparte is a queer fellow!" And she invents imaginary indispositions so as not to go to him.

Finally, when Josephine can find no further pretext for remaining in Paris, she arrives in Italy accompanied by Junot and Murat, and takes up superb quarters at the Serbelloni Palace in Milan, where she holds a brilliant court. She amuses herself, and she continues the same course when her husband is obliged to go to the front. Then the ardent missives begin to arrive once more. From Vienna, November 24, 1796: "I love you with real fury. All

goes well. Wurmser has been defeated under the walls of Mantua. All that is needed to make your husband supremely happy is the love of Josephine." Finally he hastens to join her, but reaches Milan only to find that the palace is deserted and that Josephine has gone to Genoa in search of new and culpable pleasures. From Milan, November 27, 1796, he writes: "Ah, you seem to flee me as I approach. You care nothing for your Napoleon. You love him by caprice. Fickleness renders him indifferent to you. Your husband is very unhappy." At length he overtakes her at Genoa and

there learns of her faithlessness. Then it was that Gros made his little drawing.

But from what has just been said it must not be imagined that Bonaparte sacrificed his energy, his military capacities, and his wonderful faculty for work to his personal preoccupations. Baron Gros has given us the *man* during the Italian campaign, and now David is going to present to us the *general* returned from this same campaign. This magnificent sketch, "Bonaparte, First Consul," shows the hero now applauded by all France, the victor of Lodi, Castiglione, Arcola, and Rivoli; him who had forced the enemy to accept a peace so glorious for France. The visage preserves its accustomed gravity, but there is no trace

now of that bitterness sprung from the worries of a jealous lover. Ever-present anxiety and unhealthy depression have disappeared. Bonaparte has "shut up his profound pain," as he himself expressed it. He has pardoned, and he has lost, his illusions. The affairs of state come before those of the domestic hearth. His eyes, "with their admirable gaze," as somebody has said, are now wide open and are turned toward the future. All this and much more comes out in David's wonderful half-finished canvas.

Here are the circumstances under which this picture was painted: Bonaparte having become the hero of the hour, David, who was always the courtier of the rising star in the political firmament, was naturally very desirous to make the young general's portrait. They

first met at the dinner-table of Lagarde, secretary of the Directory, and during the meal arrangements were made for a sitting, which, however, Bonaparte forgot all about on account of his many engagements. But a second one was settled upon to take place in the studio at the Louvre. In the mean time David

had thought out a composition worthy of his subject: Napoleon, on the plateau of Rivoli, dismounted, holding in his hand the treaty of Campo-Formio, is looking straight before him, as if peering into the future.

The hour for the sitting had arrived. All the students of the Louvre, accompanied by their masters (the leading artists of France then had their studios and lodgings in the old palace) were drawn up in the corridors to see



MINIATURE BY JEAN BAPTISTE ISABEY

On the cover of a gold snuff-box now in the collection at the Primoli Palace

Bonaparte, attired in his blue coat, pass by, accompanied by his two aides. David, bubbling over with delight, advanced to meet him, and leading him by way of a little wooden staircase, brought him into the celebrated "studio of the Horatii," where the light brought out well the pale and energetic features of the budding Cæsar. Here the First Consul donned the military costume brought there for that purpose, and posed for three whole hours "without saying a word," as David reports, "singularly reserved and concentrated," showing only now and then some signs of impatience, and glancing at times at the "Brutus" and "The Horatii" hanging on the walls. Having a presentiment that this sitting would never be followed by another, David made a tremendous effort and succeeded in executing this superb head.



NAPOLEON WALKING AT MALMAISON
Drawing by Isabey now in the Versailles Gallery

This famous sitting was indeed the only one David succeeded in obtaining, and the big canvas, left almost empty, was brought to light again only at the sale of the great artist's effects at the moment of his exile, when it was bought by his friend Baron Vivant Denon, the engraver and collector, who cut out of it the more or less completed head, with the bust only outlined in bister. This

picture, which is one of the gems of the Duchesse de Bassano's Paris *hôtel*, was much remarked at the recent David Loan Exhibition at the Petit Palais.

During the Consulate the physiognomy of Bonaparte changed profoundly, and the painter who with the most fidelity fixed it for that period is unquestion-

ably Jean Baptiste Isabey. We can present from him two miniatures and a drawing. One of these miniatures offers this peculiarity—that it was given by Napoleon to his son and has always remained in the imperial family. To-day it belongs to Count Joseph Primoli, of Rome, the great-grand-nephew of the Emperor, and he has kindly had the accompanying photograph made of it expressly for this article. This miniature is fixed on the cover of a gold snuff-box and forms part of the splendid collection of Napoleonic souvenirs in the Primoli Palace, Via Zanardelli.

This miniature shows, in the first place, that Bonaparte no longer wears his hair long, tied behind with a ribbon, as was the custom at the end of the eighteenth century. This change was largely due to the fact that the warm climate of Egypt obliged him to abandon the fashion, which he never adopted again. So now the real form of the head comes out better. The shape of the forehead also seems to be more plainly visible, though the hair is brushed forward carelessly and sticks out here and there in little floating locks. It is to be noted also that the hair is no longer powdered. The slight suggestion of whisker, another mark of the period, is seen in front of the ear. The unhealthy thinness of the earlier portraits has disappeared. It is evident that we are no longer in the presence of the little half-starved officer of artillery. Bonaparte is beginning to look more and more like a chief of state who feels his responsibilities but does not, however, take things too solemnly. The

touch of suffering, the somewhat painful expression, gives way to a peaceful aspect. The mouth is no longer contracted, but has assumed a very characteristic sinuous line. From now on one may prepare for the physiognomy, familiar and noble, which has been handed down to us as

the type of the "Petit Tendu."

Everybody knows the fine sepia by Isabey representing Napoleon at Malmaison. It was first publicly exhibited at the Salon of 1802. "The artist caught the likeness," says the *Journal des Débats* of the time, "while the First Consul was walking in the gardens of Malmaison. The picture is being engraved under Isabey's supervision, and the public will soon be able to enjoy a sight of it."



MINIATURE BY ISABEY

Given, in 1801, by Napoleon to his military surgeon, Baron Larrey

Though this sepia is undoubtedly very beautiful, we prefer to it a drawing which is less known—one which was used in the painting of the final picture and was made in the presence of Napoleon. It can be found to-day in one of the small rooms of the "Chimay Attic," up under the roof of the Versailles Gallery. Here is the way it is spoken of by the composer Reichardt, in his book *Un Hiver à Paris sous le Consulat*, published at the time: "It is the only known true portrait of Bonaparte, though Isabey has made him too tall." One of the earliest printed notices of the picture appeared in the official *Moniteur* in its issue of August 14, 1801: "Citizen Isabey has just made a drawing of the First Consul walking alone at Malmaison. The likeness is striking. He is wearing the uniform of the *Corps des Guides* and has on a plumeless hat. The deep interest

which the subject of the drawing awakens and the very simple arrangement which the artist has adopted produce a contrast whose charm it is difficult to describe." Isabey thus speaks of it in his *Memoirs*:

"At Malmaison I executed the first full-length portrait of General Bonaparte that was ever made. From morning till night I could follow him with my eyes as he promenaded alone in the grounds, buried in thought, his hands behind his back. I could thus easily seize his pensive expression and mark the outlines of his body. When the canvas was finished, I gave it to the general, who was pleased with the likeness and congratulated me especially on having been able to do the work without his having had to pose."

To this same epoch belongs a miniature which is also the work of Isabey, and which was given in 1801 by the First Consul to his distinguished military surgeon, Baron Larrey. The pedigree, so to speak, of this picture is interesting and bespeaks its value. In 1832, ten years before his death, Baron Larrey gave it to his son-in-law, Dr. Clot-Bey, on whose death it came into the possession of Dr. Hippolyte Larrey, son of the surgeon, and M. Bernard Franck bought it from the executrix of this second Larrey. The general is represented attired in a red coat with a broad collar covered with gold embroidery. He has a resolute, reflective air. Here begins to appear the famous lock of hair on the forehead, and the short whiskers in front of the ear are again noticeable. But

there is no sign of the full beard which the First Consul wore for a few weeks but soon discarded as producing too great a change in his physiognomy. The mouth is strong and the chin firm. The body is still thin.

Several years pass. The First Consul has become Emperor of the French, and the change in his person is as great as that in his title. Yet if we scrutinize closely the portraits of him for this period we shall find that he has developed as normally and harmoniously in body as in estate; they again reflect, with singular fidelity, the successive stages of the magic career of the hero.

The pictures of Napoleon which we



NAPOLEON IN 1810

A miniature of the Emperor executed by an unknown hand

now present, taken either in 1810, at the moment of his marriage with Marie Louise, or in 1812, when his star was beginning to pale, reveal to us a being who is powerful and firm of character, who has complete control of himself, and who has risen so high that he can now indulge in gentleness and even in bonhomie. Here we are far removed from the contracted mouth of the youthful half-starved lieutenant, and from the anxious, restless eye of the young general, unappreciated, suspected, and humiliated by sectarian

and incapable superiors. Napoleon is now the greatest monarch in the world. Though he be "the self-made upstart," the bourgeois parvenu, in the best and most characteristic sense of the expression, he is nevertheless sitting on one of the most powerful thrones of Europe. All this comes out plainly not only in the official portraits, which reproduce monotonously a sort of governmental type, but also in the more familiar effigies, a good example of which we also owe to M. Franck. This miniature belongs



NAPOLEON IN HIS STUDY

A copy made by Flocchi (1812) from David's portrait now in the Louvre

to the year 1810, and is all the more precious from the fact that it is one of the very few true portraits of that period, when everything possible was done to have them conform to the high position of the Emperor.

Let us give an example or two of this reprehensible habit. Glance for a moment at the instructions to the would-be Imperial portraitists of the time issued by General Duroc, Grand Marshal of the Palace. Thus, on September 17, 1807, he prescribes: "The artists should try and make the figure as graceful as possible." October 1, 1807: "The painters should care less about a perfect likeness and more about an agreeable one." And later: "I return to you, sir, your portrait of his Majesty and call your attention to the fact that the figure is not noble enough. In a word, in this canvas, as in the others, the artist, by striving to obtain a resemblance, which he has failed to catch, is guilty of other blemishes."

Such instructions seem incredible, and the fact that they were given and obeyed renders difficult the task of finding the true portraits of the period. Consequently, we prize those executed without pretension and free from all official pressure. Such is the case with the miniature in question, the work of an unknown hand, here presented for the first time. It is a remarkable and informal image of the genuine "Petit Tendu," and is quite foreign to the artificial Emperor. We perceive that Napoleon has grown much stouter, which one knows, from other sources, to have been the case. In fact,

he is *bedonnant*—is getting a "corporation." This change came about quite suddenly when he was about forty. The cheeks are puffy and continue to be pale, almost yellow, as in the days of his youth, when they never had a touch of color, not even at the tips of the malar-bones. The expression is a mixture of a restrained

smile and gravity. The hair is short and somewhat disheveled. The part is on the side, midst thinning locks. The famous tress which falls over the forehead is now brought forward from the back of the head. The Emperor is dressed in a blue coat with red collar and facings; wears the broad ribbon of the Legion of Honor; has the "*petit chapeau*" under his arm, and one hand is thrust into his waistcoat, while the other holds a snuff-box. The prominence given to this snuff-box is not very

stately in its effect, but is to the life, for it should be remembered that the Emperor was an inveterate snuff-taker. On this point his secretary, De Ménéval, writes: "Napoleon always had in his bedroom ten oblong snuff-boxes, with little antique medallions on the covers, which were always kept full. As soon as he would empty one he would take another. These boxes followed him to the front."

To the year 1812 belongs a miniature which is a copy by Flocchi of David's well-known picture in the Louvre representing Napoleon in his study at the Tuileries. The long-desired event has happened, an heir having been born to the Emperor several months before this canvas was painted. Its



NAPOLEON IN 1815
A miniature by Isabey. The last portrait of Napoleon made in France

two features which strike one the most are the ever-increasing corpulency of the Emperor and the greater prominence of "the lock" as the forehead grows balder and balder. Though David's original is an official portrait, it is not at all fantastic, and Michelet is right in his *History of the Nineteenth Century* in thus speaking of it: "I know but two faithful portraits of Napoleon, and one of these is that where he is seen standing alone in his study, which David is said to have worked on during two years. It shows conscientious and bold treatment, the artist striving not so much to please as to paint what he saw." The only criticism I have to make of this judgment of the great historian is this—if he had made a more thorough search he would have found more than two portraits of Napoleon possessing these requisites.

Alas! misfortunes begin to accumulate about the path of the doomed Emperor. In 1815 Isabey paints the last portrait made of Napoleon in France. Excessive labor, harassing cares, formidable responsibilities, the terrible disaster of the Russian campaign, humiliations, defeats, the betrayal by friends and relatives—all this has greatly changed the fine visage of the falling Cæsar. He appears fat and wan; his cheeks hang down; his hair is turning gray. But in spite of this physical breakdown the fighter is still there. A tragic defiance is in his air. The vanquished athlete lifts proudly his drooping head. The blue-gray eye has not wholly lost its glare. He seems ready for one su-

preme effort. All this is told through the genius of a great artist in this miniature, which is not bigger than the hollow of one's hand.

When Napoleon died, on May 5, 1821, at St. Helena, his faithful physician, Dr. Antommarchi, made a death-mask of him which was sent to the aged mother

of the Emperor. A copy of this cast is in the possession of Prince Victor Napoleon at Brussels, and another is at the Carnavalet Museum, Paris. It is a photograph of the latter which is reproduced here. Dr. Antommarchi reports: "The physiognomy of the dead Emperor was quite beautiful. The closed eyes gave him the appearance of being in a deep sleep. A smile seemed to play about the mouth, except at the left corner, where a slight contraction turned it to a sort of sardonic grin." The most casual glance at



DEATH-MASK
From the Carnavalet Museum, Paris

the mask shows how thin the Emperor had become. That there is no trace of hair on the cast is due to the fact that the head had been shaved in order to carry out the Emperor's directions that locks of his hair be sent to the various members of his family.

It is a rather singular fact that if we look at this mask at the same angle as that presented by the face in Isabey's portrait of the First Consul at Malmaison, given on page 495, one is struck by a remarkable resemblance. Thus, the final rejuvenation which sometimes comes with death bridges the years, and confounds in an undeniable likeness the radiant visage of the young Cæsar triumphant with the dead features of the aged, broken giant!

Chains

BY ALICE COWDERY



INK, in a thick and oozy daub, flattened itself suddenly against the front of her new gray tailored skirt. Thence it dribbled gently along to the floor.

Blythe Howard rose from beside the little girl whose chubby hand she had been guiding over a writing-book, made a futile thrust at her skirt with a blotter, put it down, and transfixed with blazing blue eye the culprit, still grasping his outrageous pen. Phrases tremendous but inadequate beat at her lips as she gazed, but two years of school-teaching had established their control.

Two years ago, she reflected as she climbed the hill to her home that same Friday afternoon, laden with a great sheaf of examination papers to be corrected, the inky occurrence would have developed itself in her mind as a farce to be presented to the family at dinner: her rage, the unfortunate Richard's fated mishaps, her spotty and self-conscious home-going over the city—the material was there, but now her spirit refused it. Five months of payments to make on her new suit seemed the most poignant fact of existence. The pristine enthusiasm which she had brought to the new adventure of self-support and of assisting her family had conspicuously ebbed.

From the dining-room window of her home—a stately husk of a house left high on a hill by some receded wave of San Francisco fashion—the shining black-fringed dome of her father's head presented itself, rearward. It was the customary decoration of that window and took the place of the fernery of earlier days. His evening paper and the smoke of his pipe made an excellent and symbolic background for it.

The latch was up. As she opened the door the sound of a sewing-machine whirring violently up-stairs greeted her. She glanced into the parlor and paused.

There were newspapers, dead flowers, fireplace choked with a week's accumulation of trash; Jessie, on a couch in an old pink kimono. A magazine was just slipping from Jessie's languid fingers; on the floor by her side were an empty plate and glass—articles to be found in her vicinity at almost any time of the day or night, despite the fact that she was twenty pounds heavier than eighteen should be. It occurred to Blythe, pausing in the doorway, that her sister, with her heavy, black hair, her thick-lidded eyes, her rosy garment whose shortcomings were gracefully softened by distance and a half-darkened room, would make a good model for a Turkish cigarette advertisement.

Jessie achieved a slight murmur of recognition.

"Taking a rest-cure?" inquired Blythe. It was the tired, ink-spotted part of her, with arm dull and stiff from the weight of papers, that propelled the question.

Jessie yawned with slight over-emphasis.

Blythe, turning away, conscious of an effort at self-control, once more asked, coldly, over her shoulder, "Been practising?"

"Pedal's broken," murmured Jessie, on the edge of another elaborate yawn. Blythe stopped abruptly, stifling an exclamation.

"Have it fixed," she said, after a moment. "I'll manage."

"Thanks. What's the use?" Jessie stretched her arms, brought them together over her head, and, relaxing luxuriously, added, "It's a rattly old thing."

Blythe went on up-stairs, considering deeply the fact that she was contributing ten out of sixty-five hard-earned dollars toward a useless struggle with a rattly old thing. Family tradition had irrevocably dowered this sister with an artistic temperament. Was it because of Jessie's droopy eyelids, or her constitutional distaste for activity? There was also a

vague theory current about the house that Jessie would eventually make a career of her music, and, under the spell of it, Blythe had offered to pay for her lessons. Jessie's stuttering octaves were heard just often enough on the yellow-keyed, sweet-toned old grand (cost: one thousand dollars in 1870) to keep family hope gently bowling along.

And now the pedal was broken. Obviously, one could not practise when a pedal was broken.

Fortunately, the pedals on the sewing-machine were in perfect order. They did not cease their animation even when Blythe had called to her mother from the doorway. Her mother's face turned briefly and expressed, in some way peculiar to mothers, her satisfaction at Blythe's return, but she did not stop her pedaling. She was speeding up against the fading light. She was flushed. She had lately assumed spectacles, her little nose not being intended for glasses. The steel rims aged her curiously.

"Must finish this or Jessie won't have it to-morrow. She's going across the bay." Explanatory, she shouted above the machine's din. Her feet in their worn slippers dashed up and down. Her erect little body was agile, wiry. Blythe's glance, alert with the consciousness of values somehow distorted, wandered over the room, noted, acutely, the great walnut bed with the not too fresh white spread, the worn carpet scattered with scraps of Jessie's new checked suit, the blanketed board marked with scorches from the gas-iron, the draggled curtains pinned back for more light, indifferent, in the last rush, to curious neighbor eyes; sewing, in every conceivable stage of incompleteness, perpetually flowing over bureau and chairs. The image of Jessie on the couch just below them recurred.

"Why can't Jessie do it herself?" Blythe's voice carried well. She hoped Jessie heard her. Her mother shrugged her shoulders.

"She has to learn some time, hasn't she?" insisted Blythe.

Frowning slightly, she turned toward her own room, but not before her mother, conscious of a certain disapproval in her eldest daughter's manner, had shot a

propitiatory glance toward her. It fell on the ink spotted dismally over the new gray skirt. Her feet stopped abruptly. Her lips, opened on an exclamation, closed. Words were clearly inadequate. The two looked at each other, sharing the catastrophe.

Another girl, of about sixteen, who had come whistling up the stairs, her school-books in a strap, stopped, staring too at the skirt.

"Oh, Blythe"—her tones were tense with sympathy—"do you *think* it'll come out?" And added, quickly, "I'll take it down to the cleaner's right now for you."

"Thanks, Mildred." Blythe turned away into the next bedroom and threw her papers and her gray, stiffening gloves on the bed. "Here goes the price of new ones," she murmured, beginning to unfasten her skirt.

"Laura got some roses this morning. Oh, great beauties—just after you left," announced Mildred. Her eyes and voice were vivid with eagerness to share the pent-up happenings of her day. Immediately, above the whir of the machine, as if some vibration from Mildred's words had suggested it, their mother called:

"Laura's gone out to dinner."

Mildred made a great showing of eyes at Blythe. "That's *twice* this week."

"She came home early from the office and dressed," shouted their mother again. The whir stopped. Mrs. Howard got up and hung about Blythe's door, pulling at bastings, lingering about the subject as if it justified a moment's relaxing.

"That man Winchester?" said Blythe.

Her mother nodded.

"Winchester's a nice name." Mildred's voice was dreamy.

"Seems to have money." Her mother turned away again, the suggestion of a smile hovering.

"Of course. A New York broker *would*." Mildred's tones were worldly, conclusive.

"Here." Blythe tossed her sister the skirt. "Tell him I must have it by to-morrow." And as Mildred departed Blythe called to the next room in tones of significance, "You haven't met this man yet, have you?"

"Not yet." Her mother's voice seemed to echo her little smile.

Blythe, however, was conscious of a touch of resentment in regard to the absent one. She did not express it more openly, because she was not sure whether it came from a genuinely protective instinct on the part of her three years' seniority, opposing itself to Laura's going out in this rather vague manner, or whether it might be because she, too, would have liked the prospect of dining that evening with an untried man redolent of roses and wealth. She opened her closet door. She stood rigid.

To the eye of a casual observer the closet might have suggested the indiscriminate storage of a second-hand dealer, but Blythe's sophisticated sight immediately divined something wrong.

"It's a shame, a perfect shame!" Her voice carried above the machine in the next room. The machine stopped instantly.

"What's the matter?"

"She's worn it again—my foulard. Laura—"

"Are you sure, dear?"

An eloquent slam of the closet door answered her, followed by a sort of broken moan, in which the phrases, "Henry's coming to-night—my only dress—she *knew* I'd want it—" were intelligible.

Blythe swung open the closet door again and stared once more at the vacant hook. But it remained vacant. Then from the pile of laundry she must do the next day, thrown on the floor of her closet, she jerked forth a crumpled wash dress. Came with it, in full force, the recollection of the parlor's disarray. She

put it on, pinned a towel above the icy blue of her eyes, suppressing the almost Medusa-like lift of her fair brown hair, dragged out broom and sweeper from a recess in the hall, and descended on it.

Her mother, at dinner, stuck over with



"MUST FINISH THIS OR JESSIE WON'T HAVE IT TO-MORROW"

pins and threaded needles, kept one foot without the radius of the table as if to dash up-stairs at the first appeasement of appetite. Her father sat there like a handsome pasha, dawdling all day about the house on the thirty dollars that still dribbled in every month from a once ample inheritance. What right had he to be a pasha? Mildred, prattling of the end of her business-college course, Blythe glanced at pityingly—she would soon know: the glory, the adventure, fading.

She left the table abruptly to dress for Henry; remembered she had no dress—

nothing but a fresh blouse and a black skirt of her mother's, reaching not quite ankleward; hunted where her new slippers were hidden; endured the fresh setback that their hiding-place had been discovered and that Laura had worn the slippers, too; dressed then in nervous haste, that she might answer the bell, as nobody else was appareled to be seen of visiting males; buttoned on the stout boots again that she had taken off for the anticipated slippers, and, acutely conscious that she resembled nothing so much as a sturdy school-girl about to start on a tramping tour, ushered Henry Chapman into the parlor.

Henry Chapman was a young commission-merchant dowered with stalwart principle but with scarcely any imagination. As a future bulwark of commerce Henry promised a certain eminence; as a prospective partner in life, or even as a means of relaxation from the week's routine, he somehow lacked. Blythe had an uneasy feeling that this was no fault in Henry, but, rather, that some shortcoming in herself prevented her from appreciating him. Within himself, Henry reasoned thus: Why, if things were as they seemed, permit him to call with weekly regularity?

Why, indeed? None wondered more than Blythe herself, when, after an hour or two of Henry's anecdotes and reminiscences, a gray film dropped between her and the world; when the five points of gas-light in the crystal luster merged until they became one baleful eye fixing her, monstrous, hypnotic; when, under that concentrated glare, her own eyes strained to such appalling stretches in her determination not to close them that it seemed the equally disastrous alternative had arrived and she would never be able to close them again; when, through the grayness and the strain, a voice droned words, words, words, rising, sinking, merging, for ever and ever, and— No; not for ever. A sudden quietness, a cessation, a struggle. And then her own voice came about her ears as if she shouted through a megaphone.

The din of it brought her upright, alert, searching apology, explanation, until she realized that she must, somehow, have approximated intelligence, since Henry exhibited no surprise.

To prevent the recurrence of these phenomena she would bend forward with sudden and vivacious energy, plunge into a great wash-leather glove, and feed the fire with another handful of scraps from the old hen-house, torn down for this purpose. During these pauses the whir of the sewing-machine in her mother's room, directly overhead, where she still raced time for Jessie's suit, seemed to shake the ceiling as if the house were a factory.

Exactly as eleven struck its last wheeze from the grandfather heirloom in the hall, there came the thud of boots—one, two, on the floor above. It was as if some unseen spirit aimed directly at Henry's shining little bald spot. Elaborate unconsciousness on their part, scarce a flutter in Henry's renewed monologue. Then another doubled thud, and still another. People do not remove boots and drop them thus over ceilings three times in succession without intending some subtle suggestion. Plunge nonchalantly, brilliantly, as one might into far-away things, or desperately joke, at last, concerning the eccentricities of the aging male parent, a male parent was, after all, a male parent.

She slipped the bolt of the front door on Henry with slow, fierce finality; she shoved back the embers from the hearth, turned off the lights, and made her way in the dark up the long flight of stairs, draggingly, overwhelmed by a passionate disgust with life. Twenty-six—and thudding boots, a mother pedaling madly into the night; a mating offered her that aroused only bitterness at the thought of ideal possibilities unfulfilled; so many things in the world untried; so many lives to be met, of people not bound for ever in the circle of petty happenings, uninspired routine, closing her in. . . .

A light streamed out from above. The machine had stopped at last. Her mother's voice called, softly:

"That you, Blythe? Laura's in, isn't she?"

"Yes; long ago."

"What's that? What's that? Laura not back yet?" She heard her father's voice, fraught with alertness for imminent agitation.

"Long ago, George," her mother repeated, soothingly, and the light was shut off by the closing of the door.

She passed the darkened doorway where Mildred and Jessie slept, into the room she shared with Laura, and lit the gas. She had really thought she had heard Laura enter and go up-stairs, had been conscious of wondering why she didn't come into the parlor a moment. It must have been one of the other girls she had heard, for Laura was not there. Well, she would stay awake for her. There was a prejudice against latch-keys in the family on the part of its male member, though not against school-teachers and stenographers.

Her resentment against Laura's having taken her things was quite gone—

a small incident in the midst of a world of thwarting smallnesses. She undressed, turned out the lights, opened the windows, and, leaving the shades wide, got into bed. She felt no longer rebellious or disgusted, but only a longing, a great longing for escape from all familiar things. She huddled with her face pressed into her pillow, shaken by a passion for life.

Something small, hard, hit the wall. She raised her head. Again. This time it struck the pane of the open window. She had forgotten Laura. She went to the window and, calling softly, saw a vague white face upturned. Wrapping about her the communal bathrobe that happened to be in her room, she went quietly down. Laura came in and they crept up-stairs. Blythe got silently into

bed again. She was conscious now that the clock had long ago struck twelve; but her uneasiness concerning this unwonted proceeding on her sister's part was dulled, so much did its lawless nature seem to slide into her own mood. She was conscious that Laura had

murmured something of a broken automobile and faltered into silence; was conscious of being grateful that she did not light the gas. Her sister moved stealthily about the starlit room and finally slipped gently into her own place near the wall.

There was no whispering to-night of the usual exhaustive day's gossip; no sound from Laura lying rigid beside her. But there was the certainty that Laura, too, did not sleep. Blythe turned to the edge of her bed

where she might see the lights scattered over the black depths of the city, and heard the heirloom clock wheeze away the night.

On a salary of sixty-five dollars, with thirty of them contributed toward home and ten for music-lessons, five to be reserved for monthly payments on a tailor suit, and the rest for carfare, clothing, and emergencies, one cannot escape very far. And the more Blythe thought about it the more determined she was upon a far escaping.

She had thirty-five dollars saved toward her vacation in June, three months away. If she could manage to put aside thirty more from her salary, that would be sixty-five. Aunt Jessie of Placerville, on her own birthdays in April, had the



DAWDLING ALL DAY ABOUT THE HOUSE

cheerful habit of presenting each of her nieces with five dollars. So she might count on seventy at the end of three months.

For an ordinary purpose such as a month in the country this would indeed be munificence. But this was wanted for no ordinary purpose. No placebo, this; no tiding-over of a tired mind and body to a fresh start at the same old routine.

This was to be a fresh start at life. Not for idleness. She had outgrown any desire she might once have had for that. But for liberty, for choice of work, for all that freedom of which the necessity for immediate money-getting these two years had deprived her. She did not know then what she wanted to do, provided it was something far, far different from everything she was doing now; her exact locality on the earth at first did not trouble her, so long as it was far, far from her present one.

Money! If she could but get together enough of it. She counted the days, the months, of service in which she had saved those thirty-five dollars and measured them with youth. All wrong. A thing for youth to change. She would not be caught in these petty bonds, among these petty things, as her mother, father, all of them, had been, were being caught by fate, weak wills, duty—whatever it was that caught people.

She was conscious of a certain dishonored ideal in being able to give no more than she did to her teaching; conscious that she lacked the essential temperament for its highest fulfilment. Her fiercely awakened consciousness struggled among these things, dragged her awake at night, usually near the gray and ghastly hour of three, impatient at Laura's sleeping form that restricted her movements; palpitating, hot with sudden terror of age descending, finding her still plodding along, half living.

If only she had something she could sell! Her distaste for jewelry had encouraged a stupid lack of foresight in the days of plenty. Her only asset appeared to be a watch, long forgotten among broken odds and ends, with a fat canary on the cover and a broken spring. But it was gold. It had been given to her, a very young girl. Al-

though the tradition of its desirability still clung to it, she did an anarchistic thing. She had it secretly appraised. Oh, the fatuous values with which a family inflated its own belongings! Without a qualm she saw them wrench the wretched covers off and tear out its vitals. But ten dollars, nevertheless, added to seventy, would be eighty.

Incited by this easy income, she began now to prowling over the house at tactful moments, a calculating eye on other family relics.

Was she to lose all fineness of feeling? Was that what happened when one was smitten by a lust for gold? She realized a change in herself. She would have sold the hideous but ancestral portraits off the wall, the large corrugated-leather wedding-gift Bible, the rubber dolls with poke bonnets that her grandmother's twin used to play with, the very tombstone off the family lot if she could have established title. Ruthless as Napoleon, yet conscious of a strange exhilaration in her ruthlessness, she prowled hungrily among the amethysts and jets of her mother's youth, treasured in the false-bottomed chiffonier, but knew no power on earth could prevent them from becoming heirlooms.

She found herself staring at the onyx mantel in the parlor over Henry Chapman's unsuspecting head, with some idea of extracting it piecemeal, in subtle manner. Found herself at last staring appraisingly at Henry Chapman himself.

Henry Chapman had money. There was no doubt of it. He showed it occasionally in theater-tickets or a box of candy. His talk hinted of vast commercial schemes. For the first time she listened avidly to these hints. His money, with Henry subtracted—how delightful, how wonderful a thing!

In her prowling about the house that day she had come upon relics of old ambitions, half-forgotten: passionate attempts at water-colors, equally passionate disgusts; a cracked violin; poems, school stories, not so bad—really not half bad. She told Henry about the stories and he smiled kindly. Why couldn't she love Henry? It would mean that she need no longer rack her head with this loathsome money need. Ob-

viously he was waiting; he had a cold persistency. Suppose she tried to work herself up to some sort of enthusiasm? She let him hold her hand. It felt, to her critical mind, like a stuffed glove. She removed it after a while under pretense of stoking the fire.

When Laura, careful of discreet returns since that night of pebbles and stealth, came home later that evening and went through the dining-room for a drink of water, Blythe was sitting at the table under a pulled-down gas-lamp. She was writing; her cheeks were scarlet, her hair disheveled.

"School work," she murmured, briefly, to Laura's inquiries. But it was not. It was a story shaping itself about that "incorrigible Richard" who had spilled the ink on her new gray skirt. And she mailed it that night at the corner box, fog whirling against her hot cheeks.

Laura was usually out these week-end nights. Blythe had a notion, vague under her own obsession, that her mother no longer quite so buoyantly discussed Laura's whereabouts. Laura made it known to them that she preferred to have her friends entertain her; it was much less trouble for the family, since, as they all must feel, it was so awfully squalid at home now. Furthermore, this Mr. Winchester was connected with the office where she stenographed. There was a lot of business mixed up with their meetings. Laura had a way of putting the subject aside, after this general statement, with gentle dignity.

Late in April the magazine to which she had mailed the "incorrigible Richard" story sent her forty dollars. All the

vagueness of her plannings turned then to swift definiteness. With a little tutoring on Saturday mornings she might count on one hundred and thirty by the end of the term. Then she would throw up her teaching and escape. To New York, city of opportunity, and very far



SHE HAD COME UPON RELICS OF OLD AMBITIONS, HALF FORGOTTEN

away. She had no fear of being without money, once there. She had no fear of any big adventure, catastrophe, or pain, but at the thought of not succeeding in escape from her present life she became very much afraid.

The days were but makeshifts now, at school, at home—a period when one held in one's nerves, bravely, because one saw the imminent fulfilment of hope.

"You must have a good vacation this year," said her mother, very proud of her, when she told them of her little story's success.

"I'd like to go on quite a long trip," Blythe said as a sort of gentle leading up to the time when she must tell them of her departure.

That parting! Blythe used almost to weep as she thought of it and of how she loved them all. Melting visions of bravely borne farewells, noble letters of resignation to the school-board, alternated with glowing ones of remembrance sent back from New York for every one, fortune once started.

Laura, she planned, who now contributed only fifteen out of her forty toward home, should be persuaded to add ten and so even things a bit with her mother. Jessie would have to exert herself a little. It wouldn't hurt fat old Jess—

All the family relics she had so despised for their commercial shortcomings she lingered by contritely, in secret farewells. She accumulated literature on the matter of routes, and fell asleep each night engaging in tremendous adventures, tremendous loves, tremendous works, concluding always with the same last going-to-sleep picture of a woman, a glorious creature—herself, in fact—on the crest of beauty, living alone. (The joy of it!) She wore a greeny-blue peacock gown, slinky, medieval; and at evening, after a day of inspired and lucrative writing, she gathered about her the perfect few. She saw the very fittings of her apartment—dull, goldy, with a distant suggestion of ivory and sunken bath, fern-bordered. And, vivid on a table, in a flat and gilded dish (representing the perfect touch of color), were three shining red apples!

On Saturday, May-day, a pipe burst.

It was an important pipe that during thirty years of arduous service had supplied the essentials of bathroom and kitchen. The effect of its bursting on the adjacent dining-room ceiling was ruthless. The plumber came and made temporary alleviations and future estimates, and George Howard spent the rest of the morning smoking furiously or wandering over the house, emitting groans at the short-sightedness of his father, who had brought him up to be a capitalist; urged upon Mildred the necessity for application, now that school days were closing; was stern with Jessie about her music.

Blythe came upon her mother at intervals, staring at the stain that crept over the walls; heard her broom beating nervously from attic to cellar, as she stifled thought in action. And at such times Blythe closed her lips very tight.

She was in bed reading when Laura came in that night. Laura took off her gown and began to comb out the long waves of her silvery-gold hair.

"Beastly condition this family's in," Laura remarked. "Mother's still down there, adding up."

Blythe turned over a page, bending forward to get a better light from the high, flaring gas-burner in the middle of the vaulted ceiling.

"You'd think," continued Laura, "she could put a little aside somehow for emergencies. I could, if it were *my* business. Get's on my nerves. Hate to come into the house—"

"Has she found out exactly what it's going to cost?" asked Blythe, turning another page.

"Thirty. Awful, isn't it? Horrid old pipe!"

Blythe turned another page, several, rapidly.

"If you'll pay half," she said, without looking up, "I will."

Laura continued to brush her hair very carefully.

"Why," she said, slowly, "I wish I could. Honestly I do, Blythe. But I haven't got it. Really, Blythe. I've just *got* to have new corsets and shoes—and a hat. It isn't as if they weren't essentials. I'm so shabby now, I wonder any one can bear to look at me."

Blythe turned a few pages more, slowly.

"Oh," Laura cried, flinging her arms about, "I just can't stand this beastly poverty much longer. I— Where you going?" She gathered in her dramatic gesture abruptly, for Blythe had thrown her magazine across to the floor and was already on the stairs.

Blythe opened the dining-room door at the foot. Under the sprawling dampness made by the broken pipe her mother sat, papers before her. The gas-light over her gray head had no mercy. She stared at her daughter without speaking.

"Mother, don't worry about that any more. If twenty 'll help—"

"Perhaps, if Mildred will give up her outing this summer—" Her mother was evidently still partially merged in her calculations.

"No," said Blythe, impatiently. "I'll let you have twenty. I can easily. It's settled."

She turned away abruptly, shut the door, and went, frowning and thoughtful, up-stairs. She picked up her book and climbed into bed again and read until Laura was ready for the lights out. But over and over she subtracted twenty from one hundred and thirty, and long she schemed concerning the replacing of that deficit. More tutoring, Saturday mornings, might see her through. It all emphasized how she would never have a chance while she was tied there at home; emphasized how she owed it to herself to get away.

On May the twelfth, responsive to the nervous tension under which she worked, a tooth began to ache. She stood it for a week, preferring agony to expense, but at last she succumbed, had the nerve killed and several matters that needed

immediate attention discovered. Estimate, fifteen dollars. That same day, coming up the stairs, she had a glimpse of Mildred, in filmy white, revolving before the glass, and her mother, who was putting finishing touches to her graduating-dress.

"Oh, mother"—Mildred's voice was tense—"it's beautiful; but doesn't it just scream for white slippers?"

"It'll have to scream," said her mother.

Mildred seemed about to discuss the matter further when she caught sight of Blythe. Blythe understood. Mildred was silent out of delicacy before the moneyed member of the family, lest she might seem to hint. Blythe pretended to have heard nothing. The picture of Mildred, so joyful over little happinesses, she forced aside. Vanity should not move her. No power on earth, in fact, should break now into that vital hundred and ten that was left her. Obduracy on this point was the merest justice to herself and her future.

On May the thirtieth she came home



"CAN'T I GO AWAY WITHOUT BEING MARRIED?"

to find her father cursing the administration in general and the local board of public works in particular; rheumatic also with bending over his lettuce-patch.

Some time previously the property had been assessed seventy-five dollars for street improvement. There had been the usual delinquent charges, put aside so far as Blythe's memory was concerned. Evidently one of the things her mother trusted more or less was Providence. The time for final payment was up.

"Let 'em sell this old shebang. My lettuce is just started, but I don't care," her father ranted about the upper hall. "It'll bring a thousand or so—I doubt it, but maybe. You take it, you and the girls. I'll get out. I'll starve, but I don't care. I'm tired of it all. Stuck it out here for thirty years—"

Something like this had been heard before, but it never failed to affect her mother.

"Oh, George! Our home! We can't—"

"Then what *can* we do? Tell me that." He glared at her; then caught sight of Blythe at the bend of the stairs and stared gloomily down at her. "We're ruined, my girl, ruined! Did you bring in the paper?"

Blythe, who had it in her hand, threw it up to him, and then, murmuring something of a forgotten errand, ran down again and out. She covered block after block, half blindly, in the long twilight.

"Let 'em sell it—let 'em!" Her thoughts beat wild as her pace. "If I were dead they'd manage," and came back, white, trembling with weariness. She ate ravenously of some food, standing by the oven, where Mildred had saved it for her.

Her father sat in the dining-room smoking, port on the table, before him his paper. He regarded her reflectively as she passed through the room.

"When's school over?"

"Next week."

"Your mother's a good woman. She's been a good mother to you." He still regarded her, reflectively. Blythe passed on out. Mildred and Jessiewere doing the dishes; the parlor was dark; her mother's room up-stairs was dark also. Laura, in

theirs, was trimming a hat, with disheveled hair and shining eyes.

"I've reached my limit, Blythe," she said, quietly, as her sister entered.

Blythe looked at her. It occurred to her that Laura was beautiful.

"I guess we all have," she murmured, throwing her hat and coat on the bed. Laura's remark had seemed but the superlative of complaint in relation to the latest financial catastrophe.

"I've been planning it for some time," continued Laura, "but I've said nothing to mother until to-night. I won't have a family fuss. I'm going away."

Blythe sat down on the bed. She raised her eyes slowly to the reflection of her sister in the mirror. Laura also, as she fitted and talked, glanced at her sister only through the mirror.

"To be married, Laura?" asked Blythe, softly, at last.

"Married!" cried Laura. "For goodness' sakes! Can't I go away without being married?" She ceased abruptly, manipulating her hat-brim. Blythe sat silent, her eyes on the carpet. Laura cleared her throat softly.

"I am going," she said, "to New York. Why"—she finished her sentence harshly—"what's the matter?"

She stared at Blythe in the mirror. Color had suddenly suffused Blythe's face and throat; her eyes, that had sprung to Laura's reflected eyes, startled, incredulous, blazed into her sister's. Then, abruptly, she closed them.

Laura, without further inquiry, plunged her needle in and out with short, nervous stitches. "Nothing can stop me," she said. "I'm sick, too, of explanations—get on my nerves; been through all I can stand with mother to-night. It's not, as I told her, as if you and your thirty were going." She paused and added, jerkily, "Got to live my own life. It's not a new idea."

"What *is* the idea?" Blythe asked, in a low voice.

"Oh, I thought I'd told you. Private secretary—firm's sending me to the New York offices." Her sentences were hurried, her voice was soft, but her will struck through her words like steel. She twisted at her hat bow with hard, white hands. "I'm not like you; I need change; haven't your patience." A



SHE COULD FEEL HER MOTHER REPRESS HER BREATHING LEST HE HEAR AND COME IN

touch of pride lingered strangely under the modest words, as if to lack patience implied a certain superiority of temperament; implied also, her tone, to one who had watched her closely, a deliberate hardness stifling what tenderness lay in her, as if she feared that to show tenderness might weaken her resolve.

Blythe got up and went to the window. The city had not yet lit up its stars in the gloom beneath. She saw only a vast and dizzy blackness. She heard Laura's voice but dimly.

"I must have a fuller, freer life," said

Laura. "I feel that I owe it to myself. Why, I wake up at night, in torture, in perfect torture, Blythe. Perhaps you can imagine, if you try"—Laura rolled her eyes toward her sister's back—"at the thought of going on here like this; growing old, missing everything." She waved both arms wide, controlled the gesture, and, staring at her own reflection, put on her hat.

"Like the bow better here or over here?" She twisted the trimming critically. There was the implication that the subject was closed.



SHE WAS TRYING STILL TO MAKE DREAMS COME TRUE

Suddenly Blythe wanted to be alone. The parlor was dark, she recalled. There was a couch in the corner. She looked very carefully at Laura's bows as she passed her.

"Either way's very becoming," she said with equal care, and went downstairs. Hands pressing the dark before her, she groped her way across the room, gathering together for that moment when she might fling herself face down. But there was a murmur from the corner. The couch was already occupied.

"Mother, is it you?"

No reply.

"Mother, it *is* you."

Came the stifled voice of her mother: "I can't stand it much longer. If I could only go away somewhere, forever—"

Blythe dropped to her knees by the couch.

The dining-room door opened and her father came out. Under the gas-light on the newel-post, he peered toward the parlor; she could feel her mother repress her breathing lest he hear and come in. But, not hearing them, he went on upstairs.

"And now Laura. Did she tell you?" asked her mother.

Blythe made a sound of acquiescence. It seemed to her, now that the dizziness

had passed, now that her very forward flinging even had been thwarted, as if, quiescent, she watched herself from some far place, bound up with all life about her, being molded by tremendous inevitability.

"As for this assessment, mother," she whispered, quickly, "of course that story money—"

"Oh no, dear."

"Only way."

"Your—your vacation—" Her mother's voice faltered, but it seemed to Blythe to hold already a cadence of suppressed relief.

Blythe stood there in the darkness, still watching herself from that far place. There was rising, thrilling within her, a new alleviation—a picture of herself, very stoical, for three months of free vacation mornings, shut up alone there in the parlor before the marble-topped table in the bay-window. As in that dear bedtime vision, there was a red apple in this one, too, but it was not ornamental. She was eating it. And as she ate, a pen was in the other hand, struggling over vast quantities of paper. She was trying still to make dreams come true. She was opposing to that tremendous inevitability the banners of indomitable will.

Are Plants Like Animals?

BY JAGADIS CHUNDER BOSE, M.A., D.Sc.

Professor of Physical Science, Presidency College, Calcutta



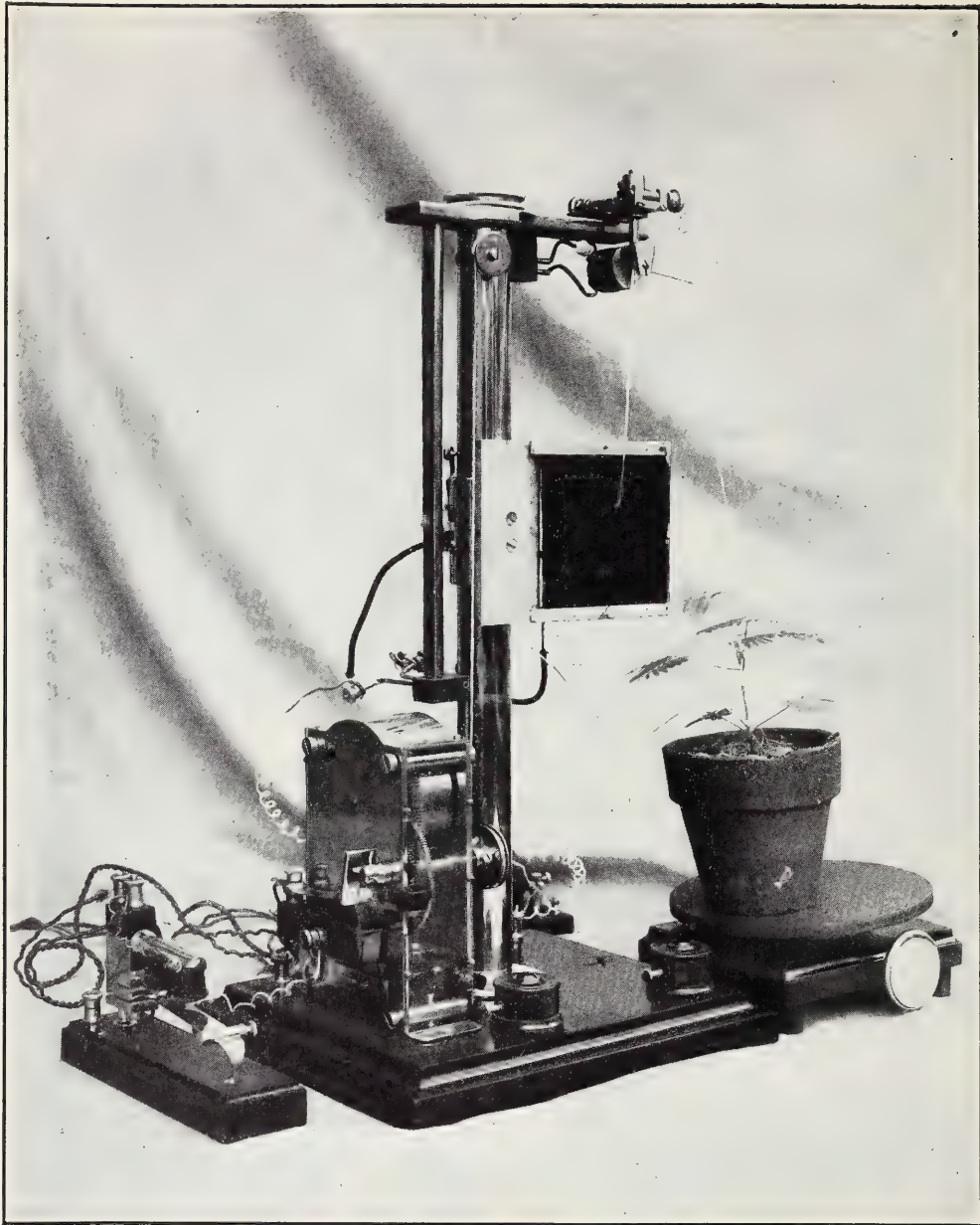
At first sight few things would appear so strikingly different as the life-activities in plants and in animals. But if, in spite of the seeming differences, it could be proved that these life-activities are fundamentally similar, this would undoubtedly constitute a scientific generalization of very great importance. It would then follow that the complex mechanism of the animal machine, that baffled us so long, need not remain inscrutable for all time; for the intricate problems of animal physiology would then naturally find their solution in the study of corresponding problems under simpler conditions of vegetative life. That would mean an enormous advance in the science of physiology, of agriculture, of medicine, and even of psychology. Plant life has always appeared to us very remote, because that life is unvoiced. The plant, in its apparent immobility and placidity, stands in strong contrast to the energetic animal, with its reflex movements and pulsating organs. Yet the same environment which, with its changing influences, so profoundly affects the animal, is also playing upon the plant. Storm and sunshine, the warmth of summer and the frost of winter, drought and rain—all these and many more come and go about it. What subtle impress do they leave behind? Internal changes there must be. We may be sure they are brought about by these many agencies, rendering the plant more or less excitable; but our eyes have not the power to see them.

How, then, are we to know what unseen changes take place within the plant? The only conceivable way would be, if that were possible, to detect and measure the actual response of the or-

ganism to a definite testing blow. When an animal receives an external shock it may answer in various ways: if it has voice, by a cry; if dumb, by the movement of its limbs. The external shock is the stimulus; the answer of the organism is the response. If we can make it give some tangible answer in response to a questioning shock, then we can judge the condition of the plant by the extent of the answer. In an excitable condition the feeblest stimulus will evoke an extraordinarily large response; in a depressed state even a strong stimulus evokes only a feeble response; and lastly, when death has overcome life, there is an abrupt end of the power to answer at all.

As long as we are alive we respond in one way or another to the various stimuli of our environment. Stimulus falling on matter causes a molecular upset, and this upset is exhibited in various ways according to the instrument of expression. Let us look for a moment at the diverse effects which may be produced by the same electrical current acting on different instruments. Acting on one kind of recorder, it produces movement. On another, say an electrical bell, it produces sound. On still another it causes a flash of light. In like fashion, stimulus acting on living tissues may cause excitation which manifests itself in different ways according to the different organs of expression.

Taking first the most familiar example of responsive movement, a drop of boiling water falling on the hand causes the muscles to twitch and the hand is withdrawn. The same thing is seen again in the leaf of the sensitive plant *Mimosa*, which suddenly falls down when excited. Or similarly, under the excitation of touch, the open *Dionæa* leaf closes on the fly, its prey. Again, instead of this mechanical movement,



THE AUTHOR'S RESONANT RECORDER, WITH PLANT AND ACCESSORIES

we may, as we shall see, have electrical movement in response to stimulus; and a suitable instrument, the galvanometer, shows an electrical twitch each time the living tissue is excited. And lastly, among forms of response we have sensation itself. Sight is the characteristic response of the retina; hearing, of the ear; and so on. Thus, in sensation, different parts of the brain act as the responding organs. For the purpose of investigation we might in the laboratory take, say, the retina of a frog with its attached optical nerve, and put it in connection with the galvanometer instead of with the brain. It will then be found that each time a flash of light

falls on the retina the galvanometer responds by a twitch, just as the brain formerly responded by a passing sensation.

Thus we see the possibility of obtaining some sort of record of the response of the plant by which its internal condition, and the changes of that condition, might be revealed. In order to succeed in this we have, first, to discover some compulsive force that will make the plant give an answering signal; second, to supply the wherewithal for the conversion of these signals into an intelligent script; and, last of all, we have ourselves to learn the nature of the hieroglyphic.

It is possible to make a plant like *Mimosa* give a record of the answering movement of its leaf to a questioning electrical shock. Under excitation the leaf falls down, recovering its outspread position on the cessation of excitation. This response and recovery may be recorded by means of a writing lever, and the result will be, say, an up-curve of response followed by a down-curve of recovery. These may be regarded as constituting a pulse of response. A series of such responses will constitute a measure of the life-activity of the tissue, waxing or waning with the fluctuating vitality of the plant. Thus by means of testing blows we are able to make the plant itself reveal those invisible internal changes which otherwise would have entirely escaped us.

In obtaining the actual record of responsive movements in plants we encounter many serious difficulties. In the case of muscle-contraction of animals the pull exerted is considerable and the friction offered by the recording surface presents no serious difficulty. In the case of plants, however, the pull exerted by the motile organ is relatively feeble, and in the movement of the very small leaflets of *Desmodium gyrans*, or the telegraph-plant, for instance, a weight so small as four-hundredths of a gram is enough to arrest the pulsation of the leaflets. The difficulty could not be removed so long as the writing lever remained in continuous contact with the writing surface, but this was overcome by making an intermittent instead of a continuous contact, accomplished by an invention depending on the phenomenon of resonance.

The principle of the Resonant Recorder depends on sympathetic vibration. If the strings of two violins are exactly tuned, then a note sounded on

one will cause the other to vibrate in sympathy. We may likewise tune the vibrating writing lever with a reed. Suppose the reed and the lever are both tuned to vibrate a hundred times per second. When the reed is sounded the lever will also begin to vibrate in sympathy, and will in consequence no longer remain in continuous contact with the recording plate, but will deliver a succession of taps a hundred times in a second. The record will therefore consist of a series of dots, the distance between one dot and the next representing one-hundredth part of a second. With other recorders it is possible to measure still shorter intervals. It will now be understood how, by the device of my resonant recorder, not only is the error due to friction eliminated, but the record itself is made to measure time as short as may be desired. The extreme delicacy of this instrument will be understood when by its means it is possible to record a time interval as short as the thousandth part of a second.

Further, devices have been introduced

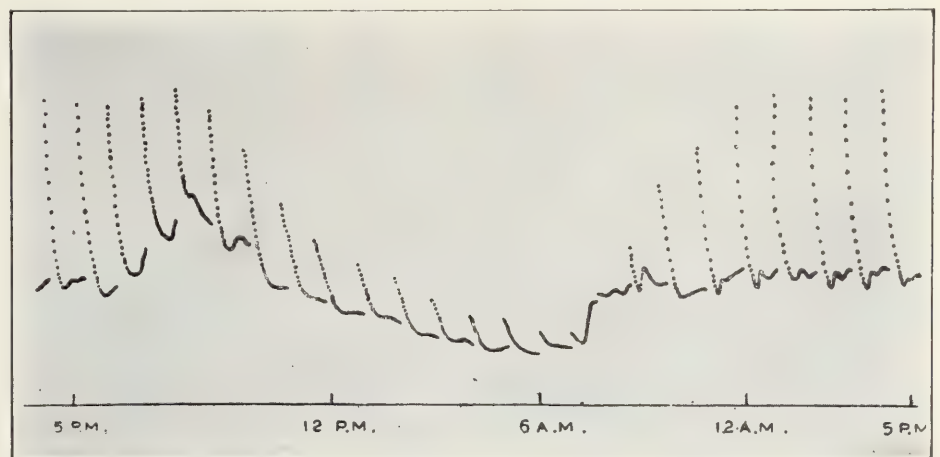


FIG. 1—RECORD OF THE VARIATION IN EXCITABILITY OF A PLANT DURING TWENTY-FOUR HOURS

by which the plant attached to the recording apparatus is automatically excited by successive electrical stimuli which are absolutely constant. In answer to this the plant makes its own responsive records, goes through its own period of recovery, and embarks on the same cycle over again without assistance from the observer at any point. In this way the effect of changed ex-

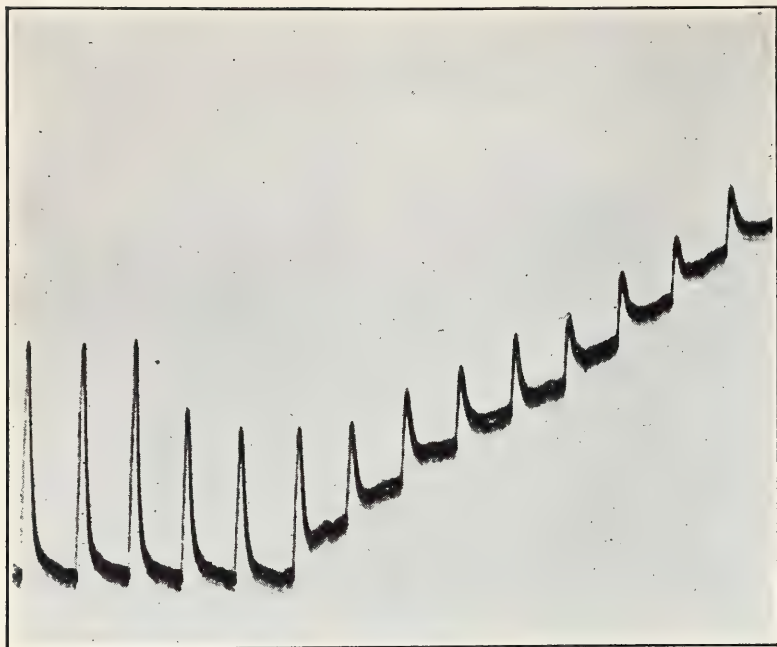


FIG. 2—EFFECT OF CHLOROFORM ON ELECTRICAL RESPONSES OF A CARROT

The first three responses are normal; subsequent responses made under anesthetic

ternal conditions is seen recorded in the script made by the plant itself.

Having thus made it possible that the plant itself would give an answer to our questionings, we are in a position to investigate as to whether the reactions of plant and animal life are essentially similar or are very distinct.

An animal experiences a daily cycle of change, passing through the stages of what we know as sleeping and waking. The fanciful name of "sleep" has been given to the closure of the leaflets of certain plants at night. This is in reality brought about by changes of turgor in the plant, and has nothing whatever to do with true sleep; for the

closing movements of the leaflets take place not only under the action of darkness at night, but also under the precisely opposite conditions of the strong light at noon. The question as to whether plants sleep or not can be put in the form of a definite inquiry: Is the plant equally excitable throughout the day and the night? If not, is there any period at which it practically loses its sensibility? Is there, again, another period at which it wakes up to a condition of maximum excitability?

This problem was solved through the invention of an apparatus which delivers a questioning shock to the *Mimosa* plant every hour of the

day and night, and records automatically the answering response of the plant. In this way it was found that the plant is a late riser, waking up gradually and very slowly; and only becoming fully alert by noon, remaining so until evening. It is, however, quite awake until midnight. Then it begins to grow somewhat lethargic, but does not lose its sensitiveness until the early hours of the morning, when its excitability disappears and the plant gives no response. (Fig. 1.) This is significant in view of the fact that the vitality of the human subject is also at its lowest ebb in the early hours of the morning.

It has hitherto been thought that certain plants such as *Mimosa pudica* are sensitive, and that the rest of the plants are insensitive. In reality, all plants are excitable. If they are thus sensitive, what is there to hinder the manifestation of their re-

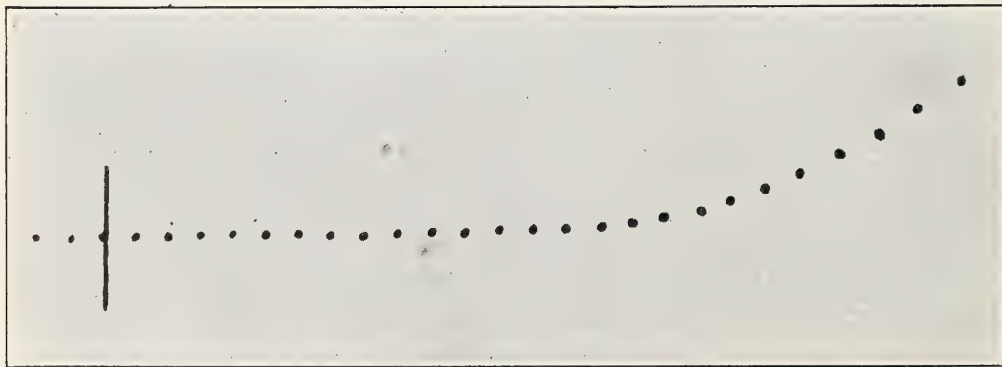


FIG. 3—RECORD SHOWING LATENT PERIOD OF MIMOSA

The time interval between dots is 0.005 second. The vertical line represents moment of application of stimulus. The response takes place after 0.076 second

sponse by actual movement? In *Mimosa* the motile organ consists of a cushion of tissue known as the pulvinus, which is situated at the joint of the leaf. Of the upper and lower halves of the pulvinus it is the lower half that is the more excitable and undergoes greater contraction under excitation. Hence the resulting fall of the leaf is due to the predominant contraction of the more excitable lower half. If both the upper and lower sides had been equally excitable, there would have been equal pull above and below, and no resulting movement. Thus a plant may be fully excitable, yet may not be able to manifest this outwardly on account of the deadlock caused by the equal but antagonistic pulls of the two halves.

The motile response of a plant thus appears to be inhibited merely for lack of mechanical facilities. There is, however, a different method by which the excitation of the plant may be detected. By electrical methods of investigation I have been able to show that every plant, and each organ of every plant, is sensitive, and exhibits the state of excitement by electromotive variation of galvanometric negativity—that is to say, an electrical change identically the same as that induced in an excited animal tissue. In Fig. 2 is shown a series of electrical responses in the carrot, and its gradual arrest under the action of a narcotic.

Thus there are at our disposal two independent methods by which the excitability of a plant tissue, and its variations under physiological changes, may be detected and accurately recorded.

When an animal is struck a blow it does not immediately respond. A

certain short interval elapses between the incidence of the blow and the beginning of the reply. This lost time is known as the latent period. A similar latent period intervenes between stimulus and response in the plant (Fig. 3); this undergoes parallel variations with that of the animal. It is of interest that a stoutish plant gives its response in a slow fashion, while a thin one attains the acme of excitement in an exceedingly short time. The perceptive

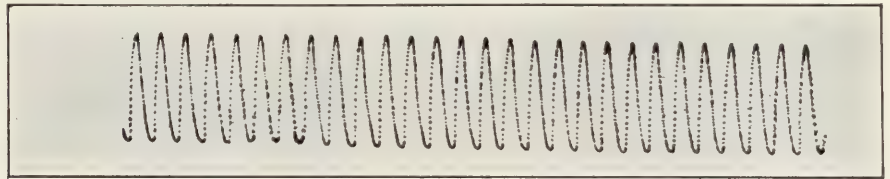


FIG. 4—RECORD OF AUTOMATIC PULSATIONS IN THE TELEGRAPH-PLANT

power of the plant becomes very sluggish under fatigue. When excessively tired it loses for the time being all power of response and then requires a rest of at least half an hour to recover its normal responsiveness.

It has been seen that in *Mimosa* a single stimulus gives rise to a single pulse of response. Here we have an effect brought on by a definite antecedent cause. In the phenomena of life, however, there are characteristics apparently more mysterious than this, in so much as we sometimes observe effects seemingly without a cause. For instance, it would seem that an animal heart beats of its own accord. A sudden contraction is followed by an expansion, and this rhythm is maintained continuously and spontaneously throughout the duration of life.

In the animal body, then, the heart furnishes us with a perfect example of an automatically reacting rhythmic tissue. Such rhythmic activities are not merely characteristic of the animal, for they also occur in the plant, as in the oscillating leaflets of the telegraph-plant, or *Desmodium gyrans*. These leaflets are in a state of constant pulsation, moving up and down. The mechanics of the movement consist of a sudden contraction by which the

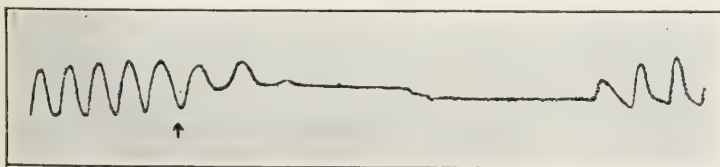


FIG. 5—ARREST OF AUTOMATIC PULSATIONS UNDER ETHER

And restoration after ether is blown off. The arrow indicates the moment of application of ether

leaflet is made to fall, followed by slow expansion bringing about recovery. (Fig. 4.) These movements then correspond to the systolic and diastolic movements of the cardiac tissue of the animal. Further, all the characteristics of the spontaneous beat in the animal heart are forestalled in the plant. Thus, under a rise of temperature the frequency of the heart-beat is enhanced,

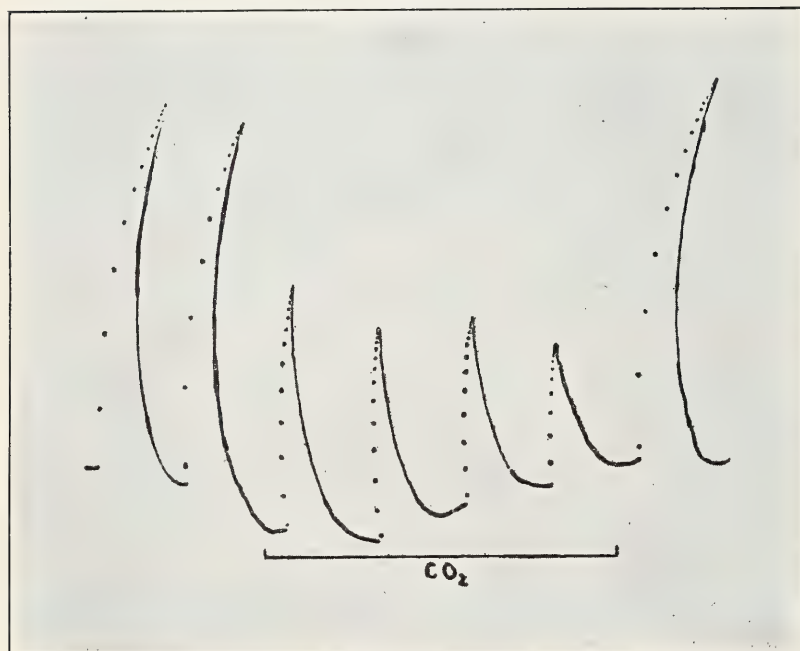


FIG. 6—EFFECT OF CARBONIC-ACID GAS

but the amplitude of pulse is reduced. The same effect is exhibited in the pulsating leaflet of *Desmodium*. As in the case of the heart, so also in *Desmodium*, an anesthetic-like ether induces a temporary arrest of pulsation which is renewed on the blowing-off of the ether. (Fig. 5.)

Still more remarkable identities of reaction will be referred to presently.

With regard to the subject of automatism, it is possible in the plant to trace the evolution from simple response through multiple to automatic response, the plant *Averrhœa* supplying the intermediate link.

Most striking are the reactions of the plant to chemical agents. The plant is intensely susceptible to the impurities present in the air; the vitiated air of the town has a very depressing effect. Carbonic-acid gas suffocates the plant just as it does the human

subject. (Fig. 6.) Note the gasp of relief when fresh air is introduced.

In contrast to this, ozone renders the plant highly excitable. Sulphureted hydrogen, even in small quantities, is fatal to the plant. Chloroform acts as a strong narcotic, inducing a rapid cessation of sensibility. Extremely ridiculous is the unsteady gait of the response of the plant under alcohol. (Fig. 7.) When the plant has absorbed too much water it loses all power of movement. The normal condition may then be restored by extraction of the surplus.

Equally striking is the effect of drugs on the automatic pulsations of *Desmodium*. Parallel phenomena have been described as between the automatic pulsation of the plant and of the animal heart. The most extraordinary is the identity of effect seen in the antagonistic action of certain drugs on the activities of these two pulsating tissues. Poisonous acids, for example, arrest the pulsation of the heart. But this

particular arrest takes place during expansion. Now alkaline poisons also arrest the beating of the heart, but in an antagonistic manner—that is to say, at contraction. That the actions of these two poisons are antagonistic is further seen in the fact that when the heart-beat is arrested by one, it can be revived under the application of the other. Here is a curious instance of one poison acting as the antidote to another.

In the pulsation of *Desmodium*, likewise, it is wonderful to see that exactly the same thing takes place. Poisonous acids arrest the pulsation, but this takes place when the leaflet is in its expanded or highest erect position. Alkaline poisons, on the other hand, arrest the pulsation in the contracted or depressed position of the leaflet. And, finally, the arrest induced by one of these can be counteracted by the other.

It is thus seen that there is a continuity of responsive actions between the animal and the plant. This continuity, however, may be traced still further down. I have shown elsewhere that differences between the organic and the inorganic are less pronounced than has been customarily assumed. The inorganic also exhibit response under stimulation. There is a threshold of response; subliminal stimuli become effective by repetition; response increases with the intensity of stimulus up to a limit; under certain circumstances these inorganic responses exhibit fatigue. Some substances act as stimulants upon tin and platinum, others are "poisons" destroying all response. Thus the inorganic and the organic are held together in a linked continuity.

Returning to the plants, we shall next see how the nervous impulse, one of the highest characteristics of the animal, is also manifested in the plant organism.

It has been supposed that in the *Mimosa* plant the effect of irritation is not propagated as a nervous impulse, but as a mere mechanical disturbance. This mechanical theory was accepted in view of the anesthetic experiment of Pfeffer, who, applying chloroform to the *surface* of the stem, found that this did not arrest the impulse. A little reflection will, however, show that under the particular conditions of the experiment the conducting tissue in the interior could not have been affected by the narcotic; the task being, in fact, as difficult as narcotizing a nerve-trunk lying between muscles by application of chloroform to the skin outside.

By means of various crucial tests, however, it can be shown that the impulse in the plant is not of a mechanical character, but is a transmission of protoplasmic excitation. For example, among the favorable agents which have a marked effect upon the nervous impulse of the animal is the influence of temperature, which could have no effect on mechanical propagation.

The result given in Fig. 8 is quite conclusive as regards the excitatory character of the impulse in plants. It is seen that with rising temperature the time required for transmission through the same distance is continu-

ously reduced, a rise of temperature of only 9° Centigrade doubling the speed. The converse experiment is to subject a portion of conducting petiole of *Mimosa* to the action of cold. This retards the speed of conduction. Excessive cold temporarily abolishes the conducting power. The nervous impulse in plants can also be arrested by other physiological blocks, such as specific drugs, by which nervous impulse in the animal is also arrested.

Artificial paralysis may be produced in other ways in the plant nerve, and the efficacy of various curative agents may then be tested. These investigations with the simple type of plant-nerve are calculated to throw considerable light on the obscure phenomenon of nervous impulse in general, and the causes operative in bringing about the degeneration of the normal function of the nerve.

Among these experiments the following is significant as regards the power of stimulus to fashion its own conducting path. A plant carefully protected under glass from the stimulating buffets of the elements looks sleek and flourishing, yet is in reality flabby and defective. Its conducting power is found to be in abeyance. Anatomically the conducting elements are present, but from want of use they remain functionally inactive. Now in this condition it is very interesting to watch the growth of nervous conduction under the influence of stimulating blows.

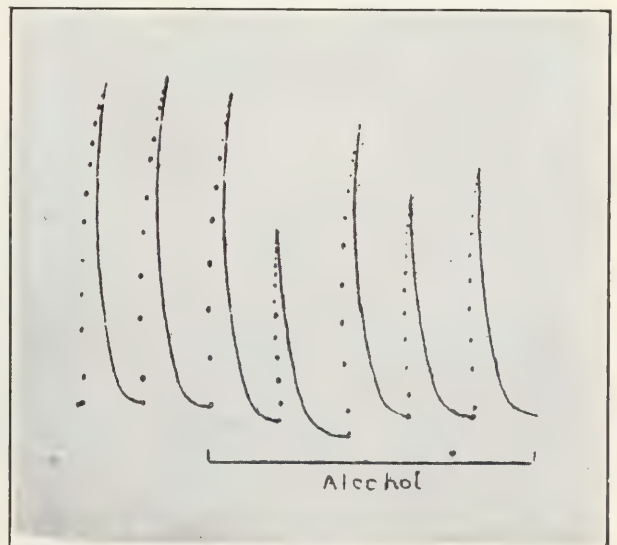


FIG. 7—UNSTEADYING EFFECT OF ALCOHOL

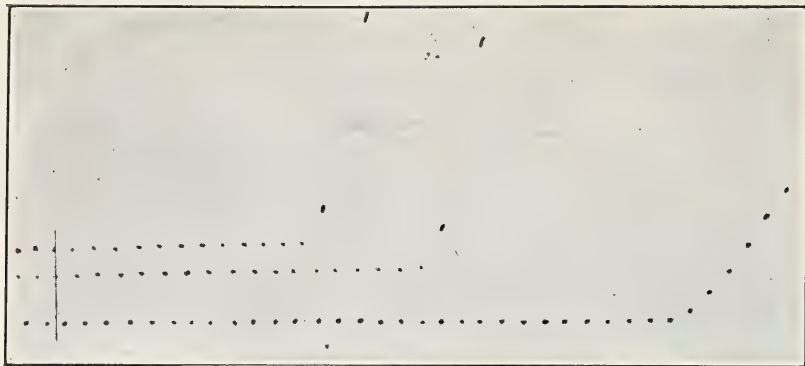


FIG. 8—EFFECT OF TEMPERATURE IN ENHANCING VELOCITY OF TRANSMISSION

The three records, from the bottom up, are for Centigrade temperatures 22°, 28°, 31°, respectively

There is at first no transmission; after a time excitatory impulse begins to be transmitted. Continued stimulation enhances the conducting power to a maximum. The concluding part of this process will be seen illustrated in the records given in Fig. 9.

Here we have displayed before us the modification of the organism by its environment, the creation of the organ by the cumulative effect of stimulus. The nerve unstimulated lies passive and inert. But the nerve already subjected to stimulus has been energized by it, and its excitability and conductivity highly exalted. Thus every moment of our present is colored by the store of our latent memories. Stimulation by thought actually increases our power of thought.

The nervous impulse causes response which may be either mechanical or sensory, according to the nature of the terminal organ, muscle or brain. A feeble stimulus transmits a moderate excitation, which is perceived as a sensation of not unpleasant character. The tone of sensation is in general modified by the intensity of the impinging stimulus. It is well known that while moderate stimulus of light or sound produces a sensation which may be described as pleasant, an intense stimulus of the same nature will cause a sensation which is extremely unpleasant. Certain stimulations again are very painful.

The nerve carries the im-

pulse which is interpreted as sensation; if the integrity of the nerve be impaired, then the nervous impulse is arrested, with the concomitant obliteration of all sensation. Our sensation is colored by the intensity of the nervous excitation that reaches the central perceiving organ. And the extent of this is determined by two different conditions—namely, the intensity of the

external stimulus and the power of conduction possessed by the message-bearing vehicle, the nerve.

Let us consider two extreme cases. In the first, the external stimulus may be too feeble for the resulting nervous impulse to cause perception. In this case we desire to exalt the conducting power of the nerve, so that what was subliminal shall become perceptible. On the other hand, the external stimulus, on account of its character or intensity, may cause sensation which is intolerably painful. Could the painful tone be modified by weakening the nervous impulse in transit, or could it be blocked altogether?

Stimulus, we have seen, causes a molecular upset in the excitable living tissue, and the propagation of nervous impulse is a phenomenon of the transmission of molecular disturbance from point to point. This molecular upset and propagation of disturbance we may

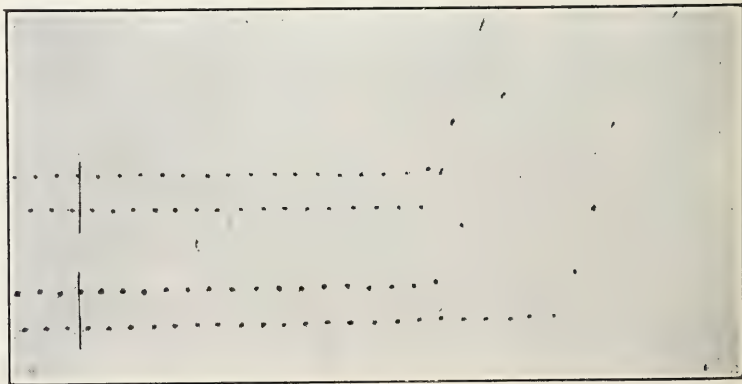


FIG. 9—EFFECTS OF REPEATED STIMULATION

Lowest line shows sluggish conducting power; the line above shows increase of conducting power in consequence of previous stimulation. Uppermost records show attainment of maximum power of conduction

picture simply by means of a row of standing books. A certain intensity of blow applied, say, to the book on the extreme right would cause it to fall over to the left, hitting its neighbor, and thus causing the other books to topple over in rapid succession. If the books have previously been slightly tilted toward the left, a disposition would have been given to them which would enhance the disturbance and accelerate the speed of transmission. A tilt or predisposition in the opposite direction would, on the other hand, retard or inhibit it. Thus, by means of a directive or polar force, we may induce a molecular predisposition which would enhance or retard the impulse. In a similar manner opposite reactions of a polar character might be discovered, by which molecular disposition in a nerve could be induced so as to enhance or retard its conducting power.

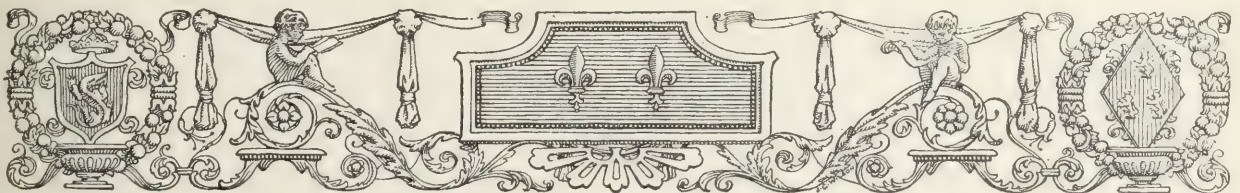
It should be remembered, in this connection, that many effects which are brought about by an external stimulus can also be induced through internal stimulation. Thus the contractile response of the muscle may be brought about not only by an external shock, but also by the voluntary action of the will. It is possible not only to cause a certain reaction, but also to bring about the opposite, and inhibit it. The extent to which it is claimed that this power of inhibition may be carried with practice would appear almost incredible. Authenticated instances are, however, known where even the beat of the heart was actually arrested at will and afterward resumed.

The question of the possibility of the control of nervous impulse at will must ultimately depend upon whether

opposite molecular dispositions can be induced in the nerve, in consequence of which the conducting power would be appropriately enhanced or inhibited. These theoretical anticipations have been strikingly realized in practice; and I have been able by the action of definite forces to induce by turns two opposite molecular dispositions in the conducting tissue of the plant. Under one disposition, subminimal stimulus which had hitherto failed to be conducted became effectively transmitted; or stimulus which had been propagated at moderate speed and with feeble intensity was now transmitted with increased speed and enhanced intensity. The nervous impulse in the plant under the influence of opposite disposition could, on the other hand, be increasingly retarded, culminating in an actual arrest. These *supra* or *a*-conducting states could be maintained as long as the conducting tissue was subjected to the action of the directive force.

That these deductions are universally true was verified by the successful repetition of the experiments on the nerve of the frog. Here, by employing the same methods, it was possible to exalt or inhibit at will, during transit, the nervous impulse in the experimental animal nerve.

The factor governing the intensity of the excitatory impulse which colors our sensations is thus not determined solely by the intensity of the external blow. The character of the sensation is capable of modification according to the predisposition which can be conferred on the conducting vehicle. One begins to realize that the external is not so inevitable. Is it not, after all, what we will that is essential?



A Spanish Elopement

BY KATHARINE LEE BATES



“BUT why not leave her now?” asked the Reverend Mother, a touch of disapproval frosting her even tones.

The big, black-bearded Spaniard forgot his elegant manners for the moment and shifted like an awkward boy from one foot to the other. His little daughter, for all her awe of the tall, erect figure shrouded in black and white, came deftly to his aid.

“*Paparito* wishes, if you please, to buy me my uniform, and the linen and silver and other things the letter said I was to bring.”

From the gray eyes of the demure young sister in attendance upon the Reverend Mother shot a gleam of mischief. Don Antonio felt a sudden blush burning his swarthy cheeks.

“Of course I am aware,” he hastened to say, covering his confusion with an access of dignity, “that Carmen’s mother would do better at this sort of shopping than I, but my wife is, unfortunately, an invalid.”

The Irish eyes tried, not over-successfully, to veil their twinkle under a look of sympathetic concern.

“We have lay sisters who make all necessary purchases for the convent,” explained the Reverend Mother, “and there is small room for individual variations in the wardrobes of our pupils, as quality and quantity are prescribed.”

But she had spoken with a shade too much of authority, and the masculine spirit, cowed at first by the nunnery atmosphere, now rose in revolt.

“I have your list, and it is my pleasure to make these purchases for my child myself.”

“As you prefer; but you will not need to have her with you while you make them.”

“It is my pleasure to have her with me while I make them.”

The Reverend Mother gave him her icy smile. “I had almost forgotten how favorite a word ‘pleasure’ is in the world.”

Don Antonio’s warm grasp tightened on Carmen’s slender hand. “Am I to leave my little girl in charge of those to whom pleasure is unknown?”

“You shall see for yourself whether there is joy within our bounds or not. Sister Protection and Sister Consolation, join Sister Silence in conducting our guests about the convent. You will be welcome, daughter, when you come to us. Till this afternoon, then—”

“Or possibly to-morrow,” interpolated Don Antonio.

“Till your convenience, sir, adieu. It is my hour for the oratory—a blessed hour. Our own pleasures are such as it is not given to the world to apprehend.”

She slipped her arms under the long, black folds of her habit, thus eluding Don Antonio’s half-offered hand. His profound bow was all the deeper for his dumb resentment. They would have greatly enjoyed a quarrel, these two, but a quarrel was one of the worldly delights that the Reverend Mother had forsworn. She felt, as she glided on, that even the triumph of the last word, in which she had just indulged, was of questionable sanctity.

Don Antonio, Carmen, and the three nuns stood without speaking during the Mother Superior’s impressive withdrawal from the long reception-hall, but with her departure the nuns (especially Sister Silence) began to chatter eagerly, and the whole scene brightened. Dancing sunshine flooded that chill, tiled *sala*, so stiffly set, in view of visiting-day, with twenty or more little groups of green wicker chairs. Each group was gathered about a light-green table that carried a tall glass vase of eucalyptus sprays. The slim green leaves and round white blossoms were fresh and graceful, and Don Antonio was vaguely relieved to see that

Carmen's eyes dwelt on these rather than on the large wall-pictures of saints and Maries. The nuns, proud to display their convent, led the way up-stairs and down-stairs, through long white passages, past class-rooms—with French and English verbs scrawled on the blackboards—a music-room, an embroidery-room. Library, laboratories, gymnasium there were not; but Don Antonio was not looking for these—what should those dainty fingers in his clasp have to do with dusty books and perilous test-tubes?—and the enraptured child beside him found nothing lacking in the bright path of her first adventure. She was eager for it all and already made it hers, dancing like a sunbeam across the stage of the gay little theater, with its floor reserved for visitors and its gallery for the nuns and pupils. She knelt devoutly before the silvered altar of the hushed, white-vaulted, delicately pillared church; she flung a kiss to the rosily smiling Christ-Child in the sacristy, sitting upright in his Christmas manger as if impatient for *Noche Buena*; and in the *patio*, whose pillars were wreathed with flowers in honor of the saint-day of the Reverend Mother, she ran to retwine a drooping spray of jasmine.

Sister Protection, a ruddy, plump old nun, whose vain longing it was to look ascetic, shed an approving smile on the new pupil.

"If you continue as you have begun, my daughter, you will in few years pass through the four degrees of virtue and become a child of Mary, like those two girls in the doorway there."

Because of Don Antonio's discreditable sex, the nuns were hurrying him down the corridor that led past the dormitories, but Carmen turned back to feast her adoring gaze on the two tall *señoritas*, each wearing across shoulder and breast a broad blue ribbon. Was it possible that she, simple little Carmen, should ever know those radiant beings? Was it possible that some wonderful day she might, perhaps, even touch her lips to the sacred emblems that marked them as worthy of the Madonna's special grace? The child's hand, which some minutes before, as she knelt in the church, had slipped out of her father's, made a little ecstatic gesture.

Don Antonio, looking back from the end of the corridor, saw it, and that swarthy face of his grew grim. A chill wind from the future had blown upon his heart.

From this time on Sister Consolation, who was walking with downcast eyes beside this forbidding parent, bearded like a pirate as he was, found him hard to please. Surely he would admire their refectories—the series of three white, narrow halls, whose long tables, scrubbed for penance until they shone, and neatly set with bowls and spoons, grew a little higher, like the benches on either side, from room to room. Sister Consolation hoped he would notice that the walls of the refectory for the very little girls were adorned with bright-colored prints of the Nativity, while in the second room the pictures portrayed the education of the Virgin by Saint Anne, and in the third were framed large photographs from famous paintings of the betrothal and espousals of Mary. Don Antonio, however, showed small enthusiasm for graded art. He gloomed at the reading-stands, one at the end of each hall, and picked up, with an air of exasperation, a manual of devotion that lay on the desk in the refectory where they happened to be standing.

"Do you instruct your pupils even while they eat?" he asked, so abruptly that timid Sister Consolation shrank back, leaving the answer to chubby old Sister Protection, who, still panting from the stairs, replied in gasps:

"We try. But it is one thing—to read holy words—and another to plant them—in foolish young heads. One would suppose they ate with their ears—these children—they hear so little."

At this she laughed so merrily that the stern lines which had been stiffening in Don Antonio's face relaxed. And even his jealous mood could find no fault with the garden. The generous space inclosed by the towering walls, so blank to the outer view, was a paradise of lawn and flower-beds, palms and orange-trees, fountains and bowers and shrines. Along the farther side stood a magnificent row of eucalyptus, the trunks gleaming white in the sunlight through their rich mantle of green. At each corner of the garden the blue-flowering convolvulus that ran along the top of the

walls had been trained into a living tower of leaf and blossom. Everywhere were girls—little girls playing on the lawns, larger girls pacing the walks, pairs of girls on marble seats telling each other romantic secrets under trellised roses that blushed in sympathy, and girls weaving garlands about the altar of a favorite Virgin. The air rang with their fresh young voices—voices so blithe and withal so shrill that the Reverend Mother was seen to lean out from an upper window and shake a reproving finger.

Under the shadow of a giant bougainvillea, fairly foaming with purple clusters, and making, arched from cypress to oleander, a pavilion fit for an emperor, Don Antonio bowed his farewells.

"This afternoon, or perhaps to-morrow morning," he said, angrily conscious that the downcast eyes of Sister Silence were twinkling at every word, "I will bring my daughter back with her complete equipment."

"I trust she will be very happy with us," murmured Sister Consolation rather abstractedly, for her childlike gaze had been diverted to a lizard scuttling down the wall.

"Happy! To be sure she will!" interposed Sister Protection, briskly. "Our life is mirthful, my child. We have many *fiestas*. Once the head gardener and the two under gardeners gave us a mock bull-fight, out here in the garden. We had seats and tickets and all, as in the actual *corrida*. The girls wore white mantillas. The bull—that was Pedro, the head gardener—tossed both the boys, Jaime and Diego, but Diego, who had borrowed a real *torero's* suit from his cousin, one of the most noted bull-fighters in Andalusia then, but he was killed in the ring the next year—or was it the year after?—Diego jumped up again and stabbed the bull. It was only a piece of sugar-cane he had, not a knife, but that made it all the more amusing. I never laughed so hard in all my life. *Whoof!* How my sides did ache! Even the Reverend Mother was obliged to wipe her eyes. Alas! But she had to dismiss Diego the next week—so handsome as he looked in his bull-fighter's dress—because all the girls fell in love!"

Sister Silence had trodden, a little too vigorously, on the old nun's foot, but her precaution was needless. Carmen was not listening. Her innocent eyes, wide with joy and wonder, were drinking in all the beauty and all the promise of that entrancing fairyland. In every flitting girlish form she saw the mystery and marvel of a potential friend; in every cozy nook a holy place for confidences, tendernesses, dreams. Her heart had taken its first peep from the nest and was already poised for flight. The blood sang in her veins.

All that afternoon they shopped in the splendid city that lay an hour's drive below, at the foot of the hills. This, too, was a bewitching experience for the village child. The movement and variety of the people on the streets, the stately civic buildings and beautiful old churches, the shop windows glittering with confections, toys, colored images, fans, laces, jewels, and the astonishing ease with which her mighty business was accomplished! Sister Silence, rather to Don Antonio's annoyance at the time, had marked the list of required articles with the names of those shops from which the convent regularly bought such supplies, and it was a simple matter for the clerks to take Carmen's measures and select from their stock the sedate little garments, which she caressed with shy, swift touches.

When at five o'clock, Don Antonio realized that there remained nothing to buy but a napkin-ring, his countenance fell.

"There are napkin-rings in the window across the way," he said to Carmen, with a wistful undertone in the big voice. "We might pick out the prettiest now, and be driven back to the nunnery at once, so that I could take the night train home to *mama*."

If only the child would turn and cling to him—would implore him to leave them that one evening more together! But Carmen lifted one of her brightest smiles and said, with a happy trill rippling across the docile phrase:

"As you please, *paparrito*."

Gloomily Don Antonio entered the shop over the way and asked in tragic accent to look at napkin-rings. One after another the whole assortment glis-

tened out on the counter before him—enough napkin-rings to supply all the pupils of the convent and all the nuns besides.

They had spent a full hour over the counter and it was dusk as they came out upon the street. Don Antonio tenderly wrapped up his little daughter's throat and drew his crimson-lined cloak over his face to his eyes.

"It is far too cold and dark for that drive up into the hills now," he declared. "I will send a telegram to *mama* from the hotel and we will go out to the theater this evening. Eh?"

"As you please, *paparito*," answered the gentle voice, somewhat muffled in wrappings. He could not tell whether she was glad or sorry, but the excitement of the great, clattering dining-room, and the dazzling stage, where the playlets began at eight in the evening and, one after another, went on till two in the morning, kept her cheeks softly flushed and her dark eyes beaming.

Yet she dreamed of the convent garden, with the Reverend Mother and *paparito* playing at bull-fight, while old Sister Protection laughed herself into a fit. When the bitter Spanish chocolate, with a few long, narrow sponge-cakes, was brought to her bedside at nine, Carmen waked with a delicious expectation of finding herself in a dormitory full of girls.

It was nearly noon before *paparito* sent for her, and even then he was in no hurry about the shopping. They sat on a sunny terrace in the hotel garden while he smoked cigarette after cigarette, not in a talkative mood, but more affectionate than ever with his little daughter, upon whom he recklessly lavished slabs of sugared citron and small, round chestnut cakes in a thick jacket of pink frosting, until it was time for luncheon. Carmen's appetite had been spoiled by the sweets, and Don Antonio, noting with concern how little she ate, promptly concluded that she was not well and should have a long *siesta*. It was four o'clock when they finally set out on their quest, and at six they returned to the hotel, still unsuccessful.

"A package for you, sir," and a page, resplendent in many gilt buttons, handed Don Antonio a diminutive box on a

colossal tray. All unsuspectingly he opened it in Carmen's presence, and there, in a bed of white cotton-wool, lay a familiar silver circlet.

"Oh! oh!" exclaimed the child, forgetting her hotel decorum and jumping up and down with delight. "Here is my very own napkin-ring. *Mama* must have done it up and sent it off as soon as your telegram came. Isn't she a dear *mamita* to be so thoughtful and so quick?"

"Ugh!" grunted Don Antonio. "Your mother is a very intelligent woman. Yes. Certainly. Umph! I hope she didn't exert herself overmuch. She always does. She would better, fragile as she is, have been content to leave this little matter to me. However, it's altogether too late to take you to the convent tonight. I will send *mama* another message, but a shorter one, this time. It's a mistake to go into details in a telegram."

"But what will the Reverend Mother think?" Carmen ventured to ask.

"The Reverend Mother may think what she chooses," returned Don Antonio, an unholy fire smoldering in his eyes. "I could telephone her, but I won't. It might disturb her at her orisons."

Carmen's sense of filial duty would not allow her to feel shocked.

Her eyelids were so heavy when she returned from the theater in the small hours that the spinster chambermaid indignantly expressed to the night porter her views of Don Antonio.

"He's not fit to be a parent, that Señor Don Herod Black-Whiskers."

"Few parents are," assented the night porter, who had seen much of life.

Late the next morning a pale-cheeked Carmen, tired of waiting for a summons, ventured down alone to the hotel garden. There sat *paparito*, rolling cigarettes, and tossing, now and then, a copper to an old guitar-player crouched just within the garden gate. Don Antonio was, or affected to be, in the blithest of spirits. He had made out a festal programme for the day—a stroll by the river, a luncheon at a rose-clad *venta* famous for its Manzanilla wine, a peep, perhaps, into the art-gallery, a saunter along the fashionable promenade, and, after dinner, the

"cine," known in our own popular parlance as the "movies."

To be pleased when anybody tried to please her was Carmen's crowning grace. She went through that Wednesday bravely, and the Thursday, and the Friday, but on Saturday such a jaded little smile answered Don Antonio's lively propositions for a new round of gaieties that he bit off the end of his cigarette and nearly choked himself.

"If you wish me to put you in the convent to-day, out with it," he growled, so crossly that Carmen fluttered like a frightened bird.

How should she dare to tell the truth, she so small and white, and *paparito* so big and black?

"I was thinking how *mamita* will be missing you," she faltered.

Don Antonio puffed three more cigarettes in sulky silence. His invalid wife's latest letter, in his waistcoat pocket, pressed against his heart like a conviction of guilt. At length he clapped his hands to call a waiter, demanded his bill, ordered a carriage, and bade Carmen make ready her trunk.

It was such a little trunk, even though it held all those wonderful new possessions, that the coachman easily stowed it away under his feet, and after Don Antonio's portmanteau had been left at the station in charge of a porter, it looked, for all the world, simply as if an Andalusian gentleman and his small daughter were out for a sunshiny drive. Carmen had slipped her hand into her father's, whose squeeze grew tighter and tighter as the city cab clumsily wobbled up those rough hill roads.

"Miracle!" exclaimed the Mother Superior, peering from her upper window.

The horses had stopped, very willingly, before the convent door. Don Antonio had alighted and lifted down his little girl, whose arms, as he gathered her to him in a farewell embrace, clung close about his neck.

Who were these starched sisters that they should steal his treasure? Every day since that anguished morning when, at last, the nurse had brought to him a wailing white bundle, pink at one end, this his only child had been the jewel of his home, all the more precious because she had cost so dear. The mother had

never risen from her bed since that well-nigh fatal childbirth, but the invalid chamber had come to be the cheeriest room in the house. There in the heart of its sweetness played and prattled and stitched and sang little Carmen, most winsome of children, her every syllable, her every movement, her every dimple, a joy beyond joys to those cherishing parents. For exactly four thousand and thirty-six days, computed Don Antonio—who had a turn for mathematics—he had fondled and sported with his *niña* as regularly as he ate and smoked. How monstrous it was to expect him to give her up now to those dry-hearted nuns who called her "daughter" in exactly the same colorless tone that they had used and would use for hundreds of others—mere Marias and Lolas and Luisas, not his incomparable Carmen!

"Don't touch that trunk!" thundered Don Antonio to the convent porter. "Turn your horses, coachman. Quick, man, quick! Down to the station for the noon train!"

And in one bewildering moment he had thrust the new pupil back into the carriage, jumped in beside her, ignoring the Reverend Mother, who stood with upraised hands at her window, a statue of astonishment, but lifting his hat to Sister Silence, who, just within the doorway, shot him one irrepressible twinkle out of her gray Irish eyes.

It was mid-afternoon when Don Antonio sat by his wife's bedside, telling his story. The thin face on the pillow was turned toward him with a listening look, but the deep eyes, wise with suffering, were searching the aspect of a rather pale and pensive little girl, who was stepping softly about the room, watering the plants.

"And so," blundered the abductor, "and so, my love, I decided—yes, I decided that it would really be best, on the whole, everything considered, to wait another year."

"Child!" murmured a half-laughing, half-pitying voice from the pillow. "Child! Oh, child!"

And Carmen, turning to see why *mamita* called her, noticed that *paparito*, his big legs twisted into an uncomfortable knot, was blushing red as a pomegranate.

The Companionable Crow

BY WALTER PRICHARD EATON



THE American crow (*Corvus americanus*) is the wisest of all our birds, the best able to take care of himself under any and all circumstances, the most difficult to exterminate, and yet the easiest to tame. He has, from the earliest settlement of the country, been looked upon as a pest, and his tribe has enriched our language with the word scarecrow. Probably he was regarded as a pest long before the advent of the *Mayflower*; the squaws of the Six Nations doubtless shooed him from their maize-plantings while Joseph was hoarding corn in Egypt, and the braves of the Six Nations affirmed that you never saw a crow when you had your bow with you. He is still to-day regarded as a pest, though in a lesser degree, for we have learned that a coating of coal-tar over the seed-grain will effectively protect the corn-planting, and we have learned that his fondness for wireworms, cutworms, grasshoppers, and white grubs probably counterbalances to a very considerable extent his destructive instincts toward the eggs and young of other birds. The most that the United States Department of Agriculture, in its famous Farmers' Bulletin 54, will say is that "a reduction in its numbers in localities where it is seriously destructive is justifiable." But does any one love the crow? Has any one thought how much poorer, less characteristic, our landscape would be were he exterminated? We have sent our sluggards to the ant for instruction, but have we considered the crow, adept in co-operation, intelligently gregarious, with what the Farmers' Bulletin calls "the social instinct" highly developed? It would seem that our New England farmers, at any rate, have much to learn from this despised bird! One man, of course, appreciated him—Thoreau; but he appreciated every-

thing in our native fields and forests. And I doubt not that every man who as a boy once had a pet crow loves still the entire species and finds a wistful music in their call.

A pet crow's name is always Jim, regardless of sex. Just why that is, those wiser in folk-lore than I will have to answer. Even the famous jackdaw of the now ill-fated Rheims became Saint Jim when he died a penitent, did he not? The name must have come over the water with our ancestors. Like the jackdaw, too, the crow's middle name is always mischief. The process of catching and taming a crow is not difficult—if you have somebody to climb the tree for you. As the crows almost invariably nest in the tallest white-pine trees, particularly those in swampy places, and as the process of scaling a tall white pine is neither clean nor easy, young crows are usually secured by small boys. Even Thoreau admitted the difficulty of reaching the crow's nest, but it did not deter him. On May 11th, 1855, he records (*Notes on New England Birds*): "You can hardly walk in a thick pine wood now, especially in a swamp, but presently you will have a crow or two over your head, either silently flitting over, to spy at what you would be at and if its nest is in danger, or angrily cawing. It is most impressive when, looking for their nests, you first detect the presence of the bird by its shadow." How like Thoreau is that last touch of subtle observation!

When I was a boy our favorite method of securing a young crow, after we had discovered a nest, was to climb the pine-tree clad in overalls to protect us from pitch, and armed with a ball of twine with a small cloth bag tied to one end. The operation had to be conducted in May, for the crow breeds early. If the birds were found to be too young, experience taught us it was better to wait a few days. If, however, the silly,

homely little things had grown feathers enough to bear a family resemblance to their parents instead of to a lump of animated coal-tar, the most aggressive bird would be lifted from the nest, put as gently as possible into the bag, and lowered by the cord to the ground, where another boy was waiting—not a simple job by any means, as it would not do to bang the poor creature against the limbs or trunk of the tree in its descent, and the light, swaying load had to be navigated between branches, while the parent birds sometimes kept up a perfect stream of terrified profanity overhead. (There is no question but the crow swears. Anybody who has observed them closely will testify to this).

Once safely out of the tree, the baby crow was taken home and put in a barrel or a deep box, with plenty of smallish sticks at the bottom for it to catch hold of with its feet, and later perches put across higher up the sides. Bread soaked in milk was usually found to be the best diet for a time—and not as much of that as the little greedy-gut demanded. There is nothing so greedy as a small bird, and nothing so vociferous about it as a small crow. If you give them all they demand, you can kill them in twenty-four hours. Did you ever see a young crow being fed by its parents? At that dependent stage of their existence they cry for food almost incessantly, and keep right on crying as the food is going down, which results in an odd sound something like this: *Squaw, squaw, squa*—(down goes a white grub dropped from the parent's beak)—*awbble, awbble, awbble; squaw, squaw, squa*—(down the yawning gullet goes another morsel of food from the other parent)—*awbble, awbble, awbble*. They behave in much the same way when a human is trying to bring them up, and a great deal depends upon your ability to resist their appeals before you kill them with kindness.

Once the young crow has passed the dangerous age and is able to be placed on a perch outside of his barrel and fed with a more miscellaneous diet, or put upon the low roof of some outhouse, whence he hops to the ground and learns to fly, your troubles of that sort are

over. He will soon be foraging for himself. Nor do you need to clip his wings. He will not desert you. Sometimes, perhaps, you will almost wish he would. The crow is by nature gregarious. If he is not flocking with birds of his feather, he will stick close to his human protectors. He has, too, a strongly developed sense of place, almost like a cat (whom he also resembles in his personal independence and frequent resentment of any handling save a stroking of his head). I knew a pet crow who was left behind for two weeks while the entire family went away on a visit, and when they returned he was strolling about the yard, and came walking, with frequent hops of haste and a short flight or two, to meet them, uttering little caws of welcome.

The possession of a pet crow is not only an endless source of amusement—not unmixed at times with annoyance at his mischief, almost as in the case of a pet monkey—but it affords an opportunity to study the habits of the bird, especially his diet. As the whole question of the crow's destructiveness is concerned with his diet, this study has peculiar interest, and the case of Jim Stone, captured in May, 1913, is worth recording.

Jim's capture was effected in the orthodox manner—by the employment of an energetic small boy to climb the pine-tree; and his early upbringing was orthodox, also. His supply of milk-soaked bread was always withdrawn before his pleadings ceased, and in a short time he could perch outside of his barrel, and presently he was placed on the low roof of the woodshed and taught to fly. After this lesson was learned he became a self-sustaining member of the household, and by no means the least conspicuous member. He had the free range not only of the garden behind the house, but of the whole farm and the Berkshire Hills beyond. No effort whatever was made to confine him. Yet he, in his turn, showed no disposition to depart and join his feathered fellows. As a matter of fact, he showed an odd fear of his own kind and when wild crows came into the garden, he would fly hastily to the protection of the woodshed or the

kitchen door. I wonder if this is characteristic of all crows reared in captivity? Neither did he at any time during the entire season molest the garden or the field corn, in spite of his constant opportunities, nor any of the numerous robin and field-sparrow nests about the place. This may, of course, be explained in part by his many opportunities to get food more easily at the kitchen door—scraps fallen about the garbage-pail, for instance, for crows are natural scavengers, and they are extremely fond of meat and fish.

On the other hand, there were plentiful evidences of his beneficent activities in the garden. Almost invariably, when the master of the house picked up a hoe or fork and set forth to cultivate, Jim would come walking, with that quaint, rather uncertain, sidelong gait of his tribe, interspersed with hops, and follow up the rows of fresh-turned earth behind the gardener, pouncing upon every white grub which was brought into sight. They were very evidently his favorite morsel, as he would frequently neglect other worms when the fat white ones were plentiful. His capacity for these grubs seemed unlimited, and when you reflect that a single grub in a single night can kill a cauliflower-plant which is worth fifteen cents to the gardener, Jim is seen to have had a very positive commercial value.

Another item of Jim's diet was mice. The first evidence of his fondness for mice was disclosed when somebody found a trap successfully sprung one

morning and tossed the little body out of the door near the dog's nose to see what he would do with it. He was an energetic and good-natured collie-pup, always ready to investigate anything and anybody, and he at once picked up the mouse in his teeth. The crow,

however, happened to be close by (he usually kept close to the dog whenever possible, in a curious spirit of teasing comradeship), and with an angry and profane caw he rose from the ground, swept down at the dog's head, and snatched the mouse out of his mouth, flying off with it, and casting back over his shoulder as he flew a cry of withering scorn, a sort of, "You would, would you!"

This, to be sure, by itself was hardly evidence that the crow is an enemy of field-mice, but it kept his owners on the lookout, and plenty of evidence was forthcoming later in the year, when, after the corn had been shocked

and the fields frozen, he used to follow whoever went out from the barn for a load of fodder, and hover over the shock as it was lifted. Frequently, of course, a mouse would scurry out from beneath, sometimes three or four mice, and down upon them Jim would pounce with astonishing speed, and kill them apparently with a single tweak of his powerful bill. No matter if four mice ran out from under the same shock at the same time, he would invariably get every one, and then proceed to hide them.

It was curious to watch his instinct to hide things manifest itself in a hundred odd ways, to the human mind



A FLEDGLING CROW



WINTER OR SUMMER, THE CROW HAS HIS PLACE IN THE PROSPECT

not in the least related to a food-supply. Any small object which was bright and shining particularly attracted him, and he would spend hours attempting to hide bits of broken crockery or glass in the dog's fur or in his ear. Don's ear was a favorite hiding-place. Jim would get a bit of crockery in his beak, hop upon the dog's head, drop it neatly into his ear, and then carefully fold the ear-flap down over the aperture. If Don objected and raised his ear again, Jim would once more grab it and fold it down, scolding meanwhile. If Don were wide-awake he did not seem to mind this performance in the least, but if he chanced to be sleepy he would get up with a bored air, shake out the crockery from his ear, and with the look of one who says, "For Heaven's sake, why can't they leave me in peace!" walk away to some other place. Nothing discouraged, Jim would slowly follow along behind him, keeping an eye cocked meanwhile for a fresh bit of shiny stuff (even a bright pebble would do), and, when Don once more lay down, the entire operation would be repeated.

One could never be certain at these times how far Jim's actions were purely teleological—the exercise in captivity of instincts upon which the endurance of the wild species depends—and how far there was mingled with them an almost human love of teasing. For Jim unquestionably loved to tease. Of that there could be no doubt. He knew, too, just as a dog knows, who could be

teased and who couldn't. There were two lambs on the place, one a stolid creature, and one of totally different temperament, highly excitable, in fact. Jim discovered the difference after a single trial. As they were frisking about one day he lit first on the back of one and then on the back of the other, sinking his claws into the wool with a good grip, flapping his wings, and cawing delightedly. One lamb paid



CRYING INCESSANTLY FOR FOOD

no attention to him, but the other immediately took fright and began to buck like a bronco, or rather an animated saw-horse, and then to cavort about the pasture lot. Thereafter Jim confined his attentions entirely to her. He never tried to ride the other lamb, but again and again he would pounce down suddenly upon the poor timid one's back, set up a great flapping and cawing, and speedily enjoy a free ride over a goodly portion of the surrounding landscape.

He loved to plague human beings, also. Here his method was simple, but to a stranger at least highly effective. It consisted of perching on a low-hanging limb of the big maple in the doorway and dropping suddenly down upon the head of the unsuspecting caller. Once he had accomplished his purpose, he would fly back to the limb and sit there emitting sounds which it required no imagination whatever to construe as chortles of glee. But, among frequent visitors to the house, and among the regular occupants as well, he soon learned who were the ones that his actions annoyed, and confined his attentions to them, just as a small boy will jump from behind the corner with a loud "Boo!" only at the little girls who scream with terror. Jim had a particular victim of the timid sex from whose hair he used to extract the hairpins whenever he had the chance, flying off with one in his claws and uttering cries of diabolical glee. He never took hairpins from anybody else.

Jim—like all tame crows that I have ever had anything to do with—in spite of his evident desire for human companionship, never really showed any affection. It was as if those gregarious instincts which have made the crow family so successful in the evolutionary struggle were merely perverted a little, and Jim flocked with us. Often he would hop upon the window-sill when the family were inside, and peck at the pane, uttering his queer gibber of low caws and crow talk; but it was merely to induce somebody to come out and pay attention to him. He would let you stroke him on the head—would even beg you to, in fact; but that was merely because he enjoyed the physical sensation, not be-

cause it was a form of contact with one he loved, as in the case of a dog. Try to put your hand about his body and pick him up, and away he would struggle, with an angry oath, his instinct of personal independence roused into fierce resentment. After all, a crow is a bird,



HE WOULD FOLLOW UP THE ROWS OF FRESH-TURNED EARTH

a creature of the air, of the free spaces. He has a marvelous adaptability to human companionship, but his heart remains aloft.

I have never myself heard a crow talk. There used to be a theory when I was a boy that if you slit their tongues they could talk, but I never tried this measure. It is perfectly easy, however, for a fairly lively imagination to construe the incessant gibber of a pet crow into human speech. He makes so many noises that some of them are mathematically bound to resemble certain monosyllabic and even bisyllabic words. Jim, for example, frequently said "Papa" quite as plainly as most babies do when they are being shown off by their proud parents. Certain it is that if any bird could be taught to use speech intelli-



HIS LIKING FOR BRIGHT OBJECTS IS SOMETIMES A NUISANCE

gently, the crow could. He has a perfectly well-defined language of his own, which is unfailingly understood by his fellows. I have heard it said that an investigator in Washington, D. C., could distinguish and successfully imitate no less than twenty different crow calls, each with a specific meaning. This may be an exaggeration, but any observant farmer's boy knows half a dozen. Many times I have gone out into the fields and seen the crows walking about on the ground, with one or two sentinels posted in conspicuous trees at the edge of the clearing, and heard a sudden caw go up from those sentinels as they spied me. That caw meant the approach of danger, yet the birds on the ground would keep right on at their task. Perhaps I would swerve aside and turn up the wood road, and nothing more would happen.

On the other hand, sometimes I would pick up a stick the length of a gun, and approach the bars to the field. Then the sentinels would utter another caw, sharper in sound, appreciably different from the first, and instantly every bird on the ground would rise and disappear into the woods on the farther side. I have done this time and again to make sure that there is a difference in the two notes, and I cannot doubt it. They say two distinct and different things; they are definite sentences. Take again the cawing of the crows about the house in the early morning, or far off across the upland pasture in the woods where the night mists still trail the treetops. The note is not harsh; softened by distance, indeed, it is positively mellow. It speaks of sunup and breakfast no less surely than the song of the meadow-lark or the fluting of the white-throat. Wandering over the uplands when the crows are calling, with now and then a glimpse of their shining black bodies winging against the blue sky or a red October maple, you have a sense of landscape charm peculiarly American, and the caws are music to your ears, the folk-song of our woods and cornlands. But what an utterly different note the crow emits when he is on the war-path, or gathering in angry council—gathering in a caw-cuss, as the old New England punsters always put it. When the crow cries, "Here is corn for breakfast!" we hear music over the



SINKING HIS CLAWS INTO THE WOOL AND CAWING DELIGHTEDLY



Drawn by Walter King Stone

SHINING BLACK BODIES WINGING AGAINST THE BLUE SKY OR BROWN FIELDS

fields. When he cries, "Come here, quick, and help fight this owl!" even the dullest farmer's lad knows at once the difference. There is no doubt but the crows have a definite language of their own, and no doubt but it contains a liberal mixture of profanity. As a guest once remarked when Jim was particularly provoked at the dog, who had grabbed a bit of meat away from him, and was expressing himself freely and fully, "That crow's language makes a barge-driver sound like a Sunday-school superintendent" — an expression well within the facts.

How close a crow is to the intelligence of such an animal as the dog has been attested on numerous occasions. I once knew a pet crow many years ago, for example, which belonged to a small boy

on a farm. The boy's grandfather lived a few hundred yards away, and every morning of the year the crow flew first to the grandfather's house, waking that old gentleman up with almost clockwork regularity (he seldom varied more than fifteen minutes, though the sun, supposedly his timepiece, varied whole hours), and then he returned and roused his own family. The rousing process was simple. He perched on a bedroom window-sill and cawed. Sleep thereafter became impossible. If you are fond of sleeping late in the morning, by the way, do not try to keep a pet crow, or you may become as profane as he. It was this same crow which, greatly to our delight and the teacher's wrath, followed his little master to school one morning, pounced upon the

school-house key when the teacher dropped it, and, flying to a low branch over her head, sat there for nearly half an hour, replying sarcastically to her threats. He used to come to meet his master almost every day when school was out, again telling the time by some instinct as mysterious as a dog's, and either riding home on his master's shoulder or else flying along ahead, lighting on the fence-posts. It was the same crow, too, I recall, who got into the house, upset a bottle of ink, investigated the contents with his feet, and then walked on the bedspread. It was a seven-day wonder in the neighborhood that, because of his master's pleading, his life was spared. We youngsters looked with a kind of awe upon a boy who could put up such a case to his justly irate parents. Demosthenes seemed, by comparison, rather second-rate.

The same little boy, curiously enough, in after years became connected for a time with the Zoological Gardens in Washington, where they had a large cage containing crows. It had been the habit to feed these crows corn, that sup-



A GREAT HORNED OWL FLYING LOW IN THE TREES



Drawn by Waller King Stone

OUR LANDSCAPE WOULD BE POORER IF THE CROW WERE EXTERMINATED

posedly being their staple diet, though it might have occurred to the keepers that the crow in its natural state can secure corn but for a week or two in late May, and possibly for a time at harvest. At any rate, they had been dying off regularly, constant fresh re-

and in captivity they appear to prefer a meat diet. It is not from any wanton cruelty that they sometimes prey on the eggs and young of other birds. They are simply after food.

A year or two ago I passed through Niagara in midwinter and stopped over

a day to ride through the gorge below the Falls in order to see the superb spectacle of the great ice-cakes tossing and grinding in the whirl and chop of the rapids. After the first narrow rush of the river was over and the stream widened and grew comparatively calm, I was amazed to see almost every ice-cake bearing a black rider. At first I could not trust my eyes, and asked a native if those riders were crows. He assured me that they were, and that they were fishing for scraps in the water. I watched the birds for nearly an hour, and he was quite right. They were fishing for scraps of food, and it was easier and probably safer to fish from the edge of an ice-cake than to fly low over this turbulent current, where the waves were uncertain in their sudden up-jump, and in zero weather when wet feathers meant an ice-coat. The surrounding country lay two feet deep in snow, so that food was probably very scarce. But here, on this stream that never freezes, floated the refuse of the towns just above, and the crows knew it. They rode their ice-



THE CROW IN TURN IS ATTACKED BY SMALLER BIRDS

ruits being necessary. But when the former owner of the mischievous Jim arrived he spoke out of his experience, and declared that crows like meat and probably need it. The other keepers laughed at him, but he fed these birds meat, none the less, and the deaths ceased. It is apparent to any observer that crows are by nature meat-eaters,

—thousands upon thousands of them, and their black bodies winged up out of the gorge against the white Canadian slopes. They were for the most part silent, however, though now and then a faint caw came over the titanic hiss of the rapids. It seemed to me as convincing a demonstration as I had ever seen of the crows' intelli-

gent adaptability to a changing environment.

But the very next week I saw still another example. I chanced to be riding through Long Island, and in many of the fields in the central portion corn-shocks still stood, and there were patches of oats here and there, or perhaps only single stalks now and again, missed by the reapers and left lying on the ground. At all such spots the crows were congregated. But the following night it snowed, and in the morning I saw flight after flight of crows headed south toward the seashore, without doubt making for the water's edge, where they could still get at food, either shellfish or refuse cast up by the tide.

Only last winter, in my own inland hills, I watched the crows adapt themselves, on a much smaller scale (for they do not winter with us in any large numbers), to the necessities of the snow. The snow was very deep, and most of their vegetable food was no doubt scarce or inaccessible. But through a meadow ran the depression made by a little rivulet, and here and there along its banks the water had worked in under the snow cornice till the overhang collapsed, exposing a bit of black mud, or at any rate but slightly covering it. Here two or three crows would congregate, being startlingly visible on the great white field of the meadow, and dig into the mud, even scratching away the snow to expose it. Examination of their work showed that they had excavated and devoured crawfish, and no doubt had found other animal life as well, of which no remains were left.

The single crow, too, not only shifts wisely for himself, but thinks of his fellows. They are co-operative workers. The tribe survives because of tribe instinct no less than individual smartness. Last winter a farmer in our region was bringing home on a wood-sledge a load of oats from the village, and one of the bags fell over and the grain trickled out for a quarter of a mile along the road before he discovered the accident. That was late in the afternoon. The next morning the road was quite literally black with crows. They must have come from miles around, for but few had been noted in the neighborhood

previously. Certainly, both around our houses and in the woods, the chickadees and juncos had far outnumbered them. Yet some bird, spying the life-saving food on the road, had spread the word in a night through all the countryside, and here was a veritable black army the next morning.

The crows, indeed, are masters of mobilization. Nearly every one who has lived much in the country with his eyes open has probably seen an example of this. Some years ago I was walking in an upland pasture which ran like a deep, narrow fiord into the woods on the western wall of one of the Franconia hills. I was on my way to search for a hermit-thrush's nest. Suddenly, over my head, I noticed a crow in rapid, excited flight. He had come out of the woods to the south, and flew across the pasture and into the woods to the north, keeping close to the tops of the pointed firs and cawing raucously from time to time. I wondered if the bird which had just passed over my head were not a courier, so I sat down to wait. In a very few moments about twenty crows, flying in irregular formation, came out of the firs to the north, went swiftly over my head, and disappeared southward. Shortly after another detachment appeared, and then another and another and another. Sometimes there were only a few birds at a time, sometimes as many as a hundred, flying seldom more than three or four abreast, their line streaming out raggedly. That first northward-flying courier had done his errand with marvelous rapidity! The birds kept coming for half an hour, I should say. They flew for the most part in silence, only the leaders cawing, as if they were crying, "This way! This way!" But a far-off noise of the gathering to the south began to come faintly to my ear, as it was augmented by new throats, birds doubtless arriving from the south as well as the north. Unfortunately, this gathering was well up on the mountain-side at least a mile away from me, and between lay a tract of forest which had been lumbered some fifteen years before, and even my curiosity to learn the cause of this mobilization could not induce me to attempt the passage. Any

one who has wrestled with old lumber slash on a mountainside will understand.

But such mobilizations have frequently been investigated. Usually they prove to be for the attack on some enemy. Thoreau speaks of the crows "bursting up above the woods where they were perching, like the black fragments of a powder-mill just exploded." When they are gathered for war purposes their cries will lead you to the spot where they are fighting, and these same bursts of black fragments above the trees, usually following an especial uproar of cawing, will direct you to the center of the battle. Walter King Stone, the illustrator of this paper, and Charles Livingston Bull have told me of a mobilization they once witnessed, when the crows gathered for hours, and the two observers were able to penetrate the woods to the exact spot beneath the feathered explosions. There they found a great horned owl, flying low in the trees, with a dead crow in his talons. Whether this was the original cause of the battle, or whether he had grabbed the crow in one of the descents of the birds about his head, they of course could not say. He was evidently struggling to find a dead tree where he could take refuge. He was saved probably by the coming of night. Crows have even been known to attack foxes, as Winslow Homer's painting is the most famous witness.

A farmer near my home, who has observed crows for many years and has the reputation of knowing more about them than any one else in the neighborhood, tells me that almost invariably in his experience the cause of a large mobilization is either a big owl or a hawk. The little screech-owls are also attacked, but by lesser numbers. He has also personally seen the crows attack a fox while it was crossing an open field, and once he watched a flock of nearly a hundred crows worrying a Skye-terrier dog, which was so thoroughly frightened that it was running in circles. I have seen crows attack a cat also, but the cat always is wise enough to make for cover.

Large gatherings of crows, however, are not always for defensive purposes. Beside the great winter roosts, you will

see flocks of from fifty to a hundred birds, during migration periods especially, which appear to be playing a game. They will wheel and circle over a field, cawing loudly, then all suddenly settle, usually on the ground, remain silent for a few moments, and then as suddenly rise and begin wheeling and cawing again. If, at such times, you approach them, they scatter and do not collect again. If they are engaged in worrying some foe, however, they almost invariably regather. At these play-times, too, their cawing has a different sound, less profane and raucous. Are there any other of our native birds which even appear to play?

But the crow does not escape attack, in his turn, by birds smaller than himself, upon whose eggs and young he sometimes preys—which is his real sin. Every one has seen a crow flying along a New England pasture hedgerow in June, and heard the attendant startled clamor of the smaller birds, fearful for their young; and every one has probably seen a crow, perhaps the same marauder, set upon by a pair of kingbirds—pugnacious fellows who appear to have constituted themselves a police force—and driven off. They fly over the head of the larger bird, like aeroplanes over a dirigible, and dart down savagely from time to time. The crow never relishes these attacks any more than the hawk does, and usually flies for cover as speedily as possible. Just how much damage the crow does to the young of the smaller birds it is difficult to estimate, if not quite impossible. Edward A. Samuels, in his book on the birds of New England and adjacent states, reports some very destructive pirates which came under his observation, and the farmer referred to above declared to me recently that he had seen one crow rob two robins' nests, two chipping-sparrows' nests, and one meadow-lark's nest in a single hour. "I have watched crows with field-glasses from my hilltop," he adds, "again and again, and I never yet kept one in sight for two hours in breeding-season that I did not see him take eggs or young from at least one nest." This is a severe indictment, surely, and justifies us in keeping the crows from becoming too

numerous. But it should also teach us to make it easy for them to get meat scraps during the breeding-season, thus preventing many of their raids on the nests of other birds. If a tame crow does not molest other birds' nests because he gets all the meat he wants, it surely shows that it is the meat he is after, not the sport of hunting. It is only man that hunts for sport, anyway. Birds and beasts are more civilized.

But in spite of the crow's instinct to feed on the eggs and young of other species (which he shares in common with several other birds), who would really wish to see him quite exterminated, even if it were possible to exterminate so resourceful a fellow? His destruction to crops is certainly far less than that of the bobolink in the Southern rice-fields. He is an efficient scavenger, and his destruction of white grubs, cutworms, wireworms, and grasshoppers is of great value. Above all, however, his place in our landscape is such that his passing would leave a

dreary void. Winter or summer, we are conscious of him against the sky, against the fields, or sentinel on a patriarch pine. In the misty mornings of summer when the sun has not yet rolled up the curtains of cloud from the mountains we hear his voice far off in the woods, rousing us from slumber, and when autumn has come and our sugar-groves are a glory of crimson he is still there, his distant call floating down sweetly from the upland woods and intensifying in some strange way the height of the peaks beyond. He calls over the peaceful meadows of Middlesex, where Thoreau wandered; he calls from the wilderness of the White Hills, from the Long Island shore, from the rapids of Niagara, from the corn-fields of the West. The corn itself is not more American than he, no more closely woven into the texture of our memories, into our national consciousness. Probably we could not exterminate him if we would. But, after all, why should we?

The Red-cross Nurse

BY EDITH M. THOMAS

THE battle-smoke still fouled the day,
With bright disaster flaming through;
Unchecked, absorbed, she held her way—
The whispering death still past her flew.

A cross of red was on her sleeve;
And here she stayed, the wound to bind,
And there, the fighting soul relieve,
That strove its Unknown Peace to find.

A cross of red . . . yet one has dreamed
Of her he loved and left in tears;
But unto dying sight she seemed
A visitant from other spheres.

The whispering death—it nearer drew,
It holds her heart in strict arrest . . .
And where was one, are crosses two—
A crimson cross is on her breast!

The Yellow Cat

BY WILBUR DANIEL STEELE



At least once in my life I have had the good fortune to board a deserted vessel at sea. I say "good fortune" because it has left me the memory of a singular impression. I have felt a ghost of the same thing two or three times since then, when peeping through the doorway of an abandoned house.

Now that vessel was not dead. She was a good vessel, a sound vessel, even a handsome vessel, in her blunt-bowed, coastwise way. She sailed under four lowers across as blue and glittering a sea as I have ever known, and there was not a point in her sailing that one could lay a finger upon as wrong. And yet, passing that schooner at two miles, one knew, somehow, that no hand was on her wheel. Sometimes I can imagine a vessel, stricken like that, moving over the empty spaces of the sea, carrying it off quite well were it not for that indefinable suggestion of a stagger; and I can think of all those ocean gods, in whom no landsman will ever believe, looking at one another and tapping their foreheads with just the shadow of a smile.

I wonder if they all scream—these ships that have lost their souls? Mine screamed. We heard her voice, like nothing I have ever heard before, when we rowed under her counter to read her name—the *Marionnette* it was, of Halifax. I remember how it made me shiver, there in the full blaze of the sun, to hear her going on so, railing and screaming in that stark fashion. And I remember, too, how our footsteps, pattering through the vacant internals in search of that haggard utterance, made me think of the footsteps of hurrying warders roused in the night.

And we found a parrot in a cage; that was all. It wanted water. We gave it water and went away to look things

over, keeping pretty close together, all of us. In the quarters the table was set for four. Two men had begun to eat, by the evidence of the plates. Nowhere in the vessel was there any sign of disorder, except one sea-chest broken out, evidently in haste. Her papers were gone and the stern davits were empty. That is how the case stood that day, and that is how it has stood to this. I saw this same *Marionnette* a week later, tied up to a Hoboken dock, where she awaited news from her owners; but even there, in the midst of all the waterfront bustle, I could not get rid of the feeling that she was still very far away—in a sort of shippish other-world.

The thing happens now and then. Sometimes half a dozen years will go by without a solitary wanderer of this sort crossing the ocean paths, and then in a single season perhaps several of them will turn up: vacant waifs, impassive and mysterious—a quarter-column of tidings tucked away on the second page of the evening paper.

That is where I read the story about the *Abbie Rose*. I recollect how painfully awkward and out-of-place it looked there, cramped between ruled black edges and smelling of landsman's ink—this thing that had to do essentially with air and vast colored spaces. I forget the exact words of the heading—something like "Abandoned Craft Picked Up At Sea"—but I still have the clipping itself, couched in the formal patter of the marine-news writer:

The first hint of another mystery of the sea came in to-day when the schooner *Abbie Rose* dropped anchor in the upper river, manned only by a crew of one. It appears that the out-bound freighter *Mercury* sighted the *Abbie Rose* off Block Island on Thursday last, acting in a suspicious manner. A boat-party sent aboard found the schooner in perfect order and condition, sailing under four lower sails, the topsails being pursed up to the mastheads but not stowed. With the

exception of a yellow cat, the vessel was found to be utterly deserted, though her small boat still hung in the davits. No evidences of disorder were visible in any part of the craft. The dishes were washed up, the stove in the galley was still slightly warm to the touch, everything in its proper place with the exception of the vessel's papers, which were not to be found.

All indications being for fair weather, Captain Rohmer of the *Mercury* detailed two of his company to bring the find back to this port, a distance of one hundred and fifteen miles. The only man available with a knowledge of the fore-and-aft rig was Stewart McCord, the second engineer. A seaman by the name of Björnsen was sent with him. McCord arrived this noon, after a very heavy voyage of five days, reporting that Björnsen had fallen overboard while shaking out the foretopsail. McCord himself showed evidences of the hardships he has passed through, being almost a nervous wreck.

Stewart McCord! Yes, Stewart McCord would have a knowledge of the fore-and-aft rig, or of almost anything else connected with the affairs of the sea. It happened that I used to know this fellow. I had even been quite chummy with him in the old days—that is, to the extent of drinking too many beers with him in certain hot-country ports. I remembered him as a stolid and deliberate sort of a person, with an amazing hodge-podge of learning, a stamp collection, and a theory about the effects of tropical sunshine on the Caucasian race, to which I have listened half of more than one night, stretched out naked on a freighter's deck. He had not impressed me as a fellow who would be bothered by his nerves.

And there was another thing about the story which struck me as rather queer. Perhaps it is a relic of my seafaring days, but I have always been a conscientious reader of the weather reports; and I could remember no weather in the past week sufficient to shake a man out of a top, especially a man by the name of Björnsen—a thorough-going seafaring name.

I was destined to hear more of this in the evening, from the ancient boatman who rowed me out on the upper river. He had been to sea in his day. He knew enough to wonder about this thing, even to indulge in a little superstitious awe about it.

"No sir-ee. Something *happened* to them four chaps. And another thing—"

I fancied I heard a sea-bird whining in the darkness overhead. A shape moved out of the gloom ahead, passed to the left, lofty and silent, and merged once more with the gloom behind—a barge at anchor, with the sea-grass clinging around her water-line.

"Funny about that other chap," the old fellow speculated. "Björnsen—I b'lieve he called 'im. Now that story sounds to me kind of—" He feathered his oars with a suspicious jerk and peered at me. "This McCord a friend of yourn?" he inquired.

"In a way," I said.

"Hm-m—well—" He turned on his thwart to squint ahead. "There she is," he announced, with something of relief, I thought.

It was hard at that time of night to make anything but a black blotch out of the *Abbie Rose*. Of course I could see that she was pot-bellied, like the rest of the coastwise sisterhood. And that McCord had not stowed his topsails. I could make them out, pursed at the mastheads and hanging down as far as the cross-trees, like huge, over-ripe pears. Then I recollected that he had found them so—probably had not touched them since; a queer way to leave tops, it seemed to me. I could see also the glowing tip of a cigar floating restlessly along the farther rail. I called: "McCord! Oh, McCord!"

The spark came swimming across the deck. "Hello! Hello, there—ah—" There was a note of querulous uneasiness there that somehow jarred with my remembrance of this man.

"Ridgeway," I explained.

He echoed the name uncertainly, still with that suggestion of peevishness, hanging over the rail and peering down at us. "Oh! By gracious!" he exclaimed, abruptly. "I'm glad to see you, Ridgeway. I had a boatman coming out before this, but I guess—well, I guess he'll be along. By gracious! I'm glad—"

"I'll not keep you," I told the gnome, putting the money in his palm and reaching for the rail. McCord lent me a hand on my wrist. Then when I stood squarely on the deck beside him he appeared to forget my presence, leaned forward

heavily on the rail, and squinted after my waning boatman.

"Ahoy—boat!" he called out, sharply, shielding his lips with his hands. His violence seemed to bring him out of the blank, for he fell immediately to puffing strongly at his cigar and explaining in rather a shame-voiced way that he was beginning to think his own boatman had "passed him up."

"Come in and have a nip," he urged with an abrupt heartiness, clapping me on the shoulder.

"So you've—" I did not say what I had intended. I was thinking that in the old days McCord had made rather a fetish of touching nothing stronger than beer. Neither had he been of the shoulder-clapping sort. "So you've got something aboard?" I shifted.

"Dead men's liquor," he chuckled. It gave me a queer feeling in the pit of my stomach to hear him. I began to wish I had not come, but there was nothing for it now but to follow him into the after-house. The cabin itself might have been nine feet square, with three bunks occupying the port side. To the right opened the master's state-room, and a door in the forward bulkhead led to the galley.

I took in these features at a casual glance. Then, hardly knowing why I did it, I began to examine them with greater care.

"Have you a match?" I asked. My voice sounded very small, as though something unheard of had happened to all the air.

"Smoke?" he asked. "I'll get you a cigar."

"No." I took the proffered match, scratched it on the side of the galley door, and passed out. There seemed to be a thousand pans there, throwing my match back at me from every wall of the box-like compartment. Even McCord's eyes, in the doorway, were large and round and shining. He probably thought me crazy. Perhaps I was, a little. I ran the match along close to the ceiling and came upon a rusty hook a little apart of the center.

"There," I said. "Was there anything hanging from this—er—say a parrot—or something, McCord?" The match burned my fingers and went out.

"What do you mean?" McCord demanded from the doorway. I got myself back into the comfortable yellow glow of the cabin before I answered, and then it was a question.

"Do you happen to know anything about this craft's personal history?"

"No. What are you talking about! Why?"

"Well, I do," I offered. "For one thing, she's changed her name. And it happens this isn't the first time she's—Well, damn it all, fourteen years ago I helped pick up this whatever-she-is off the Virginia Capes—in the same sort of condition. There you are!" I was yapping like a nerve-strung puppy.

McCord leaned forward with his hands on the table, bringing his face beneath the fan of the hanging-lamp. For the first time I could mark how shockingly it had changed. It was almost colorless. The jaw had somehow lost its old-time security and the eyes seemed to be loose in their sockets. I had expected him to start at my announcement; he only blinked at the light.

"I am not surprised," he remarked at length. "After what I've seen and heard—" He lifted his fist and brought it down with a sudden crash on the table. "Man—let's have a nip!"

He was off before I could say a word, fumbling out of sight in the narrow state-room. Presently he reappeared, holding a glass in either hand and a dark bottle hugged between his elbows. Putting the glasses down, he held up the bottle between his eyes and the lamp, and its shadow, falling across his face, green and luminous at the core, gave him a ghastly look—like a mutilation or an unspeakable birth-mark. He shook the bottle gently and chuckled his "Dead men's liquor" again. Then he poured two half-glasses of the clear gin, swallowed his portion, and sat down.

"A parrot," he mused, a little of the liquor's color creeping into his cheeks. "No, this time it was a cat, Ridgeway. A yellow cat. She was—"

"Was?" I caught him up. "What's happened—what's become of her?"

"Vanished. Evaporated. I haven't seen her since night before last, when I caught her trying to lower the boat—"

"Stop it!" It was I who banged the

table now, without any of the reserve of decency. "McCord, you're drunk—*drunk*, I tell you. A *cat*! Let a *cat* throw you off your head like this! She's probably hiding out below this minute, on affairs of her own."

"Hiding?" He regarded me for a moment with the queer superiority of the damned. "I guess you don't realize how many times I've been over this hulk, from decks to keelson, with a mallet and a foot-rule."

"Or fallen overboard," I shifted, with less assurance. "Like this fellow Bjørnsen. By the way, McCord—" I stopped there on account of the look in his eyes.

He reached out, poured himself a shot, swallowed it, and got up to shuffle about the confined quarters. I watched their restless circuit—my friend and his jumping shadow. He stopped and bent forward to examine a Sunday-supplement chromo tacked on the wall, and the two heads drew together, as though there were something to whisper. Of a sudden I seemed to hear the old gnome croaking, "Now that story sounds to me kind of—"

McCord straightened up and turned to face me.

"What do you know about Bjørnsen?" he demanded.

"Well—only what they had you saying in the papers," I told him.

"Pshaw!" He snapped his fingers, tossing the affair aside. "I found her log," he announced in quite another voice.

"You did, eh? I judged, from what I read in the paper, that there wasn't a sign."

"No, no; I happened on this the other night, under the mattress in there." He jerked his head toward the state-room. "Wait!" I heard him knocking things over in the dark and mumbling at them. After a moment he came out and threw on the table a long, cloth-covered ledger, of the common commercial sort. It lay open at about the middle, showing close script running indiscriminately across the column ruling.

"When I said 'log,'" he went on, "I guess I was going it a little strong. At least, I wouldn't want that sort of log

found around *my* vessel. Let's call it a personal record. Here's his picture, somewhere—" He shook the book by its back and a common kodak blue-print fluttered to the table. It was the likeness of a solid man with a paunch, a huge square beard, small squinting eyes, and a bald head. "What do you make of him—a writing chap?"

"From the nose down, yes," I estimated. "From the nose up, he will 'tend to his own business if you will 'tend to yours, strictly."

McCord slapped his thigh. "By gracious! that's the fellow! He hates the Chinaman. He knows as well as anything he ought not to put down in black and white how intolerably he hates the Chinaman, and yet he must sneak off to his cubby-hole and suck his pencil, and—and how is it Stevenson has it?—the 'agony of composition,' you remember. Can you imagine the fellow, Ridgeway, bundling down here with the fever on him—"

"About the Chinaman," I broke in. "I think you said something about a Chinaman?"

"Yes. The cook, he must have been. I gather he wasn't the master's pick, by the reading-matter here. Probably clapped on to him by the owners—shifted from one of their others at the last moment; a queer trick. Listen." He picked up the book and, running over the pages with a selective thumb, read:

"*August second.* First part, moderate southwesterly breeze—

and so forth—er—but here he comes to it:

"Anything can happen to a man at sea, even a funeral. In special to a Chinyman, who is of no account to social welfare, being a barbarian as I look at it.

"Something of a philosopher, you see. And did you get the reserve in that 'even a funeral'? An artist, I tell you. But wait; let me catch him a bit wilder. Here:

"I'll get that mustard-colored — [This is back a couple of days.] Never can hear the — coming, in them carpet slippers. Turned round and found him standing right to my back this morning. Could have stuck a knife into me easy. 'Look here!' says I, and fetched him a tap on the ear that will make

him walk louder next time, I warrant. He could have stuck a knife into me easy.

"A clear case of moral funk, I should say. Can you imagine the fellow, Ridgeway—"

"Yes; oh yes." I was ready with a phrase of my own. "A man handicapped with an imagination. You see he can't quite understand this 'barbarian,' who has him beaten by about thirty centuries of civilization—and his imagination has to have something to chew on, something to hit—a 'tap on the ear,' you know."

"By gracious! that's the ticket!" McCord pounded his knee. "And now we've got another chap going to pieces—Peters, he calls him. Refuses to eat dinner on August the third, claiming he caught the Chink making passes over the chowder-pot with his thumb. Can you believe it, Ridgeway—in this very cabin here?" Then he went on with a suggestion of haste, as though he had somehow made a slip. "Well, at any rate, the disease seems to be catching. Next day it's Bach, the second seaman, who begins to feel the gaff. Listen:

"Back he comes to me to-night, complaining he's being watched. He claims the — has got the evil eye. Says he can see you through a two-inch bulkhead, and the like. The Chink's laying in his bunk, turned the other way. 'Why don't you go aboard of him,' says I. The Dutcher says nothing, but goes over to his own bunk and feels under the straw. When he comes back he's looking queer. 'By God!' says he, 'the devil has swiped my gun!' . . . Now if that's true there is going to be hell to pay in this vessel very quick. I figure I'm still master of this vessel."

"The evil eye," I grunted. "Consciences gone wrong there somewhere."

"Not altogether, Ridgeway. I can see that yellow man peeking. Now just figure yourself, say, eight thousand miles from home, out on the water alone with a crowd of heathen fanatics crazy from fright, looking around for guns and so on. Don't you believe you'd keep an eye around the corners, kind of—eh? I'll bet a hat he was taking it all in, lying there in his bunk, 'turned the other way.' Eh? I pity the poor cuss—Well, there's only one more entry after that. He's good and mad. Here:

"Now, by God! this is the end. My gun's gone, too; right out from under lock and key, by God! I been talking with Bach this morning. Not to let on, I had him in to clean my lamp. There's more ways than one, he says, and so do I."

McCord closed the book and dropped it on the table. "Finis," he said. "The rest is blank paper."

"Well!" I will confess I felt much better than I had for some time past. "There's *one* 'mystery of the sea' gone to pot, at any rate. And now, if you don't mind, I think I'll have another of your nips, McCord."

He pushed my glass across the table and got up, and behind his back his shadow rose to scour the corners of the room, like an incorruptible sentinel. I forgot to take up my gin, watching him. After an uneasy minute or so he came back to the table and pressed the tip of a forefinger on the book.

"Ridgeway," he said, "you don't seem to understand. This particular 'mystery of the sea' hasn't been scratched yet—not even *scratched*, Ridgeway." He sat down and leaned forward, fixing me with a didactic finger. "What happened?"

"Well, I have an idea the 'barbarian' got them, when it came to the pinch."

"And let the—remains over the side?"

"I should say."

"And they came back and got the 'barbarian' and let *him* over the side, eh? There were none left, you remember."

"Oh, good Lord, I don't know!" I flared with a childish resentment at this catechizing of his. But his finger remained there, challenging.

"I do," he announced. "The Chinaman put them over the side, as we have said. And then, after that, he died—of wounds about the head."

"So?" I had still sarcasm.

"You will remember," he went on, "that the skipper did not happen to mention a cat, a *yellow* cat, in his confessions."

"McCord," I begged him, "please drop it. Why in thunder *should* he mention a cat?"

"True. Why *should* he mention a cat? I think one of the reasons why he should *not* mention a cat is because there



Drawn by F. E. Schoonover

"ON THE FLOOR BEFORE ME WAS THE PROFILE OF A MAN'S HEAD"

did not happen to be a cat aboard at that time."

"Oh, all right!" I reached out and pulled the bottle to my side of the table. Then I took out my watch. "If you don't mind," I suggested, "I think we'd better be going ashore. I've got to get to my office rather early in the morning. What do you say?"

He said nothing for the moment, but his finger had dropped. He leaned back and stared straight into the core of the light above, his eyes squinting.

"He would have been from the south of China, probably." He seemed to be talking to himself. "There's a considerable sprinkling of the belief down there, I've heard. It's an uncanny business—this transmigration of souls—"

Personally, I had had enough of it. McCord's fingers came groping across the table for the bottle. I picked it up hastily and let it go through the open companionway, where it died with a faint gurgle, out somewhere on the river.

"Now," I said to him, shaking the vagrant wrist, "either you come ashore with me or you go in there and get under the blankets. You're drunk, McCord—*drunk*. Do you hear me?"

"Ridgeway," he pronounced, bringing his eyes down to me and speaking very slowly. "You're a fool, if you can't see better than that. I'm not drunk. I'm sick. I haven't slept for three nights—and now I can't. And you say—you—" He went to pieces very suddenly, jumped up, pounded the legs of his chair on the decking, and shouted at me: "And you say that, you—you landlubber, you office coddler! You're so comfortably sure that everything in the world is cut and dried. Come back to the water again and learn how to wonder—and stop talking like a damn fool. Do you know where— Is there anything in your municipal budget to tell me where Bjørnsen went? Listen!" He sat down, waving me to do the same, and went on with a sort of desperate repression.

"It happened on the first night after we took this hellion. I'd stood the wheel most of the afternoon—off and on, that is, because she sails herself uncommonly well. Just put her on a reach, you know, and she carries it off pretty well—"

"I know," I nodded.

"Well, we mugged up about seven o'clock. There was a good deal of canned stuff in the galley, and Bjørnsen wasn't a bad hand with a kettle—a thorough-going Square-head he was—tall and lean and yellow-haired, with little fat, round cheeks and a white mustache. Not a bad chap at all. He took the wheel to stand till midnight, and I turned in, but I didn't drop off for quite a spell. I could hear his boots wandering around over my head, padding off forward, coming back again. I heard him whistling now and then—an outlandish air. Occasionally I could see the shadow of his head waving in a block of moonlight that lay on the decking right down there in front of the state-room door. It came from the companion; the cabin was dark because we were going easy on the oil. They hadn't left a great deal, for some reason or other."

McCord leaned back and described with his finger where the illumination had cut the decking.

"There! I could see it from my bunk, as I lay, you understand. I must have almost dropped off once when I heard him fiddling around out here in the cabin, and then he said something in a whisper, just to find out if I was still awake, I suppose. I asked him what the matter was. He came and poked his head in the door."

"The breeze is going out," says he. 'I was wondering if we couldn't get a little more sail on her.' Only I can't give you his fierce Square-head tang. 'How about the tops?' he suggested.

"I was so sleepy I didn't care, and I told him so. 'All right,' he says, 'but I thought I might shake out one of them tops.' Then I heard him blow at something outside. 'Scat, you ——!' Then: 'This cat's going to set me crazy, Mr. McCord,' he says, 'following me around everywhere.' He gave a kick, and I saw something yellow floating across the moonlight. It never made a sound—just floated. You wouldn't have known it ever lit anywhere, just like—"

McCord stopped and drummed a few beats on the table with his fist, as though to bring himself back to the straight narrative.

"I went to sleep," he began again.

"I dreamed about a lot of things. I woke up sweating. You know how glad you are to wake up after a dream like that and find none of it is so? Well, I turned over and settled to go off again, and then I got a little more awake and thought to myself it must be pretty near time for me to go on deck. I scratched a match and looked at my watch. 'That fellow must be either a good chap or asleep,' I said to myself. And I rolled out quick and went above-decks. He wasn't at the wheel. I called him: 'Björnsen! Björnsen!' No answer."

McCord was really telling a story now. He paused for a long moment, one hand shielding an ear and his eyeballs turned far up.

"That was the first time I really went over the hulk," he ran on. "I got out a lantern and started at the forward end of the hold, and I worked aft, and there was nothing there. Not a sign, or a stain, or a scrap of clothing, or anything. You may believe that I began to feel funny inside. I went over the decks and the rails and the house itself—inch by inch. Not a trace. I went out aft again. The cat sat on the wheel-box, washing her face. I hadn't noticed the scar on her head before, running down between her ears—rather a new scar—three or four days old, I should say. It looked ghastly and blue-white in the flat moonlight. I ran over and grabbed her up to heave her over the side—you understand how upset I was. Now you know a cat will squirm around and grab something when you hold it like that, generally speaking. This one didn't. She just drooped and began to purr and looked up at me out of her moonlit eyes under that scar. I dropped her on the deck and backed off. You remember Björnsen had *kicked* her—and I didn't want anything like that happening to—"

The narrator turned upon me with a sudden heat, leaned over and shook his finger before my face.

"There you go!" he cried. "You, with your stout stone buildings and your policemen and your neighborhood church—you're so damn sure. But I'd just like to see you out there, alone, with the moon setting, and all the lights gone tall and queer, and a shipmate—" He lifted his hand overhead, the finger-tips

pressed together and then suddenly separated as though he had released an impalpable something into the air.

"Go on," I told him.

"I felt more like you do, when it got light again, and warm and sunshiny. I said 'Bah!' to the whole business. I even fed the cat, and I slept awhile on the roof of the house—I was so sure. We lay dead most of the day, without a streak of air. But that night—! Well, that night I hadn't got over being sure yet. It takes quite a jolt, you know, to shake loose several dozen generations. A fair, steady breeze had come along, the glass was high, she was staying herself like a doll, and so I figured I could get a little rest, lying below in the bunk, even if I didn't sleep.

"I tried not to sleep, in case something should come up—a squall or the like. But I think I must have dropped off once or twice. I remember I heard something fiddling around in the galley, and I hollered 'Scat!' and everything was quiet again. I rolled over and lay on my left side, staring at that square of moonlight outside my door for a long time. You'll think it was a dream—what I saw there."

"Go on," I said.

"Call this table-top the spot of light, roughly," he said. He placed a fingertip at about the middle of the forward edge and drew it slowly toward the center. "Here, what would correspond with the upper side of the companion-way, there came down very gradually the shadow of a tail. I watched it streaking out there across the deck, wiggling the slightest bit now and then. When it had come down about half-way across the light, the solid part of the animal—its shadow, you understand—began to appear, quite big and round. But how could she hang there, done up in a ball, from the hatch?"

He shifted his finger back to the edge of the table and puddled it around to signify the shadowed body.

"I fished my gun out from behind my back. You see, I was feeling funny again. Then I started to slide one foot over the edge of the bunk, always with my eyes on that shadow. Now I swear I didn't make the sound of a pin dropping, but I had no more than moved a muscle

when that shadowed thing twisted itself around in a flash—and there on the floor before me was the profile of a man's head, upside down, listening—a man's head with a tail of hair."

McCord got up hastily and stepped over in front of the state-room door, where he bent down and scratched a match.

"See," he said, holding the tiny flame above a splintered scar on the boards. "You wouldn't think a man would be fool enough to shoot at a shadow?"

He came back and sat down.

"It seemed to me all hell had shaken loose. You've no idea, Ridgeway, the rumpus a gun raises in a box like this. I found out afterward the slug ricocheted into the galley, bringing down a couple of pans—and that helped. Oh yes, I got out of here quick enough. I stood there, half out of the companion, with my hands on the hatch and the gun between them, and my shadow running off across the top of the house shivering before my eyes like a dry leaf. There wasn't a whisper of sound in the world—just the pale water floating past and the sails towering up like a pair of twittering ghosts. And everything that crazy color—

"Well, in a minute I saw it, just abreast of the mainmast, crouched down in the shadow of the weather rail, sneaking off forward very slowly. This time I took a good long sight before I let go. Did you ever happen to see black-powder smoke in the moonlight. It puffed out perfectly round, like a big, pale balloon, this did, and for a second something was bounding through it—without a sound, you understand—something a shade solider than the smoke and big as a cow, it looked to me. It passed from the weather side to the lee and ducked behind the sweep of the mainsail like *that*—" McCord snapped his thumb and forefinger under the light.

"Go on," I said. "What did you do then?"

McCord regarded me for an instant from beneath his lids, uncertain. His fist hung above the table. "You're—" He hesitated, his lips working vacantly. A forefinger came out of the fist and gesticulated before my face. "If you're laughing, why, damn me, I'll—"

"Go on," I repeated. "What did you do then?"

"I followed the thing." He was still watching me sullenly. "I got up and went forward along the roof of the house, so as to have an eye on either rail. You understand, this business had to be done with. I kept straight along. Every shadow I wasn't absolutely sure of I *made* sure of—point-blank. And I rounded the thing up at the very stem—sitting on the butt of the bowsprit, Ridgeway, washing her yellow face under the moon. I didn't make any bones about it this time. I put the bad end of that gun against the scar on her head and squeezed the trigger. It snicked on an empty shell. I tell you a fact; I was almost deafened by the report that didn't come."

"She followed me aft. I couldn't get away from her. I went and sat on the wheel-box and she came and sat on the edge of the house, facing me. And there we stayed for upwards of an hour, without moving. Finally she went over and stuck her paw in the water-pan I'd set out for her; then she raised her head and looked at me and yawled. At sundown there'd been two quarts of water in that pan. You wouldn't think a cat could get away with two quarts of water in—"

He broke off again and considered me with a sort of weary defiance.

"What's the use?" He spread out his hands in a gesture of hopelessness. "I knew you wouldn't believe it when I started. You *couldn't*. It would be a kind of blasphemy against the sacred institution of pavements. You're too damn smug, Ridgeway. I can't shake you. You haven't sat two days and two nights, keeping your eyes open by sheer teeth-gritting, until they got used to it and wouldn't shut any more. When I tell you I found that yellow thing snooping around the davits, and three bights of the boat-fall loosened out, plain on deck—you grin behind your collar. When I tell you she padded off forward and evaporated—flickered back to hell and hasn't been seen since, then—why, you explain to yourself that I'm drunk. I tell you—" He jerked his head back abruptly and turned to face the companionway, his lips still apart.

He listened so for a moment, then he shook himself out of it and went on:

"I tell you, Ridgeway, I've been over this hulk with a foot-rule. There's not a cubic inch I haven't accounted for, not a plank I—"

This time he got up and moved a step toward the companion, where he stood with his head bent forward and slightly to the side. After what might have been twenty seconds of this he whispered, "Do you hear?"

Far and far away down the reach a ferry-boat lifted its infinitesimal wail, and then the silence of the night river came down once more, profound and inscrutable. A corner of the wick above my head sputtered a little—that was all.

"Hear what?" I whispered back. He lifted a cautious finger toward the opening.

"Somebody. Listen."

The man's faculties must have been keyed up to the pitch of his nerves, for to me the night remained as voiceless as a subterranean cavern. I became intensely irritated with him; within my mind I cried out against this infatuated pantomime of his. And then, of a sudden, there *was* a sound—the dying rumor of a ripple, somewhere in the outside darkness, as though an object had been let into the water with extreme care.

"You heard?"

I nodded. The ticking of the watch in my vest pocket came to my ears, shucking off the leisurely seconds, while McCord's finger-nails gnawed at the palms of his hands. The man was really sick. He wheeled on me and cried out, "My God! Ridgeway—why don't we go out?"

I, for one, refused to be a fool. I passed him and climbed out of the opening; he followed far enough to lean his elbows on the hatch, his feet and legs still within the secure glow of the cabin.

"You see, there's nothing." My wave of assurance was possibly a little overdone.

"Over there," he muttered, jerking his head toward the shore lights. "Something swimming."

I moved to the corner of the house and listened.

"River thieves," I argued. "The place is full of—"

"*Ridgeway. Look behind you!*"

Perhaps it is the pavements—but no matter; I am not ordinarily a jumping sort. And yet there was something in the quality of that voice beyond my shoulder that brought the sweat stinging through the pores of my scalp even while I was in the act of turning.

A cat sat there on the hatch, expressionless and immobile in the gloom.

I did not say anything. I turned and went below. McCord was there already, standing on the farther side of the table. After a moment or so the cat followed and sat on her haunches at the foot of the ladder and stared at us without winking.

"I think she wants something to eat," I said to McCord.

He lit a lantern and went out into the galley. Returning with a chunk of salt beef, he threw it into the farther corner. The cat went over and began to tear at it, her muscles playing with convulsive shadow-lines under the sagging yellow hide.

And now it was she who listened, to something beyond the reach of even McCord's faculties, her neck stiff and her ears flattened. I looked at McCord and found him brooding at the animal with a sort of listless malevolence. "*Quick!* She has kittens somewhere about." I shook his elbow sharply. "When she starts, now—"

"You don't seem to understand," he mumbled. "It wouldn't be any use."

She had turned now and was making for the ladder with the soundless agility of her race. I grasped McCord's wrist and dragged him after me, the lantern banging against his knees. When we came up the cat was already amidships, a scarcely discernible shadow at the margin of our lantern's ring. She stopped and looked back at us with her luminous eyes, appeared to hesitate, uneasy at our pursuit of her, shifted here and there with quick, soft bounds, and stopped to fawn with her back arched at the foot of the mast. Then she was off with an amazing suddenness into the shadows forward.

"Lively now!" I yelled at McCord. He came pounding along behind me, still



Drawn by F. E. Schoonover

Engraved by Nelson Demarest

"SHE CAME AND SAT ON THE EDGE OF THE HOUSE, FACING ME"

protesting that it was of no use. Abreast of the foremast I took the lantern from him to hold above my head.

"You see," he complained, peering here and there over the illuminated deck. "I tell you, Ridgeway, this thing—" But my eyes were in another quarter, and I slapped him on the shoulder.

"An engineer—an engineer to the core," I cried at him. "Look aloft, man."

Our quarry was almost to the cross-trees, clambering up the shrouds with a smartness no sailor has ever come to, her yellow body, cut by the moving shadows of the ratlines, a queer sight against the mat of the night. McCord closed his mouth and opened it again for two words: "By gracious!" The following instant he had the lantern and was after her. I watched him go up above my head—a ponderous, swaying climber into the sky—come to the cross-trees, and squat there with his knees clamped around the mast. The clear star of the lantern shot this way and that for a moment, then it disappeared, and in its place there sprang out a bag of yellow light, like a fire-balloon at anchor in the heavens. I could see the shadows of his head and hands moving monstrously over the inner surface of the sail, and muffled exclamations without meaning came down to me. After a moment he drew out his head and called: "All right—they're here. Heads! there below!"

I ducked at his warning, and something spanked on the planking a yard from my feet. I stepped over to the vague blur on the deck and picked up a slipper—a slipper covered with some woven straw stuff and soled with a matted felt, perhaps a half-inch thick. Another struck somewhere abaft the mast, and then McCord reappeared above and began to stagger down the shrouds. Under his left arm he hugged a curious assortment of litter, a sheaf of papers, a brace of revolvers, a gray kimono, and a soiled apron.

"Well," he said when he had come to deck, "I feel like a man who has gone to hell and come back again. You know I'd come to the place where I really believed that about the cat. When you

think of it— By gracious! we haven't come so far from the jungle, after all."

We went aft and below and sat down at the table as we had been. McCord broke a prolonged silence.

"I'm sort of glad he got away—poor cuss! He's probably climbing up a wharf this minute, shivering and scared to death. Over toward the gas-tanks, by the way he was swimming. By gracious! now that the world's turned over straight again, I feel I could sleep a solid week. Poor cuss! can you imagine him, Ridgeway—"

"Yes," I broke in. "I think I can. He must have lost his nerve when he made out your smoke and shinnied up there to stow away, taking the ship's papers with him. He would have attached some profound importance to them—remember, the 'barbarian,' eight thousand miles from home. Probably couldn't read a word. I suppose the cat followed him—the traditional source of food. He must have wanted water badly."

"I should say! He wouldn't have taken the chances he did."

"Well," I announced, "at any rate, I can say it now—there's another 'mystery of the sea' gone to pot."

McCord lifted his heavy lids.

"No," he mumbled. "The mystery is that a man who has been to sea all his life could sail around for three days with a man bundled up in his top and not know it. When I think of him peeking down at me—and playing off that damn cat—probably without realizing it—scared to death—by gracious! Ridgeway, there was a pair of funks aboard this craft, eh? Wow—yow—I could sleep—"

"I should think you could."

McCord did not answer.

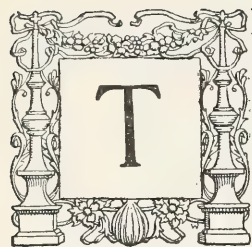
"By the way," I speculated. "I guess you were right about Björnsen, McCord—that is, his fooling with the foretop. He must have been caught all of a bunch, eh?"

Again McCord failed to answer. I looked up, mildly surprised, and found his head hanging back over his chair and his mouth opened wide. He was asleep.

What Is Pure English?

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

Professor of Dramatic Literature, Columbia University



HERE is no topic about which men dispute more frequently, more bitterly, or more ignorantly than about the right and the wrong use of words. Even political questions and religious questions can be debated with less acrimony than linguistic questions. The usual explanation of this unexampled acerbity in discussion is probably accurate; it is that our political and our religious opinions are our own and we are individually responsible for them, whereas our linguistic opinions are the result of habits acquired from those who brought us up, so that aspersions on our parts of speech appear to us to be reflections on our parents. To misuse words, to make grammatical blunders, is an evidence of illiteracy; and to accuse a man of illiteracy is to disparage the social standing of his father and his mother.

The uneducated are inclined to resent any speech more polished than their own; and the half-educated are prompt to believe that their half-knowledge includes all wisdom. As the half-educated acquired their half-knowledge from a grammar, they naturally turn to it as to an inspired oracle, not suspecting that the immense majority of the grammars in use in our schools until very recently abounded in unfounded assertions about our language and laid down rules without validity. And one immediate result of this was singularly unfortunate. Since some of these new-fangled rules had not been known to the translators of the Bible, to Shakespeare, and to Milton, students were called upon to point out the so-called "errors" in the writings of these mighty masters of language! Not only was this absurd, it was also injurious, in that it misdirected the effort of those who wished to learn how to use English ac-

curately. It focused attention on the purely negative merit of avoiding error instead of centering it on the positive merit of achieving sincerity, clarity, and vigor. The energies of the students were wasted, and worse than wasted, in the futilities of what President Stanley Hall has contemptuously termed "linguistic manicuring."

The same attitude has been taken by the highly trained Roman rhetoricians toward the Latin of certain of the Fathers of the Church, the vernacular vigor of whose writings did not please the ultra-refined ears of the over-educated critics. After recording this fact in his study of the *End of Paganism*, the wise and urbane Gaston Boissier remarked that "When we have spent all our lives recommending purity and correction and elegance—that is to say, the lesser merits of style—we often become incapable of seeing its larger merits"; and "we set up a standard of perfection, based rather on the absence of defects than on the presence of real qualities; and we are no longer apt to appreciate what is new and original." The refined taste of the over-educated is always likely to be more appreciative of the absence of defects than of the presence of what is new and original.

Like the Roman rhetoricians contemporary with Tertullian, our linguistic manicurists are forever recommending purity and correctness and elegance, three qualities not easy to define. Elegance is to be attained only by those who do not seek it too assiduously. Correctness is likely to be misinterpreted as a compliance with the rules laid down by the uninspired grammarians rather than obedience to the larger laws whereby the language is freely guided. And purity is a chameleon word, changing meaning while we are looking at it.

Many of those who are insisting upon the preservation of the purity of our language mean that English must be

kept free from contamination by foreign tongues, that we who use it must refrain from borrowing words from other languages and from making new words of our own, and that, in short, we must stick to the old stock and use nothing but what an impassioned orator once called "real angular Saxon." Now, it needs but a moment's reflection to show that an insistence on this kind of purity would deprive English of its immemorial privilege of helping itself with both hands to terms of all sorts from all sorts of languages, ancient and modern, civilized and barbaric. To the exercise of this indisputable right English owes its unparalleled richness of vocabulary and its unequalled wealth of words, more or less equivalent, yet deftly discriminated by delicate shades of difference.

Of course, this power to enrich itself from other tongues is not peculiar to English; and every other language has profitably availed itself of its freedom to annex the outlying words it needed for the extension of its linguistic frontiers. When Latin was a living speech it was continually levying upon Greek for the terms it lacked itself. In Latin the vocabulary of philosophy, for example, was almost exclusively derived from the Greek, just as in English the vocabularies of millinery and of cookery and of war are derived from the French.

If the preservation of the purity of English meant that we must exclude from our language every word not native to our speech, erecting a prohibitive tariff-wall to keep out all imported terms, then it would become the duty of every lover of our tongue to advocate impurity. To do its work, our language, like every other, ancient and modern, needs now and again to be replenished and reinvigorated by fresh blood. Just as the population of the British Isles is Celtic and Roman, Anglo-Saxon and Norman, and just as the population of the United States is compounded of a variety of ethnic ingredients, so the English language, the joint possession of British and Americans, is itself a melting-pot, a linguistic crucible into which have been thrown words from every possible source.

As the vocabularies of war, of millinery, and of cookery have been re-

cruited from the French, so the vocabulary of shipping has been recruited from the Dutch and the Scandinavian, and the vocabulary of music from the Italian. The vocabulary of philosophy is partly Latin, but mainly Greek; and even the rude dialects of the American Indians have been laid under contribution to describe things native to North America—*moccasin*, for example, and *tepee* and *totem*. Certain Dutch words—*stoop* (a flight of stairs), for one, and *boss* for another—were imported into general English use from America—from the New Amsterdam which is now New York.

In all these cases the words which were adopted from foreign tongues are now regarded as native; they have been completely assimilated; and the language is the richer for their inclusion without it. Even the most pedantic of purists unconsciously employs countless terms which he would be compelled by his principles to reject if he stopped to consider that they are not outgrowths of the native stock. We all use words for what they mean to us now and here, without regard to their remoter source in some other tongue once upon a time, and without regard to their exact meaning in that other tongue. "Language as written, as spoken, is an art and not a science," Professor Gildersleeve has asserted, adding the encouraging comment that "the study of origins, of etymology, has very little, if anything, to do with the practice of speaking and writing. The affinity of English with Greek and Latin is a matter that does not enter into the artistic consciousness of the masses that own the language."

To the pedants and to the purists no declaration could be more shocking than that the masses own the language; and yet no assertion is more solidly rooted in fact and more often emphasized by those who have trained themselves to a mastery of their own tongue. The fastidious French poet Malherbe, when asked as to the propriety of a word, used to refer the inquirer to the porters of the Haymarket in Paris saying that these were his masters in language. The fastidious Cicero was constantly refreshing his own scholarly vocabulary by the apt terms he took

over from Plautus, who had found them in the tenements of the Roman populace. And the wise Roger Ascham put the case pithily when he wrote in his *Toxophilus* that "he that will write well in any tongue must follow the counsel of Aristotle, to speak as the common people do, to think as the wise men do."

Language can be made in the library, no doubt, and in the laboratory also, but it is most often and most effectively created in the workshop and in the market-place, where the imaginative energy of our race expresses itself spontaneously in swiftly creating the lacking term in response to the unexpected demand. Nothing could be better, each in its own way, than picturesque vocabularies like *scarehead* and *loan-shark*, *wind-jammer* and *hen-minded*, all of them American contributions to the English language and all of them examples of the purest English. *Hen-minded* is an adjective devised by Mr. Howells to describe those "women who are so common in all walks of life, and who are made up of only one aim at a time, and of manifold anxieties at all times." *Scarehead* and *loan-shark* are the products of the newspaper office, while *wind-jammer* was put together by some down-east sailor-man, inheritor of the word-forming gift of his island ancestors who helped to harry the Armada. "*Wind-jammer*," remarked Professor Gildersleeve, trained by his intimate knowledge of Greek to appreciate verbal vigor as well as verbal delicacy, "*Wind-jammer* is a fine word, I grant, and so is every Anglo-Saxon compound that grows and is not made."

But all new words are not of necessity good words. Ben Jonson, who was himself a frequent maker of new words, displayed his shrewdness when he declared that "Custom is the most certain Mistress of Language as the publicke stampe makes the current money," adding as a caution, "But wee must not be too frequent with the mint, every day coining."

Our treasury is enriched when we take over needed terms from abroad and reissue them stamped with our own image and superscription. There is no damage to the purity of English

if the borrowed words are 'absolutely assimilated; but there is danger when they remain outlanders and refuse to take out their naturalization papers. *Moccasin* and *boss*, *lieutenant* and *omelet*, *waltz* and *tremolo* are now citizens of our vocabulary, although they were once immigrants admitted on sufferance. Unfortunately, hosts of other linguistic importations have retained their foreign spelling, often with alien accents, and have kept their un-English pronunciation. *Ennui* and *genre* and *nuance* are not yet acclimated in English speech, because they cannot be pronounced properly by those unfamiliar with spoken French. Quite as bad is the case of *défi* and *métier* and *rôle*, all of which still wear the accents of their native tongue, abhorrent in English orthography.

Probably *chauffeur* and *garage* have come to stay; they are not transients, but permanent boarders in that inn of strange meetings which the English language is. But *chauffeur* offensively violates the principles of our spelling—in so far as such principles exist; and *garage* still preserves its foreign pronunciation—although there are some already who have had the courage so to speak it as to rhyme it with *marriage*, thus anglicizing it once for all. It is pleasant to see that there are others who do not shrink from speaking and writing *risky* in place of *risqué*, and *brusk* in place of *brusque*, just as the French have transmogrified *riding-coat* and *roast beef* into *redingote* and *rosbif*.

The real danger of impurity lies not in taking over foreign terms, but in employing them without taking them over completely. Either a word is English or it is not. If it is not English, a speaker or a writer who knows his business ought to be able to get along without it. There is no imperative call for us to borrow *mise-en-scène* or *première*, for instance, *artiste* or *dénouement*, *zeitgeist* or *rifacimento*; and it is perfectly possible to express in our own tongue the meanings conveyed by these terms imported in the original package.

On the other hand, if a word is now English, whatever its earlier origin, then it ought to be treated as English, de-

prived of its foreign accents, and forced to take an English plural. No one doubts for a moment that *cherub* and *criterion*, *medium* and *index* can claim good standing in our English vocabulary, yet we find a pedant now and then who still bestows upon these helpless words the plurals they had to use in their native tongues, and who therefore writes *cherubim* and *criteria*, *media* and *indices*, violating the grammatical purity of English. The pedant who is guilty of this affectation is "showing off," as the boys say; he is trying to display his acquaintance with foreign languages; and he is only revealing his ignorance of his own tongue. It is blank ignorance, intensified by sheer affectation, which tempts any one to speak of a *foyer-hall* or of a *grille-room*, misbegotten hybrids impossible to a man who is on speaking terms with either English or French. This same combination of ignorance and affectation is responsible for *employé* and *répertoire*, when we have already the simple English *employee* and *repertory*. And no phrase of contempt is cutting enough for those friends of aviation who persist in calling a shed wherein a flying-machine is sheltered a *hangar*, in blissful unconsciousness that *hangar* is simply the exact French equivalent for shed. Osteocephalic ignorance could go but one step further; and we may expect to see it bestowing a pedantic plural upon *omnibus*, terming those useful vehicles *omnibi*.

It cannot be said too emphatically or too often that English is pure only when it conforms to the free genius of our energetic and imaginative mother-tongue. It does not matter whether the word or the term or the usage is new-fangled or old-fashioned, Anglo-Saxon or Romance, borrowed from a barbaric tongue or made out of hand to meet the pressing necessity of the moment, if it is in accord with the spirit and tradition of the language it is pure.

A good omen it is that there has recently been founded in Great Britain a new organization designed to spread abroad a knowledge of the true theory and the proper practice of the English language. It will encourage "those who possess the word-making faculty to exercise it freely." It will advocate the thorough anglicizing of all alien words deserving of incorporation into English, thus defending the purity of the language against the pedants. In the society's preliminary pamphlet, in its declaration of principles, which is really a ringing declaration of independence from pedantry and from the false idea of purity, there is this very significant passage: "Believing that language is or should be democratic both in character and origin, and that its best word-makers are the uneducated, and not the educated, classes, we would prefer vivid popular terms to the artificial creations of scientists. We shall often do better by inquiring, for instance, not what name the inventor gave to his new machine, but what it is called by the workmen who handle it; and in adopting their homespun terms and giving them literary currency we shall help to preserve the living and the popular character of our speech." This new British organization is headed by the new poet-laureate; and it is felicitously entitled the "Society for Pure English."

There is need of a corresponding organization on this side of the Atlantic; and as the French Academy is the guardian of the French language, cautiously giving its sanction to the new words and new usages spontaneously created in response to new necessities, so the American Academy of Arts and Letters may in time take upon itself to defend the true purity of English against the pedants who are ever its most insidious enemies, dangerous to the imperative freedom of our noble tongue, which is the birthright of both British and Americans.



Enemy Wanted

BY HOWARD BRUBAKER



RANNY struggled desperately, emitted unsuccessful noises, then, by a process of twist and upheaval, fought his way back to winter daylight. There was snow in the torn lining of his cap, up both sleeves, in the wrist-bands of both mittens, in the tops of both shoes—but in only one ear. Through the other he heard the derisive shouts of ruffians proceeding on their devastating way. The snow was of the clammy, transitory sort, and had already started a little river down his neck; his arithmetic, when found, was soggy; his ears were hot and his hands cold; and, worst of all, three girls gave him their giggling sympathy. Yet the look that Ranny threw after the sliding, pushing, snowballing scalawags was only one part anger to three parts longing.

All the blowy, solitary way from the church corner home Ranny ruminated upon the phenomenon of friendship. There might have been one, he thought, in all that barbarian crew to stand up for him and say, "Aw, let 'im alone; wha's the matter with ya?" and afterward go sliding with him on the hill back of Miller's barn or make a snow-man with a broad grin and a smoke-pipe. There might have been such a person, but there was not—and there never had been. For, though Ranny looked upon life with the experienced eyes of eight-going-on-nine, though he had once had his name in the paper and once narrowly escaped going to jail, though he had a velocipede, a drug-store (in season), and five guinea-pigs—not to mention a baby sister—and though he was usually on the best of terms with the juvenile world, he had never had a chum. So far as he knew he had no enemy, and yet, somehow, he had no friend.

People of far fewer attainments often had friends. Ted Blake, who lived in

"Frogtown," and whose father was held by adults to be something of a public misfortune, was not without a crony. "Sausage" Buckley and Ted were constantly together; they would fight for each other at any time—except, of course, when they were fighting *with* each other. Even Ranny's downfall had been due to an offensive alliance between "Fatty" Hartman and Bud Hicks. The three of them had been trudging along by the brick church, Ranny in the middle, boasting peacefully and thinking of nothing in particular, when suddenly Bud had stooped over as if to tie his shoe; "Fatty" had given an unexpected shove, and Ranny had toppled over the crouching Bud into the soggy snow-bank.

When he reached home he smuggled the water-logged arithmetic into the sitting-room and put it behind the coal-stove to dry. Presently he went out and threw snowballs at a knot-hole in the wood-shed—a sorry sport, owing to the lack of some one who could throw almost as well but not quite.

The vague longing retired into the back yard of Ranny's consciousness, but in the evening it came forth with startling abruptness. It was at that pleasantly precarious hour when the sands of wakefulness were running low. At any moment father might look up from his paper and say:

"Mother, isn't it about time that a mutual young acquaintance of ours was going to bed?" And, no matter how absurdly early it was, mother would agree. These people stood up for each other almost as if they were friends.

Ranny had finished his number work—for better or for worse—but had hesitated to close the book for fear of disturbing the peaceful scene. But mother had no such qualms; glancing up from her sewing, she suddenly exclaimed:

"Why, Ranny, dear, what's the matter with your book? It's all stained and wrinkled."



STROHMANN

HIS ARITHMETIC, WHEN FOUND, WAS SOGGY

"That's nothin'. It fell in the snow a little." With one of those quick conversational turns that are sometimes so helpful in emergencies Ranny added, "Mother, I wisht I had a friend."

"Why, you have lots of friends, dear. What do you mean?"

"I mean chums like Ted an' Sausage and—pert' near ever'body."

"What a horrid nickname for a boy."

Ranny saw that he would have to put the case in language which a mother could understand.

"A friend," he said, "tells ya secrets an' comes home from school with ya and calls ya by your last name, an' ya have fun ever' Saturday, an'—ever'thing." It seemed wisest not to introduce pugilism into the discussion.

"Why don't you make friends with somebody at school," asked father, "like Bud Hicks or that Hartman boy you call 'Fatty'?"

As though she rated father's taste in companions rather low, mother gave the conversation another twist.

"Father, I think it's time Ranny started to Sunday-school. He would be sure to find a nice playmate there."

It was mother-like to take advantage of a situation that way. For a long time Ranny had hung suspended between opposing views on the subject of Sunday-school. Mother had been distinctly though not insistently favorable, but father had a theory that it was not wise to take religious instruction "on an empty mind."

"Wait until he's a little older," father had always said; "it will do him more good."

To-night, however, after a brief discussion, father gave in, and it was agreed that Ranny was to set sail for the higher life on the following Sunday—by an odd coincidence, in the very church into whose snow-bank he had plunged that afternoon; and Ranny's wishes had not been consulted in this case any more than in the other. There might have been further sociability but for the bad taste of the sitting-room clock,

which called attention to itself by striking nine.

In the secular days that intervened there were no further outrages (except amusing ones involving other victims); but still Ranny, though exposing himself constantly, had contracted no friendships. By Sunday morning he had begun to share mother's hope that something of the sort might grow out of Sunday-school.

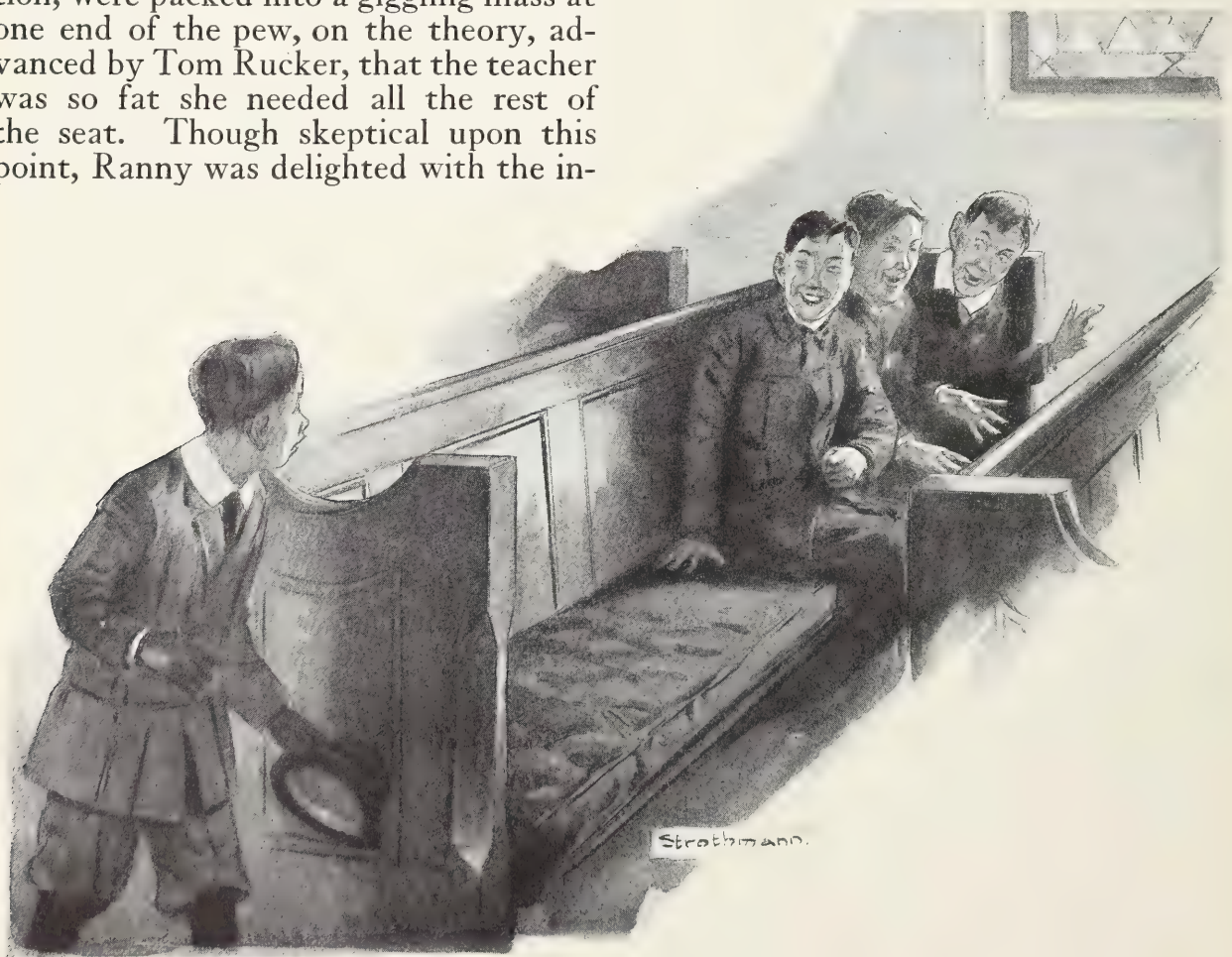
It devolved upon mother to conduct her son to his first session, because, as the less reverent parent observed, she knew the ropes better than he did; and since it was important that he be prompt on the first day, it still lacked ten minutes of half-past nine when Ranny, elegantly dressed and hopeful, and only a little scared, was delivered over to a tall, whiskered man who for a moment ceased to look austere and asked, "How old are you, my little man?" Ranny replied, "Eight-going-on-nine," and was told to go and sit with the three other boys over by that colored window.

These youth, he found upon inspection, were packed into a giggling mass at one end of the pew, on the theory, advanced by Tom Rucker, that the teacher was so fat she needed all the rest of the seat. Though skeptical upon this point, Ranny was delighted with the in-

formal character of the proceedings and promptly converted himself into a hilarious sardine.

Also it was good to see Tom Rucker there. Tom was the only one of the class, eventually numbering eight, who was in Ranny's room at the Center building; as such Tom formed a connecting-link between secular and religious instruction. He was about Ranny's height, but somewhat slighter in build; he wore freckles the year round. At school he was distinguished for his ability to move his ears by some mysterious internal power. Also he was the inventor and sole proprietor of the diversion of wedging his knees under his desk in such a way that by vibrating upon his toes he could produce a small earthquake that was distracting to young and old. He was a fellow of infinite jest and low marks in deportment. In short, Tom was the kind of boy one exchanged snickers with whenever the teacher said a funny big word like "conglomerate."

Miss Binford came practically on



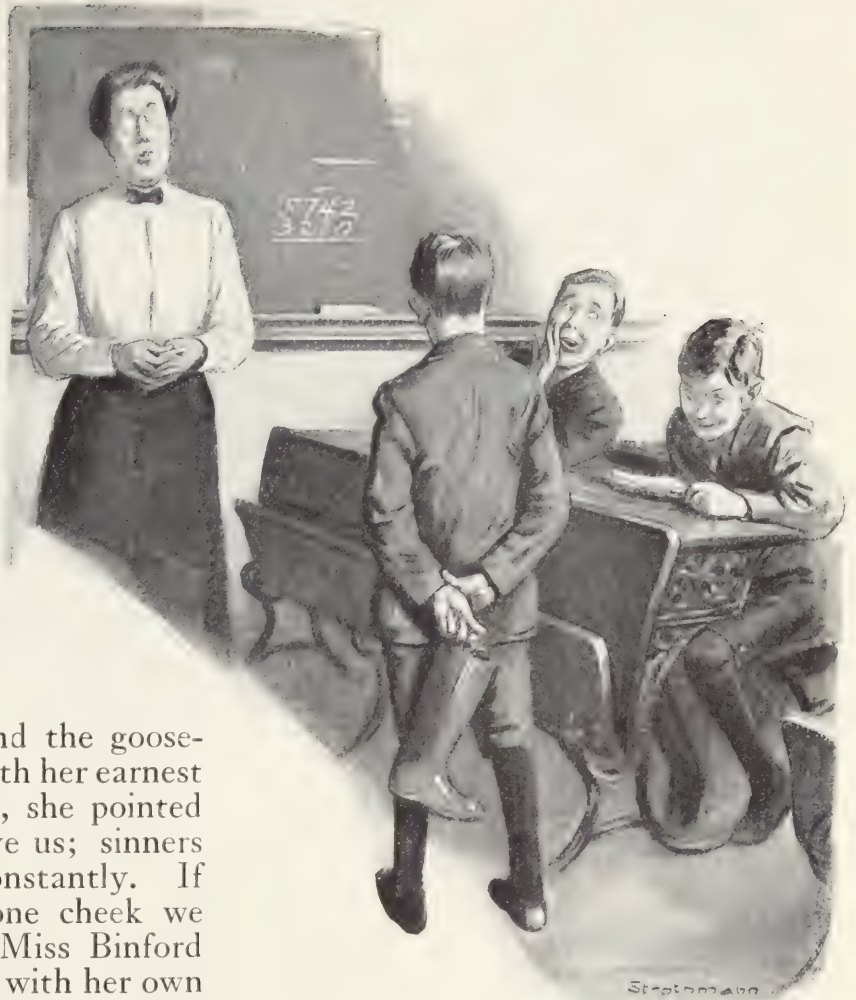
THEY WERE PACKED INTO A GIGGLING MASS AT ONE END OF THE PEW

time, and proved to be young and pretty, but far short of the advance notices as to fatness. Ranny was favorably impressed not only by her gracious welcome to the new pupil, but also by the edible-looking, unseasonable gooseberries on her hat.

The lesson that day concerned the forgiveness of enemies. "Love your enemies," the Golden Text admonished. "Do good to them which hate you." Miss Binford was eloquent and helpful on the subject, and the gooseberries swayed violently with her earnest nods. It was not enough, she pointed out, to love those who love us; sinners do that sort of thing constantly. If some one smites us on one cheek we should turn the other. (Miss Binford illustrated this graphically with her own cheeks, and Ranny wondered whether any one had been smiting them lately.) "We cannot expect to have our own sins forgiven," she concluded, "unless we forgive our enemies."

Ranny was impressed and vaguely troubled. Thinking about it afterward, he wished the teacher might have been a little more explicit on certain points: he had not liked to ask questions before all these advanced students of theology. If it was so important to forgive one's enemies, what would a person do who had no enemies to forgive? How did the likable Miss Binford, for example, keep up her supply of foes? As he considered these matters in that quiescent hour which followed the mid-afternoon Sunday dinner, Ranny reached the conclusion that it was much more important that he have an enemy than that he have a friend. Sinners went in for friendships, Miss Binford had said (and Ranny knew cases in point); conversely, having a friend must be dangerously near sinful.

With characteristic singleness of purpose he tried the new conception upon various schoolmates during the early



HE HAD BEEN ASKED TO GO TO THE BLACKBOARD WHILE HIS FOOTWEAR WAS OFF ON A TRIP

days of the week; these boys did not know it, but they were being sized up for the position of private enemy to Randolph Harrington Dukes. "Fatty" Hartman was discreetly rejected because he was too big, Bud Hicks because in times of hostility he would be too hard to forgive. Their shortcomings were in a sense unfortunate, because mother, who had vetoed these boys as friends, would no doubt have welcomed either of them as an enemy. If Ranny had been able to frame his desire into a want advertisement, as one seeking a family horse, it would have read something like this:

ENEMY WANTED

Small and gentle and fond of children.
R. H. DUKES.

On Thursday came the realization that, with the week slipping fatally toward another Sabbath, he was still on

terms of sinful amity with the world. In a spirit of desperation, and not without regrets, Ranny finally settled upon Tom Rucker to fill the position. Tom's qualifications were numerous. Neither too muscular nor too aggressive for comfort and of a likable and genial disposition withal, Tom would make an ideal temporary enemy, with little danger of becoming permanent. Tom had no ally sworn to ready violence. Moreover, being a Sunday-school pupil of the brick-church faith, Tom would understand the rules governing forgiveness—in fact, Tom had seemed so familiar with the doctrine that while Miss Binford was expounding it he had not found it necessary to listen, but had secretly pointed out how funny the superintendent's whiskers looked in the shaft of yellow light from the colored window.

Ranny searched his memory for some grievance against Tom, but without reward. Tom had not participated in the late unpleasantness at the church snow-bank, having, in fact, been kept in that afternoon for slipping off his rubber boots (as if it were Tom's fault that one of the boots had been passed back the aisle by willing hands, and that he had been asked to go to the blackboard while his footwear was off on a trip). True, Tom had poured water down Ranny's neck during the series of persecutions attending the letter-writing episode, but, try as he would, Ranny could not get angry over this ancient injury. On the whole, it seemed best to start a new grievance.

Accordingly, at half-past three on Thursday afternoon, in fulfilment of his preliminary Christian duty, Ranny solemnly punched Tom Rucker in the region of the floating ribs. He pointed out that Tom was a hopeless victim of freckles, and that he had ears something like a donkey's.

Tom, cut down in the middle of a waggish remark, was taken completely by surprise.

"Aw, wha'—wha'—wha's the matter with ya?" he asked, backing against Curtiss's picket-fence.

This offensive question admitted of but one answer, and the militant brick-churchman landed a blow immediately below Tom's right ear.

Here Tom did a surprising thing; he neither struck back according to the best secular usage nor turned the other cheek in obedience to the Scriptures. He ran away. Once he stopped and picked up a piece of frozen snow, looked at it thoughtfully, and dropped it again. Presently he disappeared from view—a full-fledged enemy!

Public opinion was openly favorable; Ranny felt that his position in society was notably improved.

"What 'd he do to ya?" Bud Hicks asked.

Fearing that his true motive would be hard to explain to the Philistines, Ranny answered evasively:

"He better not get smart with me!"

All present then declared simultaneously that Tom had better not get smart with them. Instead of turning homeward at the church corner Ranny drifted with the crowd to Cook's hardware store, where all parties "skinned the cat" upon the hitching-rail until Mr. Cook personally requested them to stop—not in so many words, but by flourishing a snow-shovel. As the afternoon ebbed, Ranny gradually went home.

Mother, little knowing what a desperate character her son had become since their last meeting, intrusted to him the care of the baby. In the secrecy of the bedroom he took his youthful sister into his confidence, glad to put the case in audible words.

"I got a enemy. I will furgive 'im to-morra'. I couldn't furgive 'im to-day because he ran off."

The baby seemed duly impressed, and said, "Blah!"

"But he better not git smart aroun' me!" Ranny added.

The next day hostile sentiments were carried back and forth by volunteer trouble-makers, but by the time school was out Ranny, who was tired of having an enemy, approached Tom with an olive branch.

"Come 'ere, Tom," he said.

"Well, whatcha want?" the enemy asked, refusing to leave his companions.

Ranny would have preferred privacy, but had to make the best of the faulty situation.

"'T's all right," he said. "I furgive ya."



IN THE SECRECY OF THE BEDROOM HE TOOK HIS YOUTHFUL SISTER INTO HIS CONFIDENCE

"What are ya talkin' about?" Tom asked. The others, thinking Ranny had invented some new form of insult, closed in with high hopes.

It seemed to Ranny that his opponent showed surprising obtuseness for a veteran Sunday-school student; but since he could not say offhand just what he was forgiving Tom for, he had to temporize.

"You know—like they tell ya in Sunday-school."

At this there was a wild outburst of heathenish glee, and Ranny was handled roughly by one and all. "Fatty" scored a popular success by touching Ranny's head and making motions as of rapidly revolving wheels. There was a movement on foot to wash Ranny's face, but the victim broke away amid a shower of snowballs.

Moist and disheartened, shorn of his new prestige, and dubious about the future, Ranny went home. And though Saturday was a time of mild sunshine and adhesive snow, with the streets full of farmers' bob-sleds, Ranny kept much to the back yard, safe from persecution. The long, lonely day drew to a close, and he faced another Sunday-school with an unforgiven enemy who would be there

in person. Yet what could you do when your enemy declined to be forgiven and went in for popular ridicule?

The lesson at Ranny's second Sunday-school was about another matter (apparently of special interest to gardeners), but first there was a moment of review.

"Who can tell," Miss Binford asked, "what the lesson was last Sunday?"

There was a moment of profound silence, during which one could hear what the superintendent was saying to the Bible class.

"Andrew, can't you tell us?"

The youth with the red bow necktie, finding himself cornered, tried to escape with David the giant-killer, but was repulsed with heavy loss.

Finally Ranny raised a timid hand.

"What was it, Randolph?" the teacher asked.

"You should furgive your enemies."

"That's right, Randolph!" The gooseberry season was over now on Miss Binford's hat, and green roses waved their delight at Ranny's virtues. "The new scholar was the one who remembered. Now to-day let's all pay close attention and be good little boys like Randolph."

The bright new scholar flushed under

the unwelcome tribute, his guilty secret burning in his throat like a live coal. Out of a corner of his eye he saw a baleful wrinkle on Tom's freckled nose and noted the derisive movement of the accomplished ears. As far as Ranny was concerned, Miss Binford's exposition of the Parable of the Sowers fell upon stony ground; he was glad when the unprofitable session was at an end.

With the fading daylight his gloom deepened. In his brief career as a sinner he had already discovered that conscience hurts more at twilight than in the morning. Although Miss Binford had not said anything specific on the subject, he knew very well what happened to persons who were wicked. Ted Blake had only recently explained the matter in vivid detail, and Ted was an authority on wickedness, both by inheritance and in his own right. As Ranny stood at the sitting-room window and looked out upon the purpling snow, his spirits sank lower and lower, and the lump in his throat swelled and rose like a great hot balloon.

"What's the matter, dear?" mother asked, laying a cool hand upon his forehead. "Aren't you feeling well?"

Although he would have defended his shameful secret against harshness, or even ridicule, sympathy was more than his overbrimming heart could bear; so in the presence of his parents and the astonished baby he broke down. The baby started a sympathetic wail and was only comforted after a series of unhygienic "oops" conducted by father.

Ranny told his story between contractions of the diaphragm.

"The Sunday-school teacher said for us to forgive our enemies—I hadn't no enemy, so I picked on Tom Rucker—he gets mad an' runs away an' ever'thing—he won't let me forgive 'im—I hate 'im—I can't go to heaven." Irrelevantly he added, "Neither c'n Ted Blake."

There was silence while the parents exchanged perplexed glances.

"You'd better straighten out his theology," said father. "I'm better at wagon-making."

"He ought to have begun with the Old Testament," said mother, thoughtfully. "Children understand that better. It's all right, dear. You're not a

bad boy. Now tell me just what you said after you struck Tom."

"The nex' day, I said, 'I furgive ya.'"

Here father snorted and had to be suppressed.

"Don't worry about it any more, dear," mother said. "To-morrow you must go to Tom Rucker and say you are sorry. It's he that must do the forgiving this time."

"Stick to him till he does," father added.

Surprising information was forthcoming; it seemed that it was not really necessary to have an enemy. Many good people never had them at all. The important thing was not to hate anybody.

"Tom must be a very bad boy," said father, dolefully.

"He ain't, either," was Ranny's indignant reply. "He don't say bad words or steal or throw rocks—hardly ever."

"I'm glad of that." To mother he added some mysterious remarks about reaction from hostility.

The next afternoon, in accordance with a matured plan, Ranny left the other boys at the gate of the school-house and hurried away as one who had an important engagement with his sled. A detour of the back streets brought him to Cedar Avenue, where Tom should soon be making his way homeward. In order not to reveal himself prematurely, Ranny hid behind a large tree; a small dog came floundering through the snow and threatened to dislodge him, but proved to be curious rather than hungry. Ranny kicked the tree nervously for a long time, but at last the enemy hove in sight, unsupported and unattended, alternately taking two or three running steps and sliding. Ranny stepped out and confronted him.

"Hello, Tom," he said, with what was intended for a cordial smile.

"Aw, let me alone," said Tom, making a circle toward the street.

With a desperate feeling that his chance was slipping away again, Ranny forgot the formula that mother had prescribed.

"Doggone ya! If ya don't let me furgive ya, I'll punch ya one!"

Punching took place forthwith—but not in accordance with the threat.

Tom's fist flew out defensively and grazed his tormentor's cheek; its partner landed a jolting blow under Ranny's eye. The two boys clenched, struggled for leg-holds, and fell into the deep snow, Tom unmistakably on top. Somehow they had fallen upside down to each other, and Tom's boots were waving perilously over Ranny's face. At this point Ranny gave up trying to remember the rules of Christian conduct; he only knew that he had no desire to continue this unprofitable warfare. So he addressed Tom's feet as follows:

"Rucker, I bet I c'n sling a snowball straighter 'n you."

"Aw, ya can't, neither," replied Tom, magnanimously. Thus a friendship was born.

They gave each other a sketchy brushing off, then threw snowballs until they almost hit a window and deemed it best to go elsewhere. For a time they slid at a fine place by a leaky hydrant. Tom amazingly produced two cents, which they ran through in no time at Mrs. Leonard's candy-store. After refreshment they jumped on a bob-sled and rode clear to the third-ward school-house. On the way back they made a big snowball and rolled it down the hill back of the old tannery. They trod a wheel-shaped design in the snow and quarreled amicably about who should be the fox.

For the remaining days of their hitherto wasted lives they planned a series of lavish entertainments which included crawling through a hay tunnel, selling drugs in Ranny's "secret den" (only not now, because everything was "froze up and busted"), building a snow-

house behind Tom's barn, skating on the "Frogtown" pond, coasting down choice, exclusive hills, making life difficult for "old Millsy" in school and well-nigh impossible for "Fatty" Hartman. Vague promises were exchanged, involving spring and summer diversions. They Dukessed and Ruckered each other ostentatiously; they devised a private "holler" for summoning each other out of homes.

There were informal discussions of the prodigious quantity of confectionery they would consume if they were mill-



THE TWO BOYS CLENCHED AND FELL INTO THE DEEP SNOW

ionaires, the uselessness of girls in practical affairs, how ridiculous Chinamen were, moving pictures, collections of burned-out electric-light carbons, three sure cures for warts, and the importance of having a dog. They proved to have common tastes in jokes and a common

distrust of Indians. In fact, save for a studied silence upon religious matters, they had run the whole gamut of human interests and emotions when finally, in the fast-failing twilight, they arrived at Ranny's gate.

"Goo' by, Rucker," said Ranny. "Don't furgit the holler."

"No, I won't. Listen f'r it in the mornin'."

"All right. Goo'-by."

"Goo'-by, Dukes. Don't tell 'Fatty' what I said."

"No, I won't. Goo'-by."

"Goo'-by."

Waiting for a moment until Tom's form had faded into the dusk, Ranny

hurried in to enlighten his family as to the startling change that had taken place in Lakeville society. As he entered the side door mother gave him an anxious, penetrating glance.

"For goodness' sake, Ranny!" she cried, as she pulled him into the lamp-light, "where have you been—and what have you been doing to your clothes—and what on earth is the matter with your face?"

Ranny was surprised to find that the area below one eye was tender to mother's touch.

"I had a fight with Rucker," he said, with a glowing, discolored smile. "He's my friend!"

Encounter

BY DOROTHEA MACKELLAR

AS I walked over Tarra plain the wind blew keenly sweet.
The sky was blue and fleecy-white, and at my lagging feet
The close-bit grass grew thick and green; but weary came my breath—
As I went over Tarra plain whom should I meet but Death.

He went afoot, he bore no scythe, no skeleton was he,
But broad of chest and narrow-flanked as would a greyhound be;
Strong jaws he had, and thirsty lips; his eyes were gray as Fear;
And while he looked my troubled mind became unearthly clear.

The blood ran backward in my veins, but when he spoke my name
My flagging spirit leaped on high and trembled like a flame;
The air around was mortal cold, I shivered in the sun,
But life was running strong and full as it had never done.

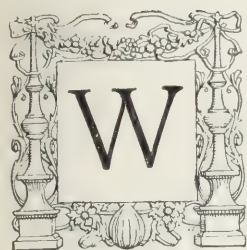
His smile was like the glint of fire upon an Eastern blade;
I watched those cruel, curving lips, most bitterly afraid,
But all my soul resisted him. "O brave and wise!" said he,
"How has she failed, my sister Life, that you should call to me?"

Naught moved on Tarra plain except the shadow of a cloud;
My heart as though 'twould stifle me beat hurriedly and loud,
And dumb I felt him touch it, dumb I turned to watch him pass,
And saw how purple flowers bloomed behind him in the grass.

Never was I so much alive since first my days began,
And like a fire before the wind my eager longings ran,
For I will see some beauty yet, and stand some hazards fine,
Before the last adventure when those cold lips cling to mine.

The Ancient Barrier of the Pyrenees

BY HILAIRE BELLOC



WHEN a man goes southward through the Gauls—and best of all on foot—he goes through one district after another which, though varying from garden to pastures, from pastures to deserted upland moors and back to gardens again, pass from one into the other with little of abrupt transition. The forests he passes through, though ancient, are orderly. Even the dead volcanoes of the central knot are guardians rather than lords of the flats below them; and as he comes down their farther slopes to the sheet of vineyards along the southern rivers he has everywhere found the many landscapes of his journey maintaining a certain scale, moderate and apt to the high civilization of France. He has seen nothing awful; he has been arrested by nothing tremendous in nature; he will rather remember the works of man; for France (save for the marshy gate to the northeast) is everywhere inclosed by mountains or sea, and within that inclosure is a habitation for men.

But at last from some swell of land, not high, rising from the valley of the Garonne or of the Adour, or from that great Domitian Way which was the earliest triumph of Rome outside her Italian boundaries, he will perceive the sunlit sky in the south to be distinguished by a high and not uneven line, faint but continuously discernible throughout all the stretch of the horizon; and all below this line is of a graver, mistier tint of blue. This broad, faint belt, lifted high and seemingly separate from the world, he may take for a very distant and singularly changeless bank of cloud; it has the even texture and the distance of a cloud in still air, and it comes too much against heaven for him to think of it at first (after so many hundred miles of undulating fields) as being anything

but of the sky. But that line does not move; and as he still goes southward through the day it still stands unchanging between him and the sun. It is lost only to the left and to the right in infinities of distance. It is so little broken by darker shadows against its universal gray that if it is not the bank of cloud it seemed, it must be a giant's wall rising sheer up out of France. That line is the Pyrenees.

I saw it thus when first I went out ten years ago with the intention of discovery. I had then, in seeing what so many millions have seen in just this sudden fashion, an experience as novel as a landfall, as fresh as the finding of an unknown world. And there is something about this ordered, even, and unchanging height which, though I have repeated that experience now very often and in varied seasons, forbids it ever to lose its original appeal. I could almost say that everything I have known grows stale except good verse and the Pyrenees.

This great rampart runs unbroken from the sea to the sea for two hundred and fifty miles. So even is it that no break or saddle cuts it—as the Alps are cut continually, as the Carpathians everywhere. The paths and tracks by which men painfully surmount it, numerous enough, rise up with the mountain slopes into the sky. When a man wanders into the heart of the chain he must climb on to the ridge of it and there find no more than a notch or neck but slightly bitten below the higher ridge on every side. Save for the broad Cerdagne, chiseled widely southward out of the mass from the summit, every way over the Pyrenees is by a little nick in their heights, not one by a gulf marring their continuity.

So much for the main matter of this range. It is, what so many other ranges have with less justice been called, a *wall*. It contains and it forbids. I wish I

could put here in written words what perhaps the modern camera skilfully used might do for me, and what surely some great landscape-painter should long ago have done for this amazing

her by these mountains that Iberian part in which is preserved (less corrupted than perhaps in any other department of the West) the old stock and the enduring virtues of our race. For the Spanish peasant of the bare upland plateaus is a sort of unchanging model showing us whence we came and by what qualities we may be preserved.

These mountains, then, which make such a wall between the Spaniards and the North, are a matter of the liveliest interest; and the causes of shape and structure which have given them this strange power to isolate a single people from the rest are worthy of much more care than historians or travelers have given to them. To understand the scenery of the Pyrenees and to seize its meaning in culture, as well as its splendor to the eye, is half to understand the story of Europe.

That they have been more neglected than the other great ranges of the Continent is due to that very power of isolation which they possess; nor need we fear that the increasing study of them and their greater frequentation which has come in quite recent years will mar their sublimity; for that very character of theirs which makes them so different from all the other mountain masses of Europe will, as I shall presently show, preserve them from vulgarity. No host of men could spoil the Pyrenees.

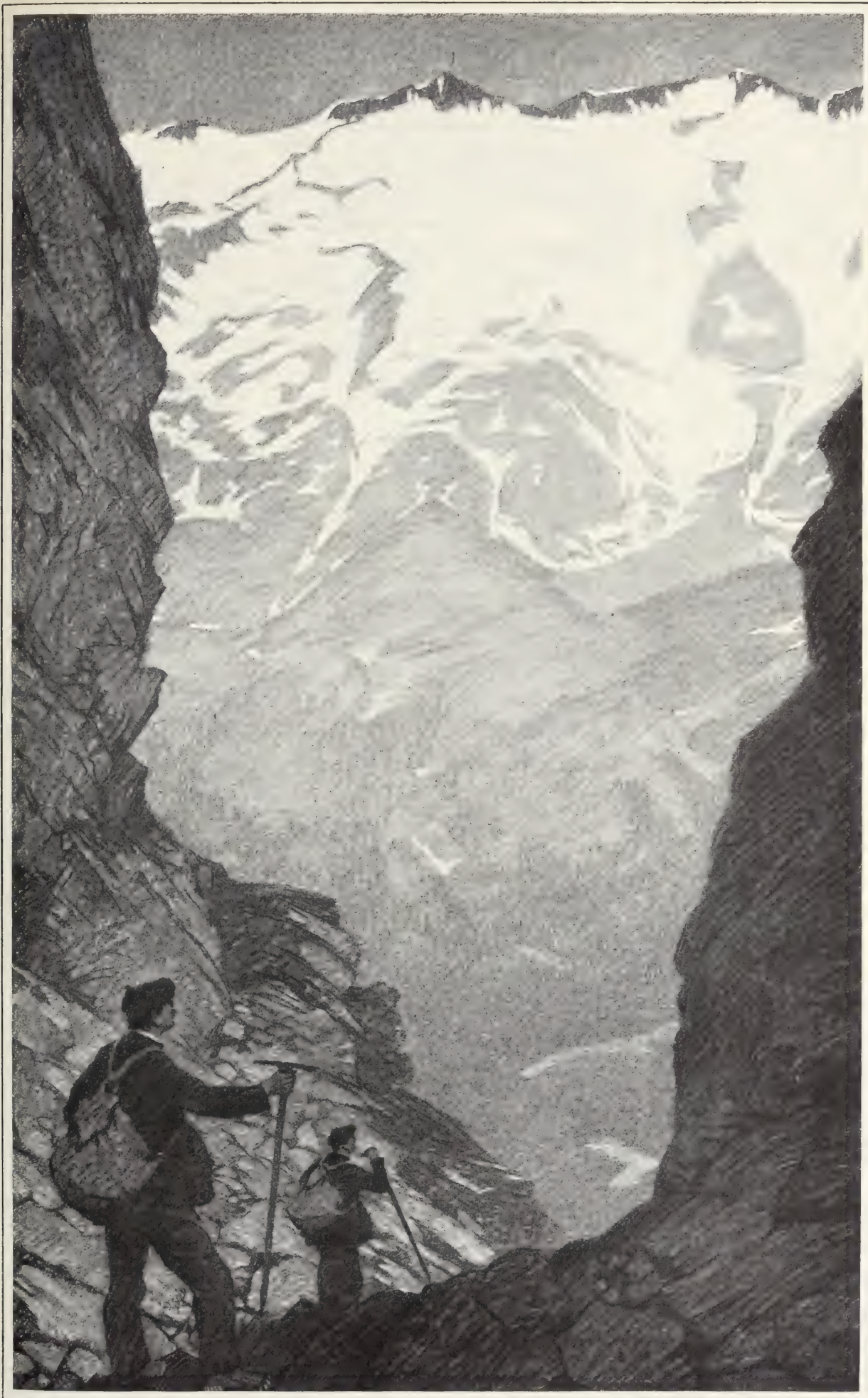
Before I speak of the physical forms which thus mark them out and which have given them their peculiar effect throughout the Christian centuries, I would register some examples of what their effect has been. They kept separate and vigorous for over three hundred years a special national church in which the chief features of our faith took root. There is in the creed a famous clause upon the full divinity of Christ, which fought its way for admission into Christian formula—the first use of that clause in the chanting of the ritual sprang from Toledo. It was the Pyrenees which set a term to the attempted Mohammedan conquest of Christendom a thousand years ago.



DRESS AND CUSTOMS ARE OF AN ANCIENT DAY

thing—I mean the sense of command, of an ordered halt, and of a sheer limit which it imposes.

Nowhere in the world does a barrier so completely isolate one province of a civilization from its peers. Europe, from its most ancient origins one thing, and forged into an active unity by the energies of Rome, has had cut off from



Drawn by Thornton Oakley

CLIFFS OF SILENCE REACHING UP INTO THE HIDDEN SKY

The valleys of the Pyrenees were *foci* where the energy of Europe concentrated in the perpetual and repeated charges of raids of Northern men, mounted and armed, beating back Islam. The mule-tracks and the huddled hamlets of those valleys first saw knight-hood, and they were the school of war in which Europe re-rose in the Dark Ages until she awoke at last to the Crusades. In those valleys the greatest of our epics was forged, the first of our true Parliaments met—commons, lords, and priests at Jaca under a king who was king of nothing as yet beyond the narrow Torrent Gorge of the Aragon. It was the Pyrenees that kept the Ibe-

rian Peninsula apart during the spiritual storm of the sixteenth century. It was the Pyrenees that, more than any other natural feature, or than any other inanimate thing, interrupted the scheme of Napoleon.

To-day we assist at the beginning of a transformation. New roads are piercing where for so many centuries no wheels could pass. High on that Aragon torrent I heard year after year the blasting of the tunnel that will re-open such a scheme of ways as had been lost since the Romans. Something is passing that has hitherto been capital in all our fortunes, and something the departure of which may change Europe in the future much more than those engineers or their masters dream.

The Pyrenees, thus distinguished as a wall of walls among mountains, rise as you come close upon their edges from the north in a clear spring.

Where other mountains have foothills, the first heights of the Pyrenees stand up sharply, as a rule, from thick, flat, river meadows running parallel to them at their feet; the bastion outermost heights lift abruptly, half as tall as the greater peaks behind; and all along the file of giants stand in good dressing like ranks upon parade above the plains.

I have so seen them in a summer evening when the sun at his setting had crept round northward of their line. His light shone level, and the reddened headlands so exactly set seemed like the too-strict shores of an inaccessible country that falls to a calm and deep sea from awful inland regions.

But as you come near to this seemingly unbroken face you perceive that other strong feature in the chain which I have seen nowhere else, unless it be in their nearest parallel, the Californian

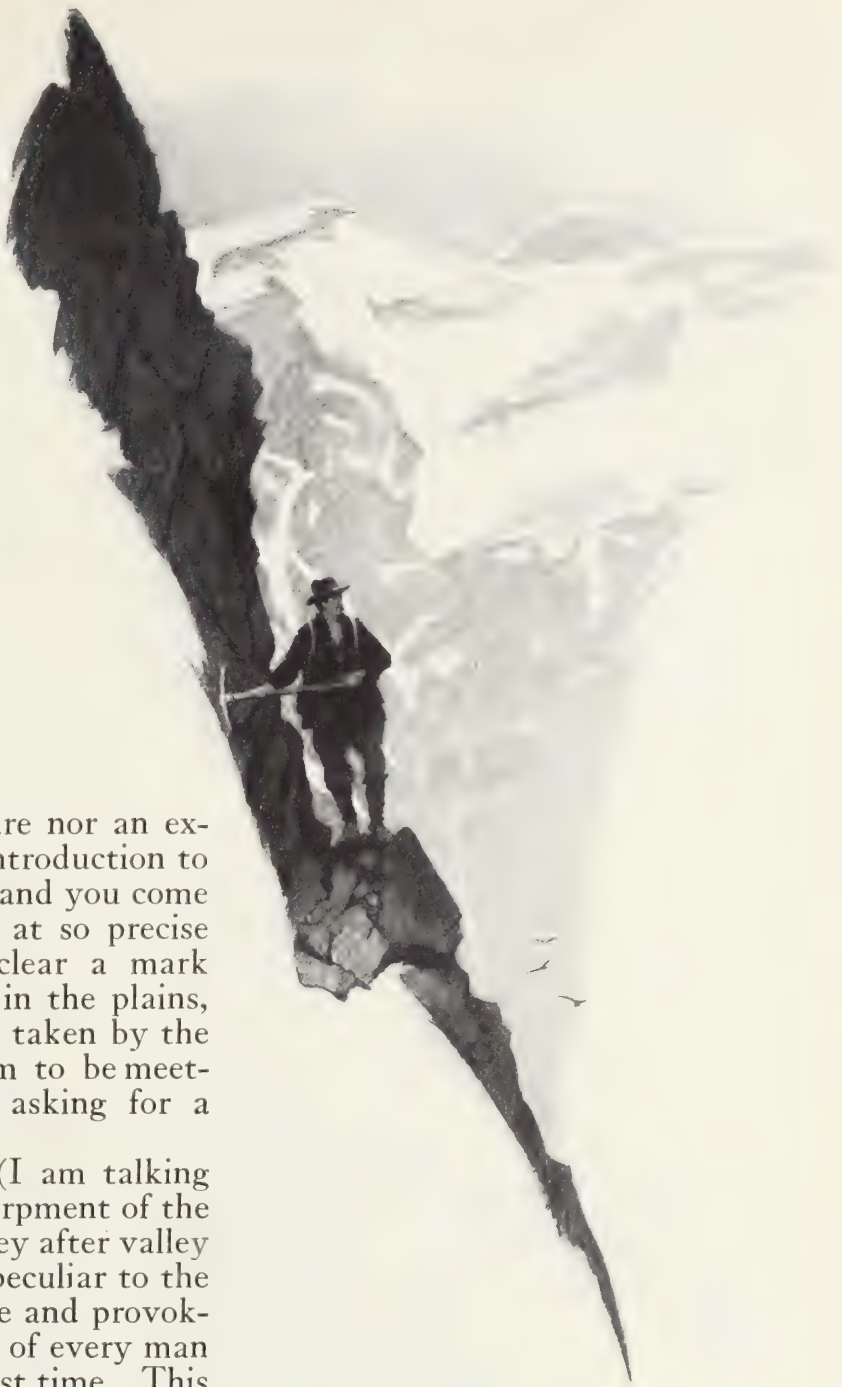


GATHERING FIREWOOD

Sierras. This feature may, I think, be called the valley gates.

Here and there in the Alps (and even in the Apennines) you will find something of the kind. Two great cliffs will form the edges of a gap that cuts right down to the plain and admits a valley floor, through the front, into the rear of the mountains. Such is the once-famous entry to the Grésivaudan which leads up to Grenoble, the portal through which Hannibal passed (as I believe) when he challenged the Alps and forced the barriers of Italy. But in the Pyrenees this sight is not a rare nor an exceptional one. It is the introduction to each of the great valleys; and you come on each so definitely and at so precise a moment—there is so clear a mark *before* which you are still in the plains, *after* which you have been taken by the mountains—that you seem to be meeting a person and to be asking for a name.

In or near such gates (I am talking of the northern Gallic escarpment of the range) you will find in valley after valley a further natural feature peculiar to the Pyrenees, arresting the eye and provoking the historical curiosity of every man that comes on it for the first time. This natural feature consists in an isolated rock or rocky hill standing well out from the great mountains upon either side, and, if it be fortified by men, blocking the issue from the valley—indeed, from a time beyond all records, men have fortified these holders of the gates. The whole region of Foix, with its glory of the later Middle Ages and of the Renaissance, takes its name from such a rock where for centuries the castle stood defending the issue of the gold-rolling river—"Aurigera"—the Ariège. Boldly out in front of the main pass where the Romans built their great road through the heart of the mountains you have Oloron so standing.



DEEP GORGES BESET THE MOUNTAINEER

Right in the narrow entry of the gorges that lead to Gavarnie you have the rock of Lourdes. And so it is all up and down the chain. What guess the geologists may have made at this formation I do not know. Nor is it of any great value, for they will change their guess three or four times in the next fifty years. But I know what it is in landscape: as perplexing and sharp a thing as there is in Europe—that there should be in valley after valley this fortified rock forbidding an entry to the

hills, and, round about each, perfectly flat meadows, so that each stands individual and alone.

When a man has entered one of these gates and passed one of these ancient fortresses, he will, after following the road through the gorge which is the

which the steep slopes, wooded and cascading one above the other, look down from every side, are not only typical of Pyrenean scenery, but, like most things in the Pyrenees, are typical also of their history and of their part in the formation of Europe. For these inclosed and

hidden fertile places within the hills, nourishing each its five or seven villages, have maintained probably through the Roman time, certainly through the Middle Ages (and, what is more remarkable, furtively in our own day), a sort of independent democracy.

One, indeed, the Valley of Andorra, with its ramifications, can assert its independence upon the map and in the language of diplomacy. This blessed little republic (when it is touched at last, its peril may well be a symbol of impending evil for Europe) is suspended politically between France and Spain. It makes its own laws, or rather observes its own customs, and portrays all that was ever said for or against political freedom. It is the happiest community of men I have ever known.

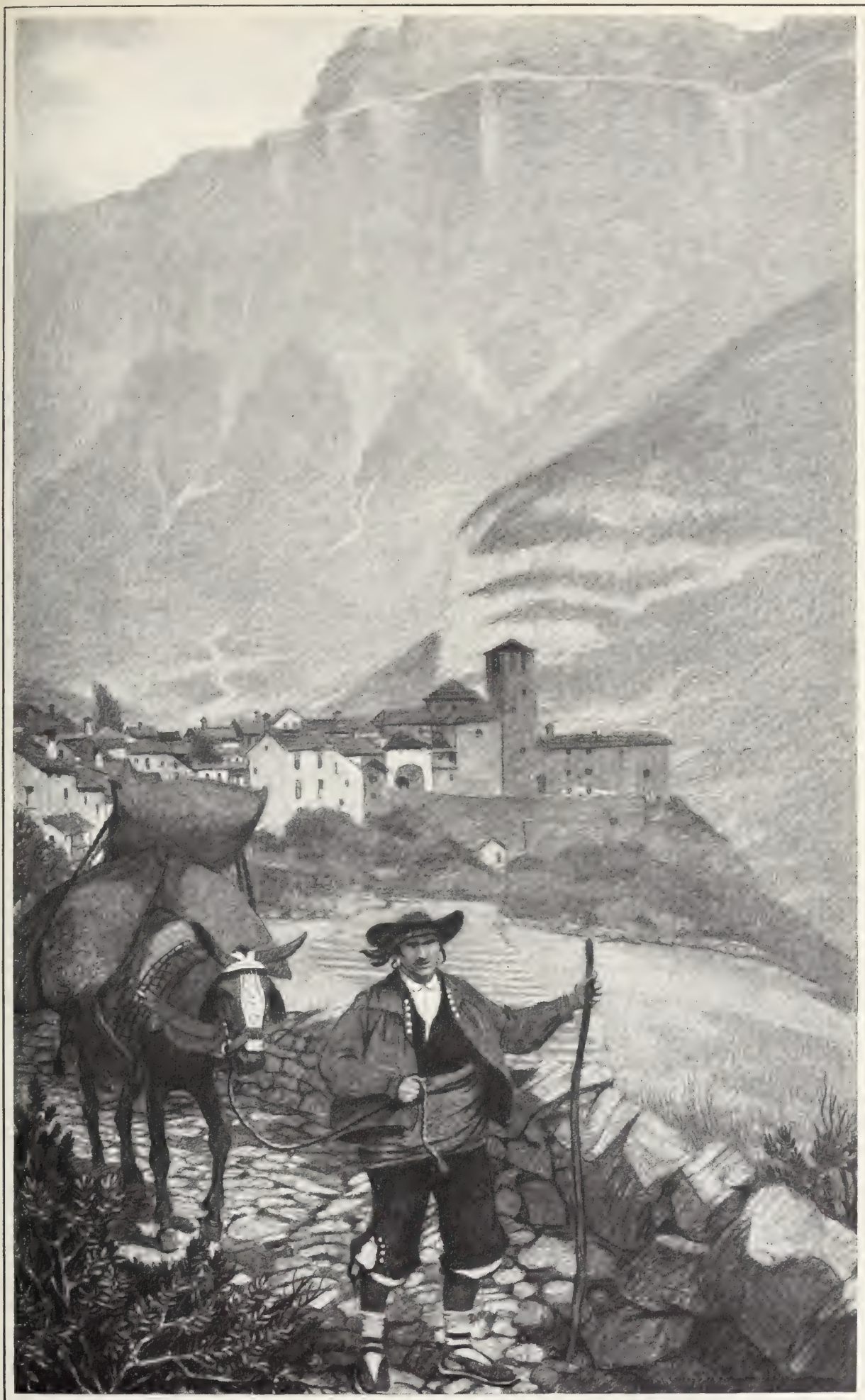
But apart from this fortunate, and secluded place, every one of those defended and cut-off groups of villages in the amphitheatres of the hills has, in spite of modern central governments, a life of its own. It observes its own customs in land tenure, it voluntarily subserves a life not guaranteed by the great capital of the state, but by a local loyalty. So it is with

the finest of them all, of which Bedous is the capital, and there, I think, the quiet traveler will best observe the unconquerable spirit of these heights. The French Republic, the Empire before it, and before that the Monarchy, have called the circle of Bedous for now four hundred years a mere division of French land. But live within it only for a few days and



IN THE VALLÉE D'OUÉIL

issue of the torrent, come, behind the gates of the valley, into yet another feature of the Pyrenees, a feature as characteristic of them as the two I have already mentioned. This third feature of their scenery is the broadening out of the valley into what looks like, and may have been in remote ages, the level floor of a lake. These inclosed arenas upon



Drawn by Thornton Oakley

THE SPANISH TOWN OF TORLA NESTLES BELOW LOFTY RAMPARTS

you will find that it has maintained its soul. The young men are conscript for the army; the children go to schools where their teachers are named from Paris; the priest in the village church came, until quite lately, like an official from any distance, and would move again to any distance farther. But all this false homogeneity—suitable to the plains, not suitable to the hills—does not seem to have diminished in the least the corporate social tradition of that valley.

It is the same with that Spanish unity (Spanish by exception, for it stands to the north of the hills), the Val d'Aran. For the Val d'Aran, quite cut off from its own government, not to be reached by any Spanish vehicle (there is no road from it into Spain), lives its own life like a little nation. The same force which made the Swiss cantons works still with splendid vigor in the Pyrenees. Further, I will believe that it is more natural and stronger in those hills.

In the limits of the valleys where the torrent is now no more than a thread, where the ridge of the main range stands up before one at last in a line of serrated rock or of high snow-flaked grass against the sky, there must be noted in these mountains one special sort of human mold, discoverable, indeed, in every mountain range, but here vivid and apart. This is what I may call "The Hamlet at the Foot of the Pass." Modern travel has slightly degraded these, for they stand where the peaks above them are most awful and they command the entry to the wildest land. But they are still, and I think will always be, things apart. Gavarnie is the only one I know to have been hurt, and even Gavarnie may return to sanity and quietness under those cliffs of silence. But for the rest, I can recall twenty such hamlets, sometimes but a cluster of twenty houses, sometimes a true village with a church, which guard the last ascent to the ridge and the passage into Spain. Gabas is one, Urdos another, Campan a third, Serrat a fourth. These last vestiges of men have this in common: a huddling close together as of sheep in a storm (for the snow oppresses them most of the year), a great sadness in demeanor and in song—they have their own songs—and lastly a fidelity

to their homes, a patriotism of the roof, more enduring than that of the lower levels. There are villages in the Pyrenees that emigrate, but (paradoxically, perhaps, and strangely) it is not these higher villages that emigrate; and while you find men complaining, nearer the plains, that the plains are better worth seeking, in the higher valley you find nothing but regret that ever a man should leave his land.

But all this deals with the Gallic escarpment of the Pyrenees: well watered, dense with forests of pine and of beech and enormously lofty in the mists, with perpendicular after perpendicular of limestone reaching up into the hidden sky.

Cross the watershed and get to the southern slope, toward the sun with the entry into Spain, and you find another business in the mountains. It is not for nothing that those farther torrents debouching into once conquered land and into the Ebro Plain that the Mohammedan ravaged so long (filling the wells, cutting the trees—it is still parched to-day) played a part in history different from their twins of the north.

The Pyrenees in the south show their changed country in their soil and sparse trees and very ancient, roughly built roofs.

I will dare to be so fantastic as to say that the outlines of the hills betray a new fate. Nor will even modern men think this so fantastic, after all, perhaps, when they remember that rocks standing up to the southern sun will suffer different accidents of erosion from those that look northward and nourish sheltered and shaded streams.

There are standing up, then, southward, such abrupt hills, with such names as "The Enchanted," "The Accursed," "The Stony," "The Peaks of Hell." They are savage, they contain no regular secluded valleys as does the slope to the north; rather they stand out like ramparts, ridges parallel one with the other, defending Gaul against the irruption of Africa through Spain.

Here are not forests, but groves or woods made of trees standing singly and landscapes of bare earth. Here the torrents also lose their lucidity and become, as the Aragon or the Gallego,

tawny like the tawny soil around; and their names—like those two names, Gallego and Aragon—are the names of the Reconquest and of the chief adventure of Christendom. For down their banks Christendom did what fools think cannot be done at all, and what has been done so rarely in the history of the world. The men that drank of these rivers set their will against the stream of things and unmade the Mohammedan conquest of Spain.

There is a place where the whole spirit of that enormous thing is fixed in landscape. That place is Riglos. Here the Gallego torrent, escaping from the last flanking walls that stand out, parallel with and defending the Pyrenees, comes at last upon the plain. The torrent cuts through cliffs bright red in color, enormous in height; a visionary entry into Spain, and these cliffs have by the process of years' frost upon frost for centuries become cut into great isolated pillars which men call "The Chimneys of Riglos." They can be seen from very far away in the brown plains, standing up thus crimson and in shape like the turrets and bastions of some incredibly high castle: a stronghold for Atlas and his sons. By this gap, also, the little railway that now runs no farther than Jaca issues from the hills. By this gap will run in a few years the new great railroad of Europe which they are making, and which will directly connect, for the first time since the Roman roads fell out of use, Madrid and Paris. The tunnel is already pierced under that same Col which carried the old main Roman road, and, I know not in how many months more, the new highway will begin to change the travel of Europe.

All that country, from Huesca at the foot of the hills upon the plain to Jaca on the high torrent of Aragon, and for a day's ride around, is crammed with history. That torrent Aragon gave its name to the great kingdom because, from its gorge men rode out fighting for three hundred years, and only after those three hundred years had they at last recovered their Christian earth now parched and treeless to the limits of the Ebro. It is perhaps that countryside in Europe which could tell most of our

medieval origins and of how our assemblies, our ranks, and our romance arose. But it is very silent, its record is confused and slight. Only its legends are enormous.

The Pyrenees upon this southern edge of them show well why they have been such a barrier, and why they have so molded history. For not only do those separate walls of theirs run out flanking the main chain, abrupt and steep ridges, for all the world like huge earthworks, but (save by few passages) they entice one, before one comes to the main crest, to attempt impassable gorges that lead up to no traverse, but run athwart one's way. Of these the hugest, a cañon more awful than any that I have seen, more impressive even than those of Western America (for though those are of greater depth, they are broader), is that which runs south of the Marboré, cut through quite naked cliffs from heights that take a man a day to climb.

It is not until one has attempted such a northward journey into the green lands of the Garonne from the deserts of the Ebro, and attempted it on foot, that one sees either the miraculous contrast between the Gauls and the hard Iberian land, or the obstacle, equally miraculous, which the Pyrenees afford.

Water is no small part of this obstacle. For it is not plentiful or limpid here upon the southern side as upon the north. A man must know his way if he is to be certain of camping by water before night. Of roads there are none save the four or five, in two hundred and forty miles of country, which lead to the very rare permanent crossings of the hills. I think one may best express the difficulty of that land by this example: news there is three days old. The communication of Europe to these remote groups of huts is not directly from across the hills, but round them, and Madrid hears of what is doing in Toulouse half a week before the mountaineers can learn it, though they are by four-fifths nearer to the north.

Those who know Spain well say that of all her isolated parts Estremadura is the most alone: that there the noise of the world comes last, and that there men live their lives most as they will



Drawn by Thornton Oakley

REMOTE VALLEYS ABOUND IN PRIMITIVE SCENES

without the impress of any foreign fashion. But I think that the Five Towns east of the Basque boundary, or all that broken land between the Valley of Esterri and the Gallego, or even the Catalan tumble of hills to the south, run Estremadura close for this. The Pyrenean chain that shelters them from the northern wind shelters them also from every influence of change.

The Pyrenees will endure not only in their heights and forests, but the simplicity of their villages, their political customs, and all their being. They were saved from too early a discovery at the hands of the vulgar in the days when the charlatans of art were ruining so much else that was beautiful in Europe fifty years ago. They have the advantage of a high differentiation — many different

racés and different dialects side by side: always an element of permanence. And on the physical side they have this strong guarantee: that they are too large to be overrun and wasted.

In the Alps narrow valleys, checked and contained by vast fields of snow and ice above, are soon peopled with fashion, and the area which men without roots have had given over to them to spoil is necessarily restricted. But in the Pyrenees you have region after region of mountain land, not one much less than sixty miles in breadth and all of them open to the ranging of a man on foot. The valleys are contained by no snow-fields, and the customs of the people and their contempt for the plains are as strong as oak. I do not think that by any accident of travel they can now be overcome or degraded.

Hunger

BY DANA BURNET

THE Starving Men they walk the dusk,
With hunger in their eyes.
To them a Lighted House is like
A lamp of Paradise.

It is the Window in the dusk,
That marks the drifter's coast;
It is the thought of love and light
That mocks the drifter most.

Now I have been a Starving Man
And walked the winter dusk;
And I have known how life may be
A Heaven and a Husk. . . .

The Fainting Hands they pulled my sleeve,
And bade me curse the Light.
But I had seen a Rich Man's face
That looked into the night.

A hungry face, a brother face,
That stared into the gloom,
And starved for life and starved for love
Within a lighted room!

My Cousin's Bridegroom

BY ARTHUR JOHNSON



If you told me," I said to my mother, "that Cousin Lavonia had bought an elephant—or swum the channel—or—or joined the Salvation Army, I should have imagination enough to see the fitness of it. But—"

"You haven't set eyes on Lavonia, my son, for eleven years—not since she has grown up."

"Not since she's *grown up*!" I echoed, remembering how, though a year younger than I, she had in that sixteenth summer of her girlhood towered nearly a foot above my own commendable height. "She looked, even then, like a great horse in petticoats!"

"Lavonia is a perfect lady," said my mother, irrelevantly, "though she is a little bit large."

"Who and what manner of man has she intimidated into marrying her?" I demanded.

"Dr. Percy Routan, of Texas," answered my mother, gravely. "What he's like you will be able to judge for yourself at the wedding."

"I'll be hanged," I said, "if I'll travel 'way out to St. Louis to assist at that *mésalliance*."

"You must, my son. I can't—I'm not able; and it's necessary somebody should go in my place. How would you feel if *you* were being married and Lavonia didn't care enough about us to come?"

"Feel?" I cried. "I vow right now I'll never be married in a room big enough to hold her!"

"I am thinking," said my mother, "about her wedding-present. What do you suppose Lavonia would like?"

"Oh, a steam-roller or a mowing-machine, perhaps."

"You should," my mother absently corrected, "take Dr. Percy Routan into consideration. He may be

a small, delicate man. Those large girls generally pick out puny husbands."

"They struggle less?" I asked, restrainedly.

"It's like blondes marrying brunettes; it's because nobody's satisfied with his lot, and sees disproportionate advantages in the opposite extreme. I myself, for example, once had a longing to be graceful. At eighteen I should rather have been a ballet girl than—than Queen Victoria."

"But, when you married," I said, "you didn't, thank the Lord! marry a dancing-master."

"Your father danced divinely!" reproved my mother.

"I wonder what Lavonia does."

"There's lots to her," said my mother.

"Acres and acres," I assented.

"Yes," said my mother, dreamily, "combining qualities he may have aspired to in vain."

"Did you mean 'qualities,'" I asked, "or 'quantities'?"

"Heaven knows," she concluded at this point, "just what his aspirations may have been."

But of this I was in due course to get a picture, for, as you may have surmised, I had to go to the wedding; and I'm glad I did—at least I'm glad I had that talk with Dr. Percy Routan. It gave me an otherwise unimaginable clue to how he had come to marry my cousin. I learned at first hand the truth of some such absurd platitudes as my mother had so humorously hinted at; I saw *why* they were true. It was a remarkable lesson in the unaccountability for tastes.

I arrived at nine o'clock the evening before the wedding. Dr. Percy Routan made known his identity to me as I emerged from the train by touching me on the arm with, "I could ha' told you anywhere from your picture! How

you are? 'Tall tired from long journey?"

And when he had gallantly attended to the matter of my luggage and started us on the way to Cousin Lavonia's house, he said: "Thought was no' best to let Lavy come down meet you." (I had to stifle a laugh at the tender conceit of not "letting" that big creature come.) "Girls get so 'citable over these kind of 'vents, you know; best make 'em go bit easy, so to ward off breakdown in the end; but you'll see Lavy, fast 'nough, 'fore bedtime." So was I reminded afresh of his nativity and his profession; so did he ingenuously indicate that my frail little cousin was in excellent hands.

"I reckon you call me 'Percy' right straight off?" he put to me on the way, eying me anxiously, his mouth puckered and open, until I nodded.

My mother was wrong about his being small or puny. He was slender, to be sure, but of good stature and well set-up. His graceful bearing would have satisfied even *her* wildest romantic dreams. His little inverted-eyebrow-like mustache was as trim and convincing as a Harvard Medical School degree; indeed, his appearance hadn't wasted a day of his four years' course at Boston. He was a rather conspicuously dashing young man of about my cousin's age.

When we got to the house he sent word "right straight off" to "Lavy" that he was going to have a talk with me in the living-room. "Maybe, like 'nough, only chance you an' me 'll have for long time to be real intimate," he explained. "And Lavy's a good clear head—spite all this rumpus. She'll stay there by herself and keep calm 'til jus' right moment.

"You married?" he asked me, after the door had been shut and our "talk" began.

I shook my head.

"What your profession?"

"Lawyer."

"Well, that look rather diff'rent from bein' doctor, now, don't it? If you're doct'rin' people—no use talkin'—you got to have a wife; while if you're jus' tryin' keep 'em out jail they don' min' much what your private life may be like. I made up my min', soon as

ever I started this 'ere profession, that first thing I'd do after I got education was to hunt up a girl. Fellow settles down twice as quick if he has some incubus to make him. And doctor's life's so unsettled, anyway—he's yanked here or there sudden's a cold or fever sets in—that if 'e's ever goin' enjoy any delights of feminine society he's got to have it waitin' there for him at home, so he can talk with it in 'tween births and deaths, see it smilin' at him 'cross the breakfast-table after hard night, or feel it drivin' 'way any lingerin' worries."

"How long have you known Cousin Lavonia?" I marveled.

"Now see here," Percy brought out. "There never was more'n three women I had a minute's thought of marryin'. And Lavy's the third. Pretty good record, eh? *First* time, though, I was struck kinder hard. Reckon I should have been second time, too, if I had no' been so clogged up with rememb'rin' her predecessor. But I was true to that first girl, now, I tell yer! Had her on mind mos' every blessed minute of live-long day, so that though that second girl hit me pretty good blow, it was—well, like gettin' a cold on top of a fever or poisonin' your arm with ivy after you'd gone and broken it. See my point? The first wound hadn' healed 'fore the second started; but the second never developed into very bad case."

"Did 'first one' die?" I asked.

"No, no. Now—I'll have t' reverse the order somewhat in tellin' yer—just the way, for instance, you often have to cure a man's wife 'fore you begin toning up his own cons'tution. Number Two lived in Brookline—that's over in Massachusetts, where I studied. I got knowin' her through a gen'leman student came from her same town. I saw her in lots o' places: at dances, yer know, or med'cal teas, or walkin' out in park close by with her white dog. She always made you feel you'd taken lot of exercise, or slept with all your windows open, or done somethin' awful healthy-like. She was so rosy-cheek' and shiny!

"One day I told her quite sudden—same way sometimes you'll cough or sneeze though you don' feel any draught

—I told her I did not partic'larly like way she 'ranged her hair. She asked me lots questions 'bout it, and next time I saw her I noted she had her hair done round the other side."

Percy made a circular motion over his head to illustrate the point.

"Well, I never said nothin' to her after that concernin' her hair. We used to talk 'bout the weather, and things we liked to eat—just the way you do with patients after the first visit—and we got quite familiar. But I never took her arm or anythin' and when I'd go her house to make call, her mother always knitted or sewed in the corner—like a nurse does when she thinks her case is dozin'.

"If I'd been a lawyer or a business man or—or an artist some sort—" Percy stated after a pause, looking at the ceiling calculatingly to arrange his thoughts. "If I had been, I'd 'ave married that girl!" At which he faced me defiantly. "I tell yer I would have!" he reiterated.

"Why didn't you, as it was?" I put to him.

"Well"—he drawled it out—"there were two reasons—two reasons, and complications besides." (Percy's mind seemed to move through a network of shop phrases.) "Firstly, she would no'—there isn't any use of talkin'—she wouldn't have made a good doctor's wife. She's the kind you'd always have to be buyin' presents for. . . . Doctors ain't got no time spend buyin' presents. . . . She would not 'ave had a part'cle respect for your engagements, either; she could not ever remember them for you—like Lavy could, for instance—and I have very poor memory for names. Then she would not 'ave been 'tall satisfactory on telephone—too flighty, inclined to be over-pleasant, and not the sort makes whosoever inquiren' believe there's a cure at the other end. Moreover, no woman ever saw you with her at church or in a theater would have trusted you."

"Why?"

"It would have given 'em wrong impression. It would 'ave made 'em think that you were too happy havin' her, to care whether they got well."

Poor Lavonia! I thought. After all, she'll fill the bill!

"Then I—myself—though I'm honest and clean and industr'ous, haven't a very strong character; and I've always said I'd never love anybody didn't have one."

I swallowed hard. "Was Number Two's character weak?"

"Weak as spirits of niter!" declared Percy. "I can describe that point by tellin' you real reason why I didn't want to marry her. . . . She was fingerin' my watch-chain, one day, and standin' pretty close up to me; and I said: 'It's no use, you know, for you and me goin' on this way. For I've got my own little girl down there in Dallas.' That gives you idea how devoted I was to Number One. 'I've jus' given my heart right up to her,' I says, 'to do with what she pleases.' 'Couldn't you ask for it back?' Number Two says to me. Now, that's wha' I mean: Number Two's reactions from my little frank ref'ence to Number One were just as far from what they should be as if you'd given her chloride of potassium and she'd lived to know 'bout it! See? I always did like woman—no matter wha' I'm myself—who stays as honest and true as gospel. . . . There's 'nother thing: Number Two was Presbyterian, and my early trainin' always did make me disbelieve in Presbyterians."

"What church do you belong to? Any particular religions very rife in Dallas?"

"Yes, Unitarian and Baptist. The whole of Texas is divided up into them two sects. I'm Unitarian convert. I'm right glad Lavy's Unitarian; it was one of the first things I saw in her. Then a narrow creed's bad thing for doctor, too."

"Was Number One a Unitarian?" I prodded.

"Yes, she was real right faith, fast 'nough," said Percy. "She wasn't 'tall like Lavy, though. Not least little bit—though I admit I was some neurotically stricken by her. But congenitally she was one of pillars of the genuine sect. Made you feel nobody had anythin' on you when you sat down 'long in pew side o' her; made you want kiss her and call her 'dear.'"

"You see, she was a Dallas girl. I'd known her and what she was—well's

I'd known meanin' of word 'glycerine'—ever since childhood's happy hours. We'd always acted engaged, and written letters same's we were. When I joined Stanford University she embroidered me a pillow with some dice on it; and she made me 'nother one, in the shape of a hot-water bottle, when I went East to the Med'cal School. She was awful bright 'bout knowin' what was good taste and proper in any part of the world. I admired that in her, I admit, though I knew I was over-interested in frivolous things; and those high-class frills of hers did no' appeal to me near so much after I began gettin' more experienced. I don' think—to show her justice—those fussy things gave her so much sensation later on, either.

"You know it was her first brought me to St. Louis. So's how I met Lavy. But that's nothin' t' do with Number One. Number One was here on little visit to her brother, and I got invited to hike on from Boston with one the second-year boys for Christmas—so's to be near her, you understand. We could go back an' forth, I thought, and see each other 'mos' all time.

"Well, first day I saw her I noted somethin' rather 'loof in her general condition—as though there was some hidden drain on her vitality. She was cold, and talked how men ought to wear dress-suits at dinner, and spoke of prevailin' fashions in their collars and neckties. . . . I do confess she had big influence on my life jus' then. She changed my whol' style o' dressin'."

Percy cast his eye pridefully down over his well-fitting habiliments, then looked back at me as he continued:

"I had it all out with her nex' afternoon, by the pond in Electric Park. She at length let on she'd met a man she liked better'n she did me. I told her I reckoned it was jus' a germ, and how she might be strong enough to throw it off in the tonic of my society. So I made a point of stayin' near her all time, and began bein' just as stimulin' I could be. But I could perceive she missed somethin', none the less—the way a man misses coffee who's been ordered to give it up on 'count his liver; so I kep' tryin' to diagnose her trouble.

"This man she'd met was a lawyer. Not much like you, though, I don' cal'late. For he'd been playin' 'hands,' and spoonin' with her, and gettin' her all upset. I 'xplained to her the pathology of it; told her she'd eradicate the attack if she kept herself in good condition and made a point of thinkin' 's often she could of me. And she really might 'ave come out all right if I had no' been obliged to slide back off to the school. For her letters were fine at first; just as normal in pulse and temperature as could be. Then they got comin' only seldom; and I could tell that her blood pressure was gettin' too high.

"To show you the kind I am—how loyal and faithful I was to her—I did no' once put my arm round her, nor did more than shake her hand with jus' a slight squeeze. I'd felt all these free ways toward other kind of women. I told her I had; and 'xplained I might—if I'd been unscrupulous—have undermined her equilibr'um and got her all wrought up same's her lawyer friend did, except that as it was I had too much admiration for her. I wrote her advisin' that there might be somethin' in mental science to help her—though I don' take any stock in it, really; but it p'rhaps would get her mind off from the lawyer. Then her letters 'd get scarcer, and, when I'd see my little Brookline Number Two, I'd be tempted to throw Number One over—way you want throw cloudy vials out your medicine-cabinet and install fresh, clear ones in their places.

"Next summer when I returned down to Dallas she was worse 'n ever. Some interne or other 'd made love to her; and no wonder!"

"Was she pretty?" I wanted to know.

"Not 'zactly. No, she wasn't," reasoned Percy. "Now it may surprise you to know she was very fat—weighed over two hundred pounds. But she was tall, too—not so tall as Lavy, though." Percy's eyes shone sentimentally. "She would have made *any* doctor a first-class wife. That don't mean so much to you, 'cause you're not doctor. It's like this: she would 'ave known just how to keep your desk the way you liked it. If she'd seen you

was havin' a partic'lar difficult case on, she wouldn't utter a syllable, but just look collected-like, and not stay round too much where you were thinkin'. And when the telephone called you out for emergency she'd not be hangin' round curious 'fore you went, same's poor doctors' wives do, but she'd be orderin' the automobile and standin' at the door with your coat ready for you, and passin' you over just the right instruments that you'd forgotten to take with you in your hurry. Not so good's Lavy, though!" Percy exclaimed, as just then a slight creaking of chair-cushions became audible from the next room.

"I don't see how you can tell?" I couldn't help saying.

"It's a doctor's profession t' tell," affirmed Percy. "I know those everyday commonplace details well's I know 'nough to recommend aspirin for gripe cold. . . . Only, that interne spoiled her. The year I spent Christmas again here in St. Louis she was out in her brother's automobile one day and picked me up at place where I was stayin'; and I went to her brother's house and stayed two days—jus' to show her I cared as much about her as her old interne did. Then in the evenings I began holdin' her hands—for I wanted to prove I could rouse her heart-interest much as anybody could. I 'xplained to her that I did it contrary to my bes' judgment, but that it seemed necessary in order to make myself understood."

"Did she understand?"

"Yes, she did while I was there. But meanwhile I'd met Lavy, you see, and she was such a contrast as to be comfort to me." (That's where "Lavy" scored, was it? I asked myself.) "I'd begun to hate the kind of girl needed to be made love to all time. . . . And I think Number One had a relapse soon's I was out of sight. Her letters got more anemic. I used to answer Lavy's instead—'bout my work and all new fields openin' up 'fore me. . . . Once a while I'd hear, in round'bout way, how interne's suit was gettin' 'long; I used to have recurrin' fits of jealousy—they'd come o'er me and go, same's malarial chills. Then the picture of Lavy 'd rise up phantom-like to give

me courage." Percy paused romantically as he remembered. "Until at last—at last I decided to put a tourniquet on my old emotions and begin all over again."

"What was the wedding like?" asked my mother, after I had finished telling her the substance of my long "talk" with Dr. Percy Routan.

"Like any wedding," I answered—"except that the bride was bigger."

"Much bigger?" insisted my mother.

"Colossally much; so much that Percy walking down the aisle beside her—alert and pompous as young Lochinvar himself—looked blissfully heightless in comparison."

"Was her dress pretty?" queried my mother.

"As pretty, I should say, as size ninety-nine can be."

"What flowers did she carry?"

"Century-plant blossoms—garnished with elm-trees," I answered in desperation.

"And did she wear any veil?" my mother murmured, trying hard to get the picture.

"She wore everything—enough *goods*, at any rate, to fill a warehouse."

"Did *he*, then," sharply brought out my mother, "look at all—at all—how shall I say it—respectable?"

"He looked," I cried, "utterly charming! And he is; he's absurdly, self-centeredly, uniquely delightful. I draw the line at his Lavy notions, but up to there I can take his point of view perfectly. How Number One and Number Two ever let him slip through their fingers, though, is a puzzle."

"I hope he will be good to Lavonia," my mother said.

"He will—metaphorically speaking—idolize her."

"How do you mean 'metaphorically'?" my mother asked with the note of worry in her voice.

I was at a loss. "Oh," I said, "the way tobacconists used to set those big painted Indians outside their shop doors; she'll be his totem—nobody will be able to overlook the sight of Mrs. Dr. Percy Routan. Can't you just get a glimpse of her on Sundays advancing into the First Unitarian Church? Then

she'll be so useful in the home. On cold days she can bring in a cord of wood without any trouble; and if he doesn't like the sun-exposure she can turn the house right round for him. Meanwhile, she'll gather the patients by handfuls."

"Is he devoted to her?" my mother anxiously wanted to know. "Have you seen them together—except at the wedding?"

"Once. It happened this way: While we were talking, there suddenly came an awful crash from the next room. Poor Lavonia had remained crouched so long in that tiny smoking-closet between where we were and the hall—trying, I suppose, 'to stay by herself and keep calm 'til jus' right moment'—that the unfortunate sofa on which she sustained these intentions (so highly esteemed by her affianced) proved utterly unequal to its ordeal and collapsed. At any rate Percy and I rushed in.

"Lavonia was bent up double—about half of her, I should say, on the floor—looking very much like the picture of Alice after she ate whatever it was that made her grow so enormous in the White Rabbit's sitting-room; but she said nothing.

"She needs more space,' advised Doctor Percy with due gravity. 'Help me carry 'er out.'

"Which I did. Still Lavonia made no sound; she *could* have, all right—that was perfectly apparent; and I don't know why she didn't. That, if

you had a chance to talk it over with Percy, would count, I'm sure, as far as he's concerned, for one of her mysterious merits; he would doubtless see something excellent in a bride-to-be's slipping so unresponsively. She just let her eyes rest on one or the other of us, and succumbed into an inert mass.

"Dr. Percy rubbed her ankles and felt her pulse. 'You're all right now, Lavy!' he exclaimed, slapping his hands together with professional glee at the treatment he had so readily prescribed.

"At that Lavonia jumped up and greeted me; she asked after you, and said she was so sorry you weren't able to come to the wedding.

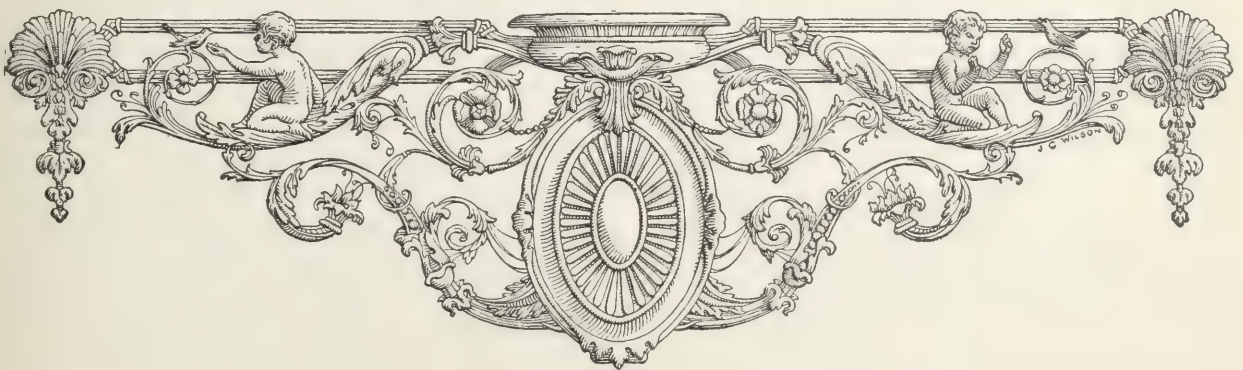
"Now, Lavy dear,' said Dr. Percy, 'you ought to retire—so's not feel shock of this to-morrow.' And she did. Really, I think it fascinated him that there was so much of her to direct. It was like Ganymede bossing the eagle. He watched her go—a bright light in his eyes."

"Didn't he kiss her good night?" my mother demanded.

"Well, when she reached the door he awoke from his spell and followed her, for just a moment, behind it. I heard a slight noise. It occurred to me at the time that he perhaps had to get up on a chair to do it."

"She's one in a million for him!" exclaimed my mother.

"A million in one, at any rate," I suggested.



The Turmoil

A NOVEL

BY BOOTH TARKINGTON

CHAPTER XXXI



AND so Bibbs sat in the porch of the temple with the money-changers. But no One came to scourge him forth, for this was the temple of Bigness, and the changing of money was holy worship and true religion. The priests wore that "settish" look Bibbs's mother had seen beginning to develop about his mouth and eyes—a wary look which she could not define, but it comes with service at the temple; and it was the more marked upon Bibbs for his sharp awakening to the necessities of that service.

He did as little "useless" thinking as possible, giving himself no time for it. He worked continuously, keeping his thoughts still on his work when he came home at night; and he talked of nothing whatever except his work. But he did not sing at it. He was often in the streets, and people were not allowed to sing in the streets. They might make any manner of hideous uproar—they could shake buildings; they could out-thunder the thunder, deafen the deaf, and kill the sick with noise; or they could walk the streets or drive through them bawling, squawking, or screeching, as they chose, if the noise was traceably connected with business; though street musicians were not tolerated, being considered a nuisance and an interference. A man or woman who went singing for pleasure through the streets—like a crazy Neapolitan—would have been stopped, and belike locked up; for Freedom does not mean that a citizen is allowed to do every outrageous thing that comes into his head. The streets were dangerous enough, in all conscience, without any singing! and the Motor Federation issued public warnings de-

claring that the pedestrian's life was in his own hands, and giving directions how to proceed with the least peril. However, Bibbs Sheridan had no desire to sing in the streets, or anywhere. He had gone to his work with an energy that, for the start, at least, was bitter, and there was no song left in him.

He began to know his active fellow-citizens. Here and there among them he found a leisurely, kind soul, a relic of the old period of neighborliness; "pioneer stock," usually; and there were men—particularly among the merchants and manufacturers—"so honest they leaned backward"; reputations sometimes attested by stories of heroic sacrifices to honor; nor were there lacking some instances of generosity even nobler. Here and there, too, were book-men, in their little leisure; and, among the Germans, music-men. And these, with the others, worshiped Bigness and the growth, each man serving for his own sake and for what he could get out of it, but all united in their faith in the beneficence and glory of their god.

To almost all alike that service stood as the most important thing in life, except on occasion of some such vital, brief interregnum as the dangerous illness of a wife or child. In the way of "relaxation" some of the servers took golf; some took fishing; some took "shows"—a mixture of infantile and negroid humor, stockings, and tin music; some took an occasional debauch; some took trips; some took cards; and some took nothing. The high-priests were vigilant to watch that no "relaxation" should affect the service. When a man attended to anything outside his business, eyes were upon him; his credit was in danger—that is, his life was in danger. And the old priests were as ardent as the young ones; the million was as eager to be bigger as the thousand; seventy was

as busy as seventeen. They strove mightily against one another, and the old priests were the most wary, the most distrustful, and the most dangerous. Bibbs learned he must walk charily among these—he must wear a thousand eyes and beware of spiders indeed!

And outside the temple itself were the pretenders, the swarming thieves and sharpers and fleecers; the sly rascals and the open rascals; but these were feeble folk, not dangerous once he knew them; and he had a good guide to point them out to him. They were useful sometimes, he learned, and many of them served as go-betweens in matters where business must touch politics. He learned, also, how breweries and "traction" companies and banks and other institutions fought one another for the political control of the city. The newspapers, he discovered, had lost their ancient political influence, especially with the knowing, who looked upon them with a skeptical humor, believing the journals either to be retained partisans, like lawyers, or else striving to forward the personal ambitions of their owners. The control of the city lay not with them, but was usually obtained by giving the hordes of negroes gin money, and by other largesses. The revenues of the people were then distributed as fairly as possible among a great number of men who had assisted the winning side. Names and titles of offices went with many of the prizes, and most of these title-holders were expected to present a busy appearance at times; and, indeed, some among them did work honestly and faithfully.

Bibbs had been very ignorant. All these simple things, so well known and customary, astonished him at first, and once—in a brief moment of forgetting that he was done with writing—he thought that if he had known them and written of them, how like a satire the plainest relation of them must have seemed! Strangest of all, to him, was the vehement and sincere patriotism. On every side he heard it—it was a permeation; the newest school-child caught it, though just from Hungary and learning to stammer a few words of the local language. Everywhere the people shouted of the power, the size, the riches, and the growth of their city. Not only

that; they said that the people of their city were the greatest, the "finest," the strongest, the Biggest people on earth. They cited no authorities, and felt the need of none, being themselves the people thus celebrated. And if the thing was questioned, or if it was hinted that there might be one small virtue in which they were not perfect and supreme, they wasted no time examining themselves to see if what the critic said was true, but fell upon him and hooted him and cursed him, for they were sensitive. So Bibbs, learning their ways and walking with them, harkened to the voice of the people, and served Bigness with them. For the voice of the people is the voice of their god.

Sheridan had made the room next to his own into an office for Bibbs, and the door between the two rooms usually stood open—the father had established that intimacy. One morning in February, when Bibbs was alone, Sheridan came in, some sheets of type-written memoranda in his hand.

"Bibbs," he said, "I don't like to butt in very often this way, and when I do I usually wish I hadn't—but for Heaven's sake what have you been buying that old busted inter-traction stock for?"

Bibbs leaned back from his desk. "For eleven hundred and fifty-five dollars. That's all it cost."

"Well, it ain't worth eleven hundred and fifty-five cents. You ought to know that. I don't get your idea. That stuff's deader 'n Adam's cat!"

"It might be worth something—some day."

"How?"

"It mightn't be so dead—not if We went into it," said Bibbs, coolly.

"Oh!" Sheridan considered this musingly; then he said, "Who'd you buy it from?"

"A broker—Fansmith."

"Well, he must 'a' got it from one o' the crowd o' poor ninnies that was soaked with it. Don't you know who owned it?"

"Yes, I do."

"Ain't sayin', though? That it? What's the matter?"

"It belonged to Mr. Vertrees," said Bibbs, shortly, applying himself to his desk.

"So!" Sheridan gazed down at his son's thin face. "Excuse me," he said. "Your business." And he went back to his own room. But presently he looked in again.

"I reckon you won't mind lunchin' alone to-day"—he was shuffling himself into his overcoat—"because I just thought I'd go up to the house and get *this* over with mamma." He glanced apologetically toward his right hand, as it emerged from the sleeve of the overcoat. The bandages had been removed, finally, that morning, revealing but three fingers—the forefinger and the finger next to it had been amputated. "She's bound to make an awful fuss, and it better spoil her lunch than her dinner. I'll be back about two."

But he calculated the time of his arrival at the New House so accurately that Mrs. Sheridan's lunch was not disturbed. She was rising from the lonely table when he came into the dining-room. He had left his overcoat in the hall, but he kept his hands in his trousers pockets.

"What's the matter, papa?" she asked, quickly. "Has anything gone wrong? You ain't sick?"

"Me!" He laughed loudly. "Me sick?"

"You had lunch?"

"Didn't want any to-day. You can give me a cup o' coffee, though."

She rang, and told George to have coffee made, and when he had withdrawn she said, querulously, "I just know there's something wrong."

"Nothin' in the world," he responded, heartily, taking a seat at the head of the table. "I thought I'd talk over a notion o' mine with you; that's all. It's more women-folks' business than what it is man's, anyhow."

"What about?"

"Why, ole Doc Gurney was up at the office this morning awhile—"

"To look at your hand? How's he say it's doin'?"

"Fine! Well, he went in and sat around with Bibbs awhile—"

Mrs. Sheridan nodded pessimistically. "I guess it's time you had him, too. I *knew* Bibbs—"

"Now, mamma, hold your horses! I wanted him to look Bibbs over *before* anything's the matter. You don't sup-

pose I'm goin' to take any chances with *Bibbs*, do you? Well, afterward I shut the door and I an' ole Gurney had a talk. He's a mighty disagreeable man; he rubbed it in on me what he said about Bibbs havin' brains if he ever woke up. Then I thought he must want to get something out o' me, he got so flattering—for a minute! 'Bibbs couldn't help havin' business brains,' he says, 'bein' *your* son. Don't be surprised,' he says—'don't be surprised at his makin' a success,' he says. 'He couldn't get over his heredity; he couldn't *help* bein' a business success—once you got him into it. It's in his blood. Yes, sir,' he says, 'it doesn't need *much* brains,' he says, 'an' only third-rate brains, at that,' he says, 'but it does need a special *kind* o' brains,' he says, 'to be a millionaire. I mean,' he says, 'when a man's given a start. If nobody gives him a start, why, 'course he's got to have luck *and* the right kind o' brains. The only miracle about Bibbs,' he says, 'is where he got the *other* kind o' brains—the brains you made him quit usin' and throw away.'"

"But what'd he say about his health?" Mrs. Sheridan demanded, impatiently, as George placed a cup of coffee before her husband. Sheridan helped himself to cream and sugar, and began to sip the coffee.

"I'm comin' to that," he returned, placidly. "See how easy I manage this cup with my left hand, mamma?"

"You been doin' that all winter. What did—"

"It's wonderful," he interrupted, admiringly, "what a fellow can do with his left hand. I can sign my name with mine now, well's I ever could with my right. It came a little hard at first, but now, honest, I believe I *rather* sign with my left. That's all I ever have to write, anyway—just the signature. Rest's all dictatin'." He blew across the top of the cup unctuously. "Good coffee, mamma! Well, about Bibbs. Ole Gurney says he believes if Bibbs could somehow get back to the state o' mind he was in about the machine-shop—that is, if he could some way get to feelin' about business the way he felt about the shop—not the poetry and writin' part, but—" He paused, supplementing his remarks with a motion of his head

toward the old house next door. "He says Bibbs is older and harder 'n what he was when he broke down that time, and, besides, he ain't the kind o' dreamy way he was then—and I should say he *ain't*! I'd like 'em to show *me* anybody his age that's any wider awake! But he says Bibbs's health 'll never need bother us again if—"

Mrs. Sheridan shook her head. "I don't see any help *that* way. You know yourself she wouldn't have Jim."

"Who's talkin' about her *havin'* anybody? But, my Lord! she might let him *look* at her! She needn't 'a' got so mad just because he asked her, that she won't let him come in the house any more. He's a mighty funny boy, and some ways I reckon he's pretty near as hard to understand as the Bible, but Gurney kind o' got me in the way o' thinkin' that if she'd let him come back and set around with her an evening or two sometimes—not reg'lar, I don't mean—why— Well, just thought I'd see what *you'd* think of it. There ain't any way to talk about it to Bibbs himself—I don't suppose he'd let you, anyhow—but I thought maybe you could kind o' slip over there, some day, and sort o' fix up to have a little talk with her, and kind o' hint around till you see how the land lays, and ask her—"

"*Me!*" Mrs. Sheridan looked both helpless and frightened. "No." She shook her head decidedly. "It wouldn't do any good."

"You won't try it?"

"I won't risk her turnin' me out o' the house. Some way that's what I believe she did to Sibyl, from what Roscoe said once. No, I *can't*—and, what's more, it'd only make things worse. If people find out you're runnin' after 'em, they think you're cheap, and then they won't do as much for you as if you let 'em alone. I don't believe it's any use, and I couldn't do it if it was."

He sighed with resignation. "All right, mamma. That's all." Then, in a livelier tone, he said: "Ole Gurney took the bandages off my hand this morning. All healed up. Says I don't need 'em any more."

"Why, that's splendid, papa!" she cried, beaming. "I was afraid— Let's see."

She came toward him, but he rose, still keeping his hand in his pocket. "Wait a minute," he said, smiling. "Now it may give you just a little teeny bit of a shock, but the fact is—well, you remember that Sunday when Sibyl came over here and made all that fuss about nothin'—it was the day after I got tired o' that statue when Edith's telegram came—"

"Let me see your hand!" she cried.

"Now wait!" he said, laughing and pushing her away with his left hand. "The truth is, mamma, that I kind o' slipped out on you that morning, when you wasn't lookin', and went down to ole Gurney's office—he'd told me to, you see—and, well, it doesn't *amount* to anything." And he held out, for her inspection, the mutilated hand. "You see, these days when it's all dictatin', anyhow, nobody 'd mind just a couple o'—"

He had to jump for her—she went over backward. For the second time in her life Mrs. Sheridan fainted.

CHAPTER XXXII

IT was a full hour later when he left her lying upon a couch in her own room, still lamenting intermittently, though he assured her with heat that the "fuss" she was making irked him far more than his physical loss. He permitted her to think that he meant to return directly to his office, but when he emerged to the open air he told the chauffeur in attendance to await him in front of Mr. Vertrees's house, whither he himself proceeded on foot.

Mr. Vertrees had taken the sale of half of his worthless stock as manna in the wilderness: it came from heaven—by what agency he did not particularly question. The broker informed him that "parties were interested in getting hold of the stock" and that later there might be a possible increase in the value of the large amount retained by his client. It might go "quite a ways up" within a year or so, he said; and he advised "sitting tight" with it. Mr. Vertrees went home and prayed.

He rose from his knees feeling that he was surely coming into his own again. It was more than a mere gasp of temporary relief with him, and his wife

shared his optimism; but Mary would not let him buy back her piano; and as for furs—spring was on the way, she said. But they paid the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick-maker, and hired a cook once more. It was this servitress who opened the door for Sheridan and presently assured him that Miss Vertrees would "be down."

He was not the man to conceal admiration when he felt it, and he flushed and beamed as Mary made her appearance, almost upon the heels of the cook. She had a look of apprehension for the first fraction of a second, but it vanished at the sight of him and its place was taken in her eyes by a soft brilliance, while color rushed in her cheeks.

"Don't be surprised," he said. "Truth is, in a way it's sort of on business I looked in here. It'll only take a minute, I expect."

"I'm sorry," said Mary. "I hoped you'd come because we're neighbors."

He chuckled. "Neighbors! Sometimes people don't see so much o' their neighbors as they used to. That is, I hear so—lately."

"You'll stay long enough to sit down, won't you?"

"I guess I could manage that much." And they sat down, facing each other and not far apart.

"Of course, it couldn't be called business, exactly," he said, more gravely. "Not at all, I expect. But there's something o' yours it seemed to me I ought to give you, and I just thought it was better to bring it myself and explain how I happened to have it. It's this—this letter you wrote my boy." He extended the letter to her solemnly, in his left hand, and she took it gently from him. "It was in his mail, after he was hurt. You knew he never got it, I expect."

"Yes," she said, in a low voice.

He sighed. "I'm glad he didn't. 'Not,' he added, quickly, 'not but what you did just right to send it. You did. You couldn't acted any other way when it came right down to it. There ain't any blame comin' to you—you were above-board, all through.'"

Mary said, "Thank you," almost in a whisper, and with her head bowed low.

"You'll have to excuse me for readin' it. I had to take charge of all his mail

and everything; I didn't know the hand-writin', and I read it all—once I got started."

"I'm glad you did."

"Well,"—he leaned forward as if to rise—"I guess that's about all. I just thought you ought to have it."

"Thank you for bringing it."

He looked at her hopefully, as if he thought and wished that she might have something more to say. But she seemed not to be aware of this glance, and sat with her eyes fixed sorrowfully upon the floor.

"Well, I expect I better be gettin' back to the office," he said, rising desperately. "I told—I told my partner I'd be back at two o'clock, and I guess he'll think I'm a poor business man if he catches me behind time. I got to walk the chalk a mighty straight line these days—with *that* fellow keepin' tabs on me!"

Mary rose with him. "I've always heard *you* were the hard driver."

He guffawed derisively. "Me? I'm nothin' to that partner o' mine. You couldn't guess to save your life how he keeps after me to hold up my end o' the job. I shouldn't be surprised he'd give me the grand bounce some day and run the whole circus by himself. You know how he is—once he goes *at* a thing!"

"No," she smiled. "I didn't know you had a partner. I'd always heard—"

He laughed, looking away from her. "It's just my way o' speakin' o' that boy o' mine, Bibbs."

He stood then, expectant, staring out into the hall with an air of careless geniality. He felt that she certainly must at least say, "How *is* Bibbs?" but she said nothing at all, though he waited until the silence became embarrassing.

"Well, I guess I better be gettin' down there," he said at last. "He might worry."

"Good-by—and thank you," said Mary.

"For what?"

"For the letter."

"Oh," he said, blankly. "You're welcome. Good-by."

Mary put out her hand. "Good-by." "You'll have to excuse my left hand," he said. "I had a little accident to the other one."

She gave a pitying cry as she saw. "Oh, poor Mr. Sheridan!"

"Nothin' at all! Dictate everything nowadays, anyhow." He laughed, jovially. "Did anybody tell you how it happened?"

"I heard you hurt your hand, but no—not just how."

"It was this way," he began, and both, as if unconsciously, sat down again. "You may not know it, but I used to worry a good deal about the youngest o' my boys—the one that used to come to see you sometimes, after Jim—that is, I mean Bibbs. He's the one I spoke of as my partner; and the truth is that's what it's just about goin' to amount to, one o' these days—if his health holds out. Well, you remember, I expect, I had him on a machine over at a plant o' mine; and sometimes I'd kind o' sneak in there and see how he was gettin' along. Take a doctor with me sometimes, because Bibbs never *was* so robust, you might say. Ole Doc Gurney—I guess maybe you know him? Tall, thin man; acts sleepy—"

"Yes."

"Well, one day I an' ole Doc Gurney, we were in there, and I undertook to show Bibbs how to run his machine. He told me to look out, but I wouldn't listen, and I didn't look out—and that's how I got my hand hurt, tryin' to show Bibbs how to do something he knew how to do and I didn't. Made me so mad I just wouldn't even admit to myself it *was* hurt—and so, by and by ole Doc Gurney had to take kind o' radical measures with me. He's a right good doctor, too; don't you think so, Miss Vertrees?"

"Yes."

"Yes, he is so!" Sheridan now had the air of a rambling talker and gossip with all day on his hands. "Take him on Bibbs's case. I was talkin' about Bibbs's case with him this morning. Well, you'd laugh to hear the way ole Gurney talks about *that*! 'Course he *is* just as much a friend as he is doctor—and he takes as much interest in Bibbs as if he was in the family. He says Bibbs isn't anyways bad off *yet*; and he thinks he could stand the pace and get fat on it if—well, this is what 'd made *you* laugh if you'd been there, Miss Ver-

trees—honest it would!" He paused to chuckle, and stole a glance at her. She was gazing straight before her at the wall; her lips were parted; and—visibly—she was breathing heavily and quickly. He feared that she was growing furiously angry; but he had led to what he wanted to say, and he went on, determined now to say it all. He leaned forward and altered his voice to one of confidential friendliness, though in it he still maintained a tone which indicated that ole Doc Gurney's opinion was only a joke he shared with her. "Yes, sir, you certainly would of laughed! Why that ole man thinks *you* got something to do with it. You'll have to blame it on him, young lady, if it makes you feel like startin' out to whip somebody! He's actually got *this* theory: he says Bibbs got to gettin' better while he worked over there at the shop because you kept him cheered up and feelin' good. And he says if you could manage to just stand him hangin' around a little—maybe not much, but just *sometimes*—again, he believed it 'd do Bibbs a mighty lot o' good. Course that's only what the doctor said. Me, I don't know anything about that; but I can say this much—I never saw any such a *mental* improvement in anybody in my life as I have lately in Bibbs. I expect you'd find him a good deal more entertaining than what he used to be—and I know it's a kind of embarrassing thing to suggest after the way he piled in over here that day to ask you to stand up before the preacher with him, but accordin' to ole Doc Gurney, he's got you on the brain so bad—"

Mary jumped. "Mr. Sheridan!" she exclaimed.

He sighed profoundly. "There! I noticed you were gettin' mad. I didn't—"

"No, no, no!" she cried. "But I don't understand—and I think you don't. What is it you want me to do?"

He sighed again, but this time with relief. "Well, well!" he said. "You're right. It'll be easier to talk plain. I ought to know I could with you, all the time. I just hoped you'd let that boy come and see you sometimes, once more. Could you?"

"You don't understand." She clasped her hands together in a sorrowful ges-

ture. "Yes, we must talk plain. Bibbs heard that I'd tried to make your oldest son care for me because I was poor, and so Bibbs came and asked me to marry him—because he was sorry for me. And I *can't* see him any more," she cried in distress. "I *can't*!"

Sheridan cleared his throat uncomfortably. "You mean because he thought that about you?"

"No, no! What he thought was *true*!"

"Well—you mean he was so much in—you mean he thought so much of you—" The words were inconceivably awkward upon Sheridan's tongue; he seemed to be in doubt even about pronouncing them; but after a ghastly pause he bravely repeated them: "You mean he thought so much of you that you just couldn't stand him around?"

"*No!* He was sorry for me. He cared for me; he was fond of me; and he'd respected me—too much! In the finest way he loved me, if you like, and he'd have done anything on earth for me, as I would for him, and as he knew I would. It was beautiful, Mr. Sheridan," she said. "But the cheap, bad things one has done seem always to come back—they wait, and pull you down when you're happiest. Bibbs found me out, you see; and he wasn't 'in love' with me at all."

"He wasn't? Well, it seems to me he gave up everything he wanted to do—it was fool stuff, but he certainly wanted it mighty bad—he just threw it away and walked right up and took the job he swore he never would—just for you. And it looks to me as if a man that'd do that must think quite a heap o' the girl he does it for! You say it was only because he was sorry, but let me tell you there's only *one* girl he could feel *that* sorry for! Yes, sir!"

"No, no," she said. "Bibbs isn't like other men—he would do anything for anybody."

Sheridan grinned. "Perhaps not so much as you think, nowadays," he said. "For instance, I got kind of a suspicion he doesn't believe in 'sentiment in business.' But that's neither here nor there. What he wanted was, just plain and simple, for you to marry him. Well, I was afraid his thinkin' so much of you had kind o' sickened you of him—the way

it does sometimes. But from the way you talk, I understand that ain't the trouble." He coughed, and his voice trembled a little. "Now here, Miss Ver-trees, I don't have to tell you—because you see things easy—I know I got no business comin' to you like this, but I had to make Bibbs go my way instead of his own—I had to do it for the sake o' my business and on his own account, too—and I expect you got some idea how it hurt him to give up. Well, he's made good. He didn't come in half-hearted or mean; he came in—all the way! But there isn't anything in it to him; you can see he's just shut his teeth on it and goin' ahead with dust in his mouth. You see, one way of lookin' at it, he's got nothin' to work *for*. And it seems to me like it cost him your friendship, and I believe—honest—that's what hurt him the worst. Now you said we'd talk plain. Why can't you let him come back?"

She covered her face desperately with her hands. "I *can't*!"

He rose, defeated, and looking it.

"Well, I mustn't press you," he said, gently.

At that she cried out, and dropped her hands and let him see her face. "Ah! He was only sorry for me!"

He gazed at her intently. Mary was proud, but she had a fateful honesty, and it confessed the truth of her now; she was helpless. It was so clear that even Sheridan, marveling and amazed, was able to see it. Then a change came over him; gloom fell from him, and he grew radiant.

"Don't! Don't!" she cried. "You mustn't—"

"I won't tell him," said Sheridan, from the doorway. "I won't tell anybody anything!"

CHAPTER XXXIII

THERE was a heavy town-fog that afternoon, a smoke-mist, dense in the sanctuary of the temple. The people went about in it, busy and dirty, thickening their outside and inside linings of coal-tar, asphalt, sulphurous acid, oil of vitriol, and the other familiar things the men liked to breathe and to have upon their skins and garments and

upon their wives and babies and sweet-hearts. The growth of the city was visible in the smoke and the noise and the rush. There was more smoke than there had been this day of February a year earlier; there was more noise; and the crowds were thicker—yet quicker in spite of that. The traffic policemen had a hard time, for the people were independent—they retained some habits of the old market-town period, and would cross the street anywhere and anyhow, which not only got them killed more frequently than if they clung to the legal crossings, but kept the motormen, the chauffeurs, and the truck-drivers in a stew of profane nervousness. So the traffic policemen led harried lives; they themselves were killed, of course, with a certain periodicity, but their main trouble was that they could not make the citizens realize that it was actually and mortally perilous to go about their city. It was strange, for there were probably no citizens of any length of residence who had not personally known either some one who had been killed or injured in an accident, or some one that had accidentally killed or injured others. And yet, perhaps it was not strange, seeing the eager preoccupation of the faces—the people had something on their minds; they could not stop to bother about dirt and danger.

Mary Vertrees was not often downtown; she had never seen an accident until this afternoon. She had come upon errands for her mother connected with a timorous refurbishment; and as she did these, in and out of the department stores, she had an insistent consciousness of the Sheridan Building. From the street, anywhere, it was almost always in sight, like some monstrous, geometrical shadow, murk-colored and rising limitlessly into the swimming heights of the smoke-mist. It was gaunt and grimy and repellent; it had nothing but strength and size—but in that consciousness of Mary's the great structure may have had beauty. Sheridan had made some of the things he said emphatic enough to remain with her. She went over and over them—and they began to seem true: "Only *one* girl he could feel *that* sorry for!" "Gurney says he's got you on his brain so bad—" The man's

clumsy talk began to sing in her heart. The song was begun there when she saw the accident.

She was directly opposite the Sheridan Building then, waiting for the traffic to thin before she crossed, though other people were risking the passage, darting and halting and dodging parlously. Two men came from the crowd behind her, talking earnestly, and started across. Both wore black; one was tall and broad and thick; and the other was taller, but noticeably slender. And Mary caught her breath, for they were Bibbs and his father. They did not see her, and she caught a phrase in Bibbs's mellow voice, which had taken a crisper ring: "Sixty-eight thousand dollars? Not sixty-eight thousand *buttons*!" It startled her queerly, and as there was a glimpse of his profile, she saw for the first time a resemblance to his father.

She watched them. In the middle of the street Bibbs had to step ahead of his father and the two were separated. But the reckless passing of a truck, beyond the second line of rails, frightened a group of country women who were in course of passage; they were just in front of Bibbs, and shoved backward upon him violently. To extricate himself from them he stepped back, directly in front of a moving trolley-car—no place for absent-mindedness, but Bibbs was still absorbed in thoughts concerned with what he had been saying to his father. There were shrieks and yells; Bibbs looked the wrong way—and then Mary saw the heavy figure of Sheridan plunge straight forward in front of the car. With absolute disregard of his own life, he hurled himself at Bibbs like a football-player shunting off an opponent, and to Mary it seemed that they both went down together. But that was all she could see—automobiles, trucks, and wagons closed in between. She made out that the trolley-car stopped jerkily, and she saw a policeman breaking his way through the instantly condensing crowd, while the traffic came to a standstill, and people stood up in automobiles or climbed upon the hubs and tires of wheels, not to miss a chance of seeing anything horrible.

Mary tried to get through; it was impossible. Other policemen came to help

the first, and in a minute or two the traffic was in motion again. The crowd became pliant, dispersing—there was no figure upon the ground, and no ambulance came. But one of the policemen was detained by the clinging and beseeching of a gloved hand.

"What *is* the matter, lady?"

"Where are they?" Mary cried.

"Who? Ole man Sheridan? I reckon *he* wasn't much hurt!"

"His *son*—"

"Was that who the other one was? I seen him knock him—oh, he's not bad off, I guess, lady. The ole man got him out the way all right. The fender shoved the ole man around some, but I reckon he only got shook up. They both went on in the Sheridan Building without any help. Excuse me, lady."

Sheridan and Bibbs, in fact, were at that moment in the elevator, ascending. "Whisk-broom up in the office," Sheridan was saying. "You got to look out on these corners, nowadays, I tell you. I don't know *I* got any call to blow, though—because I tried to cross after you did. That's how I happened to run into you. Well, you want to remember to look out after this. We were talkin' about Murtrie's askin' sixty-eight thousand flat for that ninety-nine-year lease. It's his lookout if he'd rather take it that way, and I don't know but—"

"No," said Bibbs, emphatically, as the elevator stopped; "he won't get it. Not from Us, he won't, and I'll show you why. I can convince you in five minutes." He followed his father into the office ante-room—and convinced him. Then, having been diligently brushed by a youth of color, Bibbs went into his own room and closed the door.

He was more shaken than he had allowed his father to perceive, and his side was sore where Sheridan had struck him. He desired to be alone; he wanted to rub himself and, for once, to do some useless thinking again. He knew that his father had not "happened" to run into him; he knew that Sheridan had instantly—and instinctively—proved that he held his own life of no account whatever compared with that of his son and heir. Bibbs had been unable to speak of that, or to seem to know it; for Sheridan, just as instinctively, had swept

the matter aside—as of no importance, since all was well—reverting immediately to business.

Bibbs began to think intently of his father. He perceived, as he had never perceived before, the shadowing of something enormous and indomitable—and lawless, not to be daunted by the will of Nature's very self; laughing at the lightning, and at wounds and mutilation; conquering, irresistible—and blindly noble. For the first time in his life Bibbs began to understand the meaning of being truly this man's son.

He would be the more truly his son henceforth, though, as Sheridan said, Bibbs had not come down-town with him meanly or half-heartedly. He had given his word because he had wanted the money, simply, for Mary Vertrees in her need. And he shivered with horror of himself, thinking how he had gone to her to offer it, asking her to marry him—with his head on his breast in shameful fear that she would accept him! He had not known her; the knowing had lost her to him, and this had been his real awakening; for he knew, now, how deep had been that slumber wherein he dreamily celebrated the superiority of "friendship"! The sleep-walker had wakened to bitter knowledge of love and life, finding himself a failure in both. He had made a burnt offering of his dreams, and the sacrifice had been an unforgivable hurt to Mary. All that was left for him was the work he had not chosen, but at least he would not fail in that, though it was indeed no more than "dust in his mouth." If there had been anything "to work for—"

He went to the window, raised it, and let in the uproar of the streets below. He looked down at the mist-blurred, hurrying swarms—and he looked across, over the roofs with their panting jets of vapor, into the vast, foggy heart of the smoke. Dizzy traceries of steel were rising dimly against it, chattering with steel on steel, and screeching in steam, while tiny figures of men walked on threads in the dull sky. Buildings would overtop the Sheridan. Bigness was being served.

But what for? The old question came to Bibbs with a new despair. Here,



Drawn by C. E. Chambers

BUT THE VOICE WAS NOT IN THE INSTRUMENT—THE DOOR HAD OPENED

where his eye fell, had once been green fields and running brooks, and how had the kind earth been despoiled and disfigured! The pioneers had begun the work, but in their old age their orators had said for them that they had toiled and risked and sacrificed that their posterity might live in peace and wisdom, enjoying the fruits of the earth. Well, their posterity was here—and there was only turmoil. Where was the promised land? It had been promised by the soldiers of all the wars; it had been promised to this generation by the pioneers; but here was the very posterity to whom it had been promised, toiling and risking and sacrificing in turn—for what?

The harsh roar of the city came in through the open window, continuously beating upon Bibbs's ear until he began to distinguish a pulsation in it—a broken and irregular cadence. It seemed to him that it was like a titanic voice, discordant, hoarse, rustily metallic—the voice of the god Bigness. And the voice summoned Bibbs as it summoned all its servants.

"Come and work!" it seemed to call. "Come and work for Me, all men. By your youth and your hope I summon you! By your age and your despair I summon you to work for Me yet a little, with what strength you have. By your love of home I summon you! By your love of woman I summon you! By your hope of children I summon you!

"You shall be blind slaves of Mine, blind to everything but Me, your Master and Driver! For your reward you shall gaze only upon my ugliness. You shall give your toil and your lives, you shall go mad for love and worship of my ugliness! You shall perish still worshipping me, and your children shall perish knowing no other god!"

And then, as Bibbs closed the window down tight, he heard his father's voice booming in the next room; he could not distinguish the words, but the tone was exultant—and there came the *thump! thump!* of the maimed hand. Bibbs guessed that Sheridan was bragging of the city and of Bigness to some visitor from out-of-town. That was Bibbs's natural inference.

And he thought how truly Sheridan was the high-priest of Bigness. But with

the old, old thought again, "What for?" Bibbs caught a glimmer of far, faint light. He saw that Sheridan had all his life struggled and conquered, and must all his life go on struggling and inevitably conquering, as part of a vast impulse not his own. Sheridan served blindly—but was the impulse blind? Bibbs asked himself if it was not he who had been in the greater hurry, after all. The kiln must be fired before the vase is glazed, and the Acropolis was not crowned with marble in a day.

Then the voice came to him again, but there was a strain in it as of some huge music struggling to be born of the turmoil. "Ugly I am," it seemed to say to him, "but never forget that I *am* a god!" And the voice grew in sonorousness, and in dignity. "The highest should serve, but so long as you worship me for my own sake I will not serve you. It is man who makes me ugly, by his worship of me. If man would let me serve him—I should be beautiful!"

Looking once more from the window, Bibbs sculptured for himself—in the vague contortions of the smoke and fog above the roofs—a gigantic figure, with feet pedestaled upon the great buildings and shoulders disappearing in the clouds, a colossus of steel and wholly blackened with soot. But Bibbs carried his fancy farther—for there was still a little poet lingering in the back of his head—and he thought that up over the clouds, unseen from below, the giant labored with his hands in the clean sunshine; and Bibbs had a glimpse of what he made there—perhaps for a fellowship of the children of the children that were children now—a noble and joyous city, unbelievably white—

It was the telephone that called him from his vision. It rang fiercely.

He lifted the thing from his desk and answered—and as the small voice inside it spoke he dropped the receiver with a crash. He trembled violently as he picked it up, but he told himself he was wrong—he had been mistaken—yet it was a startlingly beautiful voice; startlingly kind, too, and ineffably like the one he hungered most to hear.

"Who?" he said, his own voice shaking—like his hand.

"Mary."

He responded with two hushed and incredulous words: "*Is it?*"

There was a little thrill of pathetic half-laughter in the instrument. "Bibbs—I wanted to—just to see if you—"

"Yes—Mary?"

"I was looking when you were so nearly run over. I saw it, Bibbs. They said you hadn't been hurt, they thought, but I wanted to know for myself."

"No, no, I wasn't hurt at all—Mary. It was father who came nearer it. He saved me."

"Yes, I saw; but you had fallen. I couldn't get through the crowd until you had gone. And I wanted to *know*."

"Mary—would you—have minded?" he said.

There was a long interval before she answered.

"Yes."

"Then why—"

"Yes, Bibbs?"

"I don't know what to say," he cried. "It's so wonderful to hear your voice again—I'm shaking, Mary—I—I don't know—I don't know anything except that I *am* talking to you! It is you—Mary?"

"Yes, Bibbs!"

"Mary—I've seen you from my win-

dow at home—only five times since I—since then. You looked—oh, how can I tell you? It was like a man chained in a cave catching a glimpse of the blue sky, Mary. Mary, won't you—let me see you again—near? I think I could make you really forgive me—you'd have to—"

"I *did*—then."

"No—not really—or you wouldn't have said you couldn't see me any more."

"That wasn't the reason." The voice was very low.

"Mary," he said, even more tremulously than before, "I can't—you *couldn't* mean it was because—you can't mean it was because you—care?"

There was no answer.

"Mary?" he called, huskily. "If you meant *that*—you'd let me see you—wouldn't you?"

And now the voice was so low he could not be sure it spoke at all, but if it did, the words were, "Yes, Bibbs—dear."

But the voice was not in the instrument—it was so gentle and so light, so almost nothing, it seemed to be made of air—and it came from the air.

Slowly and incredulously he turned—and glory fell upon his shining eyes. The door of his father's room had opened.

Mary stood upon the threshold.

[THE END.]

On Your Birthday

BY MARION KEEP PATTON

I CANNOT send you gifts of price or art,
 You will not share the happiness I bring,
 And for my love you have no need, it seems.
 Yet will I give it you with all my heart.
 It cannot harm you, dear,—this tender thing,—
 It will not even trouble your faint dreams.

But some day when you're drooped with circumstance,
 And weariness drags at your finger-tips,
 And you sit staring grimly in the eye
 Your sad philosophy,—ah then, perchance,
 My love will flutter up against your lips
 And you will smile, although you know not why.

The Soul-maker

BY HELEN R. HULL



HERE was silence in the wide kitchen, a bristling silence into which the clock ticked and the fire crackled like deprecating mediators. Opposite the stove was a table with three places set for breakfast on the white oilcloth. One chair was empty; a crumpled napkin lay beside the half-full glass of milk. At the other places sat two women, one plump and flushed above her white shirt-waist, the other sharpened and gray, in a dull wrapper. Their eyes met hostilely. The younger woman spoke first:

"It's just as Sarah said. A charity boy—"

"'Brat' she always said," interrupted the older, calmly.

"Can't be depended upon for anything but lying and stealing. I hope you're satisfied now, Abby Price!"

Abby took a sip of her coffee before she answered, deliberately, "No, I'm not satisfied; not yet."

"You mean you're going to keep him?"

"Why not?"

"He'll grow up to disgrace you." The round face of the younger woman twitched with approaching tears.

"Now, Jennie!" Abby's voice had an irritating calmness. "He'll be some years growing up, and I guess I can stand the disgrace."

"Well, I can't!" Jennie's chair rasped back over the kitchen floor. "And I won't!" She threw down her napkin and hurried out of the room. Abby heard her angry staccato heel-taps on the stairs and then overhead.

Without finishing her coffee Abby gathered the few breakfast-dishes and carried them to the sink. As she set them down she glanced out of the window. On a stump by the shed door sat a small, white-haired boy, apparently

intent on the manœuvres of several industrious hens. The grimness on Abby's face settled into fierce determination, and with that she turned at the sound of Jennie's feet.

Jennie stood in the doorway.

"I'm taking Sarah's advice," she said, dabbing at her eyes with a handkerchief, "if you're going to insist on keeping him."

"I am." Abby glanced out of the window.

"I won't help support a hired woman's lying boy."

"Any one 'd think you never lied in your life, Jennie," said Abby. "He's only a little fellow."

"If he was yours it wouldn't be such a disgrace to keep him."

"S'pose I said I thought you were disgracing the family, going around sewing as you do."

Jennie stopped sniffing. "Disgrace?" she exclaimed, indignantly. "I make dresses folks are proud to wear."

"And you like it, don't you? Making dresses, I mean. Don't you? And Sarah likes being a respected book-keeper. You're no disgrace."

Jennie drew her plump figure up resentfully. "We go out to work. You don't have to—"

"No; I just stay here, keeping the homestead together. It's just as if I was a wife! You and Sarah keep me, don't you? Suppose I'm sick of it, and want something different, like this boy?"

"I s'pose it's the maternal instinct, like Sarah said, stronger in you because you've always stayed at home."

Abby swung on her heel. "Sarah may be a good business woman," she said, over her shoulder, "but she's an awful fool, too."

"She was right about the boy," cried Jennie. "He took that piece of gold ribbon for Mrs. Blake's dress right off my box, and said he hadn't touched it. And you never said a thing to him."

"Guess you said enough."

"I won't help keep him!"

"You needn't." Abby poured the water over her dishes with a splash. "I guess we can manage."

"You choose that charity boy instead of your own sisters?" Jennie choked.

"'Brat,' Jennie!" Abby looked around at her. "Don't be silly. You're choosing. Go and live with Sarah in the village."

"Sarah and I have reasoned with you—"

"Don't waste any more breath. You'll have to look out for the note on the place. But I can take care of Franklin and me."

Jennie flushed. "I don't want to quarrel." She hesitated, pursing her lips. "Good-by, Abby."

"Good-by." Abby scoured at the porridge-dish. "Good-by." She gave a vigorous rub and then paused. The side-door slammed shut. Outside the window the boy still watched the hens.

"Franklin!" called Abby.

The boy gave a little jump and looked furtively around. Abby frowned. "He thinks it's Jennie," she said. Then she called more sharply, "Frank-lin!"

He slipped off the stump and came slowly in as far as the kitchen door.

"Will you bring me some wood, Frank-lin," said Abby, briskly, without turning, "and a pail of water?"

She smiled at the readiness of his disappearance. First she heard the pump-handle creaking; then small feet brushed along the path to the outer shed, returned, and an armful of wood clattered into the box. That was repeated twice, then came silence. Abby walked to the door. Franklin stood by the wood-box, his dark eyes, with their curious fringe of pale lashes, very wide in his small, white face. They met hers with a furtive alertness, and his thin little body stiffened, tense for flight. Abby regarded him gravely.

"Come here," she said.

Reluctantly he came. Abby touched his white head gently and smiled at him. He started, almost as if she had struck him.

"We'll say no more about it, Franklin," she said. "It's time you were off for school. Finish your milk and

wash your hands. Your lunch-box is ready."

Abby felt his eyes follow her as she moved about the kitchen. She said nothing until he took his cap from the nail and walked to the outer kitchen door. Then at her "Franklin" he turned sharply.

"Come straight home to-night, won't you? I'll—I'll be waiting for you."

"Will she be here?"

"No; no one but us."

He gave a little sigh. "Yes, ma'am," he answered; "I'll be right back."

Abby watched him down the path to the gate. "He understood," she said. "I'm sure he understood."

When he was out of sight Abby turned to her empty house. Sunlight filled the kitchen; the rooms beyond were dark and still. She stood with her head bent as if she listened. Countless days she had spent alone in the old house, while her sisters were at work; but to-day was different. The house waited, expectant; she felt it, and a flush crept up into her cheeks.

"You're mine now!" she cried suddenly. "I can do what I please. Mine!" she repeated, loudly. And nothing contradicted.

She walked into the sitting-room and flung open the shutters. She set the front door ajar, catching it with the padded brick which had served there for years. The fresh wind rushed through, shaking the everlastings that stood on the mantel-shelf. Abby seized the vase and with fierce delight carried it to the kitchen, where she thrust its dry contents into the stove.

"There!" she said, as they blazed up. "I wish Sarah could see you now."

As she replaced the vase she wheeled upon the room. "Lord! How many times have I set you to rights! All my life I've spent doing things I had to do again the next day. Nothing ever to show for it. Nothing! And now—I declare, I feel like a convict that's escaped in a dark night and don't know where he is. Me with a little boy! A little boy!"

She looked once more about the sitting-room—at the large arm-chair which had stood unused in the corner since the end of the silent years when her father

had watched her from it in moody helplessness, at the sheet-iron cover which Sarah had economically had fitted into the fire-place. She had much to do before Franklin came back from school.

Early in the afternoon she began to watch the path, a little shamefaced, for she knew school did not close until four, and Franklin had a long walk after that. She fed the chickens, built the fire for supper, and made hot apple-sauce and biscuit; then she saw him lagging up the path. She wanted to run to meet him, to brush off the ridiculously large cap he wore, and carry him into the house. But she only watched him come, her breath tightening in her throat. There, in some mysterious fashion, approached her chance; she did not know how. Three weeks earlier she had heard that Franklin Peck had no place to live that winter, as his mother was off in service—no one knew just where—and the farmer who had kept him was moving to the city. She had acted blindly in response to the chaotic desire within her, obdurate against the remonstrances of her sisters, unmoved by their wrath, even by their departing, and Franklin had come to live with her. Sarah had left at once; now Jennie had gone. The barest poverty faced her; she had a scanty annuity which they had eked out, and the little farm the three had struggled to hold. But the impulse that had driven her had no after-flavor of regret. For years her life had lain as dead as a rock at ebb-tide—a long ebb-tide. Now far off the water turned, and within her faint stirrings of her spirit answered.

Franklin stood in the doorway.

"Come in, Franklin," Abby said. "I was afraid you'd be too late for supper."

"Ain't your clock fast?" He looked up at it suspiciously.

"Why, I guess not. Did you come right home?"

"Yes'm."

Evading her eyes, he stood on tip-toe to hang his cap against the door. Abby gazed in doubt at the back of his white head. There came into her mind a comment of the farmer who had housed Franklin: "He don't know how to tell the truth." Sarah had heard it at the store and brought it home in tri-

umph. Abby turned away. Franklin shouldn't see that she suspected—at least not until she had decided what to do."

"Supper's ready when you are," she said, clearing her throat. "I've set the table in the other room."

Franklin washed his face and brushed his hair in silence. Abby handed him a plate of biscuit. "Lay these on the table," she said. Then she followed him softly. In front of the fireplace was a little square table covered with a white cloth, a pitcher of yellow dahlias in the center, and a chair at each end. Franklin set the plate down and stood by the table, his head level with the flowers, like a larger, paler dahlia. Abby's hands gripped her bowl of apple-sauce. She didn't know what she had expected, but suddenly she felt overcome with embarrassment. The red shawl she had thrown over the hollows of the arm-chair leered at her. Franklin was looking at that, at the opened windows, at the sticks in the fireplace which she had pried free of its iron cover.

"There's just two places," he said.

"Just two folks," answered Abby.

"Us?" asked the boy.

Abby nodded. Franklin moved closer to her.

"Did you want me to light the fire?" he whispered, eagerly.

Abby nodded again.

He was back with matches in an instant. Kneeling on the hearth, he puffed at the little sticks until he blew them into flames; then he looked up at Abby, his face aglow. She had taken her seat at the table.

"It's a good fire," she said. He climbed into his chair, his eyes on the fire, where they stayed most of the time through supper. Once he turned them on Abby.

"It's a good chimney, I guess," he ventured.

"Yes, I think so," answered Abby.

"But a fire has to be lit right, too?"

"Yes, that makes a difference."

After supper Abby piled the dishes in a pan, and they pulled the table back to a corner, Franklin lifting one side. Then Abby pushed the arm-chair to one edge of the hearth and settled herself into it with a slight glance of defiance

toward the empty wall above the mantel. Franklin sat in a low rocker—one Jennie had used as a sewing-chair—at the other side of the hearth. He rocked back as far as the rockers would swing, then forward with a jerk. Suddenly he stopped.

"Are they coming back?" he asked. "Them others?"

Abby started. She had just been wondering if the arm-chair wasn't large enough to hold two comfortably.

"I don't suppose so," she said. "They've gone. We're here alone."

"I think two is better," announced Franklin as he began rocking again.

Abby repeated his words to herself as she watched him. He rocked less vigorously, and his eyelids drooped in long and longer winks. She rose with a little sigh.

"Bedtime," she said. "I've moved you into the front chamber. You can take your lamp and call me when you are in bed."

"Well"—he slid off his chair—"the fire is most out."

She did not move after he had gone. The room held a new, friendly warmth. "He is going to like it," thought Abby, listening for his voice. Would she kiss him if she tucked him in? She never had, and he had been there over a week now. But this was their first real night. Jennie's words floated back, chilling her pleasant thoughts. Had he lied to her again? She heard a soft step behind her. Franklin set his lamp down on the table and shuffled slowly toward the door, one hand gathering up the folds of the faded night-shirt which engulfed him.

"I brought it back," he said. "Can you see to my fire all right?"

"Yes, Franklin." Abby hesitated. He was so little, so sleepy! "You haven't anything to tell me?"

"No'm." He blinked drowsily, and at Abby's "Good night" disappeared into the dark room beyond.

Abby's cheeks burned as she went about locking the house for the night. At least she had not spoiled the end of the day. And perhaps the boy had been afraid, or perhaps he had not understood her; the teacher might have kept him after school. He might never lie

again. She would wait. With that decision her discomfort left, and she went peacefully to bed.

During the Indian summer days that followed, the two settled into a pleasant routine of existence. Franklin learned to feed the chickens; he filled the wood-box, pumped the water, picked the fall apples. His cheeks grew round, and he came whistling up the hill at the end of his school-day. Abby spent her days waiting for that whistle. She waited—busily, to be sure—for fall farm work is heavy—but her real day began when the small figure came into sight between the apple-trees. Sometimes he brought home his school-books and read to Abby after supper or puzzled over a problem in arithmetic. The arm-chair often held two very comfortably.

The winter shut in early. One morning they woke to find the first snow flurries, driven along by a sharp wind. Franklin insisted that he must go to school; and so Abby, in spite of his demurring, wrapped him in a plaid cape of hers and sent him off. That afternoon she waited uneasily for his return. It darkened early, and no small boy appeared. She tried to sit down with a basket of mending, but even Franklin's stockings had no interest. Wrapping a shawl about her shoulders, she hurried down the path.

The road lay white and deserted. As she turned reluctantly, something black under a bush caught her attention. Frightened, she bent down. It was soft—a coat? She shook it out—her cape, with little pockets of snow in its folds. It had lain there some time, then.

She climbed the slope, shielding her face against the wind. Perhaps in the warm kitchen she could decide better what to do. She built her fire up well, set the tea-kettle over, and then stared grimly at the clock; almost half-past five! She would walk up toward the school.

Well bundled this time in coat and cap, she started down the path. As she reached the road she stopped, her heart pounding. Was that something dark against the snow under the bushes again, moving this time? It emerged slowly, straightened, and came toward her.

"Franklin!" she cried.



Drawn by T. K. Hanna

THE TWO SETTLED INTO A PLEASANT ROUTINE OF EXISTENCE

He started violently, pulling away as she seized his arm.

"Child! Where have you been? You'll catch your death of cold! Run fast."

He scurried up the path ahead of her. When she opened the kitchen door he stood by the stove, holding his hands out to the warmth. His eyes met hers for an instant, and then shifted. Abby closed the door against the gust of wind that tried to chase her in.

"Where have you been, Franklin?" He shivered as she felt of his cold hands. "Come here!" She drew him down beside her on the couch, and bent over to unlace his boots. "Why didn't you wear the cape? You're frozen."

He twisted out of her arms. "I'm not cold." He coughed. "I—I gave it to a little girl who didn't have any coat." He peered at Abby, and then hurried on. "She was just a little girl, and awful cold. I'll find—I mean I'll get your cape probably to-morrow. I'll—" Franklin's eyes had followed Abby's to the kitchen chair. Over it hung the cape. He slipped off the couch and put out a hand against it.

"Did—did the little girl bring it back?" he asked, miserably.

Abby rose, dropping the shoe she held. She walked through the sitting-room, the table laid for supper blurring before her eyes. She hung her coat in the front entry and went on to Franklin's room. There she turned down the bedclothes, shook the pillow, and, taking his night-shirt, returned to the kitchen.

Franklin's eyelids fluttered as he tried to meet her gaze.

"I think you'd better go right to bed," she said. "Undress here where it's warm."

He took the night-shirt silently. Then Abby, waiting at the window of the sitting-room, strained her ears for every sound of his slow undressing. At length she heard him enter the room and pause behind her. She did not turn, and his feet padded on into his own room. Presently she heard the creaking of the bed as he settled into it, then a little cough, then nothing more.

She had no heart for a lonely supper. Drawing her chair close to the stove, she sat down to have it out. She had to do

something now. Franklin was a liar; she must punish him. She flinched at the idea of whipping him, and then seized eagerly the conviction that no blows would help him tell the truth. Would it do any good to talk to him, to tell him lying was wrong? Why was it wrong? Abby floundered unwittingly at the margin of metaphysical morasses.

She lifted her head. He was coughing again. Poor, hungry little fellow! A few minutes later, lamp in one hand and a bowl of bread and milk in the other, she tiptoed toward his room. His eyes stared up at her, dark and somber. She set the lamp on the dresser and seated herself at the edge of his bed.

"You better sit up and eat this," she said, gently.

Franklin swallowed one spoonful obediently. "I—I don't want any more." His teeth chattered.

Placing the bowl on the floor, Abby leaned over the bed.

"Put your arms around my neck," she ordered, pulling the covers down. "There." She straightened, her arms tight about his slender body. "We'll go where it's warm."

She was gasping a little when she reached the kitchen.

"You're quite a big boy," she said, as he slipped to the floor. "I'm going to tuck you up here on the couch." She covered him with an old shawl, and went back for the milk and the lamp.

Franklin's eyes were on the door, leaping to meet hers the second she appeared. Abby pulled her chair close to the couch. "Now," she said, trying to speak briskly, "eat this first."

She held out a spoonful, when suddenly he twisted away, hiding his face with one arm. Abby held her breath as he began to cry, softly at first, then in long sobs.

"Franklin!" she said. He checked a sob, which escaped in a long sigh. Timidly she moved over to the couch, laying a hand on his shoulder. "Frankie dear!"

He whirled around desperately.

"There wasn't any little girl," he cried loudly. "I—I lost your cape."

Then in some way she found him clinging to her, his wet cheek against her throat, and she was patting his shoulder while his sobs grew fainter. His heart,

pounding against her breast, slackened its frightened race. Finally he looked up.

"I didn't wear it," he said. "I—" A lingering sob choked him. "I—I thought the boys 'd all laugh at me." He hid his face again.

Abby looked soberly at the top of his white head. "I'd like to buy you a coat if I could." She felt his body grow tense as she began to speak. "But we're very poor. Why, you're all I've got, Franklin—and you lie to me." He shrank in her embrace. "Were you afraid? You lied some other times, didn't you? What makes you?"

His body quivered slightly.

"Suppose you sit up so we can talk." She took his arms from her neck and pushed him away so that she could see his flushed face. "Do you like the way it makes us feel?" He shook his head. "It makes me feel as if I'd lost you. Does it you?" He nodded, his lips trembling. "And we were friends, weren't we, till you put this ugly lie between us—Franklin?" He lifted his eyes, heavy with tears. "Are you a coward? Aren't you brave enough to tell the truth?"

"I—I was afraid." Abby just caught his whisper.

"I didn't think you were a coward." She spoke sternly.

"You—you won't ever like me now?"

Abby gathered him swiftly into her arms.

"Oh, you won't do it again, will you?" She swallowed rebelliously; why should she wish to cry?

"I—I was so lonesome." He strained against her. "I—I ain't afraid."

He fell asleep in Abby's arms after she had watched him finish the bowl of bread and milk. She sat in the quiet kitchen, looking down at the small, sleep-flushed face. Once she brushed the light hair back from his forehead. Her random thoughts were bits of stick carried along in a flood of tender humility. She was content to see them float, without curiosity as to the stream's source. After a time, when the kitchen grew cold, she rose and carried him in to his bed. He stirred drowsily as she tucked him in and kissed him.

They said nothing about the incident, but for several days Abby felt that

Franklin watched her, silent and reflective. Then she thought he had forgotten, and when one night he brought home his reading-book and chose the story of "Cedric, the Brave Boy Knight," to read to her, she made no comment on Cedric's courage.

Saturday morning, several weeks later, Abby was rolling out ginger cookies. Franklin knelt on a chair by the table, his elbows almost on the mixing-board, waiting with breathless interest for the scraps Abby promised he should roll out. Abby carried a pan of cookies to the stove, and, as she straightened from closing the oven-door, caught sight of a woman peering in at the window, a hand over her eyes. Abby pulled open the door and confronted her.

"I didn't mean to peek," the woman began, crimson. "But I knocked—and I wanted to know if nobody was home."

"Come in out of the cold," said Abby. "Did you want to see me?"

The woman paused on the threshold, the pupils of her eyes dilating. Then she rushed past Abby and threw herself beside the chair where Franklin knelt.

"Oh, my little boy—my little boy!"

Franklin shrank away from her, turning startled eyes toward Abby. The woman looked around, and Abby shut her lips suddenly over a scream. The faces were alike. The woman's hat had slipped back; pale hair like Franklin's fell about her forehead; the same dark eyes beseeched Abby under white lashes.

"He—he wouldn't remember me much." The eyes filled with tears. "But I—I'm his mother. He's grown an awful lot." She rose, wiping her eyes.

Abby walked back to her cooking-table. "I suppose so," she said, without looking at the woman.

"I've come for him, please." The woman plucked at her handkerchief. "I'm married—to Mr. Reeds over in Brockton. He's a kind man, and Franklin can have a good home there. I wrote a letter last month to the other people, them that had him. I didn't know he was here until I got in town this morning." She sat down on the couch, her eyes clinging to Franklin, turning for swift, deprecatory seconds to Abby.

The tale emerged in nervous, hesitating bits. Abby tried to answer the

woman civilly. She could see nothing but Franklin, drawing nearer his mother, sitting beside her, responding with shy awakenings of familiarity to her advances. She fell into a stifling dumbness. As the soft voice told her of attempts to find a place to work where Franklin could come, of efforts to save money to send him, of longing for him, Abby had only one thought: "She's come to get him."

When Abby had cut her last cookie she glanced at Franklin. He was intent on his mother's watch, and Abby wondered grimly that she could care so much because he had forgotten his desire to roll cookies.

"My husband said we could pay his board," the woman was saying.

"You can't," cried Abby. "He's worth his keep, I guess."

"They have a horse," announced Franklin, looking up, "and I could go to a town school. I have to go with my mother, don't I?" he added, doubtfully.

"Of course," answered Abby. The warmth of the kitchen was choking her. "Just make yourself at home," she said, hurriedly. "I—I'll be right back."

She went blindly through the little shed, along the path Franklin had shoveled, to the barn. She gathered an armful of wood in her apron, and then stood in the doorway. The cold air tingled in her nostrils; she could breathe there. But it was freezing her heart; she could feel it. Or did she feel only the wood she held tightly against her? She must go back. In the shed she stopped. She had left the door unlatched, and the voices within came clearly to her.

"You have been a good boy, Franklin? You are glad you are coming with your mother?"

"I like Aunt Abby," answered Franklin. "I can come to see her, can't I?"

"Sometimes. You've been a good boy, ain't you?" Abby was fiercely jealous of the yearning in the mother's voice. "You ain't taken things or told lies?"

"No'm." Franklin's voice sounded uncertain.

"I like my boy to be good."

Abby heard Franklin slip out of his chair. He was coming toward the shed. As she laid her hand on the door to enter, he halted.

"I wasn't good." Abby gripped the latch. "I—I lied to her."

"What?"

"I did—when I come." She pulled the door softly open. He stood just within, a stiff figure of defiant anguish. "But I don't now." Abby's hand rose to her throat—the ice in her heart had melted and rushed there. "I—" He turned, and, finding Abby, threw himself against her, hiding his face in her apron. "Tell her!" he whispered. "Tell her I'm brave now."

Abby raised her eyes. Through her tears she saw the mother, her troubled face so like Franklin's.

"He's the best boy any boy could be," she said, proudly.

Later in the afternoon they went away, Franklin carrying his few possessions in a shawl-strap Abby gave him. She walked to the foot of the hill with them.

"I hope you won't miss him much," said the mother.

"He's yours," answered Abby, simply. "I'm glad he's got a good home."

"It ain't so awfully far off."

"I will come back," declared Franklin, clinging to Abby's hand. "I'll come back to see you."

Abby kissed him quietly. "I'll expect you," she said.

Then the mother took his hand.

"We'll have to go along. My husband 'll be waiting in the village."

Abby climbed the hill doggedly! She glanced into the sitting-room as she closed the door of her house. The day had moved so swiftly that she half doubted its reality. But Franklin's chair had no pale head bent over a book to look up at her entrance. She dropped into her arm-chair. Presently with her foot she set Franklin's chair rocking gently, and listened, her eyes closed. The monotonous creaking dulled her. She knew that after a little she must wake from the numbness and face the event. Now she was tired.

She woke with a start to darkness and the sound of knocking. She got to her feet. Some one was calling her.

"Abby! Abby! Aren't you here?"

A match flared up in the kitchen, yielding Abby a glimpse of a round, anxious face before it died out. "Jennie's



Drawn by T. K. Hanna

"I WASN'T GOOD. I—I LIED TO HER"

home late to-night," she thought. "I must have fallen asleep." Then, as a second match flamed out, she remembered.

Jennie had found the kitchen lamp, and, holding it before her, stepped into the sitting-room. Then she jumped.

"Goodness! You scared me, standing there like a ghost. Are you sick?"

"No." Abby drew her hand across her eyes; the light dazzled them. "No; I just fell asleep, I guess."

Jennie set the lamp down. "I've been down at Mrs. Black's, sewing," she said, watching Abby uneasily. "I just thought I'd run in."

She was silent for a moment, gasping a little in a perplexed way, like a fish out of water, thought Abby irrelevantly.

"I didn't like to think of you here all alone," she continued, "so I came. You—you've sent the boy away, I hear."

Abby sat down again. "Yes," she said, turning her face away from the light.

Jennie threw back her coat and seated herself in Franklin's chair.

"Did you have to get rid of him?" she asked.

Abby laughed. "Yes, I had to. "The numbness had gone now, and here began the probing of her wound.

"I told Sarah that if you ever did, I'd come back same 's if nothing had taken place."

"Do you know why I got rid of him?" Abby's fierce question cut through Jennie's complacency.

"I suppose—" Her rocker ceased its swaying. "I suppose he kept on lying."

"Stop!" cried Abby, interlocking her fingers so tightly that the knuckles strained. "He went with his mother. She's married and got a home to take him to."

"Didn't you want him to go?"

Abby made no answer.

"Did she just come and take him?"

"He's hers."

"And you get nothing for all your fuss and trouble?"

"Nothing?" Abby sat erect, her hands unclasping. The probing had found the poison in the wound. She felt Franklin clinging to her, heard him

whisper, "Tell her I'm brave." Did she get nothing?

"His mother gave me nothing," she answered, slowly.

"And I expect you'll miss him, too," ventured Jennie. "Seems a pity."

"It isn't a pity." Abby rose. As she looked down at Jennie she had a sensation of distance between them, as though she were on a height from which she called down. But she must speak. Whether Jennie heard or not, she must hear it herself. "Of course I'll miss him." Her words came with great slowness. "I'd 've chosen to keep him, but he had to go with her that bore him. He didn't go the same as he came, though; he was different. I made him different. Something real in him, something alive, that 'll last. I made it. Part of his soul. I never made anything before. I might have died without. Don't you see—?" She paused, while Jennie's bewildered face wavered before her. "It's as if—as if you made a dress so beautiful that it would last for always. I've done—oh, more than that!"

"You mean you've been good for him?"

Abby smiled. She was descending from her height, and as she drew nearer Jennie she felt an unexpected warmth for her.

"Are you coming back?" she asked, abruptly.

Jennie looked up with wistful relief at her matter-of-fact tone.

"I guess I will," she said. "I've felt queer, staying other places. You've fixed it up some here, ain't you?"

Abby nodded.

"I should think we might get along comfortably," continued Jennie, beginning to rock again. "What 'll you do now?"

"I don't know." Abby started toward the kitchen. "I'll make you a cup of tea."

On the chair by the door lay the old checked cap Franklin had worn when he came. Abby picked it up, her fingers closing tightly over it. She looked back at Jennie.

"I might even adopt another child," she said.



A Spell for A Fairy by Alfred Noyes

GATHER, first, in your left hand
(This must be at shut of day)
Forty grains of wild sea-sand
Where you think a mermaid lay.
I have heard that it is best
If you gather it, warm and sweet,
Out of the dint of her left breast
Where you see her heart has beat.

*Out of the dint in that sweet sand
Gather forty grains, I say;
Yet—if it fail you—understand
There remains a better way.*

Out of this you melt your glass
While the veils of night are drawn,
Whispering, till the shadows pass,
“Nixie—pixie—leprechaun!”
Then you blow your magic vial,
Shape it like a crescent moon,
Set it up and make your trial,
Singing, “Elaby, ah, come soon!”

*Round the cloudy crescent go
On the hilltop, in the dawn,
Singing softly, on tiptoe,
“Elaby Gathon! Elaby Gathon!
Nixie—pixie—leprechaun!”*

Bring the blood of a white hen,
Slaughtered at the break of day
While the cock, in the echoing glen,
Thrusts his gold neck every way,
Over the brambles, peering, calling,
Under the ferns, with a sudden fear—
Cluck, cluck, cluck—as the dews are falling—
Clamoring, calling, everywhere.

*Round the crimson vial go,
On the hilltop, in the dawn,
Singing softly, on tiptoe,
“Nixie—pixie—leprechaun!”
If this fail, at break of day,
I can show you a better way.*

Bring the buds of the hazel-copse
 Where two lovers kissed at noon;
 Bring the crushed red wild-thyme tops
 Where they murmured under the moon.
 Bring the four-leaved clover also,
 One of the white, and one of the red;
 Bring the flakes of the may that fall so
 Lightly over their bridal-bed.

*Drop them into the vial—so,
 Swing their incense to the dawn,
 Singing, as you come and go,
 “Nixie—pixie—leprechaun!”
 And, if once will not suffice,
 Do it thrice!
 If this fail, at break of day,
 There remains a better way.*

Bring an old and crippled child
 —*Ah, tread softly, on tiptoe—*
 Tattered, tearless, wonder-wild,
 From that underworld below;
 Bring a wizened child of seven,
 Reeking from the City slime,
 Out of hell into your heaven.
 Set her knee-deep in the thyme.

*Feed her—clothe her—even so!
 Set her on a fairy throne.
 When her eyes begin to glow
 Leave her, for an hour—alone.*

You shall need no spells or charms,
 On that hilltop, in that dawn.
 When she lifts her wasted arms
 You shall see a veil withdrawn.
 There shall be no veil between them,
 Though her head be old and wise.
 You shall know that she has seen them
 By the glory in her eyes.

*Round her irons, on that hill,
 Earth has tossed a fairy fire:
 Watch, and listen, and be still
 Lest you balk your own desire.*

When she sees four azure wings
 Light upon her claw-like hand;
 When she lifts her head and sings,
 You shall hear and understand:
 You shall hear a bugle calling
 Wildly, over the dew-dashed down,
 And a sound as of the falling
 Ramparts of a conquered town.

*You shall hear a sound like thunder,
 And a veil shall be withdrawn,
 When her eyes grow wide with wonder,
 On that hilltop, in that dawn.*

Among the Ibibios of Southern Nigeria

BY DOROTHY AMAURY TALBOT



FOR many years good fortune has granted to my sister and myself the happiness of living among peoples of peculiar interest. The novelty of being the first white women to visit any particular spot has indeed long worn off, but the thrill of penetrating to places as yet unvisited by any white man is still a matter of un-mixed joy. Time and again our little party has been so fortunate as to happen upon peoples never before studied, who have confided to us traditions, beliefs, and legends of unexpected charm.

However, it was not until one day when the mail brought a letter from a kind and brilliant literary man of our acquaintance—pointing out that, although men have taught us much concerning primitive man, primitive woman is still unknown save through the medium of masculine influence—that the possible importance struck us of making use of the chance which a kind fate had given us in West Africa.

Though during the ten months of our sojourn among the Ibibios of southern Nigeria my sister and I were able to pick up but the merest fragments of the language, yet careful inquiry brought out the fact that some few native women were capable of speaking quite intelligible English. These were pleased, for a certain compensation, to act as interpreters.

This strange race, comprising some three-quarters of a million souls, inhabits the southeastern part of southern Nigeria. Before our arrival in the Eket district, which forms the southernmost stretch of Ibibio country, we had been informed that the natives of these regions were of the lowest possible type, entirely without ethnological interest, and indeed little better than "mud-fish." Saving the more civilized Efiks, it is indisputable that Ibibios occupy a

low rung on the ladder of culture, and are perhaps as brutal and bloodthirsty as any people throughout the Dark Continent. Yet, to our minds at least, it would appear that their present condition is due to gradual descent from a very different state of things. Fragments of legend and half-forgotten ritual still survive to tell of times, shrouded in the mists of antiquity, when the despised Ibibio of to-day was a different being, dwelling not amid the fog and swamp of fetishism, but upon the sunlit heights of a religious culture perhaps hardly less highly evolved than that of ancient Egypt.

By a strange coincidence it had come to our knowledge, some little time before we were asked to undertake a study of the women of this race, that here at least many customs of great ethnological interest still obtain which are not only unknown to men, but which must always be beyond the ken of male inquirers, for, by the unwritten law bequeathed to Ibibio women from immemorial times, it is forbidden for any man to be allowed even a glimmering of mysteries which custom has decreed should be confided to women alone.

After some difficulty and on the promise that certain secrets should not be incorporated in the book which my husband was writing, one or two ancient women consented to reveal to me rites surely as strange as any on earth. It was thus that we learned of the existence of the so-called "Women's Mysteries," and so stumbled upon the knowledge that in West Africa at least, and possibly among primitive peoples the world over, a vast field for research as yet untrodden lies open to women which must ever remain hopelessly barred to men.

One evening, while seeking information as to sacrificial altars from a man well known for his knowledge of secret things—forgotten by, or hidden from, the common herd—our informant chanced to

mention that the only case in which, to his knowledge, altars were actually built was on the occasion of sacrifices made to Eka Abassi (Mother of God). Offerings to this deity were laid upon altars built of logs set cross-wise in alternate layers. When less than breast high dry twigs were piled above, and upon these the body of a white hen was placed. This must be such a one as has laid many eggs, but, by reason of age, can lay no more. Fire is set to the twigs and the whole consumed, forming a burnt offering "sweet in the nostrils of Eka Abassi."

Subsequent inquiries brought out the fact that the last-named deity is the Mother not alone of the Thunder God, Obumo, whom we had hitherto been taught to look upon as the head of the whole Ibibio pantheon, but also of all created things.

From Eka Abassi all which exists has sprung, from Obumo the Thunderer himself, her son and consort, to the least of living things, and every twig, stone, or water-drop. In all things there dwells some fraction of her, but perhaps most nearly of all does she manifest herself in the unhewn stones set amid sacred waters, which are to be found scattered over the length and breadth of the land, or in the great trees,

"the givers of babies." Her supreme attribute is "bestower of fertility," for since from her all things have sprung, to her appointed dwelling-places creep barren women, to pray that their curse may be taken from them.

All babies born in this part of the world are sent by her, no matter through what gateway of lesser Jujus they may pass; while, of dead folk—save those who met their end through ill-will, by witchcraft, machete-stroke, poison, or other act of violence—the people say, "Eka Abassi has taken our brother."

In many ways the belief of Ibibio women as to the origin of the souls of their babies is much the same as that of Central Australians, whose theory, according to Dr. Frazer, is that a "spirit child has made its way to the Mother from the nearest of those trees, rocks, water-pools, or other natural features at which the spirits of the dead are waiting to be born again." That some such belief is held by Ibibios is clearly shown by the action of bereaved parents who bring curls, clipped from the heads of dead babies, to be placed in a hole in the rock dedicated to Abassi Isu Ma, *i. e.*, Goddess of the Face of Love—or, since by a beautiful association of ideas the word



A GROUP OF NIGERIAN HUNTERS AND THEIR KILL

for love and motherhood is the same, it may also be termed the Face of the Mother—praying that she will speedily set the feet of their little ones upon the road back to life. In the sacred fish, too, with which all holy pools and streams abound, the souls of dead ancestors are thought to dwell, waiting for reincarnation. Unlike Central Australians, however, as reported by Dr. Frazer, Ibibio women—like their far-off sisters of Banks Island—are well aware that without mortal father no earth-child can be born. Yet, while the body of the new-born is clearly attributed to natural causes, its spirit is thought to be that of the “affinity,” either animal or vegetable, with which one or other of its parents was mysteriously linked, or of an ancestor returned to earth in this new guise.

Among those few ancient crones, however—who still keep in their hearts, jealously guarded, the secret which has come down to them from times when woman, not man, was the dominant sex—one was persuaded to explain to me, after considerable hesitation and obvious nervousness at the thought of confiding so intimate and sacred a matter to a stranger, that the laws that bound mortal women could not apply to the Great Mother of All.

“My grandmother once told me,” she said, “that the Juju Isu Ndem, *i. e.*, the Face of the Juju which lies in our town of Ndiya, is the mouthpiece of Eka Abassi. So great is the latter that no husband was needed for the birth of her babies. By her own might alone did the first of these, Obumo, spring forth; but to none of her descendants was this power transmitted. When, therefore, she saw that all the first Earth-women were barren, long she pondered, then sent down to them a great white bird, which, immediately on reaching earth, laid a gleaming egg, the symbol of fertility.”

Old women tell that, after showing how by honoring eggs and oval stones and making sacrifice to the Great Mother, the gift of fertility might be won, the magic bird flew back to her home in the sky, whence, with folded wings, oft brooding, she still watches over the children of men. Mortals call her “Moon,” and sometimes, when people

are sleeping, the Moon-bird floats down from her place in the heavens and pecks up grains or other food which she may find lying about. She looks round to see that all is well with the Earth-folk and that the tabu on fowls and eggs is still observed. For in our town neither may be eaten, and should this command be broken sudden death would fall upon the offender. Should the hens have any complaint to make on this subject, they would tell the Moon-bird and she would bear their plaint before Eka Abassi, who would not only exact the death of the actual offenders, but withdraw her gift, thus sending barrenness upon all the countryside. It is because they are sacred to her that the goddess, as already mentioned, forbids the sacrifice of any fowl, save such as has borne many eggs in its day, but, by reason of age, has ceased from bearing.

The ancient woman continued:

“That this is the simple truth, and no fable, can be proved even to white people; for when you look up in the sky on a clear night, many or few, but plain to be seen, are the little star eggs—and how could these get there if it were not that the great white Moon-bird had laid them?”

For Ibibio women motherhood is the crown of life, and therefore those Juju which are thought to have the power of granting fertility are held in greater reverence than all others.

Juju is, beyond all else, the force which dominates the lives of people such as these. The word itself is taken from the French *joujou*, and was given to the fetish images everywhere seen, because early traders of this nationality looked upon them as a kind of doll.

Of Juju, holy pools and rocks, many of which are regarded as the earthly manifestation of Eka Abassi and are often connected with the rites of her son and spouse Obumo the Thunderer, hold first place in the opinion of the greater number of Ibibio women. True it is that her fame and glory have—save to a few initiates—long since been eclipsed by his. Yet water, earth, and stone—the three great “Mothers”—are almost always to be found within the grove of the All-Father. Each of these is thought to

symbolize a different phase of motherhood.

Stones and rocks, again, are also looked upon as givers of fertility, but mostly in conjunction with Obumo himself. Under this form, therefore, the spirit of Motherhood may be thought to manifest herself as the consort the sharer of dignities and honors.

Of the sacred pools, some two score in number, which we were privileged to be the first white people to view, that of Abassi Isu Ma, near Ikotobo—a rumor of which was first brought to my husband's notice by Mr. Eakin of the Kwa Ibo mission, who, later on, induced a guide to lead us thither—is perhaps the most famous. In his company, one Sunday afternoon, we set out, and at length, after passing along a narrow path through thick bush, reached the farthest point to which ordinary mortals had hitherto been allowed access. Beyond this, only the head priest had been permitted to penetrate, in order to lay offerings within a hole in the rock, facing the entrance, the outward visible sign of the Great Mother herself.

The priest was a dignified representative of a long line, in whose family the office of "Priest of the Sacred Lake" was hereditary.

A strange superstition has grown up around the rock. To it—or rather to the place of sacrifice just below, for, as already mentioned, the spot itself is too sacred for the near approach of ordinary

mortals—come wedded couples to pray that babies may be born to them. When no children come it is regarded as a sign that the bride was a disobedient daughter.

As soon as an Ibibio woman discovers that she is about to become a mother, old and wise women of the race gather round to teach the thousand and one things which she must, or must not, do in order to secure the well-being of the new-comer. The greater number of tabu imposed at such times relate to food.

Next to the dread of being a mother of twins looms that of bearing a child into whose body some evil spirit may have entered. It may be that of ancestor or kinsman, undesirable on account of some bodily or mental deformity or because they come to a family tainted with witchcraft.

An Ibibio baby is eagerly scanned for any sign which

may reveal the identity of the indwelling ego. Parents often notice some likeness to a dead friend, or trick of speech or action in a child which, to their mind, shows that it is an old spirit reborn in some new body.

Should no likeness be traceable in the child, mothers and relatives watch carefully to see which of the surrounding objects will first attract its notice.

The time at which the little ones first begin to creep must be an anxious one for those Ibibio mothers to whom no sign has as yet been vouchsafed as to the



OKU, HEAD PRIEST OF THE SACRED LAKE

identity of the soul which has entered into their child. For, should it be possessed by an affinity, either animal or vegetable, the fact begins to manifest itself at this stage.

The term "affinity" is in use among educated natives throughout the west coast to express the mysterious link believed to exist between some human beings and the plant or animal into which they are thought, under certain conditions, to have the power of sending out their so-called "bush souls."

To white people at first sight such ideas seem so strange that it is almost inconceivable that they could have gained so firm a hold over the imagination of natives in such far-distant parts of the world. When, however, we remember the belief in were-wolves and other terrible half-human folk which persisted till quite lately in our own Northern climes, the idea of the Calabar bush soul becomes less incredible. So deeply is the belief rooted in the minds of the people that it appears ineradicable. Hardly does one imagine that a little headway has been made in this direction than coincidence after coincidence occurs to render the belief more deep-rooted than ever, and convince the black man of the mental blindness of the white in refusing to own even to the possibility of this and kindred subjects.

Some affinities are hereditary in families, but at times a baby is born to a house no member of which had ever

before been known to bear the "mark" of any animal; yet the likeness of some such can be clearly discerned upon the new-comer.

No very young child can send out its bush soul. Only after about the age of ten years does the desire to do so begin

to assert itself. Should the affinity be hereditary, the parents are sure to notice signs of restlessness, and will explain all that is necessary. Otherwise, the *Drang*—to use a German word which gives the exact meaning of the Ibibio expression—grows with the physical growth. First, in dreams, those possessed by animal souls see themselves wandering in were-form, and, after a while, the desire to do so at will becomes so strong as to drive boy or girl to seek out some one to whom the rites are known in order to learn the secrets necessary for the conscious taking on of animal shape. Afterward they



AN ODD MIXTURE OF EUROPEAN AND NATIVE DRESS

practise sending forth the soul into its were-body with ever-increasing success, until the power to bring this about at will has at length been acquired.

Sometimes there is no outward sign to show that those with whom one has been living in familiar association are capable of thus projecting their bush souls in animal form. This was the case of four children whose story is thus told by Udaw Owudumo of Ikot Atako.

"There was once a man named Eka Ete, who had three sons and a daughter. One morning, very early,

when the Mimbo people were going toward their grove to collect palm-wine, they saw four pythons hurriedly crossing the road. As usual, the men were walking in single file, and, on seeing the snakes, the first ran back to his house to fetch a weapon, begging his companions to watch the quarry meanwhile, so that it should not escape.

"On returning he found that the pythons had gone only a little way into the bush. He therefore followed the tracks and soon overtook them. At once he lifted his gun and was about to fire when the biggest snake raised his head from the ground and cried with a man's voice:

"Do not kill us. We are the children of Eka Ete."

"The hunter did not fire, but lowered the gun and asked, 'How is it possible for you to be his child, seeing that you are a snake?'

"To this the reptile answered, 'Go to our father and ask for whatever you wish in exchange for our lives, and he will give it you.'

"Then the man left his friends to watch the strange quarry, and himself went back to the house of Eka Ete and said:

"Awhile ago I saw four long snakes and wanted to kill them, but as I was about to do so one of them lifted up his head and said that they were children of yours. Can you explain the matter?"

"On hearing this the old man was very much astonished and asked to be led to the place where the reptiles lay, for he had no knowledge of the strange power possessed by his children. No sooner had he arrived than all four lifted up their heads and cried to him:

"Father! Father! Save us! We are your children. Last night we came out in snake form and enjoyed ourselves so well that we paid no heed to time, and did not notice that day was

dawning. When the sun rose we tried to hasten home, but the *Mimbo* men found us crossing the road, and since then they have watched us so that we cannot escape. Now we greatly fear that some one may kill us.'

"Eka Ete was quite confounded by what he had heard, but he called to his people and set a guard about the snakes that none might harm them. Then he himself went to the Idiong diviner and asked:

"How is it possible that these snakes should be the children who have hitherto dwelt with me in the house?"

"To this the priest of Idiong made answer: 'The souls of your three sons and of your daughter have, of a truth, gone forth in this form, and, should the snakes be killed, your children would surely die also.'

"On hearing this, Eka Ete asked, 'What can I do to make them come back home?'

"To which the Idiong man replied: 'Get goats, fish, and palm-oil and offer these before the Juju Anyang. Should



LEAF IMAGE USED IN JUJU PLAY

the spirit accept the offering, the souls of your children will be able to leave their snake form and come home once more.'

"Eka Ete did as he was bidden, then waited anxiously to see what would happen. During all this time his four children had appeared languid and mazed, as though their spirits were wandering far away. About a week after the sacrifice had been offered the snakes crept back to their home during the night-time, and after this the four children recovered and became just as they had been before their souls went forth.

"When the father saw that all was well again he was very glad, and gave a great play to all the countryside. Afterward a feast was prepared, with 'chop' in plenty and much palm-wine, so that all the people rejoiced with him that the souls of his children had returned."

The child cult is by no means so much in evidence among Ibibios as among the gentler-natured semi-Bantu Etoi, where unkindness to little ones was practically unknown, and parents vied with one another in tender care of their children. Yet even here, in spite of the almost ceaseless drudgery of their lives, the women seem never too weary to lavish care upon their little brown piccans, and no case of a neglectful mother has come to our notice.

Ibibio babies are nearly always well nourished, and roll and creep contentedly in the warm sand. They take considerable part in the life of their elders, proudly riding to market astride the hip of a busy mother, safe-girdled in the curve of her arm.

At an incredibly early age the little

folk begin to take notice of what is going on, crawling out at the sound of the tom-tom or striving to follow plays given by their elders.

In every *oron* (town) there is a young men's society called Ekung, the avowed purpose of which is to bring more children to the town. The rites were thus described:

"At the beginning of the dry season a great play is given, to which boys and girls come, robed in their best. For days before-hand little maids cry to their mothers, 'We must have fresh dresses for the Ekung play,' while boys also beg for new singlets, shirts, and loin-cloths.

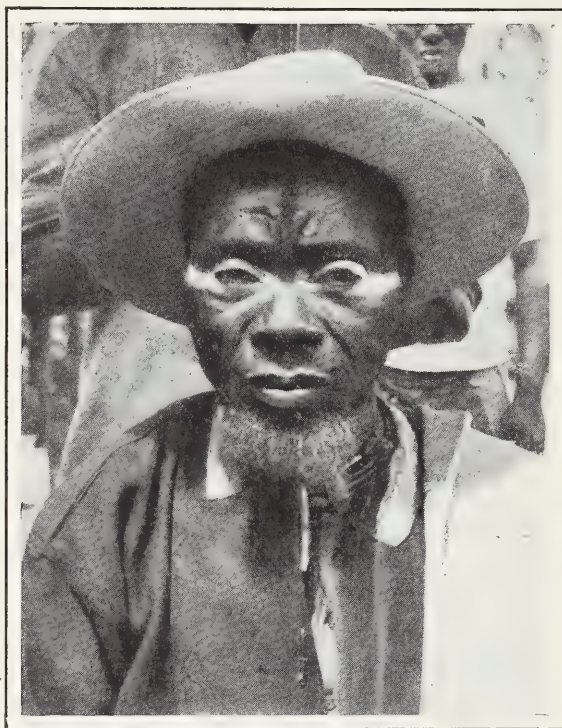
"On this occasion one mother vies with another as to who can lavish most care upon the children. Each daughter's hair is elaborately dressed. Ank-

lets and bracelets are slipped on, and even the fatting-house girls (of which I shall speak later) come out to join in the celebration.

"When the image is seen approaching, the young boys pour out to meet him, singing and rejoicing. Some run before, some behind, some on either hand, all shouting for joy. Little crawlers who had never walked try to follow when Ekung passes. The mothers seek to stop them, but cannot, so eager are they. Thus little ones often walk for the first time; while still smaller tots, who have never even crawled, are said to do this for the first time on Ekung's day.

"The people think that this ceremony brings 'plenty piccans' to the town; and, indeed, if you watch the play, so sweet and gay it is that you cannot but believe that it may draw down some such blessing."

The first great event in the life of an



AN IBIBIO CHIEF



WATER LILIES ON NEW CREEK DISCOVERED BY THE AUTHOR

Ibibio girl is her entrance into the fattening-house.

This so-called fattening-house is a room set apart in the parents' home for the seclusion of daughters while the latter are undergoing the process of fattening-up, which among the west-coast tribes is thought necessary for their well-being. During this time the girls are not allowed to go outside the compound walls save on very rare occasions. Theoretically they are not supposed to pass the threshold of the fattening-room. They do no work and are fed up and pampered in every way.

Before going into seclusion for the first time, young girls are led down to the edge of the pool or stream from which the village drinking-water is drawn. A sacrifice is offered, and the following prayer recited over each:

"Behold, here comes your child, who is about to enter the fattening-house. Protect her, that no evil thing may have power to harm her while she dwells therein."

We chanced to be at Adut Nsitt about the time when the daughters of the principal inhabitants were ready to leave the fattening-house after this first period of seclusion. One of the chiefs stated that they were not due to emerge

till a few days later, but did so in honor of our presence. Some half-dozen girls came to visit us, each of whom wore massive bangles and bracelets of beaten brass or copper, and from a cord round their necks dangled a live white chicken, feebly fluttering against the bare, brown breast of its wearer. In the Efik ceremony, on the death of a great chief each of the women is said to wear a similar decoration.

The second time spent in the fattening-house is the period in the lives of Ibibio women during which they may be looked upon as indulged and spoiled to the top of their bent. This second seclusion is fixed at the point "where brook and river meet." For a period varying, according to the wealth of the family, from a few weeks to two years, girls of good position, and even those not "free born" who are thought likely to repay the expenditure, are sent once more into the fattening-house. Again they do no work, but are kept in one room and fed up and indulged without limit. The result is that they emerge, to the admiration of their adoring relatives and of the townsfolk at large, perfect mountains of flesh, wearing strings of beads and bells, or else decked out with an extravagant array of native

ornaments, but always with an air at once arrogant and querulous.

A day is set apart for the first appearance of the girls of each town who are ready to emerge from the fattening-house. On several occasions we have been present when these swollen specimens of femininity strutted through the market-place, enjoying their brief hour of importance, while the men, who at every other period of a woman's existence are regarded as of superior race, draw back admiringly to give them passage.

At such times the charm of these women disappears, at least in the eyes of white people. Of the kindly, gentle air and friendly greeting usually to be observed in them, there is no trace in this, their little hour of triumph. Only an overweening vanity and bloated self-importance are manifested.

The wooers, who during this parade stand by and appraise the merits and value of the various *débutantes*, afterward hurry to the parents with offers of dowry. A marriage is speedily arranged, and the young bride quickly finds her place amid the new surroundings. No longer petted, spoiled, and pampered, the center of attention for whom her family stint and deny themselves, she is now only the slighted, hard-worked drudge of her new lord.

Although there has been much expostulation against the idea that a father should receive double dowry on account of remarriage of the same daughter, yet instances are not unknown in which parents have so arranged that the marriage of an only child provided them with a veritable gold-mine.

Such was the case of Ama Awsawdi, of Okuko, who gave his daughter in marriage to Obio Esio, of Ubodo, receiving as dowry thirty articles and one cow, valued together at about one hundred and twenty-five dollars. Shortly afterward this unprincipled parent inveigled the girl away. The two went on a journey, during which the father arranged a second wedding with one Ukon Uwe. From the new son-in-law he received eighty articles and one cow, worth two hundred and fifty dollars. After a few days Ama coaxed the girl to leave her second hus-

band and go with him to Calabar. She was undoubtedly attractive, and the father thought that a small amount laid out on gown and bead ornaments for her were likely to prove a good investment. For less than five dollars he succeeded in attiring the girl so sumptuously that a well-known citizen named Asukwaw Etin was induced to offer a hundred articles and one cow—about three hundred dollars—as bride price. Since this third son-in-law was a man of more importance and position than the others, Ama probably thought it necessary to be more careful in his dealings. He therefore went to consult some friends as to the next step in his career of crime.

"I am thinking of taking my daughter to a far country," he said, "and there hiding her until a fresh marriage can be arranged. No one must know that I am running away with the girl lest she should be pursued and brought back; so please help me to hide our tracks."

The men consulted were too conservative to receive such revolutionary ideas with favor. They therefore protested against the plan, but Ama replied:

"I would not act thus in defiance of custom without pressing cause, but my debts are too heavy, and I can see no other way of paying them. That is my reason for running away with the girl."

Since the friends on whose help he had counted would have none of his plan, Ama proceeded to carry it out by himself. The daughter was abducted and concealed in a safe retreat. Matters were progressing most favorably in the direction of her fourth nuptials when cruel fate intervened with the news that the three defrauded husbands had joined forces and were on the way to demand a return of their dowries. Such a contingency was unforeseen and unprovided for. The excellent *parti* with whom a new alliance had been all but arranged, at a higher rate than ever before, had to be abandoned, and the pair disappeared in the direction of Mbukpo, where they were lost sight of; but they are still, in all probability, pursuing their profitable career amid "fresh woods and pastures new."

The Torch

BY MAUDE RADFORD WARREN



MRS. ROCKWELL liked her living-room best under the soft lamplight. She looked at her husband opposite her, book in hand, and listened to the voices of her daughter Florence and Florence's *fiancé* murmuring from the veranda, but for once she neglected to draw a long sigh of satisfied pride and peace over her well-being, of which the living-room seemed symbolic. It radiated prosperity; everything in it was new, just short of conspicuous, and very comfortable. It was the apotheosis of the middle class, and so was Mrs. Rockwell as she sat swaying in her rocking-chair, arms folded across her stomach, hands comfortably nested in the curve which was her waist, contented face rising plumply above the smart lace jabot Florence had selected for her.

To Mrs. Rockwell—who reckoned it wise, now that she was journeying down the western slope, to count for her family only the sunny hours—the room meant that she and “father” would have money enough till the day of their deaths, and a little over to leave the children afterward. It reminded her that she had two sons well started in business, and two daughters, one fairly well married, and the other to be married one of these days after a lengthy engagement. They were all contented and healthy. Mrs. Rockwell dwelt on these blessings, choosing to forget the loss of three children who had died, the long illnesses of those left to her, and the many misfortunes in business and in happiness she and her husband had endured before they came to the days of their handsome living-room.

Yet Mrs. Rockwell looked restless. Just because she felt that her peace ought to be assured she was always alive to any promise of disturbance. She had expected a peaceful summer; Florence

had offered to forego any change of scene in order to be near her lover, and “father” had promised to go away for a month. But now, with mid-June, she felt disquiet. Florence had been unlike herself for two or three days, silent and distrait. Her *fiancé*, young Fralick, had, on one evening, left early; for two evenings he had not come, and now (on the fourth evening) he was staying late. Mrs. Rockwell could hear his voice and her daughter's in steady talk. It was that which disturbed her; she would have liked better long intervals of silence.

“Seems to me, father, Ed is staying pretty late to-night,” she murmured to her husband.

“Just finish another chapter,” Rockwell muttered.

“I'm not asking you to go to bed, father,” she said.

Presently Rockwell rose, yawning.

“Think you ought to let those young ones sit up so late?” he asked.

“Florence will be in soon,” his wife replied. “You go up, dear.”

Left alone, she rocked back and forth rather rapidly, sighing relievedly when she heard Fralick's footsteps retreating from the veranda. There was a pause, and then, slowly, Florence entered. She was a very pretty girl of twenty, dark like her mother, with even more spirit in her brown eyes, and perhaps more obstinacy in mouth and chin. She was very well dressed, with a perfection of detail which her mother always appreciated but never could analyze. If Mrs. Rockwell had been able to put her convictions into words, she would have said that if she were middle class, Florence was born to be something better. Certainly she had even more than a mother's passion to shield the life of her last-born from all untoward chances.

“Ed stayed late, didn't he?” Mrs. Rockwell remarked.

“Yes,” Florence returned, briefly. She locked the veranda door and remarked,

"Go on up, mother; I'll lock the windows."

Mrs. Rockwell rose, but with no intention of going up-stairs.

"You look tired, dearie," she said. "You stay in bed and I'll bring you up your breakfast in the morning."

Tears rose in Florence's eyes. "Oh, I'm not tired; I'm just—just . . . How I hate that man, whoever he was, who wrote, 'The man travels fastest who travels alone.'"

"You've not been upset about a piece of poetry!" Mrs. Rockwell remarked.

This characteristic bit of good sense evoked from Florence a dreary laugh.

"I might as well tell you, I suppose," she said. "It's this: you said Ed and I ought to be engaged three years. Well, we've been wondering if that isn't all nonsense, and we were thinking of getting married in six months or so. I knew I could bring you and father round, for you both like Ed."

A steely gleam shone in Mrs. Rockwell's eyes; she veiled them hastily.

"Long engagements are all wrong," went on Florence, "so Ed spoke to his father about a raise. Fourteen hundred dollars a year isn't enough for us to live on, Ed thinks. His father won't give him the raise while he stays here; says fourteen hundred dollars is all an untried cub of twenty-three is worth."

"While he stays here?" repeated Mrs. Rockwell, seizing on the most significant clause.

"Yes. He says Ed depends on him too much, but that if he'll go out and superintend in one of the Western branches in some little town in Idaho, he'll give him eighteen hundred."

"Ah," murmured Mrs. Rockwell.

"Ed's father thinks we are too young to marry; that a long engagement and absence from me will test Ed. He says if our—our love isn't the real thing, Ed had better find it out, and, anyway, 'the man travels fastest who travels alone.'"

"But, dearie, Mr. Fralick is right; you are both too young to be married—twenty and twenty-three!"

"You and father were eighteen and twenty-two."

"Ah, but that was thirty-five years ago, and eighteen and twenty-two then

were as good as twenty and twenty-five to-day. Times have changed—"

"But love hasn't," Florence said.

Fear stirred in Mrs. Rockwell. "My child, you don't understand," she said. "It's harder to bring up children—"

"They don't die as they did, because people are more scientific," Florence said.

"You don't know how much time and energy it takes to be scientific."

"I can do what other people do," said Florence, tossing her head.

Mrs. Rockwell's face had changed. It had become lighted with an intensity and an intelligence that showed in unexpected contrast to its usual expression of unreflecting placidity. She looked back on her early married life and she spoke with a kind of hard passion.

"You don't understand what you are so ready to undertake. You don't dream what it is to be a wife and mother on a small income—a girl brought up as you have been. Oh, how I remember the dreadful dragging of myself about for you little ones, when I was hardly able to stand—day and night, day and night, saying over and over to myself, 'My duty, my duty!' I remember one night when I picked up a lighted candle and I was so exhausted as I held it that it flickered and altered before my eyes—dwindled at one moment, and at another grew large. Then it seemed to grow and grow till it was as large as a torch. And I went on carrying it and saying, 'My duty, my duty.' Then it seemed to me that my hard duty was like a torch, and after that I got to thinking of my duty in that way, as a torch that day and night seared my eyes and brain, but that I had to follow—a dreadful nagging light I staggered after—"

"Why, mother!" cried Florence.

Mrs. Rockwell paused, half afraid that she had been disloyal to the past which had made her present so rich, and yet with the hope that what she had said had moved Florence. But the girl seemed not to realize that what her mother had said had been meant to strike home to her. It was to her merely as if her mother had been complaining about something long over, and which had no bearing on her own present problem.

"I can't seem to think of anything but



Drawn by Lucius Wolcott Hitchcock

Engraved by Frank E. Pettit

SHE HURRIED INTO HER SISTER'S ROOM

Ed and me," Florence said, brokenly. "I just can't talk about it, mother. I've got to go to bed."

Mrs. Rockwell, her sudden passion spent, kissed Florence tenderly and let her go up-stairs. Then she sat down, rocking vigorously, to think. What had Florence and her lover been talking of, perhaps quarreling about, for surely they had not been in agreement? Did Ed want to go away and keep to the long engagement, and was that hurting Florence's pride of love? Or did he wish to stay near her in a dependent position, and was that hurting her pride in him as a man? Or could he be urging her to go West with him, trusting to his father's forgiveness after the marriage?

Mrs. Rockwell was not one who took a problem lightly. For an hour she rocked and thought, trying to survey calmly her dead years. She lived over the early days of her marriage. She had been used to doing housework, and Florence was not. She had never minded the mere housekeeping, but there had been the unexpected problem of emotional adjustment to her husband. She could still remember the misunderstandings which seemed to her so tragic. Then, all too soon, had come the knowledge that she was to be a mother. She recalled the weeks and months of physical discomfort, the terrible agony of childbirth, the weary days and nights of care over that first baby. And then how fast the others had come! Again her passion rose, and she saw once more that torch of duty which had so painfully inspired her. She could see herself, haggard, weak, scarcely able to drag herself from little bed to little bed, unable to be a fit mate to her husband, able to be a mother only from sheer force of will. There had been a dozen years when she had merely endured life, following the torch. Looking back now, she could see that it had all been well worth while because of her present happiness. But she did not intend that Florence should run unwittingly the risks she had taken. Florence should have the long girlhood she herself had missed. Florence was high-spirited, undisciplined, not fitted for hardships; she must have more time in which to school herself before she took up wifehood and motherhood.

At the end of an hour, Mrs. Rockwell came to the one solution she thought open to her. Late as it was, she slipped out of the house and went to the only hotel in the little city whence she knew she could send a telegram. On the way down she composed a long night-letter which was to go to her married daughter, Bertha Leigh.

Next day, during luncheon, a telegram was brought to Mrs. Rockwell. She opened it amid the usual family speculations.

"It's from Bertha," she said, in a pleased tone. "She and the baby will be here in the morning. Jim will follow as soon as he can."

"That's fine!" said Rockwell, heartily.

Florence expressed her pleasure in a more perfunctory way.

"Well, considering that you've never seen the baby, Florence, and that he's five months old!" said Mrs. Rockwell, in a grieved tone. "And, after all, one human being's affairs in this world are about as important as another's—"

Rockwell looked up, vaguely realizing that his favorite child was being disapproved of.

"You know I'm delighted, mother," Florence said. "I suppose Bertha will have her old room on the third floor?"

"No; I'm going to give her the spare room next to yours, because the bathroom's between, and that will be convenient when the baby wakes in the night."

"Maybe Florence had better move up to Bertha's old room, then," suggested Rockwell, who remembered what it was to be aroused by a child in the night.

"Why should I move up-stairs?" asked Florence, blankly. "I like my own things about me. Another thing, mother," she added, irrelevantly, "Bertha was only twenty-one when she was married."

She was within a month of being twenty-two," corrected Mrs. Rockwell; "and, besides, Jim was getting twenty-five hundred a year, just as Ed will be when he's Jim's age. Remember, too, Bertha has always had a girl to help her.

"Oh, as if one needed a maid in a small house," murmured Florence.

"Try keeping house without one," objected Mrs. Rockwell.

Rockwell was a sensitive man. It was easy enough for him to catch the note of conflict between mother and daughter. But beneath their surface talk he divined some deeper issue. The allusion to early marriage and small salary and the lack of a maid meant something which was far from worldly, something which involved hopes and tenderness, sorrow and fear. Being as philosophic as he was sensitive, the husband and father asked no questions.

That night, as eight o'clock approached, Mrs. Rockwell observed a restlessness in Florence. The hour struck, and then half-past, but young Fralick did not appear.

"She expected him; they have quarreled," decided Mrs. Rockwell.

While she was deeply sorry for her daughter's distress, she could not help seeing that so long as the quarrel lasted there could be no danger of the engagement being shortened. It was hard to see Florence go up quietly to her room and to hear her lock her door. Mrs. Rockwell's intuition told her that the girl had flung herself on her bed and was weeping. The mother's heart was wrung as keenly as it would have been for a grief of her own.

The next morning Bertha arrived with her baby, escorted from the station by her parents. Florence met the party on the veranda, looking earnestly at her sister, whose eyes were fixed on the baby in his grandmother's arms. A year and a half before, Bertha had gone down the same steps of that veranda a bride, a slim girl, half laughing, half weeping, calling back to those who loved her that she would never, never change, would always love them as much as ever. But she *had* changed, Florence reflected. The slim girl was fuller in figure, her gay glance had grown more sedate. And—she had no look or word for her sister till the baby had been shepherded up the steps. Perhaps she did love them all as much as ever, but she loved her child and doubtless her husband more. Nor did Florence's opinion lose its force at Bertha's greeting of her, which consisted in taking the baby from Mrs. Rockwell and asking, "Isn't he a precious, Florrie? And doesn't he look exactly like Jim?"

Later, going into Bertha's room, Florence stopped, almost startled. Bertha had always liked an effect of spaciousness; she had never had a superfluous chair or stand or cushion about her. Yet now her room was crowded, even cluttered. The baby's crib stood beside her bed; the baby's hamper stood against one wall; the baby's bathing paraphernalia lay on a table against another. A clothes-horse bore some of the baby's garments, while others lay piled on a chair. What struck Florence was not so much the crowded aspect, but the impression that this was a baby's room in which his mother slept for the purpose of taking care of him.

All that evening, with her heart listening for a familiar step, Florence was superficially responding to Bertha's talk about Jim and the baby. Mrs. Rockwell, giving the grandmother's due meed of absorbed attention, was, nevertheless, keenly aware of Florence, of her expectancy, of her listless disappointment when her lover did not come. It was distressing, but the mother took comfort in the fact that at least the surface of Florence's mind must be occupied with the dear visitors; her heart could not be so heavy as it must be when she was alone.

At one o'clock that night Florence was awakened by the snapping on of the electric light in the bath-room between her bedroom and Bertha's. Fearing that her sister was ill, she entered, sleepy, bewildered, beautiful, with her black hair falling in two braids over her shoulders.

"What is it?" she cried.

"Nothing. How pretty you are, Florence!—Nothing; the baby woke up and I have to nurse him."

"What! does he still wake you in the night this way?"

Bertha smiled softly. She was wearing a serviceable kimono—cotton-crêpe, not silk, Florence noted. Florence saw how much thinner her hair was than it had been, and how heavy the shadows were under her eyes.

"Sometimes he wakes me twice in the night," Bertha said. "He's a very little baby yet. I'm lucky to be able to nurse him. His chance for life is so much greater than if he were just a bottle-fed baby."

"How long will you be up with him?" Florence asked.

"Twenty minutes, or perhaps half an hour."

"And this is you, who used to act as if it were a national calamity if one of the boys woke you up coming in late!" exclaimed Florence.

"Yes, I know; but with a baby you soon get used to not sleeping," said Bertha.

"Well, keep the light on, in case you go into the bath-room again," Florence suggested. "What you were once in regard to broken slumbers I still am."

She went back to bed, but an hour and a half later she was aroused by a clatter of falling implements. She hurried into her sister's room. Bertha was holding the baby on one arm while she fumbled with an alcohol-stove.

"Oh, too bad you've waked," she said; "but since you are here, help me heat this water. Baby has a touch of colic."

"Is he very sick?" asked Florence, anxiously.

"Oh no; but the doctor likes him to take about twelve ounces of water a day, and as he was having a few twinges I thought this would be a good time to give him a couple of ounces."

Once more before daylight Florence was awakened this time by the vigorous crying of the baby. She did not get up, but lay drowsily wondering if Bertha were not spoiling her child by too much attention. She said something of the sort to Mrs. Rockwell the next morning at breakfast. Bertha had not yet come down, as she was ministering to the baby.

"Why, my dear," Mrs. Rockwell replied, "she doesn't give a bit more time to the baby than any mother must."

When Bertha appeared presently, Mrs. Rockwell asked her, for Florence's benefit: "Don't you find the care of the baby a good deal of a burden, dear? Don't you sometimes wish you had a nurse?"

"Of course I'm tired most of the time," Bertha replied. "I've not got my strength back yet. But I'd not have a nurse for anything. It isn't as if I didn't have a maid, you see. I love to take care of baby, and I'm so proud of being able to nurse him myself."

"Mothers who don't nurse their babies put in just about as much time and energy sterilizing bottles and finding the proper food," Mrs. Rockwell said. "Even though you do the best you can, the care of a baby is a steady job, so to speak."

Almost as if her mother were prompting her, Bertha said: "I feed baby every three hours; that takes up about half an hour. Another half-hour goes in giving him water between feedings, for he hates it, and takes it very slowly. Then, sometimes, in between, he has colic or indigestion, and I have to rock him or carry him about. There is no use in letting a child scream if he is suffering; you have to divert him. Then, there's the bath, and the constant changing of his clothes. Oh, I never have a free hour. I never dare go anywhere. But, then, I don't want to."

Florence was looking curiously at Bertha. Mrs. Rockwell hoped she was contrasting her own freedom with Bertha's lack of it, was measuring her own love of gaiety and change with Bertha's passive acceptance of a life that regulated its movements by the baby's self-imposed hours of feeding. But the girl's face was inscrutable.

All that morning Florence watched Bertha taking care of the baby. Mrs. Rockwell was glad to have her mind so occupied. In the middle of the morning, at a time when the baby was neither eating nor sleeping, Bertha insisted on taking him, for a change of air, to call on a cousin who lived a block or two away. Florence went with her, chatting in a desultory fashion. Presently she looked at Bertha and was startled at the light on her face.

"What is it?" she asked; "you might be Joan of Arc seeing the great vision."

"I *was* seeing a great vision," returned Bertha, in a hushed voice. "I was thinking, Florence, that here I am, carrying my own child in my arms in this town where I was born, along the street where I played when I was little. It seems so wonderful! I'm so proud—so proud!"

"Oh, but, Bertha," said Florence, in an odd tone, "why should you be proud? Babies are so common—as common as marriage, or grass, or trees, or anything

else that's common. Why should you be so—so exalted when you're merely leading the life of millions of women?"

Bertha hesitated; then she said, softly: "I think that's it. I was only a girl before, playing at things. Now I'm a woman, doing a woman's work in the world. My work is to have a baby—to have babies, to tend them and rear them. You see, I've come into my kingdom, and I can realize it here, where I've lived my old life—my old life, which may have been a preparation for this, but which now seems just nothing."

Florence made no reply. She was unusually silent when they returned home, and Mrs. Rockwell scrutinized her face anxiously. In the afternoon she remarked that she was going down town, and her mother proposed to go with her. Florence hesitated a moment, and then assented to the plan. Afterward, Mrs. Rockwell felt glad that she had gone, for they passed young Fralick in front of his father's place of business. He seemed ready to join them, but Florence's hasty and casual bow gave him no opportunity. Mrs. Rockwell suspected that if she had not been present, Florence's manner might have been more propitious, or that Fralick might have taken advantage of the encounter. She welcomed all delay in their reconciliation, and yet her daughter's sad face hurt.

Mrs. Rockwell found some solace in the circumstance that Florence announced, in the evening, that she was going to sleep in Bertha's old room on the third floor. She said, rather impatiently, that Bertha might be able to endure broken rest, but that she was not. Surely, Mrs. Rockwell thought, the lesson she intended must some time seep into Florence's mind, however closed it might, at moments, seem. The next day Bertha's husband appeared. He plunged into the house when the family were at a late breakfast, and engulfed his wife and child in a deep embrace, afterward greeting the others genially, but briefly, in order that he might receive from Bertha a minute account of the baby's history during the short time of the parting. He let it be taken for granted that he could no longer be separated from his twodearest. Flor-

ence watched him considerably as he held the baby in accustomed arms, guarding instinctively the tender eyes from the sun, and seeing that the soft little head was well out of range of the side of his chair.

During the week that followed, Mrs. Rockwell surveyed her younger daughter always with perturbation and sometimes with sorrow. Fralick did not call or write, and Florence did not confide further in her mother. The girl spent much time with Bertha and her husband, evidently analyzing the close family life of those three. Other hours she spent alone in the garden, her lips pressed together in reflection or listlessly parted in sad reminiscence. Whatever her crisis was, the mother saw that she meant to live through it alone.

One evening, not long after seven, Fralick's footsteps were heard on the veranda. Involuntarily Florence sprang to her feet, her color heightening, and went out.

"Oh, Florence's sweetheart," murmured Bertha, and listened to hear if the baby was crying.

Mrs. Rockwell gave her an amused, not unmalicious glance, which meant that if Bertha had not been so absorbed in her own affairs she might have wondered why Florence's sweetheart had not been calling on her recently. All evening Mrs. Rockwell sat with her mind on the two outside, whose voices rose and fell, and, at intervals, were silent. Presently Bertha went to bed, and afterward her husband. Rockwell read his book casually, looking up now and then to smile absently at his wife. She returned his smile in the same mechanical fashion, not reflecting that these subconscious actions showed their deep accord—an accord which had grown closer because of the mutual trials they had lived through and conquered, the burdens they had taken from each other.

At ten o'clock, Rockwell rose, yawning.

"Those two have made it up?" he said, nodding his head toward the veranda.

His tone was tentative, and for a moment his wife had the impulse to tell him all that was on her mind. But



Drawn by Lucius Wolcott Hitchcock

Engraved by F. A. Pettit

"I'M GOING TO DO WHAT ED WANTS ME TO DO: GO WITH HIM"

when she considered how little, after all, she could tell him that was final, she refrained. She merely said, "It seems to me, father, I remember that you and I quarreled once or twice when we were engaged."

"I guess people that are meant to come together do come together," Rockwell said, with the easy optimism a happily married man generally shows toward other people's love affairs.

After her husband had gone, Mrs. Rockwell did not try to restrain the evidences of her restlessness. She picked up one book after another, but could settle upon none; she moved from the rocking-chair to the lounge, and then back again, her head always inclined toward the veranda. It was as if all the anchors which had bound her to tranquillity were loosened. She knew, at its keenest, the mother's desire to live for her child its life. She would have been glad to give Florence all the human riches, if they could have been given without a price; but since Florence must pay, as all women and men do pay, she wanted at least to delay the time of barter. Surely three more years of irresponsible girlhood was not much to ask. Surely Florence would be the better for storing up three more years of strength and experience. Only too soon her energy would be drained away by the irritating and constant demands of domestic living.

At midnight Florence came in. "You were waiting for me, mother?" she said.

Mrs. Rockwell looked at her mutely. Florence was like a creature transformed. Her dark eyes were soft and luminous, as if she had been gazing into some glorious vista which had taken the place for ever of all the common roads of the world. Her step had a proud confidence; her arms, as she folded them about her mother, were strong and tender in a new way.

"You—" Mrs. Rockwell began, and then paused.

Florence threw herself upon the floor beside her mother's chair. "Oh, I'm so happy!" she breathed; "when love is real, it—it's so marvelous!"

Mrs. Rockwell smoothed the dark hair softly. "You're sure it's real?" she said; "that it will endure separation?"—Her

voice faltered in spite of her determination to hold it steady.

"It could endure separation, but it won't have to, mother," Florence replied. "I'm going to do what Ed wants me to: go with him. That's what he asked me to do ten days ago, and I said I couldn't. I said we ought to wait."

"But his father—" said Mrs. Rockwell.

"His father says if I am idiot enough to be willing to marry a man who hasn't proved himself yet, and if you and father are insane enough to let me, he won't stand in the way." Florence's voice broke happily.

"Oh, my baby," pleaded Mrs. Rockwell, "I can't let you do it! If Ed had more money—"

"Yes, I know we'll be poor," Florence said. "I know I'll have to save and plan in a way I don't even dream of now, and that I'll blunder and be discouraged. But we're going to a country where no one has much money, where all the women are pioneers. They'll teach me. Ed has been telling me about that little town of Buhl. No one keeps a maid, and when there is sickness all the neighbors come in to help. Mother, what does poverty matter if I've health and the courage to learn new conditions?"

She looked, as she spoke, like the very embodiment of brave, victorious youth. Her triumphant voice should have conquered Mrs. Rockwell, but the protective mother-instinct in her was still fighting.

"Florence, you're so young that you cannot realize what a young married woman's life is when her cares begin to fall upon her. But you must have seen what Bertha's baby—"

"But it is watching Bertha that has made me sure, mother," Florence said. "At first I thought it was dreadful the way the baby waked her in the night, the way she lived for nothing but him—we're only the background in her life now. But then, mother, I began to see what it all means. You spoke of a torch the other day, but in the wrong way. Bertha has made me see that what you really mean is the torch of life. It's a wonderful thing, the passing on of the torch of life! Bertha can't live for herself; none of us can live for ourselves.

We're just here for the next generation. That is the service we all have to render in life."

She turned up her face to her mother like a beautiful young prophetess.

"It was not till I saw how Bertha, who used to be so self-centered, has forgotten herself in the baby, that I began to understand. She and Jim both work for him; in common service to him they forget or adjust their little differences. As I look back, I can see what the lives of you and father have meant. I never thought of you before as anything but just my father and mother, who loved me, and had brought me into the world, and whose duty it was to take care of me. But I see now that it's your care of me that has made the richness of your life together. Oh, mother, I'm so glad!"

"Glad!" mourned Mrs. Rockwell. "Oh, my baby, it is all worth while, but not yet! I want to save you your youth for just a few years."

"But, mother, I don't want it saved. I'm ready for my work, and that's the time it should begin: when I'm ready. How blind I've been! I might never have seen it all if it hadn't been for Bertha and the baby. Perhaps I'd have

made Ed stay here and dangle attendance on me till our three years' engagement was past. Perhaps I'd have let him go away alone."

Mrs. Rockwell sat contemplating the ironic ruin of her plans.

"It would have been so dreadful if I had never understood, or had understood too late!" Florence said. "You're not angry, mother—not when I'm so happy?"

Slowly Mrs. Rockwell passed her hand over the dark, soft hair. The two sat in silence, Florence musing over the future, her mother turning back to the past, viewing her child's life by the memory of her own. By degrees the caress of her hand became more tender, even reverential, as if it were a benediction.

Ah no; she could not withhold from Florence the torch. It had many names: Duty, Love, Nature. Those unschooled, girlish hands must take it up, for good or ill, must bear it down through her own generation, and from it other flames would kindle and wax. Such was the law of life. Mrs. Rockwell, with tears, but with thankfulness, too, silently gave over her last-born child into the charge of life, dedicated her to her place among the many torch-bearers of the world.

Check!

BY JAMES STEPHENS

THE night was creeping on the ground,
 She crept along without a sound
 Until she reached the tree, and then
 She covered it, and stole again
 Along the grass up to the wall.

I heard the rustle of her shawl
 Inside the room where I was hid;
 But no matter what she did
 To everything that was without,
 She could not put my candle out:

So I peeped at the night, and she
 Stared back solemnly at me.

Lilies Before Swine

BY RIPLEY HITCHCOCK



IT happened in the days when Mirabeau B. Lamar was President—of the Republic of Texas. In the greater republic, which was shortly to take Texas to its bosom, the uncertain rule of the courtly Martin Van Buren was shadowed by the approach of the pathetically brief tenure of William Henry Harrison. People still talked of the brilliant ceremonies attending the marriage of Queen Victoria to her idolized Prince Albert a year before, and they still contrasted the stately reception given to the ashes of Napoleon the Great with the ignominious failure of Napoleon the Little at Boulogne. At Paris the last of reigning Bourbons, Louis Philippe, concerned himself with vast fortifications which were to prove futile against the Prussians a generation later. For the time being the Napoleonic pretender was worse than a failure. He was ridiculous. The Bourbon lilies waved unscathed. But the echoes of the Boulogne *débâcle* had not passed away when the Bourbon lilies were again assailed—not by a sickly Napoleonic eagle, but by the whetted appetite of the American hog.

It was, in short, early in 1841 that the devil saw fit to enter into certain Texan swine. Had these swine preserved the tradition of the steep place and the sea all would have been well. But, instead, their diabolical obsession impelled them to pillage the corn bestowed upon certain horses which were the horses of the Count de Saligny, agent and accredited representative of France to the Republic of Texas. Out of the forays of these accursed pigs grew, like rank weeds in the tropics, assault and battery, and diplomatic correspondence of increasing acrimony which was disseminated in Mexico, although Mexico needed no spurring against us under Santa Ana, nor does she now. Then came the formal with-

drawal of the representative of France, the transfer of the embittered porcine argument to Paris, a rebuke from Guizot, Minister of State, fairly bellicose in tone, the rumor of a hostile French fleet at hand, a tentative effort to enroll the fleets of America and England in defense of the Texan swine, and, finally and very definitely, the loss of a three-million-dollar loan which Paris bankers had been about to grant to the Republic of Texas. Assuredly the corn appropriated by these wretched pigs was the costliest ever known. Assuredly also the performances of de Saligny and of Mayfield, the Texan Secretary of State, rank high among the curiosities of official stupidity.

Now, the story of the swine which trod the lilies of France underfoot begins with M. de Saligny's first relations with Texas when he was negotiating, in 1839, with J. Pinckney Henderson in Paris regarding French duties upon Texan cotton and Texan duties upon French wines. This acquaintance with Texas, and apparently also a certain speculative impulse, must have worked together toward his appointment the following year as the accredited representative of France in Texas. Arrived in New Orleans, he is heard of in connection with certain land grants, and a little later there is a tale of counterfeit money which he seems to have received from natives and to have paid to natives on the principle, doubtless, of rendering unto Cæsar his own.

When M. de Saligny first took up his residence in Austin it was as the "paying guest" of a certain Richard Bullock, an innkeeper. Presently he established the Legation of France more fittingly in a house with quarters for his servants and a stable for his horses, which it was a duty of these servants to keep supplied with corn. Unhappily he was still in close proximity to Bullock, and Bullock's preference in the animal kingdom

was for pigs. According to the custom of those simple times—a custom not unknown even in old New York—the pigs roamed at will. Their will was to eat. The temptation of the corn in M. de Saligny's stable was potent. Their appreciation of the sanctity of a foreign Legation was nil. Therefore the pigs invaded the stable, and, growing bolder, even the house. Therefore the servants of M. de Saligny wearied themselves in chasing these marauders and in building fences with a vast consumption of nails. But the fences were not pig-proof and neither was the temper of M. de Saligny. He exploded in an edict calling for the instant execution of trespassing pigs. That was enough. His servants armed themselves for slaughter and took swift reprisal upon Mr. Bullock's swine. To the Bullock mind this probably meant not merely the loss of property, but also a blow at a cherished pastoral usage long peacefully observed. His remarks were vehement, his procedure violent. Without loss of time he proceeded to fall upon Pluyette, a servant in de Saligny's household, and his demonstrations led to the official beginning of the War of Swine.

It was on February 19, 1841, that M. de Saligny, drawing toward him his best and most official paper, wrote a letter, surcharged with emotion, and directed it to J. S. Mayfield, The Honorable Secretary of State of The Republic of Texas. The following extract exhibits its character:

SIR,

It is with profound regret that I find myself forced to call your attention to facts of an extremely grave nature of which this city was this morning the theatre. From information entitled to credit, which has been furnished me, the following are the details of this deplorable affair.

One of the people belonging to my house, Mr. Eugene Pluyette, when passing in the street, was without any provocation on his part, assaulted by a man named Bullock, a resident of this city, who having first assailed him by throwing stones, then threw himself upon him with a stick, at the same time making use of all kinds of menaces and atrocious imprecations. My domestic after having repulsed successfully the attacks of Bullock, wished, with a moderation worthy of praise, to pursue his way; but this miserable

man without the *sang froid*, and presence of mind of my domestic, undertook to follow him, and the affray was commenced again in a more serious manner.

These acts, Sir, constitute one of the most scandalous and outrageous violations of the Laws of Nations, and they assume a much more serious aspect when, it is considered that they are but the realization of menaces made a long time in advance, and that (as I have but this moment learned) they have already at two different times been preceded by occurrences of the same nature.

This was the prelude to a diplomatic correspondence¹ which the author of *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* should have turned to account. The Honorable Secretary replied at infinite length in sonorous but involved phrases like these:

Mr. Saligny, Chargé d'affaires of France, may upon all occasions contemplate with the most entire assurance that this Government entertains a lively sense of the necessity of adhering rigidly to those rules of international law, which so distinctly, and justly regulate and mark that intercourse, and comity which so deservedly distinguish all civilized Nations and that the President would witness with peculiar and profound regret any infraction of those well established principles, which might in any possible contingency, in the remotest degree disturb the harmony and friendly relations (an object which Texas will ever foster) existing between this Government, and the Government of France, which Mr. Saligny has the distinguished honor so eminently to represent. Actuated by these considerations, and moved by the reflection that the Magnanimity of Chivalrous France, induced her, at an early period in our revolutionary struggle, to become the first European power to recognize Texas as an independent Nation and entitled to rank amongst the Nations of the Earth, this too an important step for the interest of the Republic, it is borne in mind was greatly facilitated by the zeal, and interest you so disinterestedly manifested in her welfare, and advancement, in representing so forcibly, and favorably to your Government the resources, of the Country, and the moral and physical capabilities of the people for self government. The President has therefore directed that the proper Law-officer be instructed to institute an enquiry into the facts, and circumstances attending the occurrence mentioned in your note, and take the

¹*Diplomatic Correspondence of the Republic of Texas*, edited by Prof. George P. Garrison, Report of the American Historical Association for 1908, Vol. II., published 1911.

necessary legal measures for an examination of the case before the judiciary, and have its action thereon, as may be consonant to the laws and usages of Nations.

But the grandiose official ruined the effect of his eloquence by finally intimating that a list of M. de Saligny's servants should have been given at first to the Government. And by this tactlessness all was lost. M. de Saligny pounced upon the implied criticism:

Now in the matter under consideration, it would not only be impossible to deny that Mr. Bullock knew Eugene Pluyette to be one of the domestics of my house; but it can no less be doubted, and the Texian Government ought to be informed of it as well as any one it may concern, what course to pursue in this affair, that it was even on account of this quality of Domestic of the Chargé d'affaires of France, that Pluyette has been three times on the part of Mr. Bullock, the victim of infamous and premeditated outrage.

I will not conclude this note without representing to you again, that it is a matter of extreme urgency for the interests of our respective Governments that the attempts of the said Bullock which has [*sic*] rendered him liable, should receive a prompt and exemplary punishment. This individual who has by no means restrained himself, as you remark in your instructions to Mr. Jewett, to provoking Mr. Pluyette, but who has attacked him on three different days, sometimes by throwing stones sometimes with a stick, and even with a hatchet, inflicting upon him each time wounds more or less serious, has since yesterday, again used towards him horrible threats.

And the letter closes with a renewed request for prompt and energetic action.

Mayfield, ready letter-writer that he was, replied with references to "prescribed forms and rules," adding that "the Republic of Texas having directed to the utmost of her authority an investigation into the alleged outrage, Congratulates herself that she has done all that duty requires That chivalrous and magnanimous France could demand," etc. M. de Saligny was requested on the morrow to lay before Judge Hutchinson of the Supreme Court any evidence at his command.

Once again M. de Saligny's sense of diplomatic proprieties was outraged, and thus he made his bitter reply:

If the Texian Government, which ought, it

seems to me, to be perfectly apprised of the true cause of this odious violation of the Laws of Nations; which cannot be ignorant of the circumstances which have preceded and brought it on, has not succeeded in procuring upon facts known to everybody, sufficient evidence, I should take pleasure in transmitting through you all the declarations necessary to enlighten the conscience of its Tribunals. I would even consent in the case in which you have made the demand, that my domestics should be heard by their simple declarations. But as to permitting that they should appear as witnesses before the Judicial authorities of this Country, particularly when it relates to a question in which the dignity of France is deeply concerned, I could never do that without completely forgetting the obligations which are imposed on me.

The pigs were in the background. Even the truculent Bullock was overshadowed by the new controversy over diplomatic usages. "The Laws of Nations," wrote Saligny, "prevents [*sic*] not only a Foreign Minister but even his domestics from being called under any pretext whatever before the Tribunals of the country where he resides." His domestics should be heard, "not as witnesses, but by simple declaration. . . . The crime for which France is to-day forced to seek reparation has been committed three different times before a great number of people. . . . France, less than any other nation perhaps should expect to be insulted by Texas; and besides, since the outrage of which she has to complain, has been unexpected, odious, and in its character derogatory to her dignity, you can therefore the better understand, that in her just indignation, she should insist that it should receive a prompt and signal punishment proportioned to the enormity of the offence."

Thereupon the tireless Mayfield "begs leave to repeat that it is most true that the Texian Government could not if she desired it, do anything to render vain or nugatory the imprescriptable laws and usages of Nations"

But meantime Judge Hutchinson had held his examination, and the district attorney reporting thereon stated that "as regards the affray of February 19th Mr. Bullock has been strictly dealt with according to the laws of our Republic."

The character of the testimony which was forwarded to M. de Saligny is eloquently set forth in two sentences: "Mr. Bullock had a large club in his hand. The servant had a contusion in the head."

Bullock was ordered to give sureties to appear at the next term of court. With this de Saligny expressed tempered satisfaction. Peace seemed at hand when suddenly a new storm was precipitated by the maladroit Mayfield at a most inauspicious moment. For from London Gen. James Hamilton, Texan agent to England and France, was writing that he had concluded a contract with the Bank of Lafitte for a loan which would be worth between two and three millions to the Government of Texas, and he needed only the guarantee of the French Government, of which he had a "fair prospect."

It was at this time that Mayfield saw fit to present to de Saligny a "memorial" from the recalcitrant Bullock demanding that the former should settle certain accounts. With fiery eloquence de Saligny repudiated the charge of failure to pay his debts, recapitulated various offers of settlement, and repeated his own story of the obsessed swine. He pictured his servants expending infinite labor and one hundred and forty pounds of nails in repairing fences broken by the thievish invaders.

One day [declared de Saligny] three pigs entered even into my bedroom, ate some of my linen, and destroyed some papers. Another time a dozen of these animals rushed among eight horses to eat their corn and the frightened horses upset the whole stable and kicked a groom, who barely escaped half-dead. Then following the example of several of my neighbors I ordered my servants to kill the pigs that came into the courtyard, but this order did not apply specially to the pigs of Mr. Bullock. They did not carry on their backs the name of their master and it was impossible to distinguish them from the others. Five or six were killed. Did they belong to Bullock? I do not know.

And then follow aspersions upon the Bullock veracity and further insistence upon the reparation due to France.

He inclosed the report of an arbitration upon the Saligny-Bullock account containing the following remarkable bill:

Légation de France
au Texas

Mr. de Saligny,

To Richard Bullock Dr.

July 24th

To keeping horses 3½ days at 2/50 \$25.25
do do. 5 horses, 4 days

at 2.50..... 50.

one day board for driver..... 2.50

one month board for himself..... 60.

one month do. for 2 servts. boys at 30 60.

one month do. for a servant Girl... 30.

5 days board for M. Dulong..... 12.50

Flora's (negro girl) expenses..... 8.35

digging a grave and conveying Flora 10.

Keeping a spotted horse 12 days ½

at 1.50 a day..... 18.75

services of henry 3 days..... 6.

one month rent of a store..... 30.

\$313.75
[sic]

This bill is made out according to the informations made known to me by Mr. de Saligny and others, concerning Mr. Bullock's rates of charges

[Signed] BILLINGSLEY.

[Evidently the arbitrator.]

Certifié véritable la présente copie, conforme a l'original resté en mes mains.

A. DE SALIGNY.

Austin 21 mars 1841.

Deducting Mr. Bullock's bill as settled by arbitration..... \$313.75

Paid cash by M. de Saligny on

July 28th..... 200.

balance due—\$113.75

For "digging Flora's grave" and "keeping a spotted horse" and the other items, the arbitrator stated that de Saligny had already paid the larger part and had attempted to arrange the balance.

But Bullock was not only obdurate, but obstreperous. Again he broke out in an act of violence which is described in a cry to high heaven from de Saligny dated March 25th.

France has been insulted again [he begins]; this time in the very person of her Representative. Yesterday as I was about to enter the house of the Chargé d'affaires of the United States this innkeeper Bullock rushed at me in a threatening way and insolently warned me not to enter his house. I calmly replied that I was going to Colonel Flood. "It is false," said he. . . . He shook his fist at me. I warned him to be careful. He seized me by the collar, then violently by the

arms. However, disconcerted by my *sang froid*, he finally left me. . . . In the presence of such facts, Monsieur, I shall be tempted to believe myself in the midst of a tribe of savages rather than a civilized and friendly nation, if the Government of Texas, rousing itself from its inconceivable lethargy does not immediately take the most energetic measures to punish these outrages, to prevent new ones, and to give to France emphatic satisfaction.

To this bitter outcry is added a threat of asking for his passports.

Meantime Hamilton was at the crisis of his financial negotiations in Paris, which depended upon the approval of the French Government, and other delicate negotiations were pending in Mexico.

But the fatuous Mayfield proceeded to reply at interminable length in a vitriolic letter. De Saligny had refused to pay Bullock's board bill. He had refused to allow his servants to testify. The Government had acted promptly. It had passed a law to punish disrespectful words spoken to a foreign minister, even though in this case the minister spoke disrespectfully of the Secretary of State. The Secretary of the Treasury had redeemed three hundred dollars of counterfeit money to protect de Saligny's reputation. The latter had presented a bill to Congress asking for three million acres of public land and had vituperated members who voted against it. M. de Saligny, "with high consideration," was informed that his passports were in readiness.

Thereupon relations were suspended, and Saligny, forwarding the correspondence to his Government, awaited instructions. But the busy Mayfield clung to his ink-pot, for he saw the specters of the departed swine enlisted in the ranks of Mexico. Here, as elsewhere, a literal transcript is given:

It is understood [Mayfield writes to the chief clerk of the War Department on April 3d, 1841] that Mr. Saligny has stated: that he had drawn up a representation intimating the willingness on the part of this Government to countenance, Mr. Bullock, in alledged outrages against him and his household, and an unusual lethargy in using its powers to bring him to punishment, for these alledged outrages, if guilty, and that this representation was to be despatched to the Minister of the

French Government at Mexico, and would meet, the Hon. James Webb, upon his arrival there; who has been despatched by this Government to treat, for our Recognition, of Independence, Amity, and Commerce, with that Government; thereby tending to cripple the Negotiations of Judge Webb, the Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of this Government to Mexico, under the convention concluded with England.

You will confer on this Department a favor, and upon the country a service, by furnishing it, all the information in your possession or that has come to your knowledge; touching the subject mentioned.

Next the demon in Mayfield's ink-pot instigated him to write at vast length to McIntosh, Chargé d'Affaires at Paris, and these were among the agreeable statements which the unhappy McIntosh was instructed "to represent to the King and Government of France:"

De Saligny on his arrival had paid a teamster in counterfeit money which was made good by the Texas Government. He had refused to pay his board bill to Bullock. He had caused the property of Bullock to be "repeatedly and as it is said most wantonly and maliciously destroyed," and, drawing a veil over the intrusive swine, Mayfield volunteered his opinion that "the whole of the dissatisfaction had its origin in the defeat of Saligny's Franco-Texian bill, and the part which I took as a member of Congress in the discussions." Thus Mayfield continued with an increasing venom which blinded him to the humor of his closing adjuration to "present these things to the Government of the King with all the delicacy which the occasion requires."

By May the battle of the pigs was raging in Paris to the horror of poor Hamilton, whose loan had been positively promised by Lafitte & Co., subject to the consent of the French Government. Now, the Minister of Finance, M. Humann, was the brother-in-law of de Saligny. Mayfield, therefore, was attaching the brother-in-law of the man who could control the proposed loan. Hamilton wrote from London of "an unexpected check." Lafitte announced unfavorable official comments and deferred the subscription. There was much unprofitable correspondence, but the rampant swine dominated the situation, which grew worse and worse. On

July 16, 1841, Hamilton inclosed to Mayfield a letter which he had written to M. Guizot, then the Minister of Foreign Affairs, "in consequence of an article I saw in the Paris papers that a squadron of French Brigs was fitting out for the coast of Texas in consequence of a difficulty which had taken place between the President of the Republic and the French chargé d'affaires, M. de Saligny." Since M. Guizot was a distinguished advocate of peace as well as diplomat and historian, General Hamilton probably felt that his appeal would have a favorable hearing.

Meantime McIntosh in Paris had received Mayfield's communications and had become infected by their verbosity. On July 4th, a date selected perhaps with significance, he addressed to Guizot a deliverance of portentous length, asking for de Saligny's recall. The battle of the pigs was fought again. De Saligny had vituperated officers of the Texan Government. He had intermeddled in foreign and domestic relations. He had pressed the Congress for a grant of three million acres of land in which he was deeply interested. He had declined to communicate with the Government, but insisted that he would continue his intercourse with the people, who he believed would sustain him. He had interfered with the foreign relations of Texas by attempting to produce difficulties in her negotiations with Mexico. And so he continued with a diffusiveness and lack of tact worthy of Mayfield himself. For a time Guizot took no apparent notice of the letter and the mass of documents accompanying it, and on August 12th McIntosh rashly recalled the affair of the swine to his attention. Then, indeed, he received a reply.

"I have seen," wrote Guizot, "with painful surprise, that the representative of France in Texas, when subjected to insults and injury from a low wretch, has demanded in vain many times that the Government of Texas should take steps to make the inviolability of his person and character respected." Thus the letter went on, meeting charges with poignant counter-charges of insult, injury, official neglect of Saligny's complaints, and official indorsement of the sanguinary Bullock. "Therefore," Guizot

wrote in his indignant peroration, "far from admitting the imputations promulgated against M. de Saligny, imputations vague, devoid of proof, without any appearance of truth, the Government of the King regards itself, on the contrary, as deeply insulted in the person of its agent, and reserves the right to seek from your Government the just reparation to which it is entitled."

For once McIntosh's pen was checked: "After mature reflection I concluded to reply in a short and general manner." He also reported another rumor that a French squadron had been ordered to the coast of Texas, which, however, was denied. It is not surprising to find the chances of Hamilton's loan reported to be discouraging.

Thus matters stood, with an interruption of relations, with rumors of a hostile squadron, and with the French loan moribund. But presently election-time came in Texas, and a new administration headed by Houston succeeded the government of Lamar. It was quite time to call a truce to the battle of the swine, and in January, 1842, Jones, the new Secretary of State, sent instructions to McIntosh which were radically different from those of Mayfield. They breathed deep regret. They disclaimed the abusive language of which de Saligny had been the object. They emphasized "satisfactory explanations," and assurances that "the present Executive will, in good faith, exert every facility in his power to punish according to the sacred principles of law the outrages complained of by M. de Saligny, who has given so many valuable proofs of his friendship for the Government and people of Texas and for whom the President and the citizens of this country as a community entertain an exalted personal regard."

To de Saligny an apologetic and conciliatory letter was sent by a messenger who called upon him in New Orleans. The affronted envoy still nursed his wounds. There had been delay in the amends. He hinted at the much-quoted French squadron as "in the Gulf of Mexico subject to his orders." But at last the olive branch was accepted. By April de Saligny was reinstalled in

the French Legation, which had been removed from Bullock's neighborhood to Galveston. He resumed his correspondence regarding the claims of French citizens and claims of his own for certain Texas bonds which had been withheld after his purchase. As to the latter, the results seem to have been painfully unsatisfactory, for three years later, in 1845, Smith, then Secretary of State, is writing de Saligny that the Treasury Department cannot liquidate his claim, and that, if he wishes, the matter will be presented to Congress. But this and the correspondence of the following year is unimportant.

The war of the swine was inky but bloodless, save for the death of the pigs and the chastisement of M. de Saligny's servant by the bellicose Bullock, who appears to have come off relatively scot free. There was no attack by a French squadron, but there resulted very definitely the loss of the French loan. On the one hand the wounded dignity of France had been maintained most ardently by de Saligny, and doubtless impressed upon Guizot by de Saligny's brother-in-law, the Minister of Finance; and on the other hand there had been the verbose stupidity of the Texan official correspondence, and also, judging from the local press, the rally of Texas in defense of Bullock and his pigs. It was *opéra bouffe*; it might have been tragedy. Was this the origin of the *sacré cochon* of French billingsgate?

But there is another side. Were these pigs possessed of the devil, or were they really the saviors of Texas? If they had not invaded the stables of the French Legation, General Hamilton would prob-

ably have floated the Texan loan in Paris. In Lamar's administration the public debt of Texas had increased from \$1,887,526 to \$7,300,000, and securities worth at the outset sixty-five to eighty-five cents on the dollar had depreciated to fifteen and twenty cents. With the French millions in hand at that hungry period, what limit would have been set to inflation, extravagance, over-speculation, and subsequent disaster?

It was only a few years later that William M. Gouge wrote in his *Fiscal History of Texas*:

Nor will it be too much to say that, as Rome was saved by the cackling of geese, so Texas was saved by the squeaking of pigs. If the loan had been obtained, it would have been used in establishing a national bank, by which every dollar would have been made to look like ten. The result would have been that the debt of Texas, instead of being twelve millions, would have been twenty-five, thirty, perhaps forty millions. The most intelligent Texans agree in opinion that this would have been the result. All honor, then, to Mr. Bullock and his pigs; and this heretofore much-despised animal must be regarded hereafter as possessed of classic interest. If his figure, carved in marble, should be placed over the entrance of the Treasury of Texas it would serve as a memento to future ages of his having been the salvation of the Republic.

These are strong words. Were Mr. Bullock's pigs malefactors or the saviors of their country? Let us discreetly remember that their forays and their martyrdom were within the borders of Texas. No interstate question is involved. Clearly it is for the sovereign state of Texas to award a monument or ignominy to its historic swine.



“Karl Friedrich Abel” by Thomas Gainsborough

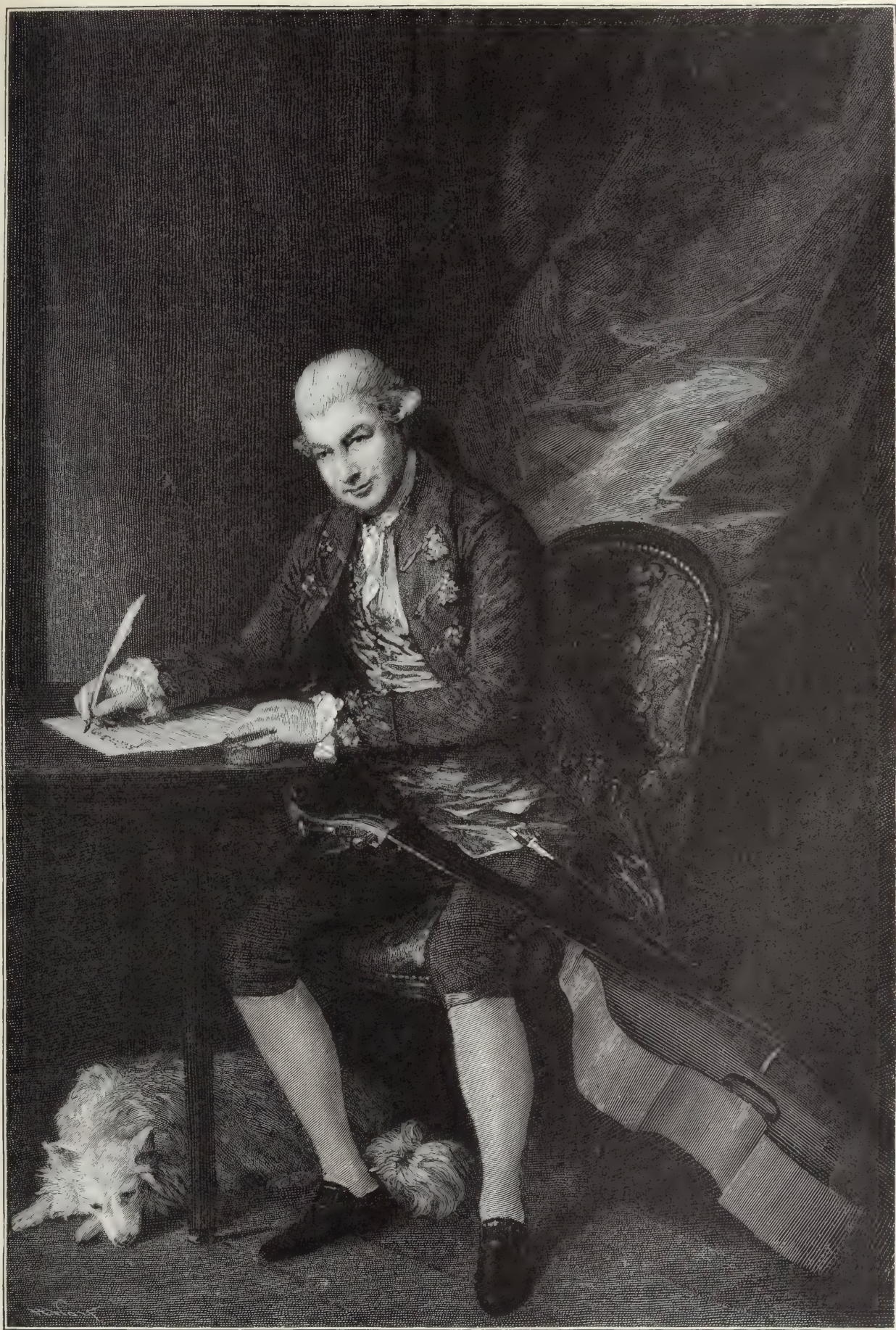
WHILE Gainsborough's temperament led him to prefer landscape to portrait painting, it often made his love of painting seem second to his passion for music. Even during his early years in Ipswich he belonged to a musical club, (which forms the subject of one of his pictures), and when he settled in Bath he welcomed the opportunities of indulging an intimacy with musicians and of acquiring instruments and learning to play upon them.

Among the notable virtuosi who frequented the winter resort of fashion was Karl Friedrich Abel, famous as a composer and performer on several instruments, particularly the *viola da gamba*. A pupil of Johann Sebastian Bach at the Thomasschule in Leipzig, he played for ten years in the Elector of Saxony's orchestra in Dresden, and then moved to London, where he was engaged as chamber musician to Queen Charlotte. In co-operation with Johann Christian Bach, the great composer's eleventh son, he organized the Bach and Abel concerts. They were at the height of their celebrity in 1774, the year in which Gainsborough left Bath to begin his own triumphant career in London.

This portrait of Abel was one of the pictures with which in 1777 he reappeared at the Royal Academy, after being absent from its exhibitions for four years.

The *viola da gamba* in this picture is presumably the one which Gainsborough induced Abel to sell him. It is painted with the scrupulous fidelity that he bestowed upon the instruments he introduced into his pictures. In this case, however, the fidelity of rendering extends to the sitter and all his surroundings. There is here no suggestion, as is usually found in Gainsborough's portraits, of the artist having formed an impression of his sitter and rendered it in accordance with the mood aroused in him. He loved and revered Abel both as a man and as an artist, and devoted himself to a faithful record of the object of his admiration, which even included his friend's favorite Pomeranian. This picture is, therefore, an unusual example of Gainsborough's capacity of direct portraiture, in which he has combined a highly decorative composition with shrewdly comprehended characterization.

CHARLES A. CAFFIN.



"KARL FRIEDRICH ABEL," BY THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH

Engraved on Wood by Henry Wolf from the Original Painting

Owned by George J. Gould, Esq.



In the Switch-yard

BY KEENE ABBOTT



IN the night-time, when all the noises of the railway switch-yard were blurred by the rush of storm, a quick tread crunched briskly the sleet that came grittily rasping, in great sweeps, under a freight-train. Here and there, as he went, the pedestrian made brief halts to ascertain whether any of the seals of the car doors were broken, or whether any fastenings were undone.

All the while the wind drove icily through his trousers, chilling his legs. As for the upper part of his body, it remained comfortable, being shielded from the storm by the cars that were like sections of a high, black wall, massively blocked out.

Now the wall had begun to move. Its start was a clanking jolt that, in turn, was followed by a continuous bumping which ran the length of the train, going from one car to the next, and so on to the end, where glowed a green tail-light, a fleck of emerald appearing no larger than the spark of a firefly.

The investigator of door-fastenings

had nearly finished his work when a dark shape, the expansive figure of a man, tall, strong, and challenging, loomed up beside him. Some one had leaped, specter-like, from under a moving car.

"Hey, you!" a raucous voice called out. "What you doing?"

"Who are you?" questioned the investigator.

"Me? I'm here to tell you what I am. I'm the watchman."

"What, Honz, is it you?"

"Yes, that's what it is."

"And you don't know who *I* am?"

Now the big fellow, a Bohemian named Honza Simanek, recognized the voice of the special agent.

"So, then, it—it—" he stammered. "And me, I didn't know at all if you belonged here. Is there stealing been going on, Tom Marshall?"

"They've been at it again, Honz."

"Not down here, is it?"

"They are likely to board a train. We can't tell where or when. Maybe here, maybe there, maybe now, maybe any time."

Suddenly the wind grew stronger. Sleet cut the two men in the face, for

now their shield, the last car of the train, was gone; it was being dragged away into the black wilderness of storm.

The agent promptly turned his back to the icy gusts, but the Bohemian seemed oblivious to the rasping discomfort.

"Down here, you think? How down here?" he was saying. "What for should those stealers come down here to get on trains?"

His pride was hurt. He considered that he had made himself such a terror to evil-doers that he could not understand how any of them would dare risk themselves in the precinct of the switch-yard guarded by him.

"Whew! what a night, and what a storm!" exclaimed Tom Marshall.

"Yes, a sleet-storm," the watchman absently agreed, and, gripping in his solid peasant's fist the heavy cudgel he carried, he gritted his teeth and cut threatening circles. Och! those devilish stealers! Only let him catch them at it!

It was said of him that once, having taken away from a pair of thieves the crate of fruit they had stolen, he picked them up and knocked their heads together. Both lay unconscious when the police patrol arrived.

"Got something to drink at the shack—something hot?" the agent inquired.

"Sure. Come along."

The watchman led the way across the railway tracks, a great field of them, where the broadly scattered switch-lights, ruby and emerald, glowed winkingly—like jeweled eyes struggling to see into the racing blurs of storm. Honza, with his companion, strode briskly along in the direction of a luminous window, through the be-fogged panes of which yellow lamplight was trying to shine, but a choked, saffron glow was all that came of it.

Once, on the way thither, the watchman sank lumberingly upon his knees and pressed his ear to the sleety ground.

"What's that for?" the agent inquired.

"That way you can hear good. You can hear, maybe, if something is wrong."

"Yes, and grub up an earful of cinders and ice." The agent chuckled; he was for ever being amused. Especially he was entertained by the anxious and gloomy seriousness of Honza Simanek.

At the watchman's shanty, when the door was opened, a steamy vapor rushed out. A shiny tin pot on the stove sent up a rank odor of boiling coffee, and an



THE WATCHMAN LED THE WAY ACROSS THE RAILWAY TRACKS

iron kettle hummed and sputtered, sending forth its white breath from the curved spout, notched like the mouth of a fish.

Entering after the agent, Honza stooped to keep from bumping his head at the top of the door-frame. His cloth cap was wet, grains of ice were caught in his heavy eyebrows and in his thick, black beard. His shaggy hair at the back was ruffed out against the sheepskin collar of his brown canvas jacket.

His stout cane he tossed into a corner; then, turning the damper in the stovepipe and poking the fire, he put down the piece of broomstick, charred at the end and smoking with the acrid smell of coal and burnt wood. He was wiping out a tin cup for his guest when he sud-

denly began to listen, with head on one side. After a time he stepped with brisk caution to the door, opened it, went out, and closed it without a sound. Some minutes elapsed before he returned, and when he came in again the agent asked:

"Well, what's up?"

"Nothing, I guess. . . . You should have milk to your coffee?"

Handing the agent the steaming cup with a spoon in it, Honza put down on the bench beside his guest a can of sugar and another of condensed milk. The thick, white liquid, being added to the black beverage, gave it a hue uninvitingly grayish green.

Once more the watchman fell to listening; but naught, apparently, could be heard, aside from the swish and prickle of sleet upon the low roof and against the window on the north side of the shanty. There was also the dolorous, wind-choked clangor of a locomotive bell, a switch-engine at work in the lower end of the yards.

"Maybe, Tom Marshall, you are staying here awhile," said the watchman. "Get warm, get dried out. Me, I come back here pretty soon."

Taking up the heavy stick he had thrown into the corner, he went out; and this time, once again, he was careful to make no noise in closing the door.

Left alone, Tom Marshall tried to drink the coffee. One swallow was enough. The rest he threw out, then experimented by adding only sugar to another cupful, and, this being no more to his taste, he next tried a little of the beverage with nothing in it. Scalding hot and thick as molasses, this black brew was scarcely more of a treat than the others. He smiled quizzically and stretched out his legs, so that his wet shoes, held to the hot stove, began to steam.

The storm, apparently, was not abating in the least.



LEFT ALONE, MARSHALL TRIED TO DRINK THE COFFEE



HE DRAGGED THROUGH THE DOORWAY THE MALEFACTOR HE HAD CAUGHT

Wheezily the wind whined in about a loose sash, and sleet gritted upon the befogged window-panes. He looked at the smoke-grimed ceiling, at the bright-colored advertising pictures on the walls, and examined a smudged newspaper print that showed a group of athletes from the Bohemian Turning Society who had won a prize at the national tournament.

Miserably bored and yawning, he was about to take himself off when he heard sounds as of feet crushing spilled sugar. Men were coming. The door scraped open, and a voice outside shrilled in quavering protest:

"Och, the grip you have of my shirt-band! Let you not be tearing the clothes off me in the cold night!"

Honza came backing into the shanty, his knees bent to shorten himself. On one shoulder he supported a corpulent

gunny-sack, dripping wet and full of lumpy protuberances. Into the light of the room, by a powerful jerk, he dragged through the doorway the malefactor he had caught.

The prisoner bore indications of a tussle. Buttons were gone from his coat, the patched knees of his bemired trousers had gravel and cinders rasped into them, and from a dirt-stained bruise on his wrinkled forehead the skin was scraped off.

Forcefully set down upon a chair, he felt of the hurt to wipe away the grit and see if blood was running. Then he scratched his chin, and the stubble of gray beard that frosted his face gave forth a bristly sound.

The heavy sack, which the watchman swung with ease from his shoulder, hit the floor with a jarring clack that made the lamp-flame leap. And the prisoner,

conquered but not surly, commented with a grin:

"It's coal he has there; was got off a car forninst the street crossin'."

Honza said nothing. He poked the fire with the charred stick and added more fuel.

"A middlin' bad night, neighbor," said the old man, addressing the special agent.

"You're right, it is," Tom Marshall replied. He would have said there was a squint of admiration in the little eyes peering out from under shaggy white brows at the big Bohemian; and, in truth, the new-comer presently began in a tone of adulation:

"Did you ever know of the like, him hearin' the big lumps droppin' down, and a great roarin' in the north and the sleet fallin'! He'll be holed up this night, thinks I, and not come snoopin' 'round. And it's a short time I'll be, thinks I, a-pickin' my coal, the way he won't find out at all, at all."

"Mighty unreasonable of him not to sit quiet by the fire on such a night," commented the special agent.

"It is that. He might be takin' his death o' cold," the old man replied, and laughed. The agent laughed with him.

"I was lookin' 'round," the coal-picker went on, "to see would he be comin'. And here he was itself, clean sprouted up out of the ground. It's not him surely, thinks I, but he had the grip of me that was tongs of iron, and I knew I was destroyed entirely."

"So you thought you'd stick and slug?" asked Marshall. And once more he smiled; it was so odd that this wee gray wren of a man should have had the courage to defend himself against the hawk.

"It's a poor fightin'-man I am, with the old age come on me. I'll be havin' my death, thinks I, and him soppin' up the ground with the length of my body. I asked him would he stop now, by the grace o' God. I could see no use in it, and him after takin' my coal away."

Again the agent laughed, but the watchman was silent. Honza had unfolded a Bohemian paper, and after turning up the lamp-wick to make it burn with a brighter flame, he began to read. All that laudatory talk of the

prisoner, that shrewd and nimble flattery of a Celtic tongue, broke against the austere personality of the big Bohemian as against a stone wall. And the old fellow, seeing how futile in this situation was the gift of a clever wit, suddenly stopped talking.

The humming of the tea-kettle filled up a long pause. But there came presently a pulsating, thunderous roar that jarred the shanty with a steadier vibration than the pressure of the storm. It was the incoming Limited.

Honza, looking at his silver watch, said, briefly, "Number 12; she is eight minutes late."

The noise passed, the kettle breathed out its pale vapor, water dripped, and the gritty wind continued to whine mournfully about the corners of the shanty.

By and by the agent got to his feet, buttoned his overcoat, turned the collar up, and, with his chin buried in a knitted muffler of gray silk, he said to the watchman as he pressed the door-latch:

"Honza, I may be back after a while. At least hold him till you hear from me."

"Yes; all right," the Bohemian replied, and hastily added: "Maybe, Tom Marshall, you should have the police wagon hurry up. I gotta watch out. You see what a night it is for stealing."

The door slammed. The agent was gone.

"So that's it!" the prisoner exclaimed. "He's a dick [detective] for the railroad, that man."

The Bohemian did not speak. Turning his paper inside out with a crinkling sound, he continued to read.

"Say, you!" the old fellow called out, and an imploring quaver had crept into his voice. "Misther Night Watchman!"

"Wot you want?"

"Askin' your pardon and forgiveness, will you turn me loose?"

Honza's face and shoulders were hid once more behind the spread pages of the newspaper. He went on with his reading.

"Here, now; maybe—" In a grimy hand the old man was holding out a slip of yellow cardboard. "A pawnshop ticket," he said. "It's for my watch." After a pause he added: "A good watch,

a silver watch! Soak it I did for a bit of money needed at home, and a small bit only. You would pay the pledge, you would be takin' the watch. It's yours surely, if you be turnin' me out of that door."

"You're a stealer," said Honza. "Wot for should anybody be a stealer? It ain't right." He did not want to look at the old man, but could not help looking at him. "It's a bad business to steal. To come stealing down here—a bad business, and . . . and . . . bad." He could not express what he felt regarding the enormity of such misconduct.

The old man sighed. He fumbled back into his pocket the pawnbroker's ticket, and then he said:

"I would be prayin' half the night, every night, for them that do be hungry, and I would steal for them!" As he spoke he stood up defiantly.

"Don't tell lies," the watchman gravely retorted. "It ain't get you nothing."

Now the old fellow quivered all over. He rent the watchman's newspaper aside and shook his grimy fists in the face of the big Bohemian. Shrilly his excited voice cried out:

"It's a cruel man you are, won't hear a word of the way things are at home, and the kids squallin', and hunger makin' their bodies light. You lift them, the little people; you lift them up and the weight is gone out of them, and the fire out of the stove. . . . The curse of God on you for the heartless man you are!"

"Shut up. Sit down now. It is a bad business, stealing!"

"Their father, my own son, he be out on a strike of the teamsters, and sullen if he's in the house, or drunk if he's out of it, and credit given him at Tim Mul-



len's saloon for the whiskey he drinks, but no credit at all at the grocery-store for keepin' the bread in the mouths of them that do be hungry."

"You gotta get locked up. It will learn you not to come stealing."

The grimy hands of the old man dug

puttin' the dark shame and the bad name on the house of hunger and hard times, where they do be little childer with never a crust to their mouths nor a coal o' fire to the stove!"

The lips of the watchman had opened, his red lips, brilliant with the color of robust health. Several times they opened and shut again before he contrived to say: "You tell lies. It's a stall, that's what it is."

"The curse of God on you, a black curse, for sayin' that! . . . Aye, stand up, if you will. Knock me down, if you want to! Knock me senseless on the floor. The hurt of your two chunky fists, I'm tellin' you, can do no harm, for I'm past the hurt of them."

The big Bohemian had, in truth, stood up, but no blow was struck. He was looking about in bewilderment, as if he might have mislaid something. Then, his gaze falling upon the corpulent sack of coal, he suddenly caught up the lumpy thing and, flinging open the door, cast it out.

"Pick it up!" he called out. Then followed a stream of Bohemian imprecations. "Co way now! Clear out. I mash your dam' head for you if you don't clear out!"

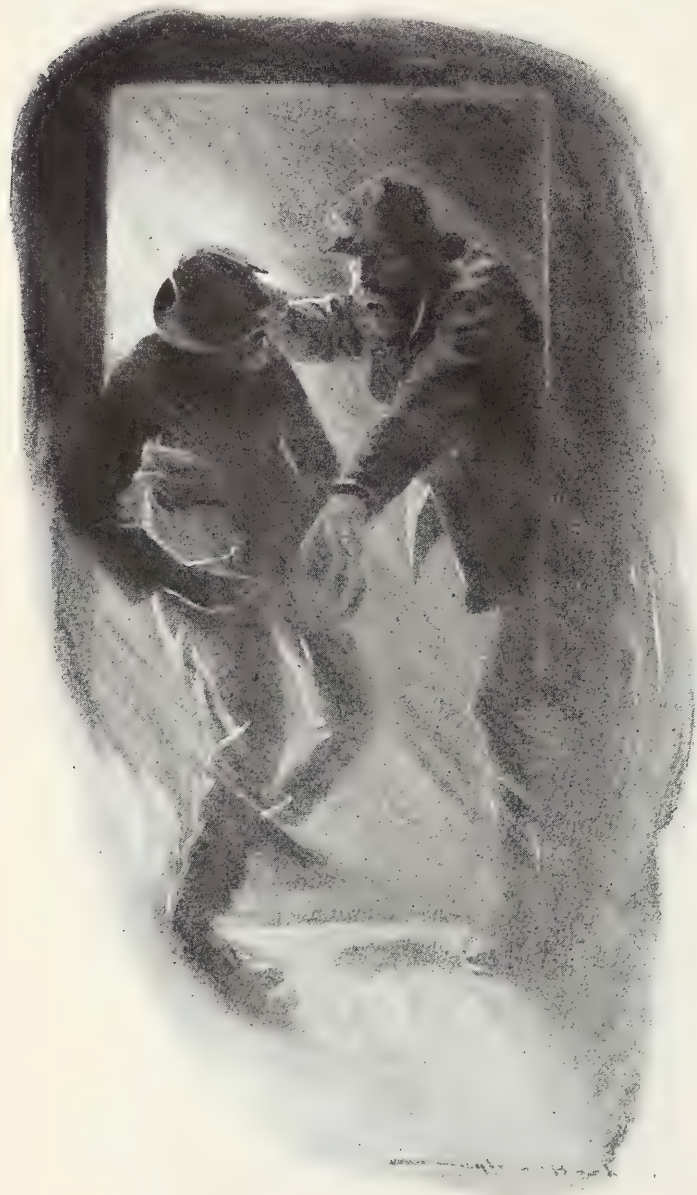
Limping hurriedly away, the old man whimpered as he went, "The almighty God reward you!"

Red-faced, panting, and blowing, the Bohemian leaned back against the door he had slammed shut, and he kept beating his clenched fists against his sides.

He was restlessly walking up and down when Tom Marshall arrived, with a paper-wrapped parcel that he brought out from under his overcoat.

"Lunch for us," he explained. "Sandwiches, hot tamales, something to warm us up. Where's that plucky old Hibernian?"

Honza did not reply. Gloomily silent, he was staring at the timbered wall.



"PICK IT UP!" HE CALLED OUT

into his gray hair; he pulled at it, he jerked his head from one side to the other, and fell to moaning:

"Ain't it sorrow enough is on our house, that you should be throwin' an old man in jail for a thief? And him past his labor and lookin' for the grave!"

"Shut up, you! Keep still!"

"It's the queer, cruel, foreign, Bohemian man you are that you would be

"Where is he?" Marshall repeated.

Slowly, without looking at the agent, the watchman began to speak: "I got no sense. A bonehead, a jackass, a dam' fool!"

"Where is he?" the agent insisted.

"Don't, Tom Marshall! I am ashamed. He, that little cuss . . . a liar, I expect."

"Gone?"

"Yes, he is gone."

Honza choked, cleared his voice, spat on the floor.

"I let him go, if you want to know it. That's how it is. I done that. And you—you—you can get me fired. All right. Let 'em fire me. They can have my job. To hell with my job!" The big fellow, glaring defiantly into the eyes

of the special agent, slowly added: "He's gone—sure he is. And . . . and I *ain't* ashamed; no, sir! I'm glad! But me, Tom Marshall, I should pay for that sack of coal."

"He's got it, then?"

"He took it, yes. Things is bad, I guess, there at home where he lives . . . the children, you know. . . . Me, too, I got children. I rob and steal for them, maybe, if they are hungry. . . . It makes a man that sorry if the little kids can't get fed. I don't know if I would steal. Maybe I. . . . I guess that coal come to about fifty cents. What you think, Tom Marshall?"

Gripping fervently the massive hand of the watchman, the special agent said:

"The coal, Honz, is on me."

The Vanishing

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD

OH when the rose bathes all the air,
And flower-born winds move everywhere,
When music breathes from sigh to sigh,
And life like light goes flashing by,
When blue and gold the far cloud sways,
And with soft dazzle hides the ways
Where all the dim horizon lies
In purple veiled, where sunlight dies,—
Then a strange thrill, a shudder creeps
At thought of black and unknown deeps,
When far, far off, yet hateful, seems
That bound and end of dreadful dreams.

But when the glamor passes by
And blue and gold forsake the sky;
When the rose pales, by no bee kissed,
And the moth fails her honeyed tryst,
When the mirage slow drifts away
And shadows climb the noon of day,
When the full flame to ashes falls,
And echoes haunt the empty halls,
When nearer draws the void, the vast,
And swift, to-day becomes the past,—
Then from the dark, with sweet new gleams,
Another light divinely streams,
And, lo, we sing with fearless breath
The pleasant thing that men call death.



EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

WITH the American habit of taking the ironical attitude toward moral problems which urge themselves over-vexatiously for solution, one of our public functionaries came forward in the latter part of last year with a proposal which would let people feel how it was themselves in a certain exigency of his office. At that time the governor of Arizona found himself with eleven men (or it may have been thirteen—thirteen would have been a more dramatic number) to be put to death, just after the people of his state had voted against the abolition of capital punishment. It is not very clear whether the governor had or had not the power to pardon these miserable men, or to commute their sentence to the milder penalty of imprisonment for life (if it is milder; opinions vary even among the criminals themselves), but it appears certain that the governor was averse to killing them even by law, and was wroth with that majority of his fellow-citizens who favored it, and whose vote seemed to have left him no choice in the matter but mercy or massacre. He appears not to have liked solely taking the responsibility which logically divides itself among the agents of the law in such cases, making the prosecutor, judge, jury, and executioner alike sharers in it. He appears to have felt it a hardship that the majority of his fellow-citizens should not also share the blame, if it was blame, of putting those eleven or thirteen men to death, and he proposed trying what he could do to make them realize what they were making him do. The men should be put to death, yes, but not privately. They should be put to death publicly, in the most conspicuous manner possible, and he invited his fellow-citizens to be present (we suppose with their wives and children) and see the triumph of the law over crime.

We did not follow the course of com-

ment and we cannot say just whether journalistic criticism accused the governor of being more a coarse humorist or a pestilent sentimentalist. His proposition was probably regarded as either a bluff or a play to the gallery, which applauds freely when its feelings are touched. But it appears that after his bold challenge to his fellow-citizens the governor began to hedge. Somehow (as well as we remember) the number of the doomed men was reduced to six, and the executive heart inclined to mercy in the case of these fewer examples of justice. We are not sure but the date of their sentence passed without its execution; as happens with so much in our contemporary history, the ultimate fact was lost in the mists of actuality, and the student of civilization was left to employ himself with the academic question of the moral effect of a return to public executions after they had been disused for generations. In the course of this study he may have had to inquire whether the governor ought not to have been regarded as an enemy of progress in proposing such a thing seriously, or as an erring humorist of coarse fiber in suggesting it ironically.

We do not know what conclusion the student has finally arrived at, and it is in the absence of returns from him that we venture to ask the reader to consider the question with us. If he is a reader as well stricken in years as ourselves he can barely remember hearing some yet older survivors speak of a hanging which he had witnessed with five or six thousand of his fellow-citizens, largely drunk and disorderly under the instruction offered them by the great civic lesson. The custom began to decay when capital crimes were finally reduced from the theft of a shilling to murder alone; but Thackeray, in one of his early papers, wrote of a public execution which he seems not to have enjoyed seeing, and

Tourguénief has described a decapitation in Paris which he witnessed with the conviction that the law had committed a horrible crime. It was in fact considered an immense advance in practical Christianity when men were strangled and beheaded in the sacred privacy of their prison walls, with only a few incorruptible witnesses to attest the fact and two physicians to verify the death. Men still in the first frosts of autumn will remember with what satisfaction the electric chair was hailed as a happy substitute for the gallows-tree. It was to function in a yet greater secrecy, if possible, and something was to be added to the effect with the imagination of the general by the refusal of the state to admit reporters, or even to allow the friends of the criminal to bury his body, which was to be consumed with quicklime in a hidden grave as soon as the doctors had done with it. Of course, as in all questions where the liberty of the press is concerned, these rigors soon gave way; the details of the electrocution were painted by the daily papers in the most animated colors, till the reader wearied of them. And it was also quickly realized that his punishment could not be continued after the death of the criminal without cruelly afflicting his hapless kindred. Until the novelty of the electric chair had worn off the public execution of death sentences was practically restored; but when the popular curiosity concerning it was once sated, the inviolable secrecy largely maintained itself again.

We are not advised whether the governor of Arizona had a choice between the two usages when he mooted the participation of his fellow-citizens in his responsibility, as witnesses of a spectacle once considered vital to their well-being. So far as the event was concerned, we are still in the dark. If there is a Recall in Arizona, the vote on capital punishment may have been subjected to it, and the affair settled in that way, by a repentant majority. But what appears certain from a contemporaneous expression of abhorrence for the death penalty by an official in our own section is that the West can no longer claim a monopoly of advanced penology. At almost the very moment

when the governor of Arizona was inviting his fellow-citizens to countenance its infliction, the newly appointed warden of the cherished bulwark of our civilization at Sing-Sing was avowing his abomination of it. Unless we misremember his reported words, he declared that he would never see it inflicted, while he also declared that it ought never to be secretly inflicted, as it ostensibly is at present. He may have felt, with the governor of Arizona, that those who liked it ought to see the thing done. The order of events is uncertain in our recollection, and perhaps the latest feat of our metropolitan gunmen was not yet performed; but this recalcitrant warden might now point to the fact that the state-killing of four gunmen for a ruthless assassination had eventuated, before the year was out, in a quite parallel crime. He could invite the friends of the established penology to observe that deterrent punishment apparently does not deter except in the case of criminals who have ceased to live, or who are shut up for the time in some of the stone pens all over the country for their respective misdemeanors, and that the only way to make punishment truly deterrent is to make it anticipative. But he seems rather to have wreaked himself in expressions of pity for all sorts and conditions of criminals, and in propositions for the amelioration of their lot. Naturally this has given their chance to the paragraphical publicists, and they have not spared him some gibes and thrusts for his emotionality. Intrenched in the fact that deterrent punishments do not deter, if inflicted after the fact, and that prisons are the breeding-grounds of crime, they have brought him to such confusion as they could by teaching that the lot of the criminal should be made heavier and not lighter, in order that crime may more and more abound.

To be sure this is not their logic, but the logic of the facts, and perhaps the warden feels that the logic of the facts is on his side, and does not greatly mind the paragraphic publicists, though they are many and often, and he is only one and now and then. What appears beyond question is the failure of the old system

of penology. The captives of the state are apparently made worse by the hardships accumulated upon them, not for their reformation but for their suffering. In the first place, their sentences are atrociously out of proportion to their offenses. The death-sentence alone bears a sort of rough relevancy to the deed punished. The man done to death has really taken the life of a man, and there is a diabolical proportion in taking his life; but the man who goes for years to States-Prison for grand larceny or for months to the Island for petty larceny is the victim of injustice which seldom fails to make him a life-long criminal.

If we could trust the gay cynicism which mocks at the appeal for kindness to the prisoner, we must suppose that more and more severity was what was needed to make a better man of him. But with the logic of the facts the friends of the thing that is or that has been have nothing to do. If they had they might appositely ask themselves where the deterrent force of punishment lay, if within the year after those four men were put to death for a ruthless assassination quite the same sort of murder was done by the same sort of men. The lives which the state took might almost as well have been spared, and it may be that in view of such a possibility the new warden at Sing-Sing proposes to himself more mercy and not less in dealing with the captives in his power. In a certain light it is grotesque, of course, his proposing such a thing; the wise old world has not aged so much without knowing better than that. It knows, or it thinks it knows, that prisons were meant for the punishment of prisoners, and not, as the warden supposes, for their reformation. It knows that when a man is sent to Sing-Sing it is to make him sadder, but not better. It is to subject him to a slavery under conditions which seem often fixed not by the law but by the will of his immediate masters. It is to take him from his family, his wife and children, or his father and mother, who trusted him, however mistakenly, for their support. It is to put him to hard labor for five, or ten, or twenty years, not for the behoof of these de-

pendents of his, but for the profit of such contractors as buy his services from the state, and at the end to cast him back upon the world empty-handed, dishonored, hopeless, helpless.

One of the foibles of the new warden is to propose paying the prisoner the wages he earns, and this might not be so ridiculous, if he ended there. But he proposes treating the prisoner compassionately in conditions which his own voluntary experiment of prison life has taught him were cruelly hard. That he made this experiment is much against him with his critics; it attaints him of sentimentality, of the love of a histrionic pose. If he had been a real criminal he would have known that the hardships he saw and shared were the right thing for them, whatever arbitrary will invented and inflicted them. His brief experiment counts for nothing against the long experience of the world that the only way to better bad men is to do the things to them that would make good men worse. The application of this system is what prisons are for, and always have been; and it will outlast such empirical penology as that of the Western prison-camps where unguarded criminals work out their sentences in the open and are paid the wages they earn. It is not to be expected that the Sing-Sing warden's dreams of bettering his wards by bettering their conditions and changing the object of their imprisonment will last nearly so long even as the attempts of these empirical penologists in the West to humanize the terms of their prisoners' captivity.

All such emotional endeavors must avail nothing against the immemorial inhumanities of man to man as practised in the prisons which so densely dot the surface of the earth. What these are like the reader may learn from a book by a man who has lately come prominently before the world, and who was trained for the work of writing it by efficient knowledge of "the criminal classes." We mean our minister to Belgium, Mr. Brand Whitlock, and his graphic study of prison life called *The Turn of the Balance*. One would consent to be a little illogical, a little ridiculous even, in the hope of helping bet-

ter the atrocious conditions which this book reveals. Perhaps "reveals" is not quite the word, for the facts were always open and scarcely needed revelation, except as all the facts of life need revelation by the spoken or written word for that immense majority of purblind people who have them constantly under their eyes, but must have them somehow dramatized before they can realize them.

To these the heroic bluff of the Arizona governor and the philanthropic ideals of the Sing-Sing warden may have their appeal. At any rate, it is interesting to note that the ironical attitude of the governor has been his defense against the criticism which has accused the serious warden of sentimentality. If he had proposed in capital cases to have the prosecutor, the judge, and jury share among them the necessary incidents of executing the sentence of the convict whom they had jointly brought to his death, it would have been humor which the paragraphic mind could have tasted. Or if he had proposed having the suffering of the prisoner intensified, say, by giving him frequent intelligence of his innocent family, how they were sharing his guilty condemnation through want of the earnings which the state was stealing from him, this would have been something appreciable to the humorists of the satirical press. The warden would then have given the delight which we Americans all feel in a joke, and which was imparted by the suggestion of the Arizona governor. Yet the Sing-Sing warden should not altogether lose the courage of his convictions. He might remember that some of the divine precepts of our religion were not inculcated by means of a self-defensive irony. He might read the Sermon on the Mount and some other homilies and parables of the New Testament, and consider how few of the things there seem to have been humorously said, with a view of better imparting the ideals embodied. He might read the confessions and essays of Tolstoy, and from their plain and single discourse fortify himself in his direct condemnation of the prison usages which he would abate. We

could not promise him that in the end he would not seem ridiculous to the keen wit of his fellow-citizens or the dense culture which has plunged the world in manifold murder. If he minds such things much, he must continue to suffer from them, and find what solace he can in the good which he may or may not accomplish.

But we would not be thought to condemn irony altogether. Even the gospel is not destitute of it. "What is truth?" said jesting Pilate," and when he "would not stay for an answer," he had clearly been having his joke, or been thinking he had. That fine spirit, that subtle wit, that nimble essence, will not be exorcised by any sense of the pathos, the tragedy of life. It helps the governor of Arizona out with his lesson to his fellow-citizens, but it lends its smiles to those who mock at the Sing-Sing warden's aspirations for those unfriended wards of his. It can say it is not enough that he feels for those in bonds as bound with them. It is all right that he should feel so, but he ought to put on the air of jesting at their scars even though he has felt their wounds in his own experience. It is our American nature not to take ourselves too seriously; we like our Lincolns to laugh out their heartbreak; we are rather helpless in that matter. While we discuss such points as whether people who wish to have hanging go on ought not to look on at the hanging, and, perhaps, prosecutor, judge, and jury occasionally lend a hand in a thing they morally share in; or as whether such a philanthropist as the warden of Sing-Sing should seem so much in earnest about his aims and ends of mercy, we would like of course to keep a sober countenance, but we may be temperamentally unable to hide a covert wink to the other great nations which have presently got so far beyond any such polite polemic. They might not see the wink, but there should be those among us at home not so lost in the contemplation of the activities beyond seas who must find a relish of involuntary irony in the discussion of such fine points just at this moment of multitudinous massacre over there.



UPON the stage of the human drama, at any given period, four generations make up the scene: One still in tutelage, a second just reaching majority, a third in the full tide of mature activity, and a fourth in decline—morning, noon, afternoon, and evening.

On the plane of mere animality the contemporary grouping would include only parents and offspring, the relation being brief and of only physiological significance. Aggregation is not social in the human sense and has no conscious prospect. Grandparents and great-grandparents are negligible save in a Mendelian study of heredity.

The coexistence of so many as four overlapping human generations, on the contrary, in conscious interrelationship, is of pregnant significance in race-development, constituting an organic social movement the meaning and purpose of which cannot be expressed in elementary terms or wholly in the terms of mental and material progress. The main tendency of the movement is evolutionary, expressed in psychical terms; it transcends and at the same time interpenetrates all visible social activities; it is registered in humanism rather than in civilization. As this procedure is creative, it is in the region of the disinterested activities of faith, imagination, and reason. Inevitably affecting the mass, yet the current in its full volume is pre-eminently manifest as creative leadership only in the few. It makes for any period its New Age.

If there were no such creative psychical evolution of humanity—psychical as distinguished from physiological—no age could have newness. When man, in his primitive stage, was nearest the animal, most closely bound up with nature, with only such mentality breaking the sheath of instinct as came from the necessity of supplementing his peculiar dependence by the use of imple-

ments in his struggle with refractory material, almost imperceptibly growing human, he marked one era from another not by any notable change in himself, but by his use of a better sort of tool, as of iron instead of stone. The overlapping of generations meant something more to him than to other animals. The period of infancy was prolonged, the altruistic sentiment and the sense of kinship deepened, while the foundations of close tribal communities were laid, grounded in social sympathy. But still the grandparents counted for little more than among the lower animal species—the declining life seeming of so slender meaning as, in rude social conditions, to suggest its mercifully swift despatch.

From the beginning the psychical in man is potential, the ground of social transformation, however slow, but it is only when psychical evolution is manifest in its own terms—those of a humanity evidently in the course of its realization—that the phrase “a new age” has transcendent significance. Then the scene of overlapping generations is transfigured. It has retrospect and prospect—a historic sense and a prophetic vision, awareness of source and of a dominant forward movement; but still more it has the sense of contemporaneity, to the deep meaning of which each coexisting generation, even that of declining age, is, in its own way, tributary. Of this human harmony the key-note is sympathy, in the largest and most disinterested sense of the term—in the sense in which we say that sympathy is the essential characteristic of creative genius.

There are currents, incident to social specialization, obvious enough in our competitive civilization, which seem to run counter to the main course of psychical evolution—antipathies which that evolution must resolve into sympathy. Established taste or culture, and even

technical humanism, as well as formal civilization, may react against the surprises of the new age from undue timidity; and, though not obstinate in their hold upon traditions, they may too fondly dwell in a field already acquired. Thus culture made often opposes culture in the making.

Creative literature *must* be participant in those changes which register the fresh pulsations of evolutionary psychical life. It does not merely follow or adapt itself to new forms; it leads in their initiation. Taste and sensibility, in readers as well as in writers, are participant in the newly evolved tendency, which is always a surprise and has no explanation to offer for itself. It explains, or, rather, in its own field characterizes, what we call the new age. Progress cannot account for it, nor anything in the material or institutional environment; nor can it spring from advanced processes for the attainment of social justice and efficiency. Its own technical excellence, as the result of education and acquired expertness, is no part of its newly emergent creative quality; indeed, in so far as it is a merely formal or perfunctory excellence, it may preclude creation. Creative literature is one with the creative life of its own time, and the only positive condition of its emergence is intuitive sympathy with that life—that is, genius.

Formed life—as distinct from plastic, flexible, and flowing life—fixed character, firmly established taste, with immutable standards, in their very conclusiveness resist change. The openness of both faculty and sensibility is sympathy, a vital altruism. We are born with it, since it is a quality primarily inseparable from life, though in our institutional, and particularly in our educational, development it may suffer inversion—the openness becoming a closure.

Hence we speak of genius as a native quality. Yet we know that the realization in definite form of its plastic potency in art or literature is not purely native, not an infantine event, though, as Coleridge says, it implies the preservation of powers latent in childhood into years of maturity. Sometimes, indeed, as in the case of Thomas Hardy's

fiction, after a period of partial obscuration, it may be called "the return of the native"—curiously the very title of this author's novel which was the first distinctive illustration of his genius. Then again in other novelists—as in George Eliot and George Meredith—we note a waning of this native quality in their later work.

The characteristics of any new age are not distinctly manifest in the incoming and as yet immature generation, which is indeed open most of all to those generous or disinterested impulses which lead on to the very heights of creative humanism, but is also plastic to those influences in its social environment which, with various intents, from the most trivial to the most solemn, direct its course into petty, narrow, or even sordid ways. Such ways of humanism as it is wisely led to take may incline toward the past rather than toward the future. In any case, it must wait upon experience before its moment of manifest disclosure.

It is midway in the course always, not in the rising generation, that this dominant note of the time is struck or, at least, that its significance is apparent. Some tension there must be, some bourgeoning of the tree of life, before there can be release or flowering in the form and quality of imaginative creation—these being inseparable, and both determined by the tension itself; there, too, the newness lies.

The critical moment of the expansion with a new horizon we note in the individual creator, as in a poet like Francis Thompson, author of *The Hound of Heaven*, and with distinctive emphasis in the case of a Walt Whitman, as also in vital novelists like Margaret Deland and Booth Tarkington. The vague and even striking promise seen in a very young writer, however native the quality of his or her genius, is not thus significantly notable. The native quality must be manifest in all creative activity, at the noon and in the afternoon of life recalling the morning, but with something added due to the course taken, defining or distinguishing the primal quality. Until nativity becomes growth, there can be no such distinction.

We hear of extremely youthful mu-

sical, as well as of mathematical, prodigies, because music and mathematics do not in themselves depend upon a content of experience in the sense that creative literature and the plastic arts do, but even here such content is necessary to that order of productions which give distinction to a Verdi or a Wagner. Poetry comes nearest to music in this respect, being naturally the earliest esthetic form of emotional expression in words. Youth itself is a poetic tension. Hardy, Meredith, Howells, Mrs. Deland, and other distinguished writers of fiction were poets before they were novelists. But a poem with a large objective theme like Hardy's "Dynasts" must wait upon a vital storage of world-experience—as indeed this poem did wait until its author had well rounded his career in the field of fiction. Young as Keats was when he completed his brief course as a poet, the lyrical tension released in his poetry was not merely that of youth; it was taut with a deep Hellenic inspiration and, notably in the "Ode on a Grecian Urn," yielded psychical intuitions not immediately derivative from merely sensuous experience.

In the story or the essay, each of which, in its own kind, should be a creative interpretation of life, the large, vital, pregnant storage of world-experience is most essential. Here especially the native quality of genius has its distinctive imaginative investment through the increment of maturity. We note this as the kind of distinction characterizing Du Maurier's *Trilby*, De Morgan's *Joseph Vance*, and Samuel Butler's *The Way of All Flesh*, all of these by writers who had gained competence of expression through working in some other art and beginning to write fiction long after they had passed maturity. There are many—far too many—who attempt fiction in their 'teens and, at their best, are only imitative or, at their worst, show how completely sophistication can eclipse native genius. Here and there, by way of exception, as in the case of Mary Wilkins, the naïve persists, immune to education, and, even in a narrow field of experience, finds immediate investment for spontaneous dramatic presentment, adequate at least for the purpose of a

short story. In Poe's early stories this quality is occluded by sheer mentality. The more purely naïve the early story is, the more suggestive it is of the antique rather than of modernity. Poe's fiction, therefore, as well as his criticism, by virtue of his keen mentality, was prodigiously prophetic. The American author of his own time who most nearly approached him in this respect, and who also was story-writer and critic, as well as poet, was the elder Richard Henry Dana.

Mentality of one type or another, always, in whatever type, a clarity of vision, and impressing us with its maturity, is characteristic of creative and epoch-making writers of all time. In some it seems the complement of the "faculty divine," while in a few—as in Henry James, especially in his later work—it is pre-eminent, itself creatively synthetic, sheathing the sword of analysis. This clarity is something beyond the native quality of genius. It is the full-rounded splendor into which genius has grown.

The terms, in which we speak of the incoming generation in its youthful season refer to its potentialities not yet realized, to what it may turn out to be rather than to what it manifestly is. We say that it is forward-looking, prophetic, in the van of the human procession, or as if, at least, it is already mounted on the shoulders of its elders and seeing beyond their horizon. Actually it is tagging at the heels of these and soon eagerly striving to imitate them, especially their faults. The push forward is evident, to the point of *gaucherie*, but not consciously toward any new goal. It is the push of life and is toward the New, but youth does not know it, or suspect, and only vaguely dreams. It has not mentality in the sense of clear vision, but only a mind in the making, and the exercises incident to this mind-making for a considerable time hold it back from any open prospect. It is indeed a wise tutelage that gives to youth first a retrospect, which is more accordant with its native mood than any prospect. It is only at its critical or turning point that youth takes the van, utters its own note, becomes conscious of its destiny, and stands for its own New Age.

Badinage at Breakfast

BY FRANKLIN JAMES

"GOOD morning, Jane," I said, as she hurried into the breakfast-room. Janet hates to be called "Jane," so on occasions of more than usual seriousness or flippancy I always call her Jane.

"Morning!" she murmured, trotting over to me and pecking the top of my forehead. I hate to have her kiss me there, reminding me as it does that that expanse is becoming distinctly nobler with the passing years. "Don't you realize that to-day is"—

"Just a moment," I interrupted, with quiet dignity, jabbing a fork into the margin of the newspaper to mark my place ("Mrs. James's Witty Address Convulses Large Audiences").

Here Timson came in with Janet's breakfast. He usually allows me to forage for myself, but Janet is to him a very special case.

"You needn't wait, Timson," I said, presently, waving my left, unoccupied hand. I know Janet likes to pour her own tea and things. Timson departed with a sneaking look at Janet, who was too preoccupied to demur.

"Don't you realize—" went on Janet, relevantly.

"Just another moment," I again interrupted, carefully removing the fork from the margin. The margin looked a bit eggy.

"Ah—m," I went on, slightly clearing my throat. "I've been glancing through your last night's suffrage speech—very good, quite. But—er—*was* it meant to be funny? It seems to me, I may say,

exceptionally thoughtful—especially where you say (here I squinted at the paper), 'Intelligent independence in married life is conducive to reciprocal respect.' After all, I dare say wit is merely an effect of style—you *have* been reading Doctor Johnson lately, haven't you?"

"Don't be an old goose," gasped Janet, flushing a little. "It wasn't *meant* to be funny or 'witty' at all—it was simply that I wore the wrong gown—that lovely new green thing. I ought to have put on something quieter, but I just couldn't."

"Ah, yes," I assented, with entire sympathy. "Possibly, also, you forgot to part your hair on the side." Here I dropped two lumps of sugar with great nicety into



"MORNING!" SHE MURMURED, PECKING THE TOP OF MY FOREHEAD

my tea. Janet watched me intently, knowing that I never take sugar.

"Curiously enough," I went on, this time without clearing my throat, "I've been going through the same train of thought." I waved a teaspoon lightly toward the newspaper. "And I think we ought to set the perfect example of what you are preaching. I haven't worked out the details yet, but here is the rough plan. In the first place," I began, somewhat magisterially, "the Home is an exploded idea."

"It is a bit old-fashioned when you say it with a capital H," murmured Janet.

"The Home used to be regarded as fulfilling two functions. First, there was what I may call the Nest-Idea: The shelter in which a young couple carefully brought up their offspring under Home-Influences. The second is what I may call the Glowing-Hearth-Idea: The sacred fire round which one gathered elected friends to share in the Home-Circle. Now you and I after fifteen years have outgrown the first, as Billy is thirteen and goes to Groton next term, where he'll be carefully reared during the rest of his adolescence. And the society to which we belong has outgrown the second, thanks to the new millionaires whose Homes are really public hotels in which we cheerfully spend most of what we call our leisure."

Here I paused a moment. Janet's blue

eyes had a far-away look, as if she were mentally matching ribbons at a department-store. She recovered quickly. "I beg your pardon, Jamie," she sighed—"is it a speech? I thought you said something about a 'plan.'"

"The plan," I resumed, tranquilly, "is this: I propose an equal division of capital, to be followed by an uncovenanted partnership, terminable at will and based upon 'intelligent independence.'"

Janet's blue eyes grew round at this. "Is your tea too strong, Jamie?" she begged, solicitously.

"After the preliminary division," I continued, "I propose that I set aside two thousand and you one thousand annually for Billy's maintenance and eventual start. I shall, of course, in addition to my own life-insurance premiums, assume the charges of yours. You will also, my dear, have the money your grandmother left you, so in all you will have an advantage over me yearly of several thousands. But this will make up for the difference in the relative cost of our clothes and some other details. The house can be easily leased. There's an awfully nice four-room apartment I can get near the club—a library-sitting-room, a dining-room (I shouldn't need it much), and two bedrooms. I should take Timson, of course. You could get something rather better at,



JANET'S BLUE EYES HAD A FAR-AWAY LOOK

say, the Blenheim—and Farley's an admirable maid. Each of us could have a charming time."

"Yes," cooed Janet, intently—"just how?"

"Well, you see, my dear," I improvised, reflectively, "you are still young—only thirty-six, and, if anything, even prettier than when I married you. And I, too, am still young—thirty-nine, and—"

"Forty, Jamie," interrupted Janet, conscientiously.

"—Thirty-nine, and thoroughly amiable. We shall be invited separately to all sorts of places we couldn't be asked to together. And then several times a season we'll combine and give large dinner-parties just to show we're the best of intelligent friends and not technically separated. We'll probably go to the theater and opera together rather often. Then any time you wanted you could come to my diggings for a day or two. That feature of it—your visits—will have almost the exquisite charm of clandestinity"—

"Like *divorçons*," interjected Janet, ruminating.

"Only, as we're not divorced, that will give it a very special twist—that will put it all over *divorçons*. And of course I'll want sometimes to visit you, Jane, and then, as an intelligent, independent partner, you'll have to be honest if you don't want me, and say so. Then, naturally, I'll have to make love to you till you *do* want me. Really, Jane, if I didn't see you every day in our present humdrum fashion, I should often be driven into enthusiastic pursuit—you would seem to me adorable. You see, the plan has some merits?"

"Some," assented Janet, absent-mindedly.

"Well, what do you think of it?" I asked, getting up from the table.

"I wasn't thinking—quite—of that," answered Janet, with a dreamy, far-off look. "I was thinking that you have forgotten that to-day is—is our—fifteenth anniversary."

"Not at all, Jane, I retorted, severely.



"BUT THEY'RE LOVELY!"

"I may forget large things, but the little ones—never," and I dropped a flat, pink morocco case into her lap.

Janet opened it and gave a little gasp. "Oh!" she said. Then she turned all rose and then all white in quick succession, as she always does when she is pleased or annoyed.

"But they're *lovely*!" she trilled, "and so bee-u-tifully matched!" She sprang up, holding the string around her neck, and peeped tip-toe into the mirror above the fireplace.

"Just think that other matter over," I called from the doorway.

Janet swooped at me in a whirl and kissed me, this time on the tip of my nose.

"Jamie," she panted, "sometimes you are the most perfect *silly*!" But I had shut the door. I dare say, though, that Janet is, on the whole, quite right.

The Real Reason

AMONG the questions asked of a Sunday-school class by a visitor was, "Why was Lot's wife turned into a pillar of salt?"

For a moment there was silence, and then a small boy piped out, "I s'pose it was 'cause she was too fresh."

Visiting

ON Sundays I just sit about
And scarcely do a thing,
Unless my mother takes me out
To go a-visiting;

Then I get tea, and cakes, and such,
So I don't mind it very much.

EDWARD HALL PUTNAM



Architects

Amateur and professional

Fortunate

A NEW YORK lawyer tells of a case tried in a fishing-town of Massachusetts, during which the chief witness, under cross-examination, refused to state the amount of his gross income.

"You must answer the question," said the Judge when counsel had appealed to the court to instruct the witness.

"But, your Honor," said the man, "I have no gross income. I am a fisherman, and it's all net."

A Natural Pessimist

YOUNG James was obviously disturbed by the almost incessant yells which his baby brother had been indulging in for the past few minutes.

"What is the baby crying for?" asked a kind-faced, motherly woman, bending over the carriage.

"Oh, I dun'no'; he's alw'ys cryin'. I never came acrawst any one wot looks upon the dark side o' things as he does," rejoined James with a frown.

A Domestic Problem

"TROUBLES never come alone," sighed Mrs. Eddy, with evident impatience.

"Why, what is wrong, dear?" queried her guest.

"You know Ellen, our cook, has been with us twelve years, and she has just presented us with a life-sized crayon portrait of herself."

From Cradle to Grave

IT was at a funeral, and a somewhat lachrymose old minister was officiating.

Referring to his long acquaintance with the deceased, he said:

"Ah, brothers and sisters, many a time have I dandled this corpse on my knee."

Misapplied Industry

A CERTAIN judge tells the story of a cigar-manufacturer and a banker who were attending a Wagner concert one evening. The programme did not please them, and they began to talk.

"Every man," the banker said, "wants to do something outside of his own work."

"Yes," assented the cigar-manufacturer, "I manufacture good cigars, and yet I've always wanted to be a banker."

"You wouldn't be a good one. I am a successful banker, but I always wanted to write a book. And now here's this man Wagner tried his hand at music. Just listen to the stuff! And yet we all know he used to build good parlor-cars."

Taking Their Turns At It

A POPULAR sea-captain had died and his fellow-townsmen thought he should have a suitable headstone with an epitaph. The four leading men of the hamlet were selected to write a poem, and it was decided that each should write one line. The first found it very simple and wrote his easily. The second looked at the first line and puzzled a little, then wrote his. The third examined the other two lines and at length wrote his. The fourth contemplated the three lines and sat and chewed his pencil a long time. At last he wrote his line. The townspeople were considerably surprised when they saw the headstone. The verse read:

"Here lies the captain of the sea,
Here lies him, here lies he,
Hallelujah, halleluee,
A. B. C. D. E. F. G."



"Did ye have a good birthday?"

"Naw, they gave me a lot o' things I needed!"

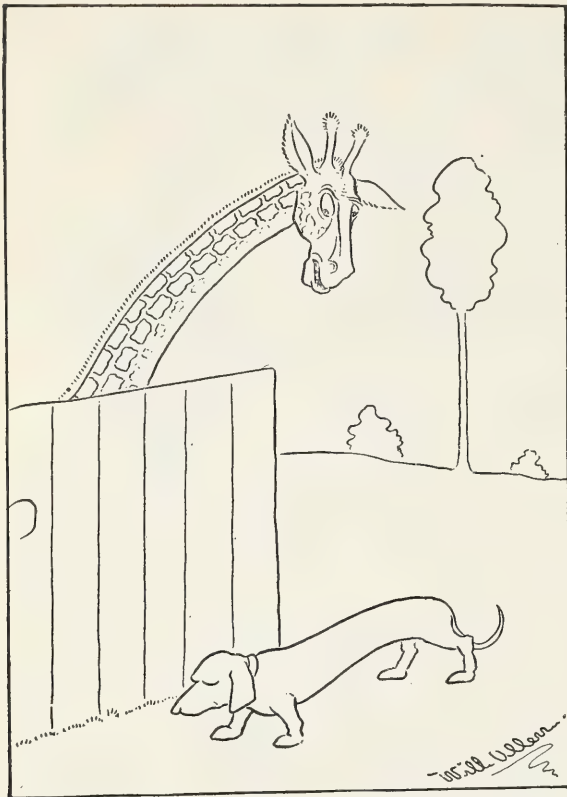
Trying to Make Good

AN old negro was asked by a colored brother what had killed the pet chameleon that he was in the act of burying.

"Well, sur," responded the negro, "dat meelyon jest natcherly killed itself. I put it on a piece of pink goods, and it done turned pink. I den tried it on a piece of blue stuff, and he turned blue. Den I fotchtes a piece of green goods, and, befor' de Lord, it done turn green. Den I laughed and says, 'I'se got yer now, Mr. Meelyon,' and I puts him on a piece of plaid goods—and if dat fool meelyon didn't jest bust hisself trying to make good!"



And only a half-mile down the road you tried to find some one to ask the right way, and there wasn't a person in sight



THE GIRAFFE: "It seems to me that animal wears its neck in a very odd place!"

The Missing Quarter

A FARMER leased a field to a farm-laborer, and the rental was to be one-fourth of the crop raised. Harvest-time came in due course, but the farmer was amazed to find that he got nothing. The tenant hauled three loads of produce to his own barn, but there was nothing left for the farmer. He, of course, remonstrated.

"Here," he said. "How's this? Wasn't I to get a fourth of the crop?"

"Yes, sir, you was," the tenant answered; "but as it turned out there was only three loads."

Up To Them

LITTLE James, aged six, had been taught to pray each night for all his relatives and friends, and consequently the list had grown quite large. So one night when it came time for the customary prayers he refused to say them.

"Well, well, James!" said his mother. "Why won't you say them? All good little boys say their prayers."

"Yes, but I'm too tired."

"Oh, my, that's no excuse. Come now, that's a good boy."

"Well," relented James, "I guess I'll have to. But, anyhow, I'm not going to pray for everybody. I'm going to cut a lot of 'em out. Some of 'em will have to save themselves."

Nephew's Ambition

UNCLE BILL, who is something of a sage in his way, was delivering an address to his youthful nephew concerning his ambitions.

"Boy," said he, "it is time for you to think seriously of the kind of future you intend to map out for yourself. To sum it up in a word, what epitaph are you anxious to have inscribed on your tombstone?"

Whereupon the youngster rejoined, "He got his share."

Mutually Disappointed

MRS. CROSBY was reading over a prospective maid's references, and, after a moment's thoughtful pause, remarked, with a comprehensive glance at the girl:

"I am not quite satisfied with your references, Ellen."

"Neither be I, mum," responded, the stalwart maid, "but they're the best I could get."



NEAR-SIGHTED OLD PARTY: "That's funny. They must have forgot to catalogue this article."

An Apt Pupil

THERE were visitors at school one afternoon, and the teacher was very anxious that her pupils should appear to advantage.

"Now, children," she said, during an examination in geography, "what is the axis of the earth?"

There was silence for a moment, and then a small girl raised her hand.

"Well, Dorothy," said the teacher, "how would you describe it?"

"The axis of the earth," said Dorothy, proudly, "is an imaginary line which passes from one pole to the other, and on which the earth revolves."

"That's correct," nodded the teacher, approvingly. "Now could you hang clothes on this line, Dorothy?"

"Yes, ma'am," was the reply.

"Why, Dorothy!" exclaimed the teacher, in surprise. "What sort of clothes?"

"Imaginary clothes, ma'am," said the child, calmly.

Difficult to Please

THEY had been engaged only a few weeks, but a little coolness had arisen between them.

"There is nothing that makes me so thor-

oughly angry," she cried, tears of rage in her blue eyes, "as to have any one contradict me. I just simply hate to be contradicted."

"Well," he said, in a conciliatory tone, "then I won't contradict you any more, Isabel."

"I don't believe you love me," she asserted.

"I don't," he admitted.

"You are a perfectly hateful thing!" she cried.

"I know it," he replied.

"You're trying to tease me, aren't you, Sam?" she queried.

"Yes," he conceded.

She was silent for a moment. Then she said: "Well, I certainly do despise a man who is weak enough to let a woman dictate to him. A man ought to have a mind of his own."

An Adamless Eden?

"ETHEL, Ethel, you must not grieve so!" interposed a close friend of her recently deceased lover. "Let this thought console you in your grief: Remember that other and better men than he have gone the same way."

"They haven't *all* gone, have they?" she asked, with an abrupt show of interest.



FARMER: "Thar ain't no fish in thar."

ANGLER: "Well, what did you want to tell me for? Now you've spoiled my day's sport!"



THE CONDUCTOR: "*Madam, how old ith thith child?*"

An Unfit Companion

MRS. ATHERTON had tried to impress upon her young son Eugene that he should play only with good boys.

"Mother," said Eugene, as he came in one day, "you don't want me to play with wicked boys, do you?"

"No, indeed," said the mother, pleased that her son had remembered her teachings.

"Well, if one little boy kicks another little boy, isn't it wicked for him to kick him back?"

"Yes, indeed, it is certainly very wicked," was the mother's reply.

"Then I don't play with Richard Whitney any more," said Eugene; "he's too wicked. I kicked him this morning, and he kicked me back."

Inside Information

KATHERINE'S uncle had come to pay them a visit. After the first greetings were over and he was comfortably seated with little Katherine on his knee, he asked, as uncles often do, if she were a good little girl.

"Yes," was the child's prompt reply, "but nobody knows it."

The Useful Spine

THE teacher of a class of small children recently gave a physiology lesson on the bones of the body. The time to ask questions had come.

"Who will tell me what the backbone is?"

The question was a poser, and no one ventured a reply.

Finally the teacher detected a gleam of hope in Sammy's face, and smiled encouragingly at him.

"Well, Sammy?"

"The backbone is a long, straight bone. Your head sits on one end, and you sit on the other," answered Sammy.

Why She Didn't Sleep

THEY gave the lady the only unoccupied room in the hotel—one with a private bath adjoining. The next morning when the guest was ready to leave, the clerk asked: "Well, did you have a good night's rest, madam?"

"No, I didn't," rejoined the lady, emphatically. "I was afraid some one would want to take a bath, and the only way to it was through my room."



Painting by Walter Biggs

Illustration for "Mr. Durgan and the Futurists"

THEY EXAMINED PICTURE AFTER PICTURE AND THEN BROKE INTO PRAISE

HARPER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. CXXX

APRIL, 1915

NO. DCCLXXIX



BRINGING THE CAR ASHORE AT NAPLES

Our First Car

BY LOUISE CLOSSER HALE



SINCE it was ten years ago, we were younger; and that may have been the reason that our first automobile seemed so beautiful to us—so shiny, so graceful! Yet—to be fair to youthful enthusiasms—ten years ago almost any kind of American was proud of almost any kind of car.

And our automobile was not as others were. The designer made boast that its mechanism was unlike any mechanism

hitherto conceived. He specialized in being different. When I read in the *Subway* the advertisement of the successful species he has now upon the market, and note that its divergence from the usual manufacturing formula has only to do with a curious wrinkle in wind-shields, I am conscious that he, too, has drunk of the cup of experience—but not all the way from Naples to Havre.

It was the Illustrator who suggested taking it to Europe. The roads were better, he said, and that would save the



PALAZZO TACCONI BOVI—BOLOGNA

engine; besides, since we were without a chauffeur, there was an advantage in traveling through such countries as possessed skilled mechanics along the way to tighten up the nuts. To sum it all up, the trip would be one of artistic expression, affording an excellent study of the people and demanding sufficient manual labor to keep one's muscles in condition.

It looked very well before it was slung into the hold, and our ardor over its worth was but slightly dampened by a friend who knew the builder. The builder, he told us at the boat, derived his money for manufacturing our car from thriving stove-works, and there was a facetious saying among the citizens of his town that the motor was concocted from stoves that wouldn't draw.

As I say, we put his delicate thrust down to jealousy, and "wouldn't draw" was an expression of no deadly import to us until we had uncrated the leviathan at Naples and made ready to run it up to our hotel. It was then found that,

far removed from drawing, it would not even start. But there was a reason for this, and, as the Illustrator said proudly afterward, when you find the reason for the fault, the fault can be corrected—if you can find the fault. This first time it was the ingredient with which we had endeavored to make the wheels go round. By some error the tank had been filled with kerosene instead of gasolene.

It was a merry mistake, intensely merry to the several thousand Italians gathered about, and as jolly to us as our hollow laughs could suggest. We blamed no one, not even the car. I had not developed as early as our belated departure to Rome any sensation of enmity toward the automobile itself, or felt that it had drunk the kerosene to annoy us.

Yet I was a prey to distrust. Or possibly the Illustrator was the prey, for it was he whom I first distrusted. This depreciation of one's life-mate is common to womankind, developed, as a rule, by

a more complete understanding of him. But it came to me as a blow from a stranger in the dark. I cannot trace its source to any more definite exhibition of incapacity on his part than his sitting on his goggles after he had shaken hands with the hotel proprietor and responded to the "*buon viaggio*" of the multitude.

I, too, had been nodding indulgent farewells as though I were enjoying myself. But with the crack of glass and the ensuing kindly inquiries, out of the irritability at the delay the hideous truth was forced upon me that I was not enjoying myself, and that I was afraid of the people, the roads, the car, and, above all, the Illustrator. I knew that this man who had sat on his goggles could never drive me safely to Havre, and that every foot up the slimy hills by which Naples was endeavoring to detain us was a foot nearer as violent a death for me as the driver could manage.

Although momentarily expecting it, death did not come during the first

twelve miles, and at the end of that distance our automobile hesitated, skipped twice, and stopped. Not so many days after this the ceasing of our engine annoyed me, later enraged me, and still later filled me with a sort of bitter hatred. But on this first day the unexpected slowing down into safe inactivity was as welcome as are the bars about a lion's den.

To conceal my satisfaction, I attempted to show an interest in our getting on by asking the Illustrator as we sat there quietly when he thought we would reach Rome. It was nothing to me. My sincere hope was never to be able to start the car again. But of course he did not know this. And he turned toward me a terrible face—a new face—a face with murderous intentions close behind it.

I sprang out of the car and made fumbling efforts to unlock the tool-chest. For it was plain that from now on my chance of living while in transit was



THE PIAZZA—PIACENZA

even better than during periods of the engine's silence.

He controlled himself by getting out and lying on his back in the mud, which was the fashionable thing to do ten years ago. I pitied him as he lay there taking a worm's-eye view of the me-

the most skilled chauffeur in any country "What's the matter with it?" The game of automobiling consists of going on or not going on, and, while you are not going, of waiting pleasantly—handing Him the monkey-wrench or the pliers, until by some strange chance the error is rectified and we are on our way once more.

We went very little more that day. It was decided by the proprietor of the inn where we spent the night that the trouble was "*la valva*," and that the blacksmith would repair it in the morning. But the Illustrator demurred at this—fiercely, out of his phrase-book. He said it was his car and his valve and he would make the *riparazione* himself.

Although pity and ensuing love had fled as he glared at me back there in the mud, the old sentiment of confidence that I had once cherished toward him fluttered gratefully into my heart as he made this protestation. It was not engendered from any knowledge he had shown of his car, but from a conviction that out of his stubbornness he would some day acquire knowledge, and by the exercise of mind over matter conquer the thing.

It was not until years after, in rereading his log-book, which began with our first day's touring in Europe, that I appreciated fully his greatest attribute of all—a cheery optimism. I quote it here:

Time of start	11 A.M.
Time of arrival	7 P.M.
Distance	12 miles
Remarks	<i>Tires holding up well.</i>

The italics are mine.
We were three days covering the one



THE ROAD THROUGH POIRINO

chanical arrangements. I knew he was acquiring nothing but mud. He was an artist. Why should he know anything about tumblers and oilers and—as it was called on our car—the contact box?

From pity sprang a slight return of its kinsman, love, and in a desire to show my interest I committed my second dreadful error.

"What's the matter with it?" I said.

I know now—indeed, I knew immediately after the question—that I should not have asked it. One must not ask

hundred and fifty miles to Rome. Days of anxiety, and crawling under, and having one more try. But also were they days of bewildering experiences—of eating with peasants and army officers and tramps; and on the last night, in some fairy-tale fashion, of ending up in a great castle presided over by a gracious duchess with a tall prince to do the family honors. We had settled down seemingly forever on the pig farm of their estates, and, hearing of us, they had sent their mechanic to break the spirit of the valve and to conduct us to the ancient stronghold for the night.

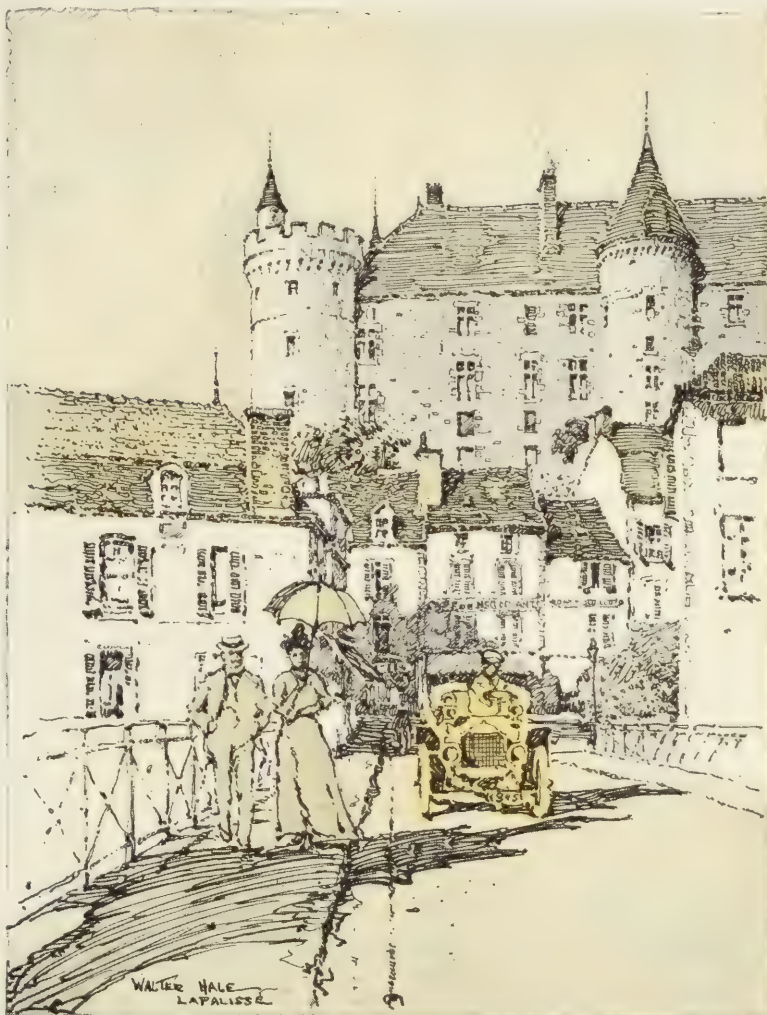
I remember opening my eyes in the great bedchamber, after an indefinite length of sleep, to find a maid preparing my bath and laying out soft towels embroidered with coronets. And I wondered as she obsequiously worked if she knew that we had just one dollar left to tip the lot of them. The prospect of slinking out of the courtyard after our meager distribution became so disturbing that I called the Illustrator and insisted that something be done about it.

I thrust the burden of this situation upon him, conscious as I did so that a solution of the difficulty would restore him completely to his old-time power. Although secretive about it, he suddenly acquired great wealth. Five lire notes were slipped into pleased hands, and at Velletri he drew from the bank and sent back that which he had borrowed from the prince—to tip the prince's servants!

From Rome we crossed to the Adriatic coast, leisurely, the engine offering us a sort of mutual interest in the overcoming of its vagaries.

We did not admit them as defects during this second period of acquiring light. The Illustrator said all automobiles acted this way, and that was what made motoring a sport. "You want to be a sport, don't you?" he asked me.

I did not want to be a sport, but I



THE CHATEAU FROM THE BRIDGE—LAPALISSE

said I did, aloud, and within hearing of the car. In some insidious way the automobile was beginning to take on human traits, childlike traits which must be lovingly dealt with—though firmly. It was well to let it know from the first that we were its masters.

For this reason we never commented upon its going well when we were under headway and there was every reason to expect that we would eventually arrive somewhere. We knew how badly children behave when they are praised, and we confined our exultation to nudging



THE RIVER GUIERS AT PONT DE BEAUVOISIN

each other, and to pointing to the odometer, which was ticking off the mileage.

Even so, the engine would sometimes get wind of our elation, and begin to leap about—playfully skip, and finally stop, emitting a few exhaustive sighs as though passing away from overwork.

Then the Illustrator would look at me significantly and we would descend to put it through its tests. This was a sort of punishment to which a more sensitive mechanism would have hastily responded in the hope of lessening its shame. Standing in front of the car so that it would both see and hear me, with all the boys in the vicinity staring gravely, I would read aloud from a pamphlet (ostensibly to the Illustrator lying on his back) the list of things that could be wrong with an ill-natured engine, and how to correct them.

It was a thick pamphlet. I don't see

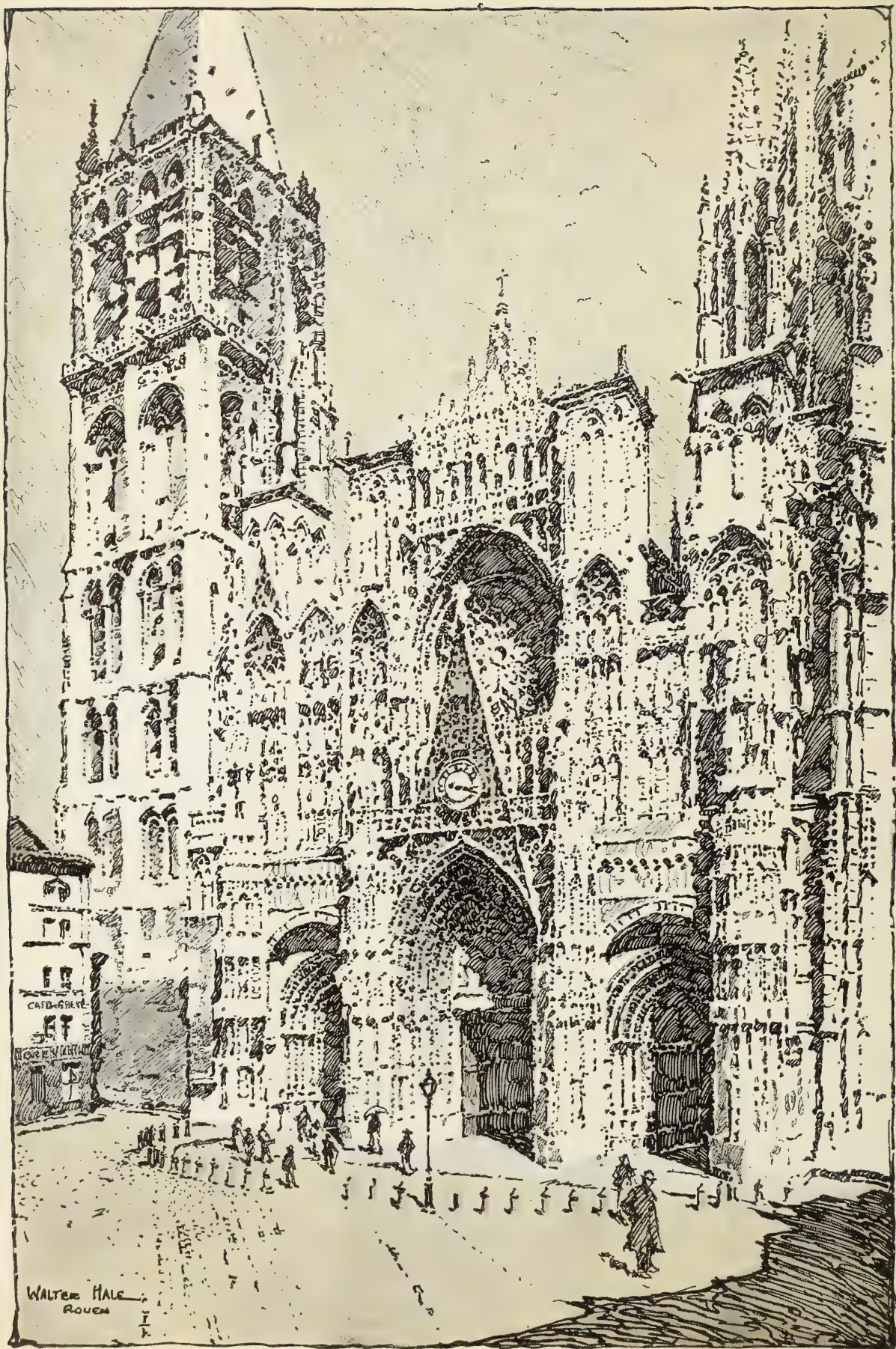
how we could have been so imprudent as to have chosen the make after observing the number of pages given to correcting its faults. The Illustrator even had been impressed with it. He had said that they "threw in" a large book of instructions, and he had thought it exceedingly "white" of them.

Not that the car stopped every day. By the time we had reached Rimini it had developed a new tantrum (we called them tantrums affectionately) of continuing, one might say, under protest. The methods were various. There would be whole mornings given to broncobucking, under the impression that we were on its back and soon would be thrown. Often it would indulge in a series of whoops, preferably as we were entering a village. And at this the Illustrator, very red in the face but firmly smiling, would sound his horn also under the sad pretense that he was



Drawn by Walter Hale

AFTER THE RAIN—MOULINS



Drawn by Walter Hale

WEST FRONT—ROUEN CATHEDRAL

making all the noise himself—and that he wanted to. Again, and this was the most nerve-racking of all its little pleasantries, the day was abandoned to regular explosions directly beneath me. And, after a certain endurance of the blasting, I would look piteously at the driver, who would assure me that it was only the soothing, peaceful part of the machine known as the muffler.

Although we were its masters, we never stopped when the car showed a disposition to continue. My attitude had changed since the first day. Our pace was not dangerous, and my anxiety at getting there gave place to the same emotion expended upon not getting there.

"There" was not any place in particular, and never the remote town which we had picked out on the map for the night's lodging. But it was ever a beautiful village with a gay little inn and a small stable near by in which to push the kicking motor. I was always allowed to turn the key to the stable-door, and this I did with some unnecessary jangling. Sometimes I would go back to try the door. The innkeeper thought that it was done to keep the villagers from getting in, but I knew, and the Illustrator suspected, that it was to keep the car from getting out and watching us being happy.

And that is the wonder of motoring in Italy. Mechanical annoyances are swept away by nothing more definite than the moon climbing up through an avenue of tall cypresses, or the sound of a woman's voice from a high window in a narrow way.

Sometimes if the car stopped at a village before sunset the Illustrator would make a sketch while I beat off the crowd, and during the evening we would sit at little café tables, I sending off postal cards replete with lies, and he working on his log-book. He continued optimistic: "Roads fine but muddy—good going until we skidded into a ditch.—Explosions—Explosions—Explosions—All else seems well."

We laughed at night, when the car couldn't hear us and fix up some deal for the morrow to make us miserable. And it came into my head by way of my heart that a trip with a perfect motor

would have been no test of the compatibility of a couple recently married.

Yet I was not appreciative of the inverted usefulness of a bad car—I called it a bad car now and then under my breath. As my sympathy for the toiling Illustrator grew, my dislike of the machine correspondingly increased. It was not as pretty to me as it had been, and it had a way of lolling boorishly in the road when it refused to go which was not tantrumy, but insolent. It was not a child; it was an oaf.

The driver would not permit the word "oaf." He still claimed that the car was as others, and that motoring was a sport. When we reached Bologna he went further. He stayed in the city of learning long enough to have made a suit of clothes the style of which was designated by the tailor as "Sportman."

I encouraged him in this. I had hopes that the equipment would stimulate the car into becoming a "sportman" itself—or at least a boy scout—and give us a fighting chance. But the engine behaved badly about the suit. I shall not say that it screamed when the Illustrator approached and endeavored to crank it, for no one would believe me. But I can furnish evidence that it jumped backward whenever the costume came into full view.

My chauffeur said the difficulty was in the reverse gear, and that I was too fanciful. But my contention told upon him, for he began to wear a long coat over his plaid, or, when the day was too hot for this, he would crawl around from the rear, grasping the crank-handle before the eyes of the car could completely embrace him.

The eyes of our car would be known as lamps to those without imagination. They were wide apart, although expressive of no intelligence, and set so far back that they could not see the driver starting the engine if he kept close to the ground. It was difficult to do this, but the process was less humiliating to him than its jumping back and screaming in pretended fear after it had taken a look at the plaid. The Italians, gathered about to see us start, had ever a great deal of unnecessary humor. Besides, as I told the Illustrator, these manifesta-

tions of terror at his approach would suggest to the crowd that he had not been kind to the automobile.

I had not intended to alarm him; rather to win him over to agreeing with me that the car was an ingrate and we should treat it as such. But he was not ready for such an admission. As the result, he spent hours away from me cultivating the reverse gear, treating it to expensive grease, and displaying an affection for it when any one was around that filled me with bitterness.

For this led to another phase of its detestable character. If I hated it, it was jealous of me. So surely as the driver would hover around in the little dark stable feeding it all sorts of new oils and leaving me to walk about alone, so surely would it run fairly well the next day. And—worse than this—it would run even better *without* me.

It had a way of frisking up the street should he chance to try it out alone before our morning start that promised well for the day. And it would return to the inn deporting itself capably as I hid behind the oleander kegs, but popping madly as soon as I got in.

I should have enjoyed taking the train, but the mental marriage vow made by every woman to take care of the man instead of foolishly obeying him, prevented any such departure. Jealousy is a devouring passion. The only man one can trust is a dead man. If this chanced to occur to our automobile when no one was around, how easy it would be to butt into him as he drank at a wayside brook, and secure him for ever by a swift revolution of the wheels? We read of men killed by their own cars, yet who has ever thought before of jealousy as the cause? I am rather proud of this.

I did not take the train, and, failing in the effort to lose me, it fell out that it was I who was attacked by the wheels. I recall a vow made to myself as I scrambled up the rock at the side of the road to avoid being squeezed by the car—which was pretending to slip. It was an Irish vow to the effect that I would not be killed by that car if I died for it. Even so, it got my foot, and for two weeks I lay in a small hotel of the Italian Riviera picking out words in

the Italian dictionary that I might tell the surgeon where lay the pain and the ache and the sorrow.

If my accident served no other purpose, I was convinced that the *Illustrator* cared more for me than he did for the car. Yet, with man's stubborn loyalty to anything belonging to him, he did not, until beyond Turin, express his real opinion of the assassin.

We had zigzagged back over the Apennines, for clinging to the coast was now a torrid business. Besides, there was to be an alpine-climbing contest just beyond Turin, and, for a reason too pitiful to express, he wished to attend this race. He was loyal as far as Turin, even, for I observed in his log-book the dubious statement that "Car attracts attention."

Owing to the clutch not clutching we arrived late in Turin, but by an effort we reached the starting-point for the contest with other waiting automobiles, placarded with numbers and blazing blue fire. The laws of the race detained us until the participants had made their plunge, and even then we were restrained an instant until the official starter fled up the height in his great motor. He was a courteous gentleman. He approached us first and begged that, to avoid confusing our car with those competing, we would not pass him. At least, to remain behind—if possible.

It was possible, and, more than that, it was necessary. We left thirty seconds after he did and never saw him again. But it was a consoling feature as we trundled up the mighty incline that we were adhering to his wishes. The winning driver made the top of the Mt. Cenis Pass, a distance of ten miles, in nineteen minutes. We took three hours. And a certain grimness settled upon the *Illustrator* as the day wore on and the cars which had passed us in the ascent encountered us again, going down as we were still going up.

The contesting automobiles were of many classes. "Even we could have entered had we made Turin in time," he said, with a touch of longing in his voice. And, sensible of his lost hopes, I asked in a controlled manner under what class we would have come. For my control I was rewarded by the truth

from him, at last. A burst of truth that echoed among the mountains above the explosions in the muffler.

"Entered as an ice-wagon," he roared. "Now you have it!" But this was to the car.

Yet it was amazing to see how frequently we profited by delay. It must be that the swift machines outrun adventure. As we were tipping over the mountain for the descent to the French border, a badly wounded man who had fallen from an overhanging rock was handed over to us by one of the racing drivers. The driver himself was going to the border town, but his car had no place to carry so hurt a man. He would await us below.

He went back to his long, gray torpedo, and that was the last we saw of him until he overtook us at the foot of the pass. For our enraged motor, stung by the reflections on its speed-limit, leaped from the top of the first pine-trees to the foot of them, caught at the feathery branches of those below, dropped to their roots, and swirled on down the valley in horrible sweeps. The Illustrator's hat blew off, but we did not stop; the wounded man moaned to be left to die upon his gentle precipice, but on we circled, held back only by the reverse, until a level stretch of road brought us directly to the French customs.

The authorities received the man, and the driver in his racing-car came alongside. He slung himself off and examined our brakes.

"They are worn out," he said. "You have made the descent without a brake. Why did you do it?"

We said we liked to do it.

I am not sure that my chauffeur would have so openly insulted our automobile by calling it an ice-wagon had we not been approaching the land of skilled mechanics, who, as he had told me back in America, would always be on hand to tighten up the nuts if they needed tightening.

With this prospect in view we entered upon our third period of readjustment in our attitude toward the automobile. We knew now it was not a child, or an oaf, but a monster. And worse than that—we knew, since its mad descent, that it was an insane monster.

Still the thought of the skilled mechanics cheered us, as one breathes more freely when a great physician is at hand for a serious case. And while we would not have chosen fashionable Aix-les-Bains for the first consultation, we were glad there was an excellent sanatorium to receive the maniac. Not far from Aix it had prefaced a complete breakdown by sounds hitherto unfamiliar to us, a sort of death-rattle in the differential. And it showed no power of locomotion after that beyond trying on every grade to bump into the van which we had finally secured to pull us into the glittering city.

It was unfortunate that our car was not satisfied with having rheumatism, for we could have given it the waters at small cost, but its race down the Alps occasioned a welding of copper bands and such a complete overhauling of its general system that the desire for any further consultations with skilled mechanicians left us.

Left us with our letter of credit and the necessity of waiting for reinforcements in a place too rich for our purse at our richest moments. Nothing is free at Aix except the waters of the Deux Reines Source, and drinking from a spring is a mean enjoyment to a healthy couple. We wished ourselves in Monte Carlo, where penniless strangers are not unknown. There, by creating a slight scene, we would have been hastily provided with a neat sum and rushed from Monaco.

The Illustrator said we could never have "gotten away with it," as it would be ridiculous to claim we were without funds when we had a motor-car; yet as time went on, I could far better understand the moneyed class to be composed of those who had no such lumbering evidence of wealth.

For specialists now became the monster's hobby. From the hour we left Aix until we reached Paris it indulged in a steady whine that was supposed to be the transmission, but which we knew was the cry of the chronic invalid for new diagnosticians. Any ministrations of the Illustrator's it treated with silence, and the only way we could avoid great expense was by taking to sideroads where the general practi-

tioners were more modest in their demands.

Skulking up byways was by no means distasteful, however, and we found it very pleasant to turn the motor over to a village blacksmith and give ourselves up to the loveliness of France. We spent no time retailing the symptoms of the case, beyond crying out that "it marches not" as we hurried away. And we would return to find the blacksmith gone off for several drinks, leaving in charge a small boy who would glower at the "box of contact" and further elucidate that "it touches not."

It was one of the triumphs of the sick car that no one could tell just what was wrong with it—the only trait still recognizable as human. Like other ailing ones of our acquaintance, it had its good days and its bad days, and it would neither get well nor die.

The Illustrator contended that he did not want it to die. But this was not from affection. He wished it to take him up to Paris. He would make it take him there if he had to beat it every step of the way. He wanted to run gloriously through the *Porte d'Italie*, along the streets of the *Quartier Latin*, to his beloved *Café du Dôme*.

He would then draw up alongside and wave to *André*, the *garçon*, who would not believe his eyes at first, seeing *m'sieu* in a car. Then the painters at the tables on the sidewalk would say, "He's done it!" And he would buy many liqueurs for them—and for the young ladies playing checkers—and he would never go home at all.

Although my subconscious wish was for the car's death, I was stimulated by this Napoleonic aspiration, and as early as *Pont de Beauvoisin* I took my hat out of the tool-box and retrimmed it. This was significant, but as nothing to the performance of the driver at *Lapalisse*, for here he had his hair cut. It was Saturday night, and, as the result of a busy day, the floor of the barber-shop was as soft as a feather-bed. I walked up and down outside, peering in now and then to guard the dangerous shears from cutting too closely. The back of the Illustrator's head was our family skeleton. Too short a shearing would betray to the world that his bump

of conjugality was lacking. Out of pride I did not want this known, and out of cunning he did not.

But the sound of revelry at the castle took me far up the street, and the music of a phonograph—so entirely modern in this medieval stronghold—held me there; and, when I returned, a small, flat head reared itself feebly from the chair, and a weak voice which had protested in vain cried out that he was ruined.

It was vital now that we should linger on the road for such time as was necessary to cover decently the hollows which should have been protuberances on the Illustrator's cranium. And the faults of the car worked in conjunction with this idea. Again we were able to capitalize its dilatory habits.

We did not speak of this within hearing of the maniac. And the Illustrator wore a sort of bonnet designed for drivers of racing machines, that it might not discover his calamity and hurry us to the *Café du Dôme* for all to comment upon his missing attributes.

We managed the deception, and the hair grew; and that tremulous day arrived when the roads were bad, vans harassed us, and loads of carrots, beautifully arranged, bespoke the approach to Paris. In a suburb we changed our hats, the Illustrator standing mockingly in front of the car and retailing the story of his trickery with unnecessary volume. Boiling with rage, the engine began running toward the city with an uncanny swiftness that could not but preface some grand coup of humiliation for us.

We had not wished to enter Paris when the traffic was greatest—rather in the early evening, which would bring us to the *Dôme* at the sentimental hour. But the Illustrator could not withstand the effect he was producing of a skilful chauffeur driving a high-powered motor through the turmoil of the thoroughfare. He was ashamed of me, clutching at my hat. He wanted me to look as though I were accustomed to it. All earlier troubles were forgotten. He whispered that we would undoubtedly sweep up to the *Café du Dôme* in this fashion. He felt that he had at last "got the hang of the thing." He—then we came

upon the gate, and half-way through it, half-way into Paris, just as we felt the thrill and heard the cry, our car found a rut and sank into it.

The traffic massed itself back of us and packed itself before. French curses were rained upon us. We were camels—little red cabbages. The police reproachfully told us that it could not be done. The *douaniers* told us to "*Allez!*" One threatened us. Or was it a threat? Was it not a beautiful thought?—this grim statement: "Is it that your small car had been a horse, m'sieu, it now would have been well shot."

Ah, if it could be! To have it shot! To leave it there to die with blood on other hands than ours. To receive a recompense—which I hear is the custom when balky horses go to meet their maker—a sum equivalent to its worth—seventy-five or eighty cents, or, to take no mean advantage, sixty cents in cash.

But this was not to be. And in time we achieved the Café du Dôme, entering upon the scene whizzing. It was a horse that did it. A huge cart horse, a small carter, and a length of rope. Fainting with shame, we clung to our posts.

From the moment that the animals met we felt the antagonism between the two. For the first mile it would seem that our beast would break the spirit of its propeller as it had endeavored to break ours. It had a maddening way of lying back limp on all the up-grades, as a child relaxes its legs and makes himself as heavy as possible. But on the declivities it awoke to action and evinced a desire to catch up with the horse and run over it.

After a mile of this the percheron, inspired no doubt by a band playing the "Marseillaise," flew to arms, and astonished the car by kicking it in its radiator. I was delighted, but the Illustrator said it was absurd to be pleased, as it would cost us a great deal of money. I said I didn't care.

The horse, encouraged by my applause, now, as it went along, invented devices for further confounding the enemy. It put out one of its eyes and made dents in its hood. It ripped the flapping rubber from a tire. And it would occasionally run the full length of the rope, then circle and glare at the

engine, menacingly. The carter said it could not reach us, and to remain tranquil.

It may have been the Illustrator trembling—although, as he said it wasn't, we will have to put it down to the agitation of the car—but we were now rocking with what were unmistakable signs of fear. Every one on the streets was laughing at the car and sticking up for the horse, because it was a Parisian. And, I suppose, it was out of a sort of pride that the beautiful thing happened which brought us triumphantly to the café under our own power.

The percheron had found a new amusement in side-stepping suddenly, which permitted the car to travel some distance by itself, although no farther than its adversary would permit. And so great was the degradation of this complete control by a mere horse and harness that, at last, on a down-grade, the engine turned over in exasperation and began to go again. The driver put in the clutch, the rope snapped, and, throwing some money to the carter, we rounded a corner and went on alone. Five minutes later the painters at the Dôme were saying, "He's done it!" and André was hurrying with bottles.

We lived in a small hotel across the street, and for a day and a night our automobile was left in front of the café, the remaining lights being carefully trimmed by madame of the *caisse*, who was very proud to have it there.

I doubt if we would ever have quit-
ted Paris and gone on to Havre had we not thoughtlessly established among our friends the idea that motoring was the only joy in the world, and that we were never entirely happy out of the car.

Ahead of us lay Rouen; indeed, all Normandy endlessly invites the pencil, and our friends admitted that we could not but go. I heard the Illustrator telling them on our last night about the lure of the road.

"Anywhere I please, I can stop to make a sketch," he was saying. He looked at the car before the café door. It was winking its new eye at him. And, though André claimed it was the generator that caused the flicker, the Illustrator lowered his voice.

The Flags on the Tower

BY ALICE BROWN



NIEL DIXWELL, in the one train a day that went down to Paradise Cove now that the fall weather was on and summer residents had fled, felt an agreeable sense of adventure. It was his own house he was going to, where his wife had chosen to stay later than usual, even though he had been called to town, and the trip through marshes, a bewilderment of brilliant brown grass and blue water, was enough to gainsay the intelligence of any one who could consent to forego it while it kept up to such a pitch. It was a route Dixwell had taken for years through the summer, yet to-day it was different, not only from the season's change, but under the reflection of his own mood. Everything was diversified like the bars in the spectrum, though in an unfamiliar order. This was as memory talked to him, like a sad yet inexorably exact whisperer at his ear. There was the intense violet of the time when he had bought the house and taken Amy there to spend their first married summer. It had continued violet of a sort for a few years after that. At least, if it had not, his eyes, accustomed to violet, had seen what they looked for. Then he had blinked them open, because it had surely faded. After that it had been rather a garish red, while they tried to bring other people into their atmosphere, to look on, to admire, and perhaps, by a delicate measure of applause, convince them that they were very happy, after all. Then even this had changed into a hard hue that had no beauty in it, yet was warranted to wear. But it was not wearing. It had ugly splotches, and he was going down now to show the splotches to Amy, to ask her if she saw them as clearly as he did, and if they mightn't as well wash the whole thing

out and not pretend to seeing any color at all. Hitherto, as to this fading of the hues of youth, they had kept a well-bred reticence. Even to himself he had not owned Amy's share in the threadbare condition of the web. He had said that he was growing old, though not yet fifty, that life was made that way, and that you couldn't possibly expect an elderly dusk to fulfil the promise of a bird-haunted dawn. Yet now, within a few days, since he had been alone at the town house taking a ruthless look over their bankrupt stock, he owned of necessity, since he had determined to be honest at last, that Amy, as well as he and the course of the years, must bear the responsibility of their failure. Amy was there in the picture that illustrated their common fall, and at last she must accept her share of culpability.

As the train took him through the yellowed marshes at not too hurried a pace—for it was a considerate train, willing to deposit milk cans and morning papers—he asked himself, while his eyes absently recorded the beauty of bright-blue inlets with leaning boats at rest in them and the rich, fringing border of grass, exactly what his quarrel was with life. Taken in the large, it was perhaps that the appearance of things had deceived him deliberately and with purpose. Nature had wanted to get something out of him—his total of contribution in response to her warm promise of emolument—and when he had given all that was in him she had told him:

"Perhaps that's all you can do. I can't stop to explain why the rewards I offered you are not precisely in proportion to your anticipation. I've got to shake my banners before somebody else younger than you are. That's all."

Even his book-writing, productive as it had been of praise, merely made him a little sick when he dared confront its



Drawn by F. Walter Taylor

"YOU WON'T KNOW ME," SHE SAID, "THOUGH, OF COURSE, I KNOW YOU"

gathered fruits. He had aimed at the ineffable, the word beyond, and he had accomplished nothing more than the obvious that people were eager to praise—when they could entice him to teas and authors' readings. He really had had the vision once. He knew that ecstasy of expression which is as real as the religious rapture, the leap into the air for words as they pass in winged procession. And somehow he had succeeded only in a molded precision which the unlearned call style. And in place of his rapt contemplation of the divinity of things he had little more than a hurt wonder at finding them as they are. They had outlines now, surfaces. They did not swim like angelic forms in a transfiguring mist. The face of life, as it presented itself, had become intolerable, and at last he had determined, in what he clutched at as a last revulsion, to escape, to go away in search once more of the spirit of things. And he would have to go alone. That was the point. Amy, with her massage and her rules for health, an ever-changing bulwark against the fear of growing old, was not to go with him. And that to-day he meant to tell her. She had become the symbol of the hateful outer world that is always trying to break in on the confines of the spirit. She was like the importunate person who insists on reading the newspaper to you when you want to lie on your back and look at glory overhead. Since his week alone in the town house he had begun to think he actually could not bear to set eyes on Amy again. But he had to, to tell her how far he was going away from her, perhaps not yet how far he had gone already.

When he alighted at the station, it was to be greeted by official solicitude because his own car had gone back to the house, having brought Mrs. Dixwell to the up-train. Dixwell passed over that with a little quizzical uplift of the brows. He had come, unannounced, to see Amy, and Amy, not knowing her cue, had, unannounced, gone up, not to see him, but, his prophetic soul suggested, a masseuse or manicure. Then there was, the station master mentioned with great interest in submitting all the facts in the case, the other lady who had

come by motor from the Junction, and, not finding Mrs. Dixwell, was going back by train. There she was now.

She was an inconspicuous figure in brown, walking at the end of the platform, and Dixwell at once made his way to her. At his near approach she turned, and he had time to see she was brown-eyed and gray-haired, with an indescribable hint of lightness and fitness for action, when her rather serious face, moved by some quick thought, lightened and bloomed abundantly. He had scarcely ever seen a face change into such radiant anticipation. Joy, it must be, that so transformed it, though why she should be stirred at sight of him he would have been puzzled to tell.

"Why," said she, "of all luck in the world!"

She was smiling at him, and he was indubitably expected to smile. But she could translate that hesitancy of his. She was not disheartened by it.

"You won't know me," she said, "though, of course, I know you. I've got you pasted all through my literary scrap-book. I'm only Margaret Whidden. Your wife—Amy—calls me Meg."

But meanwhile they were shaking hands. She had a firm, elastic clasp, and Dixwell was glad to encounter it, even if it brought no credentials. But now he could meet her on common ground.

"Of course!" said he. "I don't even need to know you're Meg. You write stories. Do you suppose I haven't read 'em?"

She laughed and showed a desirable brand of teeth. "Of course you haven't," she parried. "You might once or twice, to please Amy. But they're just little workaday stories. Not champagne, somebody said of 'em once: just good, honest hard cider."

"But why aren't you up at the house?" he asked. "Staying the night? Waiting for Amy?"

"Can't stop. I haven't the time. I'm just back from Cuba, where I've been hunting some local color (hideous phrase!), and I felt I'd simply got to see Amy. It was a matter of self-preservation. Amy seemed to me the one person that could keep me alive."

Dixwell caught himself back from a

candid expression of wonder. It was Amy who was keeping him from living, in any vivid sense, and here was somebody fleeing to her for succor.

"She's away for the day only," said he. "Of course you'll stay."

"No; honestly, I have to be back to take ship again to-morrow. I'm not to see her. It wasn't meant. But I've seen you."

The naïve wonder of the tone smote him with some sort of remorse at being, by his own valuation, so little worth seeing.

"Why not come on to the house with me?" he offered. "You had the day for Amy. You could give it to me."

She was frankly delighted. "I can't imagine anything so wonderful," she declared. "You see, I know you. So far as a body can through your books, I know you. And it's incredible to see you and hear you inviting plain Meg to eat up a whole day of your time."

"We can drive up to the house," said he. "Or"—he put it even persuasively—"we could walk. Good for two miles!"

"Twenty," said she. "To the Pole, if you like, or through the Dark Continent."

"Then I'll telephone them to have lunch ready, and we'll take a trot."

He led her straight away from the station down to the cinder-strewn street where the coal-wharves were, and the fish-shops and pleasant runs where men were shocking clams and prowling cats sought out fish-heads. Abruptly this way of maritime trade turned yet more intimately toward the water, and they took a shingly path where the waves came lappingly. Then Dixwell picked up the unfinished thread of talk where he had dropped it.

"If you think I'm such great shakes, you needn't have waited so long to see me. Why didn't you come before?"

"Oh," said she, "I didn't want to see you." She was thinking of the water now as well as of the happy chance of meeting him. She could hardly keep her eyes away from the little boats at work offshore, but, in their beauty, so evidently at play. "That's why I telephoned to your house this morning to find out where Amy was, where you

were. If you were down here, I wasn't coming."

"Why not?"

"Because you're such a splendid person. If I found you any less splendid than I thought, I simply couldn't bear it."

"Why not, again?"

"Oh, because it means so much to have an absolutely indestructible fire-proof hero."

"We're not heroes because we write books," said Dixwell, shamefacedly.

"No, but you're pretty nice, you know. You've done the square thing right along. You haven't posed. You keep out of the limelight. You cut your hair and wear stiff collars. And you've made Amy happy."

This was rather sickening in view of the ordeal he had prepared for Amy.

"How do you know I've made Amy happy?" he asked, miserably.

"It's easy to find out. I've seen people that know her. They tell me she doesn't change. She keeps her figure and her complexion and her hair. If that isn't the story of a happy woman, I'd like to know what is. And you've done it," she ended, triumphantly.

There wasn't really anything for capping so patent a conclusion, and he could only rejoin, in a half-hearted way. "You know you're flattering me most outrageously."

"Oh no, I'm not," said she. This time she was even gravely convincing about it. "I'm told Amy hasn't grown old. And she would have if you hadn't seen to it. Every woman does unless her heart's satisfied. She can't help it."

Dixwell had an almost overwhelming impulse of candor. He wanted to say: "My dear Meg Whidden, since that is your name, Amy has simply not grown old because she has devoted every fiber of her being to keeping the outward signs of youth. She began to fight wrinkles before the wrinkles came. She has been for the last twenty-five years in a perpetual state of mobilization, and as soon as the foe peers over the border Amy is there to smash him. She massages, she diets, she walks, she waves, she powders, she vibrates, she bathes in the devil knows what. That's why Amy is a well-conditioned little ani-

mal at an age when she might be a grandmother, and look like one." It seemed to him, as he stared at the curling waves and smelled the tang of air and seaweed, and the keen sun warmed his face, that on such a day, in such company, he might speak the truth. It would be like getting a burden off his soul and handing it to some one else who was strong and willing, and would carry it for a while. If he could tell this Meg how he hated life as Amy and he had combined to make it, the hatefulness of it might be slightly purged away. But what he did elect was a dull return to a late milestone in their talk.

"You don't say why you're so discouraged yourself. Why do you think Amy could set you up again?"

She turned the brightest of looks on him, all made up of a gallant courage and the peculiar hardihood of those for whose discomfiture nobody cares so very much, and who have therefore ceased to care themselves.

"Why," said she, "I'm growing old."

Dixwell stopped in his walk to look at her, lost a step, and then went on again. Was that how they were afflicted, the three of them? Were they overwhelmed by middle age already and too weakened to withstand the onslaught of the later enemy, so that they could only lie palsied in the trenches awaiting an attack they had no weapons to repulse? He considered her now keenly in his artist's way of memorizing the human creature he might want to reproduce. She was, in this breeze and sun, which had called the blood into her tanned cheeks, brilliantly wholesome. Only she had the indefinable air of not caring for the detail of her clothes or for her bearing. She was rather like a snug, strong bird fitted for the life of the air and not heeding its own shining feathers so long as they insured fleetness and warmth. What could she know about the smaller vanities of womankind?

"You wouldn't mind wrinkles?" he ventured. "When they come you won't care. You'll be thinking about something else. Better things, bigger. I can't imagine you flinching."

"But I do flinch," said she. "I think of it all the time."

"It?"

"Yes. Growing old. I'm willing to die. I'm not willing to change."

The mention of it had brought a hot rebellion into her voice. She looked at him, he thought, as if he had made the laws of change.

"I can't see," he said, "how Amy is going to help you."

"Why, because she hasn't altered. Because, at my age, she is young and sweet and dear, and she will be to the end. You'll attend to that. And I thought it would rest me to see her."

She said this so wistfully that Dixwell suddenly hated himself because he couldn't comfort her.

"But, God bless me!" he said, "you're not dwelling on these things?"

"Yes," she said, from her unthinking candor—"all the time."

So was Amy, he could have told her. And it was a good thing Amy had not been here this day, or they might have sat down to a confabulation over the treatment of chins and the proper diet for the middle-aged.

"That is," she went on, "it's in the background. I believe it is for every woman, if she's got a little hateful thermometer to register things. Vanity? No. It's not vanity. Something deep as nature. Why, I know the very day a certain wrinkle came over the edge of my left eyebrow. I know the year my right thumb-nail got a little ribbed. I'm telling you all this because you are you, and I never shall see you again. And you're not like anybody else. You know all kinds of secrets of all kinds of hearts. And you keep them, too. You won't tell. But you may tell. You may tell Amy."

"No," said he, gravely. "I sha'n't tell Amy."

"And you'll wonder," she went on, "even you, why I care so terribly when I'm not a beauty. Well, I can't tell you. But it's my impression that if a woman sees herself changing, growing less young, it's harder than any death she will ever be called upon to die."

"You amaze me," said he. "It's incredible."

"That's because you live with Amy, and you keep her so contented she doesn't change. I don't believe she

even stops to think she might. That's the wonder of a life like yours. You've thought of big things all the time till you don't remember the little things exist."

He wanted to cry out upon her irritably that she'd no business to assume such things about him, such star-piercing, mountain-climbing things. Here was he at the end of his foolish tether, and she was telling him he was quite gloriously free. And with no proof save that it must be so.

The day brightened steadily as they went. Then the kindly breeze died down, and the air was soft as June. She took off her coat, and he carried it for her. He even guessed, in his quick darts at unexpected emotions, that, in her hero-worship, she would prize the coat for ever because he had carried it. So many women had behaved like imbeciles about a writing-man. He had scorned them for it; but with her he felt only an ache of pity. She was clinging to him for heartening, and she did not know how ineffective he was to cling to.

"Sha'n't we sit down," he said, "here by the boulder?"

"I'm not tired."

"No. Not because we're tired, but because it's fun. It's a kind of playhouse, do you see? We can make sand forts and gardens."

It was a shallow cave, the side of the boulder turned to the sea, and Meg was immediately alive to its playhouse possibilities. She sat flat in the warm sand and began industriously building. At first he built with her, but presently he lay back and watched, and she built alone. He had a disturbing sense of calling to her across the chasm made by her misunderstanding, of begging her to leap it and accept him for a plain, average man who had failed, and see if she couldn't pull down his vision for him again and hold it a moment in her two hands till he should feed his eyes upon it rapturously. But there was her own need of him as she had imagined him. He was her vision, he and Amy and their wedded harmony. At least he wanted to talk hard and fast and spur her on to talk, because this day was precious to him, and there wouldn't be much more of it.

"I'm sorry," he said, to start her, "you think you're going to hate growing old."

She left her excavating for a moment and turned to him her grave, absorbed face. "It's the Dark Tower," she said. "You can't tell what it will be till you get to it. But all the time you've got to keep on marching—or riding—and suddenly you're there."

Something stronger than pity came over him, a passion of sympathy he had not felt for years. He wanted to tell her—or to have some man tell her, for that was the way he put it—that the Tower wouldn't have dungeons. It would have only light sweet spaces, and love would be there and joyance, and her cheek needn't grow pale because the blood could be kissed into it. But he only said:

"Maybe there'll be sun on the Tower."

"Yes, there may. Enough to show how dark it is. But inside it's black as pitch. With slits for windows—I don't remember what they call them."

"Well," said he, "if we're all destined for the Tower, what makes you assume Amy and I are going to escape it?"

"Oh," said she, "you and Amy 'll get there, ultimately, of course. Only you're so occupied in looking at the scenery you won't have time to dread the Tower at all. You'll get there before you know it. And even then I dare say there'll be so much light on the Tower—your kind of light—you won't think it's dark at all."

He couldn't help being curious about her attitude to the palliations Amy found soporific on her way to the inevitable end.

"Now you know," said he—"I speak as unavailing man, you must remember—there are alleviations, they say—when you actually come to it—facial massage and that sort of thing. When you actually do begin to see the outline of the Tower you could stop and organize for the final march."

"No," said she, sweeping down a sand-pile with a turn of her brown hand, "that's no good."

"No good? The advertising pages of the magazines tell me it is the despairing last resort."



Drawn by F. Walter Taylor

AMY WAS NO MORE TO HIM THAN THE WRECKAGE OF A DREAM

"I don't mean trumpery things of that sort," she explained, absently. "They're no more good than this sand fort when the tide is on. Oh no! I mean dying game, either being so splendid you aren't absorbed in yourself at all, or so happy—like Amy—and not sitting down to watch yourself wither. You see, when we were young we had the vision. True or false, we had it. And now it's gone—for most of us."

This was, pang for pang, his own disease. It was almost word for word as he would have put it. While he looked in silence at the play of her brown hands, shaping and destroying the mobile drift of sand, his inner hunger was crying out to her again to answer him across the chasm of his silence. It seemed to him at the moment that she only, through her own hunger, knew how to estimate his. "We are exactly alike," he wanted to tell her, "sinking in the sea of inexorable change." Amy was no more to him than the wreckage of a dream. He and this other fugitive were alone, banded by their common peril into a limitless communion. What if they could float together beyond the margin of their fears to some beach in the sun?—the beach, he knew, was the inevitable suggestion of this where they sat at their careless ease and compared notes about their past, the present shipwreck, and the chances for the future. What bit of flotsam would bear them up and keep them breathing while they floated there? Suddenly, he saw, he must be the rescuer. He must build the raft out of his own discarded beatitudes, to take her to the land. She would sit there alone and listen to the monotone of a quiet sea, and in the old way of the spiritually credulous hold the shell of belief to her ear and fancy the rushing of her own life was the sweep of eternity. He mustn't, even if he could sacrifice Amy, ask her for understanding, because he had got to accord it to her. She saw in him the creature who from an eminence of authority was qualified to speak. Therefore out of his hunger and his fears he would make the raft to float her.

"Look here," said he, "if I were you I wouldn't be afraid of the Dark Tower."

"Wouldn't you?" She turned upon

him a whimsically bright face. "Oh yes, you would—if you were I."

"No, because"—he hit upon this quite at random, indeed something seemed to put it into his head—"because, you know, I fancy we were intended to hate the Dark Tower. It's a part of the beneficence of things."

"Why is it?"

She was softly grave now, in an ingenuous way he had hated in other women. This was the air they had when they wanted him to dogmatize or do the big bow-wow about his work. With them it made him turn about and run, or at least grow quite crudely commonplace; but in her it was only softening.

"Don't you see, if we hate the Tower we shall try to get out of it just as fast as we can? And find out what's on the other side, or at least set our minds on it."

She knit her brows. "Let me see," she said, "what is the Tower now, old age—or death?"

"Age. After that the other side, the side you can't in the least see as you're approaching. I fancy you'd begin to see it from the slits of windows on the other side. That's why you can't go round the Tower. You've got to go through."

"You think," she said, "we're to be allowed to hate our bodies, to be willing to give them up?"

"Yes. The chrysalis is rather a tight kind of shroud, you know. I suppose it gets tighter and tighter—while the wings are forming."

He could have laughed at this, the pious platitude adapted to minds more primitive than hers. But she was in such deadly earnest she couldn't even see it was a platitude, and he carried such accredited authority that whatever he said she accepted humbly. He wondered if that was the way the preacher sometimes felt, chanting the offices while his heart bled with doubt.

"If I could think it!" she began, passionately. "But I *will* think it. You tell me, and it must be so."

"We must meet again," he said, hurriedly.

This slipped out. After all, he knew they couldn't meet. They couldn't

have this lovely race, running side by side, each with glance fixed on the goal and yet always side by side. They had left Amy behind at her tiring-glass. She wouldn't even know they were off on their quest for the farther stars. She would be too absorbed in painting out the lines of life from her faded face. The woman here filled his vision. She topped the sea and sky. It was not only that she felt his hunger, but that she was, in an inexplicable way, his. It was immaterial that he alone knew it. If they were allowed to live along together, she would grow into oneness with him without a pang, for she need never see the lesser self in him. Her idealism was in equal measure with her honesty. She would offer her hero all kinds of worship, because a hero may demand and must receive. But she was denying him at the outset.

"No," she said. "I told you I'm going to sail to-morrow. And it's just as well. You've given me enough to live on for a long, long life."

"And you won't see Amy?" He wanted to assure himself of that.

"I can't. And it's just as well. Tell her about it. Tell her how you've helped me, and tell her I'm going to keep her—and her youth and her happiness—for my vision."

Then Dixwell pulled his hat over his eyes so that he should seem to be looking at the sea, but he looked only at her hands, busy there in the sand, shaping and destroying and so wonderfully alive. Perhaps he half hid his face from her because he could spare thought to wonder what she might see in it, what moved ecstasy of love and longing. And she did turn to him at last.

"Really," said she, "you have straightened it all out. You've made it seem—life, I mean—like a journey. Not a blooming and decay. I sha'n't forget. You and Amy will be in New York this winter?"

Suddenly he laughed. This was the winter when he had meant to start on his adventure, but chiefly an adventure of the mind and without Amy.

"Yes," said he. "We shall be in New York—as usual."

"What made you laugh?"

He considered. "Well," said he, "it was partly because you are such an idealizing little person, and our staying in New York is so humdrum. I shall be at work—just as usual. And Amy'll be—just as usual."

"She'll help you work."

Again he hesitated, and then he said, still gravely, "Amy'll do her very best."

After that he helped her plan a garden in the sand, and they quarreled over it, and she swept out his paths with a flick of her hand, and then, talking about gardens, they found they really agreed perfectly, and also about houses, too. When he pulled out his watch he couldn't believe it, and couldn't believe the sun punctually overhead.

"When the waves get to that three-cornered rock down there," said he, "it'll be time to run—for luncheon."

So they played a little more, and the wave came, and Dixwell got on his feet and gave her a hand, and she childishly besought him not to destroy their last garden, but leave it for the sea. And they climbed the cliff and went on to his very proud house, where autumn yellows lighted the great garden, and he, with a quickened heart and some ceremony she did not see the truth of, brought her under his roof. At the table he noted with a wild momentary delight that she had been put in Amy's place, and that they were to have for an hour at least the intimacy of household ways. She had what he knew she would always remember as a beautiful time, and from his dream he watched her in a still content. She laughed at them both for being so hungry; but, though he ate, he hardly knew what, and it was she who roused him out of his dream. It was nearly three, she said, and she had to take the little local train to the town where she had left her friend and the friend's car. She had not allowed it to come for her. She wasn't very fond of cars, and it suited her better to go a part of the way by train. So they started out together for the station. Again she elected to walk, and Dixwell had a sense now of holding her back, mentally, of some part of him crying out to her:

"Don't leave me. Don't go."

He wondered what she would do if he

should take her hand as they walked and hold it all the way. He had an idea she would gravely permit it, as one permits a hero's indisputable rights. What if he said:

"I love you and we're going together."

Then he would have to explain that he was not the sort of fellow to say it after every afternoon at the sea, that he had in fact never said it in his life except to Amy. And it would bring the sky down about their ears. It might crush him, that avenging sky, and for that he didn't care. It would disarrange Amy, and for that he didn't care much, either, assuming that Amy would find ample resource in her campaign against the god of time. But what it would surely crush, that shattered sky, would be the raft of escape he had built this afternoon for Meg Whidden—built it very strongly out of hero worship and platitudes and sheer love for her. He could see how the

water would splash up about it as she and the raft went down. No, of all earthly things, that raft must float. She had only a minute before her train, and in that minute he got a firm grip of her hand and held it.

"Love to Amy," said she, and looked at him with clear, candid eyes.

"Yes," he said, "and love to you." This he thought he could permit himself. The ribbon of steam was forming down the track, and suddenly his sense of her dearness and his loss broke from him in the one word of old significance, "Remember!"

She smiled happily; whatever the day had meant for her, she would not forget.

"We won't be afraid," she said. "Of the Dark Tower, you know. We'll put flags on it."

Then the ribbon of steam was nearer; and then was flying back to him like a signal, and his empty hand was warm.

Song

BY MARGARET WIDDEMER

THE foolish dream is torn now that clung about my feet,
The wistful dream and ruthless, the blinding dream and sweet;
And I can choose my path now as any freeman may,
And find the road to sunlight, and seek the path to day.

Oh, I may challenge light-heart all good and evil things
That fate may send to face me in wild-foot wanderings,
And I shall hasten singing, and know that there may lie
For me the rainbow's gold-heap between the hill and sky.

There shall be voices laughing along the way I go,
And feet to dance by my feet that no more wander slow,
And clinging hands in my hands, that loose without regret,
And careless love and light love, and kisses I forget.

The foolish dream is torn now, my feet and heart are free—
And yet my slow steps linger, my heart lags wearily.
Oh, hasten, feet unprisoned! Oh, chainless heart, be fleet!
For, oh, the dream is ruthless—for, oh, the dream is sweet!

Over the Ice with Stefansson

BY BURT M. MCCONNELL

Meteorologist of the Canadian Arctic Expedition



STEFANSSON will have been missing a year when this article is published. We left him, with Ole Anderson and Storker Storkersen, on April 7, 1914, after we had gone with them, subsequent to the disaster to our ship, the *Karluk*, to the "jumping-off" place of North America—the edge of the Continental Shelf, about sixty miles north of the north coast of Alaska.

I cannot believe that Stefansson is lost for ever. It is my opinion, and that of others who are familiar with the man's psychology—his marvelous tenacity of purpose—that if such a dire disaster as overcame the *Karluk* could not force him to abandon the chief object of the expedition intrusted to his command, no difficulty likely to be encountered on the ice trip could conquer him. I am one of the three men now in civilization who participated in that ice trip's first stages.

Stefansson's pride in his ability to accomplish the seemingly impossible helped him across many apparently insurmountable difficulties in days gone by. I hope and believe that it has helped him to surmount whatever has confronted him since he left us.

The *Karluk* was fast in the ice, off the mouth of the Colville River, late in September, 1913, when Stefansson, Jenness, Wilkins, two Eskimos, and myself went over the ice to the mainland, hoping to find caribou.

It is impossible justly to criticize Stefansson for leaving his vessel in the circumstances; she seemed to be safely located, he was beyond question the best arctic hunter in the party, and fresh meat was badly needed if scurvy were to be prevented among the ship's company. Such a little excursion seemed a simple thing to him, although to the rest of us, who had had no previous ex-

perience of the sort, the rough ice between ship and shore made traveling something of a hardship. We became accustomed to such traveling afterward!

As is usually the case in the arctic, it was the weather which complicated matters, bringing misfortune suddenly, when there seemed to be least reason to expect it. Three days after we had left the *Karluk* a northeast gale arose, and Eskimos who had been out looking for seal returned with the news that the whole ice-field was moving. The only possible deduction was that the *Karluk* must be moving with it.

We had not seen the ship after we first lost sight of her on the day of our departure, for her berth in the ice was eighteen miles from shore, and our vision normally did not extend more than six or eight miles.

Of course, the news startled us. We continually discussed the probable fate of the vessel and those aboard of her. But there were twenty-five of them—mentally, physically, and mechanically equipped to master arctic emergencies, snug in a vessel especially designed, constructed, and "found" to be their home and ours during the three years which we knew in advance would be likely to hold experiences just such as that which now confronted them.

We knew it to be among the possibilities that the gale would drive the ice in which the ship was imbedded against a lee shore, and that if this happened even her sturdy timbers might be crushed; but it seemed most improbable that even that accident would seriously endanger the lives of any of her party, equipped with dogs, sleds, *umiaks*, and every other known facility for meeting such an emergency. Stefansson seemed to feel sure of the safety of the *Karluk's* company, and we accepted him as leader, even in thought, where arctic problems were concerned.

As for ourselves, we were in no par-

ticular danger, for we had rifles and plenty of ammunition, and Stefansson knew that friendly Eskimos were to be found not more than forty miles away.

We considered the advisability of attempting to follow the *Karluk*, keeping close to shore. It seemed unwise to attempt it, for the ice was thin and rotten. Had it been firm, we could have overtaken her without difficulty, for on the ice, with dogs, speed much greater than that of her drift would not have meant desperate effort. In truth, it seemed to us that our associates were rather more fortunate in being aboard the vessel. That it turned out otherwise is still a matter of wonder to me. Frankly, we discerned no tragedy anywhere in the situation.

On the little island we had established a camp, consisting of two tents; we had two dog-teams of six dogs each, and they were in excellent condition; our food-supply was ample for two weeks, even if we killed no game, and two weeks entirely without game would be highly improbable, for the region afforded good sport for the hunter, with seal, bear, ducks, loon, and ptarmigan. A further food-supply which might be drawn upon in case of an emergency existed in two whale carcasses which we knew were grounded within forty miles of us. If worst should come to worst these would furnish "muk-tuk" for us and the dogs—and there is much worse food than muk-tuk. As a matter of fact, while in the arctic I became rather fond of it.

I realize now that our lack of apprehension concerning our own safety may have been unintelligent, but it was comfortable; and our confidence in the safety of those upon the ship, while more excusable, was utterly mistaken.

The facts which we learned several months later were that the drift of the *Karluk* was a drift to her doom; that our hunting-trip was a flight from tragedy. When the news of the *Karluk's* involuntary departure reached us, Stefansson at once decided to abandon hunting as the main object of our excursion, and with one native went out to test the ice between the island and the mainland. Within half a day the native returned with the news that it was firm, and instructed us to join Stefansson at

once on shore. We packed as hastily as possible, and, guided by the Eskimo, set forth.

I never shall forget that journey. It was made in the thick of the most beautiful snow-storm I saw during my stay in the arctic. The flakes were enormous and there was no wind, so they drifted straight from sky to ice, like great breast feathers from an eider-duck. The ice was smooth, and for the whole distance, about five miles, I ran ahead of the dogs to urge them on.

By the time we found Stefansson he had selected a camp site in the vicinity of plenty of driftwood. He then went inland with his rifle to look for caribou.

Ours was nicknamed the "little circus tent" because it was round, with a center pole. It had many little guy-lines. When staking was impossible and we had to tie these to ice-cakes they seemed to be a thousand in number.

The "little circus tent" had been erected by the time Stefansson returned from his hunt. On his hands and knees he crawled in through the small opening and, as soon as he had entered, carefully stopped to brush the snow from his garments and pick the ice particles from his beard. He told us he had seen a caribou in the distance, but that darkness had been too near for an attempt to stalk the animal. As he talked that night, I was especially conscious of his picturesque appearance, although he looked about as usual. He wore a caribou-skin "parka," or hooded shirt, brown denim overalls, and high boots with deerskin legs and sealskin soles.

The tent was probably twelve feet in diameter. The low sheet-iron stove, two feet long and a foot and a half wide, had been set up near the door, with its pipe passing through the roof-side and extending two feet above the apex of the canvas. Our Eskimos had cut and stacked behind the stove enough wood to last all that night and part of the next day.

The picture of the tent interior is very vivid in my memory. Wilkins, sitting on the gravel near the stove, was frying seal liver and bacon. It may be that in my mind the spirit of adventure and the lapse of time have cast a glamour over seal liver, but it is my firm belief that no calves'-liver of temperate-zoned civili-

zation ever had a flavor so delightful as that of seal liver fried with Chicago bacon as we tasted it that night.

Later, when the beds were "made," untanned sheepskins were spread, wool next the earth, and on these tanned deer-skins, fur up. Such a mattress is soft enough for a tired body inclosed, before it stretches upon it, in a caribou-skin container, amply long (seven feet or more), made fur side in. Such were our sleeping-bags, and it was our wont to disrobe entirely before we slipped into them, because none of our clothing ever was entirely dry, and to sleep in wet garments of any sort, in the arctic or elsewhere, is unwise. The method was to strip and quickly crawl in, feet first, pull the bag up to one's neck, cross one's hands upon one's breast, and grasp the neck of the bag firmly; then, while holding tight (to see that nothing slipped, which would admit cold air), to roll to one side, and find the dreamless sleep of complete exhaustion.

So Stefansson, who could not absolutely clear himself of snow, was careful not to approach these beds, now rolled and stacked. Only a man with dry boots and clothing was entitled to sit upon them. He who brought snow in with him must sit near the door, and that is where Stefansson sat that night. He never took any privileges which he did not grant to all of us.

Jenness was busy with his diary, as he usually was, and I was writing in mine. Stefansson made a joke about our devotion to literature, and then, looking about the very comfortable little place, asked if we were detailing the particular hardships through which we then were passing. He said that if explorers should describe quarters as luxurious as these, when they wrote about their death-defying feats amid the trackless wastes of arctic ice, the public soon would lose interest and faith in them as a class. He said he knew the arctic pretty well and had learned to take some explorers' printed tales about it with many grains of salt.

But it was plain to us that he was a little depressed. He talked rather freely, for him, of the dark side of the situation. Already the work of the expedition had been set back at least a year. He did

not think the *Karluuk* would be crushed, but he recognized the possibility of such a disaster, although his most sagacious speculations did not approximate what actually occurred.

All this was preliminary to a discussion which concerned our future plan of action. Our separation from the ship was not to be permitted to bring the expedition's plans entirely to naught. He had decided to go to Barter Island or Martin Point—his choice of destination to be governed by the condition of the ice—and, at whichever of the two places proved to be more suitable, to establish a camp in which preparations could be made for a journey by dog-team to the unknown region northward.

There was devotion to an idea! Stefansson did not intend to let the fact that he had been separated from his vessel, his instruments, and the greater number of his men interfere too seriously with his plans. He would work for the accomplishment of the main object of the expedition in spite of every handicap. There was a chance, he said (as we all believed), that we might overtake the vessel if we made a speedy journey along shore; but if we failed in this we would make the one hundred and forty-five miles to Point Barrow and there outfit for the new adventure.

There was discussion of his plan, but, as a matter of fact, scarcely a suggestion concerning it came from any other member of the party. This was because Stefansson's superior knowledge and power of leadership were thoroughly recognized by every man who had been in close contact with him. Before we went to bed that night he had pretty well decided upon what was to be done.

Next day we started for Point Barrow. The journey was without noteworthy episodes, a mere nine days' jaunt near the coast, upon comparatively smooth ice. Stefansson's intimate knowledge of the region enabled us to save many miles, making short cuts across the ice from point to point and saving time and effort in many ways. More than once, as we crossed frozen bays, we were as far as twelve miles from land. Stefansson's choice of trails always excluded pressure ridges, which often are very difficult to sur-



THE START FROM MARTIN POINT—PHOTOGRAPHED BY THE AUTHOR

mount. The early October days were not cold. Daylight temperature probably averaged ten degrees above zero. The wind blew constantly and sometimes fiercely, but there was plenty of sunlight and no real discomfort, as arctic discomforts go.

We reached Point Barrow October 12th, and it may be imagined that we inquired with real anxiety if news of the missing *Karluk* had been received there. We were told that Eskimos had seen her as she drifted by, a week before, and that she then was probably three miles offshore. No whites had seen her, but the information that she seemed to be utterly helpless in the ice, with no smoke issuing from her galley-pipe, was sufficiently authenticated to be accepted as a fact.

Eskimos had made an attempt to get out to her, but had failed; it was agreed, however, that any or all the members of her party could have gone ashore had they desired to. Stefansson had expected Captain Bartlett to send Murray (oceanographer), McKinlay (meteorologist and magnetician), and Beuchat (anthropologist) ashore on or about October 1st, to enable them to rejoin the southern party of the expedition, to which they belonged. I have never been

able to learn just why this was not done. The passage of the *Karluk* had created no excitement at Point Barrow; it had not occurred to any one that she was in great danger.

Point Barrow is the northernmost point of Alaska. A sandspit reaches out from the mainland into the Arctic Ocean, like an arm crooked at the elbow, and Point Barrow is at the elbow. Beyond it the forearm stretches to the southeast.

It was at the whaling-station of Charles D. Brower, ten miles below the Point itself, that we outfitted. His is a two-story wooden house, perhaps fifty feet long by thirty wide, of absolutely plain architecture, its only non-utilitarian feature being a flag-pole. It is the center of a group of five large warehouses, and every stick of timber in all the buildings was taken to the north on a whaling-ship. "Charlie" Brower, as he is known from Herschel Island to San Francisco, the lord of this extraordinary manor, has had an interesting personal history. He has lived there thirty years, long ago married an Eskimo wife, and has sent several of their children southward to the States to be educated. He is a fine chap, well educated and big-hearted.

Also resident at the Point are a white

missionary and his wife, and they maintain a government school for Eskimo children. Sewing, cooking, cleanliness, and general hygiene are taught in it, together with the English language and the three R's. When I visited the school, the pudgy, brown-skinned children were writing on the blackboard.

After school had been dismissed I found myself the center of a not-too-welcome and very avid curiosity on the part of the youngsters. Every step I took was followed and a ceaseless fire of questions was aimed at my head. I never have seen such eager, curious, and alert eyes as those of these Eskimo children. My Eskimo companion—Asatchak, from Port Hope, Alaska, who had come ashore from the *Karluk* with us—instantly became the hero of the local rising generation.

On October 26th Wilkins and Jenness, with two Eskimos, started for Cape Halkett, where the two whales I have mentioned were frozen in the ice. There they were to cut up a thousand pounds of whale meat for dog food, and, if possible, to catch fish in a fresh-water lake, to serve as food for dogs and men. Stefansson and I stayed at Point Barrow. We had several reports to prepare and many letters to write. We left

upon the 8th of November, overtaking Wilkins and Jenness on the 20th.

They already had cut up the whale meat, and when we arrived were fishing, with poor luck, having caught, with nets under the ice, barely enough to keep themselves and the dogs going.

On November 24th Stefansson, Wilkins, myself, and one of the Eskimos started for Collinson Point, to join Dr. Anderson, who was in command of the southern part of the expedition. We left Jenness, the ethnologist, bent upon the study of the native language with two Eskimo families near Cape Halkett. We reached Collinson Point December 15th, and while the trip was difficult in some respects, it involved no real hardship. On the last day, however, a southwest blizzard swooped down upon us, and we could scarcely see Stefansson, who kept about twenty feet ahead of the dogs. Some idea of his ability as an arctic traveler may be gathered from the fact that for twenty miles he plodded ahead of the dogs without a trail or landmark of any sort, and at the end of our journey we found ourselves only a hundred yards out of the way. The wind blew at the rate of forty-five miles per hour, and the difficulties of the last few hours' travel were increased by darkness.



STEFANSSON DRAGGING TO CAMP A SEAL WHICH HE HAD SHOT



REPAIRING THE BROKEN SLED

Stefansson left, December 18th, to go to the Mackenzie River delta after a small schooner—the *North Star*—which he proposed to substitute for the *Karluk*. She was known to be in winter quarters east of the international boundary at Clarence Bay. He also was to arrange for the geographers of the southern party to sound for a navigable channel in the Mackenzie River from the delta to Fort Macpherson, and was to send out our mail and despatches. He took with him one dog-team and Louis Olsen, their official dog-driver.

On this trip he did practically everything he had planned to do. He purchased the *North Star*, arranged for the soundings, sent out the mail and despatches, engaged Storker Storkersen, who had been with Leffingwell and Mikkelsen on their ice trip in 1907, and sent him back to Martin Point, there to make a driftwood camp. He was to get rations, equipment, etc., from the southern party, which was fifty-five miles away, to divide and apportion everything and have all ready by the time Stefansson returned from the delta.

I spent Christmas at Collinson Point. It would have been a most enjoyable occasion had not one of our men—the cook of the *Mary Sachs*—made the holi-

day the occasion for getting lost while trying to travel six miles from the house where he was stopping to our Christmas dinner.

During the day we entertained twenty-eight Eskimos who had come to visit us from all parts of the surrounding country. Wilkins had some old reels of moving-picture film and a projector, and as the room was fairly large and made a pretty good auditorium, gave an exhibition for the natives. They never had seen or heard of anything of the sort, and went wild with excitement.

Later, with a dog-team, I went to Point Barrow to get the mail, spending twenty days on the outward journey and eighteen days on the return trip. I reached Collinson Point late on the night of March 20th, and the tardiness of my arrival worried me, for I was told that Stefansson intended to start on the ice trip the next day from Martin Point, fifty-five miles to the east. Therefore I set out as early in the morning as I could and traveled hard.

Progress the second day was difficult. From dead ahead the wind blew at the rate of at least twenty-five miles an hour, and the snow drifted fiercely, often waist-high. Crawford, who accompanied me that day, suffered severely from a frost-

bitten nose and face. We had but four dogs, part of my worn-out team of eight. We reached Martin Point at eight in the evening, and were not surprised, although I will admit that I was bitterly disappointed when I found that Stefansson had already started.

Obviously I must be upon the road again as soon as I was able. I permitted myself only three hours of sleep and overtook Stefansson and the party after one day's going, which covered only eight miles. The ice was rough and travel very difficult.

The camp in which I found them is worthy of a word or two of description because it was the first of the journey and in many respects typical of others. Stefansson had chosen as its location a level stretch of sea ice, surrounded by large cakes, or ridges, twelve to sixteen feet in height, and acting effectively as windbreaks. The dogs were picketed upon ropes stretched between ice-cakes, and were separated by distances great enough to prevent them from fighting. The party's four sleds, ghostlike in the arctic night, with their white drill covers securely lashed to keep snow from drifting in upon the precious stores, were near the tent.

Of the eight dogs in the team which had come with me from Point Barrow only one had been fit to work when I started in pursuit of the ice-party. His name was Pickles. Now, when he saw the other dogs, he went wild with joy, although he was instantly willing to fight any or all of them, and probably told them so in dog language.

Notwithstanding the welcome which the dogs gave me, no one within the tent came out to greet me. Therefore I unloaded some fur clothing I had packed on Pickles, tethered him at a safe distance from his friends, put my rifle on top of one of the sled-loads, and made my presence known at the entrance of the larger tent. I was tired after my lonely all-night journey.

No one had noted the excited welcome of the dogs or dreamed that I had come. Breakfast was just begun. But the tent was so crowded that it was impossible for me to enter until one of the occupants came out. I carefully brushed as much of the hoar-frost as possible from

my hood and of the snow from my boots, and crawled into the tent.

These were tight quarters!—five men were in a tent with a floor area eight feet by ten. There was a scramble to make room for me, every man sinking into a cross-legged seat on the furs. Then some one—I forget who—with a whisk-broom went through the final ceremony of brushing the snow-dust from my boots. It was probably due to the care with which Stefansson's emphatic rule was enforced against snow in the tents that our beds were kept warm and comfortable during the entire trip and that not one man suffered from a cold.

Wilkins was cooking breakfast of rice and bacon on one of the Primus stoves, while on the other some one was preparing chocolate, to each cup of which was added a generous spoonful of malted milk. I am sure that nothing ever tasted better to any one than that breakfast tasted to me.

A Primus stove is fashioned on the blow-torch principle, and burns vaporized kerosene very economically. It is about the size of a silk hat. I hesitate to say how frequently such stoves have their off moments. Wilkins proved his genius by his management of them. His ways with machinery always were darkly and mysteriously effective. Once when the *Karluk's* launch defied its engineer Wilkins tamed it with a mere pat and a kind word; but that achievement was as nothing to some of his triumphs over Primus stoves.

I distributed the mail, and not much was said until after it had been read. Naturally enough, the men were very eager for it. At Candle, Alaska, the agent of the telegraph company had copied and sent to us all the news despatches which had reached him between August 1st and December 28th, and these now brought our knowledge of what was going on in the outside world pretty well up to date. It was a friendly service and must have been a lot of trouble. There were twenty typewritten pages of it, and some of the statements referring to our expedition were grotesquely inaccurate. Among the subjects which especially interested us were the Mexican situation, the baseball series, and the football games.

I had always hoped I would be able to go with the party, and it was now hard for me complacently to think of missing the journey, despite the hardships which I knew would be the lot of those who made it. I asked to be taken along, even at this late hour.

Stefansson considered the matter very carefully. He was influenced against accepting my services by the fact that I had with me no outfit except my rifle and that I had just finished a six-hundred-and-fifty-mile trip.

I sat in the tent with him, talking things over, until the others had loaded the sleds and harnessed the dogs. Finally he decided to take me as a member of the support party which was to go out for ten days and then turn back.

Then the tents were taken down and lashed upon the tops of the sled-loads, and everything was ready. Men and dogs alike were eager to be off, and we started with enthusiasm and speed.

The road was very rough, but Stefansson, taking with him a small hand-pick, started ahead to choose and test the ice, which had recently been broken up and was thin in places.

The first day out one sled broke through some rubble ice imperfectly cemented between two fields which had floated together, but, having jagged edges, had not formed a perfect union. We got the sled out and lost nothing

from it, but the accident delayed us somewhat and was followed by a much worse one.

We had our first news of it when we overtook Stefansson, and he told us to pitch one tent immediately because he had left Captain Bernard with Anderson, badly injured by a fall. He asked

me if I had some sinew with which the wound might be sewn up, then called for a volunteer to perform the surgical work. As no one offered, I expressed my willingness to try.

I found a gash in the captain's head extending across the top from temple to temple. He had fallen from a high-pressure ridge. A forward plunge against his sled-handle not only had cut him thus terribly, but had exerted a downward pull, so that the skin of his entire forehead was hanging over his eyes.

A tent was set up and the journey stopped for the day, of course. The captain was car-

ried in, and Stefansson supported his head while some of the fellows heated water on the Primus for me. As well as I could I cleansed the wound of blood. The captain had not lost consciousness.

I knew there was a surgical case in his own kit, and one of the men searched until he found it. In it were needles. I ventured to suggest that it might be well to sew the whole wound carefully before a start was made to take the captain back to shore (which, of course,



STEFANSSON LOOKING FOR A TRAIL FROM A PRESSURE RIDGE

would have to be done), but Stefansson said three stitches would be enough to hold the edges together during the trip. I made them at intervals of about two inches, the wound being nine inches long.

By the time I had done this the Nome sled (our best) had been unloaded and lined with Captain Bernard's clothes and sleeping-bag. Four big, steady dogs were selected to haul it.

The party which took the captain ashore was led by Stefansson himself. Anderson and Castel traveled at the bow of the sled, easing it with ropes over the rough spots and generally preventing jars, while I walked at the handle-bars, guiding the vehicle. The dogs actually seemed to understand that they were pulling an injured man and worked steadily and well. It had been Stefansson's intention to take Captain Bernard to the whaler *Belvedere*, as he knew that Captain Cottle, of that ship, had had a good deal of surgical experience, but Captain Bernard expressed the desire to be taken to Martin Point, where Crawford was—an old friend in whom he had more confidence.

At headquarters, after we had carried the captain into one of the tents which had just been vacated by sportsmen who had returned to their ship, (the *Polar*

Bear), Crawford took charge and French Joe made hot coffee for the captain, which wonderfully braced him up. We were annoyed by the general uproar which our arrival had caused, the Eskimo women, especially, having become excited, declaring that Captain Bernard surely would die and that the incident was an omen of the worst of luck for the whole party.

I now kept away from the tent where the sick man was. I knew that if I had been hurt I would not want to have a lot of men fussing around me. When Stefansson came in to have dinner he told me that Captain Bernard had fallen asleep. Crawford, it seemed, was unwilling to attempt to sew up the wound, and so Stefansson asked me to go later to Captain Bernard and impress him with the fact that it should be sewed immediately in order to save him from a very unpleasant disfigurement, even if, in case no further stitches were taken, something more serious did not result; and he asked me again to act as surgeon.

When the captain awakened I went in to see him, and joined Crawford in urging him to have additional stitches taken without delay. At first he demurred, but finally he consented. Captain Bernard was out walking three days later.



STORKERSEN AND THE AUTHOR CONSTRUCTING A SLED-RAFT

The following day Stefansson sent to the *Polar Bear* for more natives to go with us when we made another start. The women's superstitions had had their effect, however, and none would consent to go. We slept late, as we were in no especial hurry to get back to the camp on the ice. I dried all my clothes before the hospital stove and thus was able to dress in and pack my bag with dry things for the first time since leaving Cape Halkett, three weeks before.

The revised line-up of the party, as now determined upon, was Stefansson, Crawford (heir to Captain Bernard's job), Anderson, Castel, Wilkins, Johansen, Storkersen, and myself, with the understanding that Crawford, Wilkins, Johansen, Anderson, and I were to return when we had gone a ten days' journey, after which the party would then proceed due north until land was discovered or until the lateness of the season forced it to turn back. We were especially sorry we had not been able to start on February 22d, as planned, instead of a month later. This was due to circumstances, over which Storkersen had no control, preventing him from assembling at Martin Point the necessary equipment. We estimated that this lost time would have meant at least one hundred and fifty miles of additional northward progress and an earlier and less dangerous return.

Stefansson suggested that from now on we take turns at cooking, the man on duty as cook to be exempt from out-of-door work.

On our first day of travel we were halted by a wide lead of open water and had a seal-hunt. Stefansson killed six, doing his usual wonderful shooting; I killed three with five shots, and Storkersen killed one. We recovered only three. The others sank too quickly.

Then followed a day of bad weather, mostly spent in the tents. In the afternoon Stefansson went to the lead, and, returning, told the rest of us that we would see something worth remembering if we went out to it. We did so, and the sight was more than interesting—it was awe-inspiring.

Beyond the lead the whole ice-field was in motion, and often would come in contact with that on which we stood.

The crashing and crunching were almost deafening as pieces of ice larger than an ordinary dwelling-house were thrown about like a child's building-blocks. Ridges thirty feet high would be formed one moment, only to fall back into the water with tremendous splashing the next as the pressure was relieved and the lead reopened.

The next day Wilkins and Castel took ashore the cameras, seal meat, and other things which would have burdened us. They were to rejoin us, but never were able to do so, because of what occurred before the next morning.

A great blizzard swept down on us in the afternoon. None of us dared undress that night, for there was danger that the ice on which our camp stood might be broken up. After we had turned in, the flapping of the tent-cloths in the storm was constant and irritating. Finally the man on watch saw that our tent could not stand the strain. He spread the poles and we lay under the canvas, very well protected. Later the other tent went down.

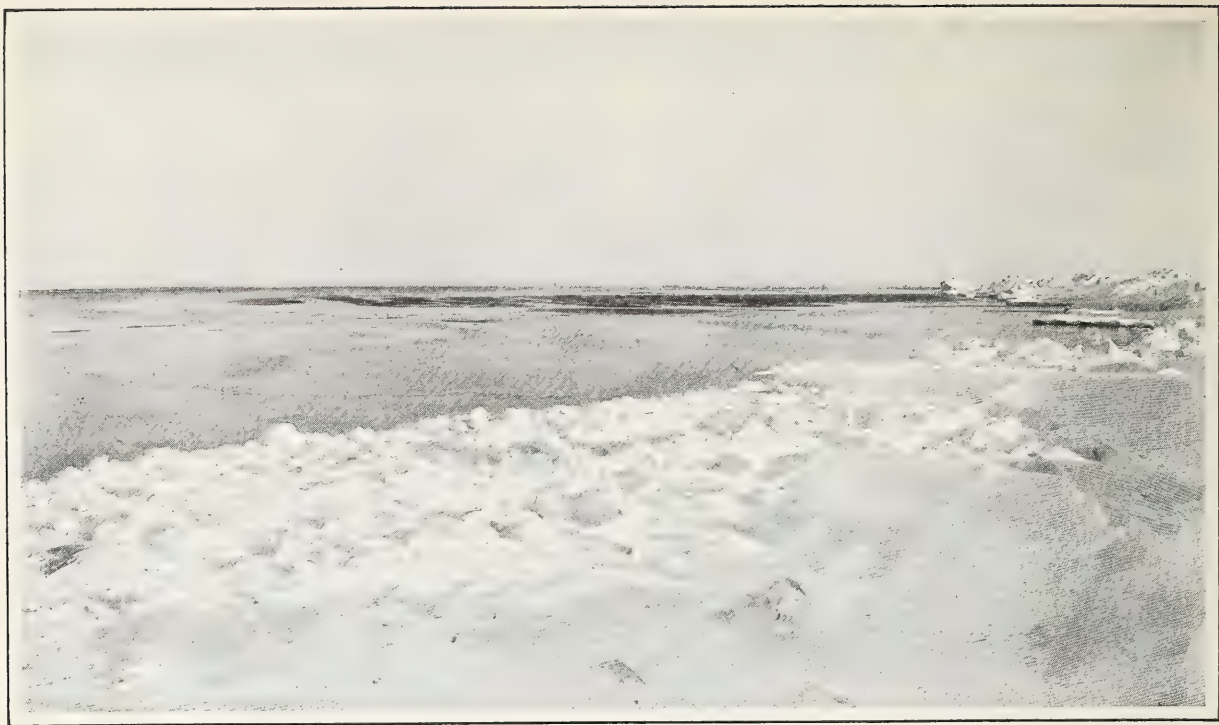
The next day Stefansson took a look about and returned with the astounding news that our ice-field was adrift and had been carried forty miles eastward and thirty miles offshore—rapid traveling for one night!

As Wilkins, Castel, seven dogs, and the big Nome sled had been left ashore, it was evident that Stefansson would soon send back all of the party but two men. I hoped that I might be one of those to be taken along, but knew that my inexperience was against my chances.

An event of the day was Stefansson's decision that shortage of fuel would make it unwise in future to heat water for washing the dishes. Sorrow over this was not unmixed with joy. Nobody likes to wash dishes.

We made another start after we had overhauled everything, and selected for abandonment in a cache all articles which we could possibly do without. We had rations for ourselves and dogs for eighty days, without seal meat, of which we felt sure of getting some.

At this point we had some experiences in traveling over moving, broken ice. It is ticklish work. Sometimes an open lead would close before our very eyes



AN OPEN LEAD OF WATER, ENCOUNTERED ON THE RETURN TRIP

and we would urge the dogs across the tumbling cakes of ice before it could open again.

An interesting detail of this part of the trip is that we found considerable fresh-water ice. It is common enough in the arctic in summer to find pools of perfectly fresh water on the ocean ice. On the *Karluk* we often ran a hose to a pool on an ice-floe and pumped aboard all the fresh water our tanks would hold.

The fuel problem, too, was partly solved now by Storkersen's manufacture of a seal-blubber stove. He cut the top off a ten-pound malted-milk can, turned down the sides until it stood nine inches high, cut a door at the bottom, and made a dog-chain grate for the blubber to rest upon. The contrivance worked perfectly.

We were interrupted while eating the first meal prepared on it by a great commotion among the dogs, which we thought must be a battle of their own, but which proved to be due to the proximity of a bear. The others got their rifles and I my camera. Storkersen was the first to approach near enough for a shot, and fired, although I begged him not to until I had photographed the really splendid creature, who was standing just at the edge of the ice on the other side of the lead, thirty feet away,

swinging his head and apparently paying no attention to the dogs or to us. He was a massive brute, and it was plain enough that he might drop into the lead and swim over to our side at any minute. He was not in the least afraid; he sniffed busily, evidently attracted by the odor of the cooking seal meat or burning blubber.

Storkersen shot him in the shoulder, and I took his picture as he turned a somersault into the water. He scrambled out upon the far side, and both Storkersen and Stefansson shot him; but he hurried away, disappearing behind rough ice. I knew that my photograph was a failure, and asked permission to cross the lead and try again, which Stefansson granted. I crossed with the aid of a boat-hook and pair of skii.

Crawford joined me and we trailed the wounded animal, expecting to come upon him each time we turned the corner of a large ice-block, but we had to run half a mile before we finally caught up with him. He could use only three legs, so his rapid progress was surprising.

Finally he dived into a lead and I watched on the edge with my camera, ready to photograph him as he came up, again begging Crawford not to shoot until I had made a picture. The bear

reappeared within twenty-five feet of us, but Crawford fired again before I could adjust the focus of my lens. The bear dived, and, as Crawford had exhausted his ammunition and could not fire again, and I had exhausted my films, we retreated.

Stefansson now came up with his rifle and killed the animal with one shot. He was full grown, though young, and his skin was perfect. Stefansson never would have permitted any one to fire upon that bear had he not come so dangerously near. While the excitement was at its height the small lead which had delayed us all day closed, illustrating the uncertainty of arctic travel.

Shortly after this we began to make important use of the improvised seal-blubber stove. The effective process is to light a few little shavings—say two or three—and then to drop thin slivers of blubber on them. Only small pieces of wood, the size of a pencil, are then needed to keep seal blubber burning hotly. Bear and walrus blubber will burn almost as well. The stove cooked faster than the Primus, but smoked up the utensils horribly. Eskimos do not object to soot, but we did, because sooty utensils are sure, sooner or later, to befoul everything else on the sleds. One of the early meals cooked by seal blubber was of seal liver and bacon. With tea and biscuits this made the finest feast of the trip.

At about this time soundings of one hundred and forty-nine fathoms showed that we were drifting over the Continental Shelf. The next sounding was one hundred and eighty fathoms.

Our seal-hunting was not always really successful, even though we killed the animals at which we fired. I already have mentioned the loss of killed seals. It was frequent. A dead seal will sink almost instantly in July, August, and the first part of September, but during the other months their thick coating of blubber keeps them afloat until they can be secured. Our plan was to kill the seal and then to throw at the momentarily floating body a piece of hard wood fastened to a line and provided with hooks, which, when dragged across the seal, would catch, so that the car-

cass might be pulled to the edge of the ice, within reach.

Presently came the time when the rations were divided into two shares, one for Stefansson and those who were to go on with him, and one for the party which was to return to shore—to which latter party I had been assigned from the start. Our shore-going party was allowed thirty days' rations for men and dogs. We agreed that if we did not get ashore within thirty days we ought to starve. All the pemmican was assigned to the Stefansson party except twelve pounds. While this was being arranged Stefansson was busily writing letters, and we nicknamed the camp where these things occurred Camp Separation.

On April 7th Stefansson called us into his tent, one at a time, for general and specific instructions. It meant "good-by," of course, and none of us was cheerful over it. We who were going ashore volunteered to give him the expedition's second rifle, leaving us none for the backward trip, and he accepted that and all the ammunition, although he never would have asked for it. We knew that even if he got to Banks Land he might have to maintain himself there for a year before one of the expedition's schooners could be despatched to him. We also gave them as much of our clothing as we could spare.

In my mind the fact that he took both rifles and all the ammunition is very significant and hopeful. This episode, above all others, indicates to me that he still lives.

It was characteristic of the man that when some one proposed taking some hand-shaking photographs, to perpetuate the farewell scene on the ice, Stefansson refused, almost with heat. There was no such thing in him as a desire to "play to the gallery."

Our actual parting from him occurred upon the edge of the Continental Shelf. We separated at four-fifteen in the afternoon in the midst of a typical icescape. This last camp of the united party had been made, as all camps were when possible, on smooth ice surrounded by large blocks or ridges which would serve as windbreaks. The dogs were stretched out in long lines, tethered at sufficient

distances to keep them from serious fighting among themselves, and the tents were pitched within twenty feet of one another, quite in the customary manner. We were about sixty miles from land.

If any of us had dreamed that this was to be our last glimpse of Stefansson it would have seemed more significant; but none of us did. Such was our confidence in him that it did not occur to us that he could fail in any arctic undertaking upon which he might venture.

I can scarcely say that Stefansson had inspired us with love, as some men undoubtedly inspire their followers, but certainly he had filled all of us with sincere admiration—had impressed us with the conviction that he was a great man and a great leader.

His sled was thirteen feet long and twenty-two inches wide, and was piled with stores and equipment until the load reached almost to his shoulders when he stood beside it, and weighed nine hundred pounds. It included sixty days' rations for Stefansson, Storkersen, and Anderson, fifty days' rations for six dogs, two rifles, four hundred rounds of ammunition, and complete camp equipment. The party took the best dogs and the best sled, as well as the best of the stores and all the armament—which was but right, and which now gives me great comfort.

Stefansson's final statement to us was that he would turn back if at the end of fifteen days he had not sighted land—that land the discovery of which had been the chief object of the ill-fated *Karluk's* journey, as it was of this ice trip and of the whole Canadian Arctic Expedition. It is easily possible that he may be upon that land to-day, unable to return.

Our last words to him were a repetition of what had become almost a joke with us—the expression of hope that he would “find the promised land.” Bernard, when he hurt his head, had gasped: “Well, boys, I guess I saw that promised land we're looking for; it was one of the most brilliant constellations on record, too.” Now we wished Stefansson better luck in his search for it.

We started shoreward before he began his farther journey, and he walked half a mile with us. He had told Johansen to

take soundings every half-mile, even if we had to cut the ice to do it. It was as we prepared to take the first one that he turned back. Johansen took the sounding, and Crawford went to look for a crossing over the lead which had brought us to a pause; I watched the dogs.

As I stood with them I put the glasses to my eyes and saw Stefansson, after he had rejoined his party, marching sturdily ahead, with Storkersen and Anderson at the sleds, proceeding on their way. Then I saw their team brought to a stop and saw Anderson run back to the camp site, as if seeking something which had been left there by mistake. He apparently found that which he went to look for. Then he quickly rejoined the others.

Stefansson then again started in advance, walking briskly, with the other men and the dogs and sled following. The last I saw of him was when he topped a pressure ridge. He did not pause at its apex and look back toward us, but quickly disappeared upon its other side. His companions, also, soon passed out of sight.

The other members of our party were busy with our dogs and did not happen to be looking. Thus it was that I am the last man now in civilization to have seen Stefansson alive. His vanishment beyond that pressure ridge was his vanishment from the knowledge of the world. It is as if he had stepped from it into oblivion.

Our trip to shore was uneventful as ice journeys go. It occupied nine days of average traveling. Two wide leads bothered us—one so wide that when we came upon it we could see nothing but open water beyond the edge of the floe upon which we stood. But it closed. One night three polar bears came up to our camp. We had left our rifle with Stefansson, but we had our dogs, who soon frightened them away. The second night out the very old ice on which we were camped broke off within eight feet of our tent on one side, and within twelve feet of it on the other. If one of those breaks had occurred directly under the tent— But why speculate? It did not.

At the time when this article is written

nothing has been heard from Stefansson since we parted from him. Many believe him to be dead. I am not one of these, and I have good reasons for my confidence—that confidence which fills me with an intense anxiety to induce without delay some effort toward his salvation.

On the evening of April 9th a terrific gale raged for at least ten hours, blowing at the rate of eighty miles an hour. That might easily have blown the ice on which Stefansson was camped that night at least sixty miles in the direction of Banks Land, thus helping him upon his journey.

If he tried to reach Banks Land over the ice in normal circumstances he very likely found the journey impossible. Open water appeared that season earlier than was ever before known. If this happened, he is probably drifting on the arctic pack at this moment.

However, in view of the fact that all persons of my acquaintance who are familiar with weather conditions in the arctic agree that the offshore drift is to the westward, it seems likely that Stefansson's chances of landing on Wrangel Island are better than his chances of getting to Banks Land.

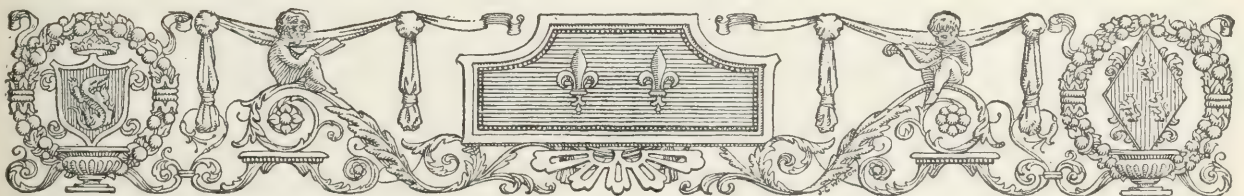
If he has not discovered the hypothetical continent which he set out to find, but, instead, is drifting about upon the ice, the record of that drifting will be, in my opinion, of greater interest to scientists than that of the *Jeannette* (1879-81) or that of the *Karluk* (1913-14).

I would have this article serve as a plea for a search for Stefansson. I think the Canadian government long ago

would have sent a ship to look for him had it not been for the outbreak of the European war. If this longer hinders them, some one else should do it. I have already submitted to them detailed plans for a search of the surface of certain parts of the Arctic Ocean by hydroaeroplanes, flying singly on alternate days and returning to a base at night. These would carry an observer equipped with powerful glasses, who would sweep the surface of the water and ice from a height of eight hundred feet. These plans have been approved by Admiral Peary and Mr. Alan R. Hawley, president of the Aero Club of America, and in the opinion of several experienced aviators and explorers are perfectly feasible.

He and his two companions are excellent shots. Seals are plentiful in the western arctic, even in the deepest water; polar bears are always to be found where seals are; and arctic foxes invariably follow in the track of the bears. So it would seem that the problem of Stefansson and his companions is not that of food. Every member of the party is hardy, courageous, experienced; the skin of the fur animals which they shoot will furnish their clothing; the meat will provide food for themselves and their dogs; the blubber of the bear, the seal, and the walrus can be used for heating, lighting, and cooking purposes. Lastly, Stefansson knows how to build snow houses in the approved "blond eskimo" fashion.

I repeat that I believe Stefansson to be alive, hoping against hope for rescue. Is he to be abandoned to his fate?



The Cup and the Lip

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD



WE were asses — silly asses. I can't say less, and I won't say more." Lila Dench—it was as Lila Dench, inevitably, that I thought of my cousin, though she was married, and had presumably another name than her father's—kicked out the skirt of her dress and crossed her knees. She proceeded to vibrate her left foot nervously.

"You were very romantic—and very unfortunate." I had only just heard the whole story, and I was bewildered enough to wish to be very polite.

"I don't mind being romantic; I don't mind being unfortunate; but I do mind being ridiculous. I can't afford it."

"Oh, you can afford anything, my dear girl. You're very handsome." "Handsome" is, in my opinion, not the most flattering word to apply to a woman, but I hadn't seen Lila, until the day before, for years, and I hoped she didn't take my view of the word. "Handsome" quite covered her case, anyhow. Considering how near she had come, as I remembered her, to being positively plain, I thought she might even be grateful.

"What good do my looks—whatever they may be—do me? I mean 'afford' quite literally. What I'd give for a new hat—now—for example!" She laughed a little nervously. "From sheer cowardice I'm putting up at this absurd hotel. I've got to have some backing, if it's only gilding and bell-boys and a private sitting-room. I'm frightened to death, and since you have turned up out of the wilderness, it's a relief to tell you so. You're positively—after the miserable holocaust of the last years—the nearest kin I have. I sha'n't let you go, you may be sure. Do you think it's gay, what I've just told you?"

"I think it's as gay as a musical comedy, if you choose to take it that way," I replied. "I don't mean all you've lost, but what is left."

Lila Dench's mourning certainly set her off wonderfully. Her fine color, her heavily lashed dark eyes, her sufficiently curling brown hair, and her full young figure were saved by it for handsomeness—from something too florid even for that florid word. If she hadn't been quietly, modestly, almost shabbily dressed she might have looked like an advertisement of a tonic or a "method." I had known Lila intimately, far from New York, in days when her eyelashes were rough, her figure and her complexion uncertain, and her hair disposed in a braid that stung when she used it to whack you across the face with. I had thought Lila clever then, but I had never dreamed that she would turn out good-looking. To be sure, the boy of eighteen does not spend much time considering what the girl of twelve will look like when she is ten years older. Needless to say, I had not recognized Lila the night before at Mrs. Sumter's. It was she who had recognized and claimed me, and I had moved awkwardly to her side, across, as it were, years of separation and the luxuriant stretches of the remoter Argentine. I had been completely out of touch for many a long day with anything on the whole so irrelevant as cousins. Her married name and her married face were equally strange to me. But Lila had established her identity, much as do those communicating spirits who recall to you how you stifled the calico kitten in the pocket of Uncle Adoniram's old coat, which used to hang in the back hall on the fourth peg from the door of the summer kitchen. There was no doubt about her being Lila Dench; and I had just spent the afternoon with her in her hotel sitting-room, sympathizing in her strange story.

I felt the romance of it, I thought as I faced her Roman frown, more than she did. Proper hands, at least, could have woven and twisted the strands of it into a romantic veil. Perhaps poor Lila was just too clever to appreciate it; perhaps, that is, she saw how little an unusual situation could ever be, for her, an opportunity. She was made for magnificent and simple destinies; for events typical and traditional and unmistakable; for rice, and old shoes, and family Bibles, and Jimmy's first tooth, and competent housekeeping. To be completely successful, she ought to lose her figure early. I had no faintest idea how much emotion she was capable of. Perhaps a good deal; but she ought to be called on to pour it only through the most conventional channels. She was a dear, even if she was handsome; she was clever, even if life was doing its unchallenged best to make a fool of her. I resented her being chucked into a Mau-passant situation, with only the moral outfit of a nice American girl. She was sensitive, too—it had usually been outraged sensitiveness that had made her, years before, whack my impudent mouth with the long, heavy braid of her hair—but it was a sensitiveness of the shame-faced Saxon kind, and she was not going to enjoy, Gallically, its importunacies. I was sorry for her. She was up against something that she should have been up against two years before, or never. And, cousin or no cousin, there was nothing I could do.

I shut my eyes for a moment to think; but, try as I would, I could think only this: that the ranch was safe and slumbrous outside under the Southern Cross, and that I was within by the lamp, just being roused from lassitude by an odd story which I had picked at random out of the new box of books. I opened my eyes again and found Lila staring at me.

"I don't want to send you to sleep," she said, grudgingly. "Do you think tea would wake you up?"

"If you'll come out of this place and have tea with me somewhere, I'll see."

"I can afford it once in a way, Tom." And her poor red lips quivered.

"So can I. Come along."

She danced off into her bedroom for her hat, and for the first time it seemed

as if we had really stepped back to the Overshaw days. No, not quite; for little Lila Dench ran like that only for ice-cream.

"Tell me a few things, Lila," I said, as soon as we were seated at Durand's.

"Haven't I told you everything?"

"No. Of course I wanted to know first about poor Aunt Lilias and all the rest. But now that I know, tell me more about *him*. Just when do you expect him?"

She flushed. "Next week, sometime. He's supposed to land in San Francisco Monday. I dare say he'll telegraph when he does land. I shall have so much warning—I hope."

"Why do you want warning?"

"Oh, to get that new hat."

She poured the tea fussily, to my surprise. Tea-pouring belonged to the order of things that should have been matters of instinct to Lila Dench. On second thoughts, I put the fussiness down to unusual embarrassment. Lila was the sort of creature one would like to have opposite one at the breakfast-table. I can't describe her better than that. Some men, I know, don't want any one opposite them at breakfast. I don't, myself. But Lila was made for the normal, nice American man who likes his wife to pour out his coffee for him. She belonged with the new day, and fruit and eggs and cream and cereals—especially cereals. Bless her heart! I determined at least to find out the how and why of her sensitiveness. There might be something I could save her.

"Are you in love with him, Lila?"

She put one elbow on the table and rested her chin on her hand. It was a long time before she spoke.

"I don't know, Tom. I honestly don't know. I was, certainly. I should have been. But how can I tell how it will strike me?"

"You've written constantly?"

"Oh yes. Both of us."

"And have they been love-letters?"

"They were, at first." She raised her honest brown eyes to mine.

They were so precisely what a nice girl's eyes should be that I repented of having called her handsome. She wasn't old enough to be handsome. She was just a young thing on the edge of life,

dreading the leap. It wasn't fair . . . it wasn't fair. To every girl it should be permitted to go away with her chosen mate in the full exaltation of the wedding. Cake, champagne, orange-flowers, tears of unmarried aunts—I dare say they all help. You can't spin that hour out over two years. No! It would take Boccaccio or Laura Jean Libbey to deal with a heroine so placed; and Lila Dench wouldn't have recognized herself in the context of either.

"Have you any notion of how he feels?"

"I don't know at all. His letters have been everything they should be. Of course I can't read them to you." The pathetic little dignity of the bride fluttered out like a cuckoo from its clock.

"No, of course not. Um . . . has he plenty of money?"

"I don't think he had much until his father died. Of course he has had to chuck all his own work for the last two years. But he has sent me money, always."

"And still you're hard up. It can't have been much, poor dear."

"I've never touched it."

"Why not? That's rather rough on him. Yet you must have loved him, my child, to marry him like that. Are you going to give it back to him?"

"I don't know that I shall. But, so far, I haven't liked to use it. I shall see. I hope he will understand."

"You're not sure?"

"Oh, I think he will. But, you see, I don't know him very well yet." Lila Dench smiled at me, suddenly looking very competent—almost handsome—again.

"How long had you known him when you married him?"

"Three weeks." The words came rather sharply from her lips.

"And you never—" I began.

"Never, never, never!" I don't know what she thought I meant, but she seemed to disclaim everything. "We were awful fools. But we were both young—and frightened—as I explained. I suppose we both thought it was a judgment on us for not having been willing to wait, as mother had wanted. As I told you, we had scarcely got back to Cousin Letty's from the church when the

telegram came. Mother knew, you understand, and she didn't refuse consent, or anything like that, but she wanted us to wait. She wanted to know Gerald better. But Cousin Letty was crazy about it all, and wanted to see me through; and Gerald had to go out to his father at once, and Letty's husband was joining his ship, which meant Letty was breaking up and going to Europe. You know what naval families are like. And Gerald felt he couldn't go without me." Her lip curled. "Silly asses we both were, I don't doubt—as I told you before. But we couldn't seem to resist it. And of course when we planned it, all in a hurry, we knew mother probably couldn't come on for the wedding, but I never dreamed of her being really ill. And the telegram came from Aunt Lou before I had changed into my going-away dress. I told it all to you this afternoon. Why do you make me tell it again?"

"Because I should like to see a little clearer in the matter. I seem to be your only living relative except your cousin Letty, on the other side. It's fair I should have my turn, I think. . . . And there never was any moment when you could leave your mother?"

"Never, until the end. Aunt Lou died very soon, and mother—well, I couldn't have left her for anything. At least, since I'd once gone to her, I had to stay. Gerald had to sail—his father needed him as badly as mother needed me. Poor mother! If I had left her at any moment, she would just have died the next. And Gerald always thought he could straighten things out—it was a pretty bad mess, as I told you; and the family honor was at stake—and he couldn't. Then his father fell mortally ill, and finally he died. And here we are."

"Why didn't you go out to him as soon as Aunt Lillas left you?"

Lila shook her head. "Steamer by steamer I *was* going. But, steamer by steamer, you see, Gerald thought he was likely to come back. He was just waiting for the end. And here we are," she repeated.

She had finished her tea, and sat vaguely fingering her spoon. "Do you blame me," she went on, suddenly, "for



Drawn by Fanny Munsell

SHE WOULDN'T TELL ME WHAT SHE FELT OR FEARED

feeling as if there were an evil spell on us? When there's been nothing but disaster and death and separation ever since we went through the marriage service?"

"Do you mean"—I searched her face, for I really wanted to get at the root of this thing—"that you're superstitious about it? That you think something will happen to his boat, or that you'll be killed by a motor-car?"

"Not a bit of it!" She flung up her head, and her voice rang true. "I am as sure as I am that I sit here that I shall see Gerald Ghyll next week."

"So that's your name—Mrs. Ghyll. It's good to know it. You've been Lila Dench, and nothing else, for twenty-four hours. Mrs. Sumter mumbled your name, and I never caught it."

"Mrs. Sumter is a fool!" my cousin exclaimed. "People seem to think it's extraordinary, all of it. They're sorry for me!" Her scorn was perfect. I doubted if even Lila was clever enough to simulate it.

"They know the facts, don't they?"

"Of course they do. Mrs. Sumter was at the wedding. She helped me pack my bag to go to mother after Aunt Lou's telegram came. But people seem to think that if life treats you with such flippancy, you must be a poor stick. They think I can't command even the common respect of events. They don't see such things happening to other people, so they fancy the fault is with me—and my husband." She flushed outright.

I leaned across the table and laid my hand an instant on hers. "Do you care what they think?"

"Not the very least in the world." She answered very soberly and candidly.

"That's all, then, that I wanted to know, thank you." And we rose.

"Just what did you want to know?" Lila Dench asked me as I parted from her at her hotel.

"Just what I've found out."

"And what is that?"

"The heart of your trouble, my dear. Good-by." The gilded cornices and the brass buttons of the bell-boys shook together into one brilliant blur for an instant before my eyes. I knew now what Lila was up against.

I frequented Lila's hotel pretty constantly all the next days. I knew that most of her funk would spend itself in solitude; but I knew, too, the whole armory of solitude, from having felt, sooner or later, each shaft it held. I wanted, by any ruse I could, to ward off the attack. We talked incessantly and of many things. Sometimes Lila, cross-legged on the floor by her sitting-room window, lost herself in memories of Overshaw, and we pieced up the past with a rapidity that amazed me. Sometimes she listened for an hour (lips apart, like a child) while I told her about the ranch—so hot at noon, so still at night, a life perfected outside of life, like a marvelous model with every working part complete. All that was very well: listening, or evoking ridiculous reminiscences, she was Lila Dench in good faith; recognizable, easy to meet. At such moments, when our separation seemed mere quiet lapse of time—ebb and flow of the tide on shores where, meanwhile, nothing has happened—I almost ceased to believe in Gerald Ghyll, crossing sea and land to reach his wife. I all but found myself considering that Lila would make this or that good man of my acquaintance very happy. It seemed a pity that Ghyll should have her; at least, that she shouldn't be free to choose him again if she liked him and reject him if she didn't. If she had hinted at it, I would have carried through, for her, a fight for annulment. But annulment belonged to still another order of fiction with which Lila had nothing to do. She had nothing to do with any kind of fiction; that was the killing part of it. She belonged to the beautiful, healthy class that fiction can't touch, because it eschews wholly the necessary elements of situation, suspense, and climax. For art, she needed heightening; but you couldn't heighten her.

Clearly, it was not so much Gerald Ghyll that frightened her as the inevitability of him. There are a very few experiences in life that, once started, you cannot stop. This was like one of those. Short of earthquake, Gerald Ghyll had to come. That made her nervous; and occasionally her nervousness broke out in talk. Then I saw that she had done

a lot of queer reading and queerer thinking during her weeks in New York. It was a pity; for Lila Dench wasn't made for psychological excursions. Psychology, however, is a thing you cannot legislate out of life, or deny even to the poor. She wouldn't tell me what she felt or feared, but I suspected that she was feeling and fearing things you can tell only to a physician or a lawyer, and that Lila Dench, in point of fact, could have told, even if her life depended on it, to neither. I inferred that Gerald Ghyll was not a subtle person; but I didn't count too much on my own inference. She hadn't even a photograph of him, so that I didn't know whether she had fallen in love with Apollo in the moonlight or whether he had swept her off her feet by passionate platitudes. She wouldn't describe him to me. At first I put that down to pride or shyness; but after a few days I realized that she didn't describe him because she couldn't. She didn't know well enough what he was like. I knew, from experience of my own, how dangerous it is to build up one's conception of a human being from letters alone; how dangerous, that is, if there has to be later the intimate, face-to-face encounter. People don't look like their handwritings; and a letter is a physical bond only so long as you are kept apart. Moreover, she had known him for only three fiery weeks; and into what shape might not the molten lava have hardened? I was so sorry for the girl herself that it never occurred to me to be sorry for Ghyll. It is harder, perhaps, to take a clever initiative than to meet a clever initiative properly; but that wasn't my business. Lila was.

I took her out to dinner or to a play as often as she would go with me; and, after her telegram came from San Francisco, I haunted her hotel more than ever. I had a lot of things to do in New York, but I could put them off until I had seen Lila through the crisis. It would be beastly, if she did happen to want me at any moment, to be engaged elsewhere. I think, toward the end, I grew as nervous as Lila herself. She never told me anything beyond the fact that she *was* nervous. I had to make out every convolution of the thing myself. I well knew that I might be making out more

than was there; but it was better to be on the safe side. The night before Ghyll's promised arrival, I asked her what they were going to do.

"Do?"

"Yes. Are you going to stay on here for a time?"

"I'm leaving my hotel to-morrow, if that's what you mean. I've given them notice. I don't know, you see, what Gerald will want."

"The point is, what do *you* want? He won't want anything but the sense of being with you." It was a long shot, but I took it deliberately.

"I'm not sure of that. But I don't want to go on where I am, after he comes. I couldn't. The walls would say things to me, and I want to be where nothing says anything." That was as near an intimate confession as any that Lila Dench made to me in all those days. When she spoke more luridly, she was not intimate at all.

"Why don't you go down to Old Point at once? That would be the really romantic thing to do."

"I'm tired of being romantic. I'm about fed up with romance." Tears were not far from her young eyes.

"Well, then, don't be. Go to Niagara Falls."

Lila stuck out the tip of a pink tongue at me. I was absurdly grateful for her Overshaw manners.

"I don't care what you do. But I think you'd better have something up your sleeve. Poor fellow! He hasn't had much time out there to make honeymoon plans."

"He's had time enough since he started."

"He would probably welcome some indication that you have been putting your mind on it."

"I *won't* put my mind on it."

"Oh, well"—I turned to beckon the waiter for the bill, and spoke nonchalantly, half over my shoulder—"if you want to fall into his arms like a sweet little silent prize-package, that's all right, too. Oh, stiffen up, Lila! Be a sport. Don't mope."

"I'm not moping. And it's my business, anyhow—his and mine."

"Quite so. Only I thought I'd try, in some way or other, to point out to you

that this situation is hard on him, too. Meetings after separation"—I put it modestly—"are hard on any one. If you have any ideas, I think you owe them to him. He must have had a beast of a time out there, from all you tell me. I should say he'd probably need all the comforting tact that you can give him. Now I'm going to take you straight back to your hotel and make you promise you'll go to bed at once."

She did not speak a word in the taxi, and I was for leaving her at the door, but she indicated that she would like me to go up to her sitting-room with her. I was determined not to stay, however; not to talk, not to beat it in any more.

"Look here, Lila," I said, as soon as the door was closed. "I'm off. There's nothing more I can do to-night. What is the matter, anyhow? Why, people write best-sellers about this improbable sort of thing! You don't mean to say you're not up to the average princess in a best-seller!"

Lila did not reply. She stood stiffly, with closed eyes, one arm stretched along the chimney-piece.

I took up my hat. "Good-night. Telephone me if you want me to-morrow. I shall be in all the morning."

Still she did not speak or open her eyes.

"Tell me, Lila"—I faced it, since I had to—"aren't you in love with him?"

"Don't you see"—she opened her eyes wide, and they looked at me, enormous, accusing, the very eyes of twelve-year-old Lila Dench—"that I don't *know*? Now go away." She waved her hand toward the door, but did not otherwise change her posture. When I looked back at her, before leaving the room, her eyes were closed again.

I got no telephone-message from Lila the next day; and after noon, when Ghyll's train was due, I did not know where to reach her. She had told me she should leave her hotel finally before she met him. It had been arranged that they should dine with me at Durand's, if the plan were not meanwhile called off; so, after waiting in vain for a signal, I dressed and went thither. I had good hope of not finding them; good hope that they would have been moved to a divine disregard of other people's con-

venience. I only longed to cool my heels waiting for them in vain, and to realize blessedly at last that I was as dust under the feet of Lila Ghyll. I was willing enough to be remembered later; but just at present I cared chiefly to be brushed aside as an intolerable mote in their sentimental sunlight. As I walked up the Avenue I fancied a hundred things that it would have been clever, it would have been inspired, for them to do. I had almost chosen for them the most inspired of all when I reached Durand's; and it was really a terrible shock to find them—actually to see them before my eyes—primly and patiently waiting for me.

Even then, if they hadn't looked—Lila and the man by her side—so prim and so patient, I might have hoped to be an inhibition. But it was not as an inhibition that Lila greeted me. She flung herself at me in a way to make a husband jealous. I scarcely dared look at Gerald Ghyll until we were seated at the table. The five minutes before we thus came to anchor were one of the most uncomfortable periods of time that I have ever spent. Ordering gave me a little further respite, for I was determined—if only for my own sake—that we should dine too well. But after that I had to face it.

It *was* Apollo in the moonlight, after all. So much I could see from sidewise glances. Ghyll looked tired, tanned and bleached and generally battered by a more strenuous sun; but he had, even so, an uncommon beauty. It seemed to me, at the moment, that a radiance like that should have lasted over more than the two years of their separation. If Lila had been walking with a ghost, at least it was a ghost beside which, visually speaking, other men would pale. Then I remembered the poor girl's hideous months—Aunt Lou's going, Aunt Lili's ugly illness and the manner of her death—and I could not chide her. Three weeks only—and she hadn't even a photograph. I liked Ghyll the better for having those looks without any photograph of them; and after the cock-tails I began to pluck up courage. He hadn't yet said anything to strike one; but, after all, that cut both ways. He was a gentleman; and beyond a decent

tradition and looks like that—well, what in Heaven's name could Lila, who was only handsome, and not always that, demand?

I moved very tentatively in the conversation at first. Ghyll was tired out and nervous; and though he answered courteously enough my idiotically hearty questions about his trip, I wondered if he didn't perhaps wonder what I was doing there. So I explained, lest Lila shouldn't have done it. She had, however, it appeared, told him all about me. From the amount he knew, I had a sudden, appalled conviction that since they met she could hardly have talked of anything but me. And I had been fondly imaging them as lost to the world in each other's eyes! When they further made it clear to me, between them, that they had spent their afternoon of reunion at the Metropolitan, I grew cold. Perhaps one can talk in the Metropolitan—I don't know. But it was sickeningly evident that they had contemplated miles of objects with the most careful attention. Poor little Lila! I swung back to pity. If his charm didn't work for her, she *was* in a mess. Ghyll was a thousand times more worth looking at than anything in the Metropolitan, save a few statues. And even if Ghyll wasn't vain—which was as it should be—he would almost have had a right to be hurt that the eyes of his bride should deliberately seek out Japanese grotesques while he was by. I was sorry for Ghyll, too. Altogether, I was in an agony of vicarious discomfort that neither food nor wine could mitigate.

Lila, I must frankly say, was not at her best. Her obvious youth seemed to push back to the bread-and-butter stage. Her voice lost its modulations; she was shrill as at Overshaw, with a nursery shrillness. I don't remember all the things we talked about through the courses of that excellent and dreary meal; but I know that they were trivialities and that we were very dull about them. Ghyll was low-voiced and civil, but wine could not warm his coldness. Lila was as tactless as she could be without being positively annoying. I suspected that they were embarrassed; that, face to face at last in their anomalous position, both would have given any-

thing for another day of grace. And, beneath all the chatter, their embarrassment won upon me until it seemed incredible that these two, so unfamiliar to each other, must presently fare forth into the tenebrous eve of a common future. Yet who, in the name of all tradition, could come between them? I fancied the poor things feverishly trying to revive in themselves the sensations and moods of their three weeks' engagement. Whenever Lila closed her eyes—as sometimes she did for a moment; it was a trick of hers—I considered that she might be revisualizing, with what memory she had, herself and Ghyll in the moonlight of Old Point. Why didn't they go back there, and proceed from a renewed intoxication? Why didn't they duplicate, as far as possible, the scenes that had brought them together? Perhaps, by improvising the *décor*, they could fling themselves back into the picture. "Cousin Letty" was not there; but the one convenient thing in the poor creatures' plight was that they didn't now officially need a chaperon. Still, I couldn't suggest it to them. I felt indelicate even in being there, with my confounded ruminations and reactions. They oughtn't to have wanted me. If they had been married that noon, they wouldn't have wanted me. But what could I do, with Lila clutching me like that? I felt like the mother in a French novel. Hang it all, it was up to Ghyll!

Just as I reached that desperate reflection, Ghyll himself rose. "Do you mind if I go out and telephone a moment, while you drink your coffee? I'll be back directly."

Lila's smile almost pushed him off; and he went, with a graceful, swinging step.

I leaned across the table. "Lila, my dear, I don't seem to be doing any good here. Suppose I corral the waiter and settle, and then just fade away? Ghyll will be everlastingly glad to find me gone when he comes back."

"Oh no!" She clutched me. "I—I've got to telephone, myself. I didn't do it this afternoon. Now's my chance. I'll go and do it." She looked at her wrist-watch. "Heavens! It will be too late to get my call if I don't go now."



Drawn by Fanny Munsell

Engraved by Frank E. Pettit

"DO YOU MIND IF I GO OUT AND TELEPHONE A MOMENT?"

She rose, and I too rose, with an impulse to detain her if I could.

"Look here, Lila, no telephoning ought to matter."

"Isn't Gerald telephoning?"

"A man is always having to telephone."

"So is a woman."

I laid my hand on her wrist. "I say, Lila, you don't do him justice."

"I don't?" She looked at me very oddly.

"You never told me how good-looking he was."

"Isn't he, just?" It was precocious little Lila Dench again.

"Well, then, isn't it all right? What are you all over the place for? Aren't you in love with him?"

"In love with him!" She sped away, and I sat down again to my coffee and liqueur. The extent to which she was in love with him had been utterly revealed in her tone, and I drew a deep breath of relief. Ghyll's charm, whatever it was, *had* worked again, and I might wash my hands of Lila Ghyll. She could now proceed to fulfil her destiny.

I explained to Ghyll, when he returned, that Lila, too, had had to telephone. He raised his eyebrows, but made no complaint. I settled the bill and lighted another cigarette. I smoked it through, and still Lila had not returned. We talked, if I remember aright, about subtropical vegetation.

Finally Ghyll looked at me inquiringly. "Don't you think I had better go and see about Lila? We can't stay here all night."

"Some fool woman is probably keeping her there for ever."

"Yes, but—" He stopped. A page had crossed to our table and was offering me a note on a tray.

I opened it. I read it. Then I put it in my pocket and faced Ghyll. I was uncomfortable; not less so because I found him looking at me very curiously.

"Some fool woman is not keeping your wife at the telephone," I began. "She has gone."

"Gone? Gone where?" Instinctively he held out his hand for the note. But I had no intention of giving it to him. "She has gone to Overshaw. Her train must be about leaving."

He squared his elbows on the table and faced me truculently. "Isn't that the place where her mother lived? Why has she gone there?"

"I don't know." Well, I didn't know, though I could guess.

"Why has she gone at all?"

"I don't know." Then my own iterations began to bore me, and I broke out. "Haven't you any imagination, Ghyll?"

He colored all over his fine countenance. His lips twisted, and he turned away. "I'm not sure that I have."

Silence fell.

"Look here—would you mind showing me the note?"

"I should mind, and I won't."

The scarlet of his flush turned to crimson. "Why?"

"I don't care a hang; but I don't think my cousin meant I should."

"Is there some sort of conspiracy between you? Do you think it's fair to me? If ever a man needed enlightening, I do." He was trying for patience, but his patience had worn thin.

"There's this much of conspiracy: that I am as surprised as you by Lila's act, and that I'll help you look up the trains to Overshaw with the best will in the world."

"Oh, I'm not going to Overshaw."

"Humph! That's hard on Lila."

"I don't see why."

"I take it she'll wait for you there."

He looked around with some annoyance. "I say," he remarked again, "we can't stay here all night."

"I won't keep you long."

"Well, then, why should I follow her up if she runs away from me? I'll wait until I hear."

"And if she waits until she hears, you'll both manage to waste a lot of time."

"What are you doing in this boat, anyhow?" He smiled a little, and though the smile was grudging, I could see that he meant it to show for friendliness.

"I don't really wonder at your asking. I'm only in it because my rediscovered cousin has found me a comfort during a period of some strain. I've no desire to stay in it, you can believe. She has clutched me, but she has already given me to understand that the whole

thing really lies between you and her. As of course it does. I am only waiting for my *nunc dimittis*."

I hoped to have mollified him; and indeed he did proceed to speak a little more gently.

"I should like to put a question to you—since you seem to be the arbiter of my destiny. Do you, on your honor, think that Lila cares for me?"

I gave myself an instant, hoping to read his face before I answered. But it was perfectly blank and smooth—not a loophole open on his inward mind. "On my honor" was too much, if I was to play poor Lila's game in the dark. Yet what could he be waiting for but reassurance? And, all things considered, hadn't they better come together before any more bad weather could get between them? In any case, with her voice in my ears and her note in my pocket, it would have been pretty hard to prevaricate.

"On my honor, I am sure that she does."

"She hasn't looked it—or talked it."

"Well—she does."

"Is that in your blooming note?" He laughed sharply.

"As I'm on my honor, I don't think I have to state my authority."

"No. I see that." He mused an instant. "Where would she be staying at Overshaw? She told me her mother's house had been sold."

"At the hotel, I fancy. She wouldn't be likely to go to friends."

"Well, then, it's up to me." He rose slowly. The swinging grace of his earlier gait had gone slack. He moved like a tired man. "How far is it? And what's the railway? Any chance of a train in the morning?"

It was many a year since I had been to Overshaw, and I could not tell him. I only hoped, for his sake, that the journey was easier than it had been in my youth—not such a wilderness of junctions and way-trains and archaic rolling-stock as I remembered it.

"I dare say. I don't know. Do you want to go over to the Pennsylvania and find out?"

"Oh no. I'll telephone from the hotel."

"Where are you staying, by the way?"

Ghyll drew on his gloves slowly, standing on the outer steps of Durand's. "I am not staying anywhere—yet. I didn't know what Lila might think best."

"Didn't you two decide that this afternoon?"

"We didn't discuss our future this afternoon."

"Ah, my dear man, perhaps that is why she ran away."

"I had supposed she ran away because she was afraid of me."

I stopped under a lamp-post to strike a match. "I think that is also true." More than that, I didn't want to say. Clearly, Ghyll had no imagination.

"But why—if she cares, as you swear she does?"

"Do you mean that you can't see such an elementary thing as that? Consider the circumstances for a moment. If you haven't been nervous yourself—you're a prodigy."

"Oh, I've been nervous!" He spoke sharply, as if in pain. "But—" He did not finish.

"If a man's nervous in any given situation, isn't a woman supposed, *a fortiori*, to be a good deal more so?"

"But—" Again he did not finish his ejaculation.

I looked at his face in the bright illumination of an arc-light as we passed. For good and sufficient reason, it appalled me. Youth and beauty were quite wasted on such an emotion as I saw there expressed. A shriveled old age would have suited it better—for a tender heart, at least.

Ghyll turned suddenly. "Good night. Why should you bother to hang round with me while I get my things and look up a hotel? You've been very good—"

"Um—yes. I wish I hadn't been," I mumbled. "I wish I'd been out of the thing from the start. But"—I braced myself—"there's one last piece of advice I think I might give you. Telegraph to Lila to meet you somewhere—anywhere. You'd die of the inn at Overshaw—unless there's a new one, and there's no reason on earth why there should be. If you *are* up against it, do have something to back you. That inn is like a Civil War prison."

"Thank you." His voice was metal-

lic. "I dare say I shall take your tip. Good-night."

He evidently hadn't resented my incoherent sympathy, but he was not going to endure my company longer. I didn't blame him; for if at present I read him like a book, he must be feeling like the book when its leaves are being ruthlessly cut.

"Good-night." I wouldn't even insult him by adding, "Good luck." We shook hands and parted.

I gave myself all the longish walk back to my hotel to pity Lila; to pity her fervently and sufficiently, for all time, so that I should never have to pity her again. I intended then to expunge Lila Dench from my mind and, as far as possible, from my memory. If I had any sympathy left after that orgy, I knew where it would go. For Gerald Ghyll's face in the strong light of the arc-lamp had been the face of a man who has just seen his duty and has found it monstrous. Lila's charm had not worked again, for him. He was going to her because I had made it impossible for him to do otherwise. "Oh, come! She isn't so bad as that!" I ejaculated softly, under my breath. But I knew perfectly that there are men for whom, if the woman isn't absolutely right, she *is* as bad as that. Poor little Lila, with her tremors and shivers! What were they to the vast qualm that was submerging him? What had she thought to accomplish with her bit of stupid melodrama, her ill-timed coquetry of flight? Did she think she could "get up" romance like that—simulate a marriage by capture, carry off awkwardness in sheer excitement? No, Lila was not made for literature or its manners and customs. Not a heroine

of them all but would scorn to be Lila Dench.

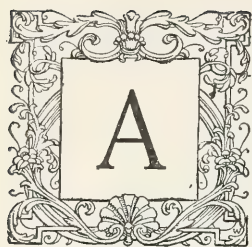
I was glad that I had warned Ghyll against Overshaw. Though their reunion might be tragic, it needn't, at least, be fly-blown and down-at-heel. Perhaps I had saved them that. But I hadn't saved Ghyll much; not so much as one who had struck the final blow should have saved him, if possible, by the way. "Lila is handsome," I murmured to myself finally—positively as if it were a coin I had rummaged out of my pocket for him. Then I was ashamed of my shabby gratuity. For the fact was that Lila had not once, in the last weeks, thought of Ghyll's side of it. *She* was the dedicated maiden at the altar; the pallid virgin being pushed, clueless, into the labyrinth; the veiled victim of all the classic sacrifices. The rôle she thereby thrust on Ghyll is easily named. Whereas, in point of fact, Ghyll was the shrinking beauty, and she would gobble him alive.

There was not much left in it for me, as I stumbled into my hotel, but bitter laughter. The only comfort I had was to pass in review most of the marriages I saw about me. Every one seemed to "muddle along" somehow; doubtless Lila and Ghyll would muddle with the rest. It was up to the fate that had been so myopic as to push Lila Dench into a complicated situation. It was not up to me, thank Heaven, any longer. Ghyll would do his duty—and had not Lila herself superbly reminded me that it was their affair, not mine? I was absolved, released, turned out of doors into the blessed storm of the cosmos. Soothed by those irrelevant, universal winds, I fell asleep.



The Control of Soil Fertility

BY ROBERT W. BRUÈRE



A GENERATION ago there sprang up a wind of rumor that the soils of New England and the East were worn out, that their crops no longer paid taxes, and that to escape starvation thousands of the original stock were quitting their ancestral homes. Pictures were painted of these looted lands browsed by the returning deer, of the briers elbowing their way across the clearings, while the quick birch and vagrant pine won back to the wilderness what man had not been intelligent enough to master and hold for his own.

Were there not abandoned farms in plenty, and volumes of expert opinion, to back this popular idea? From the director of Rothamsted, England, the oldest agricultural experiment station in the world, to the professors of agronomy in our own latest agricultural colleges, the experts wrote of the Eastern soils as "poverty-stricken and even derelict." Invariably they explained that the essential mineral plant-food elements—the nitrogen, potassium, sulphur, magnesium, calcium, and especially the phosphorus—had been taken out of the soil by the crops and carted away by men without foresight enough to see that starvation was as good as an ax for the goose of the golden eggs.

Mr. Cyril G. Hopkins, of the University of Illinois, has published a volume replete with authoritative examples. For instance:

As an average of the Maryland soils [he says] representing ten different geological formations, more or less abundant in most of the Atlantic States, we find 37,860 pounds of potassium, and only 14,080 pounds of magnesium; 7,840 pounds of calcium, and 1,100 pounds of phosphorus in a plow-share acre. Measured by the total requirements of approximately maximum crops in rotation of wheat, corn, oats, and clover,

the potassium is sufficient for 473 years, the magnesium for 828 years, and the calcium for 187 years; while the total phosphorus is sufficient for the same crops for only 57 years.

Since each of these mineral elements is essential to plant growth, fifty-seven years of continuous cropping must by this reckoning bring these soils to exhaustion, unless the elements are artificially restored. Similar calculations give a bare fifty-six years as the productive life of the soils of Illinois. The crust of the entire earth has been put to the test with even more terrifying results. Taking corn at a hundred bushels per acre as a convenient unit of measurement, Professor Hopkins tells us that there is phosphorus enough in the average earth's crust for a mere matter of one hundred and thirty years! Luckily, the whole earth's surface has never been subdued to the plow, and few farmers are clever enough to make yearly harvests of a hundred bushels of corn, else the round globe must have been an abandoned farm long ago, and man's life ended like a gnat's dance in the sun.

These persistent prophecies of impending disaster led Dr. Milton Whitney, Chief of the United States Bureau of Soils, to undertake an examination of the crop records, not of New England and the Eastern States only, but of all the United States and the long-worked lands of Europe. The investigation began with various minor excursions into localities notorious for the "exhaustion of their soils."

The soils of Middle Virginia had fallen in popular repute below the hope of redemption. A preliminary survey left no doubt that agriculture as measured by crop yields had seriously declined. But just at this time the state and the federal government were inaugurating a campaign of agricultural education. For a period the bureau stood by and

watched, until its men, returning to this region, reported that "conditions are markedly improved. Crop yields on most of the soils are now fairly satisfactory. There appears to be no problem of actual exhaustion of mineral plant-food elements, as a mere change in cultural methods has sufficed to increase the general productivity in from eight to ten years."

The abandoned farms of Merrimac County, New Hampshire, were the alarm of the state. The Legislature was considering an appropriation to systematize the reforestation threatened by nature. The men of the bureau went from farm to deserted farm, taking samples and analyzing the soils. But they discovered "no evidence of any general deterioration so far as the soils were concerned."

From Blue Earth County, Minnesota, the heart of a famous wheat area, came loud complaints that within a period of fifteen years the depletion of the soil had cut down crop yields to a third of their former luxuriance. The state records from 1874 to 1898 were searched. No fluctuations could be found, whether for individual counties or for the state as a whole, that were not clearly explained by seasonal variations in temperature and rainfall. Indeed, the highest single harvest for the state—an average of 18.5 bushels—was entered for 1896; while next to the lowest—9.5 bushels—dated back to the glorified period of 1876. Even Minnesota is not too young to have its Golden Age.

But what of the "poverty-stricken and even derelict soils" of New England and the East? Starting from 1876, the recorded average per acre yields of wheat in Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, and New York, taken together, show a steady rise, decade by decade, from 14.5 to a fraction over 20 bushels. The richest harvest for any single year was gathered in 1906, the last year considered by the bureau, when the average per acre yield of wheat went up to 22.4 bushels. Incidentally, this yield from the oldest of our American soils was the largest produced in any section of the country at any time during the forty years for which reliable statistics were available. The highest

single yield for the *wheat belt* states—taken as a group—Minnesota, Wisconsin, Michigan, Iowa, Illinois, Nebraska, Kansas, and Missouri, was 16.4, the harvest of 1902.

Land values in the rural sections of the East have suffered a marked decline. "But," observes the United States Bureau of Soils, "so far as wheat may be taken as a guide, this has not been due to the wearing out of the soils. The explanation must be sought in changed economic conditions."

And is it not possible that "changed and changing economic conditions" are accountable for the rumors about the declining fertility of the Western lands which have circulated so briskly since the recent spectacular exodus of American farmers to the Canadian northwest? I traveled recently through the Middle Western States from which a considerable part of this emigration started. On one grimy, slow-moving train I fell in with a party of ex-Iowans returning home for a visit.

"It does seem good to get back East again!" they exclaimed over and over again. "No land like this up in Canada. Why, up there you look out of the window, and there ain't a thing in sight; and next morning you look again, and there's a town. But what the towns live on when they get 'em built beats me! The land ain't in it with Ioway. Why didn't I stay here, to start with? Where would you get land to stay on? Who's selling land 'round here? Settin' tight? Sure! Ain't many that 'll sell to their own son. Everybody's looking for a rise, and gettin' it, too!"

At a fishing lake in Wisconsin I met a retired farmer who owned two farms in Illinois. Work them? Did I know what hard work farming was? Sell them? What for, when you could get Swedish tenants to work them on the half-and-half crop-sharing plan?

Incessant questioning during a journey of thousands of miles brought me in touch with not a single farmer who had given up a Western farm because the "land was worn out." The swing of migration over the edge of the prairies is part of a great, slow milling round of the farming population under economic pressure. Poten-

tial settlers are still eddying out across the Middle West, where the high price of land keeps most of them who are not content to be renters moving on and on. The Rockies split them into two currents—a relatively small stream into Canada, and a wide, strong river that swings down into Oklahoma and Arkansas, circles across the thinly worked lands of the South, and is then slowly sucked back into the agricultural vacuum of the East and New England. For these older regions dotted with abandoned farms are ripe for resettlement. Skilled European peasants, by a close application of brains and labor to specialized crops, are getting good values from soils that our easy-going, quick-profit-loving American stock has not taken the trouble to master. The dean of a Western agricultural college recently bought land for his son in Connecticut, because he believed that under a more stable and intensive agricultural practice even New England offers bigger returns than the freshly broken prairies of Canada.

Before this accumulation of facts the popular superstition that soils necessarily wear out with cropping is giving way to the far sounder view that intelligent cultivation is to the soils what exercise is to the human body. The crop records of Europe immensely strengthen this impression.

Take Italy, for example. Her soils were celebrated for their fertility more than two thousand years ago. Cato, Vergil, and Horace prized agriculture above all other arts; and Pliny put together a series of maxims that show a truer insight into the essentials of agricultural practice than the teaching of many of our present-day experts.

The soils of Italy were under intensive cultivation before the birth of Christ; but after all these years of constant cropping they remain among the most productive in the world. In 1908, Italy's harvest of cereals alone was five times that of New York, though her area is but twice as great. Counting her systematically cropped forests, eighty-four per cent. of her territory is worked by men and women who understand the uses of their land as thoroughly as a mechanic understands his tools.

In France, too, the soils have improved with cultivation. Back in the days of Napoleon her average per acre yield of wheat was 12.5 bushels; it was more than 20 in 1905. In the same period her per acre production of barley rose from 14.9 to 24, of rye from 10.6 to 16.8, of oats from 17.5 to 32. And it is interesting to note that the great increase in the yield of cereal crops in France occurred before 1860—before the vast potash deposits of Germany or the phosphates of South Carolina had entered into commerce.

Go from France and Italy to Belgium and Holland and Germany, to Austria and Hungary and down to the Black Sea, and still the story of the crop records is always the same; the longer the history of cropping, the higher the yield of the harvests.

And yet we had been led to believe that the earth beneath our feet was an inanimate mixing-bowl, out of which plants ate as cattle feed from the trough! What was not put in could obviously not be taken out; and since chemical analysis proved that plants do absorb mineral plant-food elements, the bowl must quite as obviously run empty unless we poured back as much as the crops took out. Has this not been the substance of the traditional science of soil control? Measure the mineral content of the earth's crust; measure the amount absorbed by the crops; and, so guided, play safe by replacing in the mixing-bowl just a little more than the crops remove.

There is no doubt that under certain conditions the method has worked. There are authentic records of soils that have given increased yields under forced feeding with nitrogen or phosphorus or potash or lime. But the same soils, similarly fertilized, do not produce equal crops year after year, and it is well known that poor, scrawny crops often remove more of the mineral plant-food elements than good crops. Indeed, certain soils, bulging and overfed with the mineral plant foods, are as unproductive as middle-aged men overfed and logy with auto-intoxication. The improvement of soils under culture, as shown by the crop records of America and Europe, gives rise to the question



GENERAL VIEW OF ONE OF THE LABORATORIES—UNITED STATES BUREAU OF SOILS

as to whether the soil is indeed a dead mixing-bowl, or an organism having hitherto unperceived likenesses to the body of man; whether cultivation may not be to the crop-bearing earth what exercise and air are to human beings; whether there may not be laws of hygiene and sanitation quite as applicable to the control of the soil's health as we have found them to be to mankind. May there not take place in the soil biochemical processes similar to those which produce toxic conditions in animals, and requiring, not more food, but definite anti-toxins such as those we now successfully use to combat typhoid and diphtheria? And may not the benefits of mineral fertilizers be due quite as much to their effects as anti-toxins as to their plant-food values?

This, in part, is the conclusion reached by the United States Bureau of Soils. The bureau holds that the rocks of the earth are an inexhaustible source of the mineral plant-food elements, and that under the operation of sun and wind and rain, and of the microscopic rock-reducing organisms, such as algæ,

lichens, fungi, and bacteria, soils are constantly in process of formation and reformation, drawing from the rocks a perpetually renewed supply of the mineral elements upon which plants feed. But upon this dead, though far from inert, mineral matter, there is gradually but unceasingly being superimposed a layer of organic matter—the top-soil, or humus—which, while it makes up hardly more than three per cent. of the soil's total volume, still determines the productive difference between soils. “For”—to let the bureau speak for itself—“the soil has vital functions. It cannot be considered as the dead, inert remains of rocks and previous vegetation. It is not dead, but is endowed with functions analogous to those of life itself. In it go on the same processes of solution and deposition that have taken place in past ages in connection with the geologic action upon the rocks and minerals in the earth's crust; the same chemical and physical interactions as those through which the movement of sub-surface waters generally have formed ore deposits; the same proc-



YIELD OF GARDEN PEASE AS AFFECTED BY SALICYLIC ALDEHYDE

The two piles at the left show normal yield; those at right show yield from soil containing salicylic aldehyde

esses of fermentation, digestion, and decay of organic materials as those that take place in animals and plants through the agency of enzymes, bacteria, fungi, and molds."

The oxidation and reduction that play such an enormous part in all the processes of life are equally at work in the soil. Organic matter is the food of all the micro-organisms in the soil, of the bacteria, molds, protozoa, that abound there, as they do in the human body. It influences them favorably or unfavorably, as it does the higher plants and animals. They in time work reciprocal changes in the soil's organic debris—the accumulated remnants of plants, earthworms, insects, and animals, which life and death and war and wind and rain are perpetually strewing abroad and stamping down upon the earth's surface. And the mineral salts that go into the making of commercial fertilizers affect all of these life-processes and the living forms in the soil, producing physical, chemical, and bio-chemical changes of the greatest consequence to the soil's fertility, entirely irrespective of and in addition to their value as plant foods.

In the light of this knowledge, is it not fair to ask whether the infertility of soils may not be due to something in the soil that is injurious to plant growth rather than to the exhaustion of the mineral plant-food elements? And if we could discover what this something is, might we not be in a position to do for the health of the soil and the control of its productive powers what

modern chemistry and bacteriology have done for the health and productive efficiency of mankind? This *something* has for more than a decade been the object of most painstaking and skilful search by the chemical experts of the United States Bureau of Soils, a search which during the past half-dozen years has been rewarded by discoveries of first-rate importance to the future of agricultural science.

Knowing the origin of the soil, the bureau had before it, as possible organic compounds, all plant constituents, all compounds of animal origin, together with their degradation products. But what these compounds actually were, into what secondary products they "broke down," or what effects, good or evil, they might have upon the growth of crops, generations of experts in agricultural chemistry had never revealed. The search was begun in total darkness.

In the face of their inexperience, these pioneers into the wilderness of science had to work out entirely new methods of experimentation, and to invent novel appliances for chemical research. Plants take up through their roots only such matter as they can dissolve in their fluid-sap—that is, only such things as are soluble in water. Obviously, then, compounds to hurt or help plant growth must be soluble in water from which it should be possible to isolate them. But at most they would occur only in very small quantities, so that the old methods used in isolating the mineral plant-food ele-

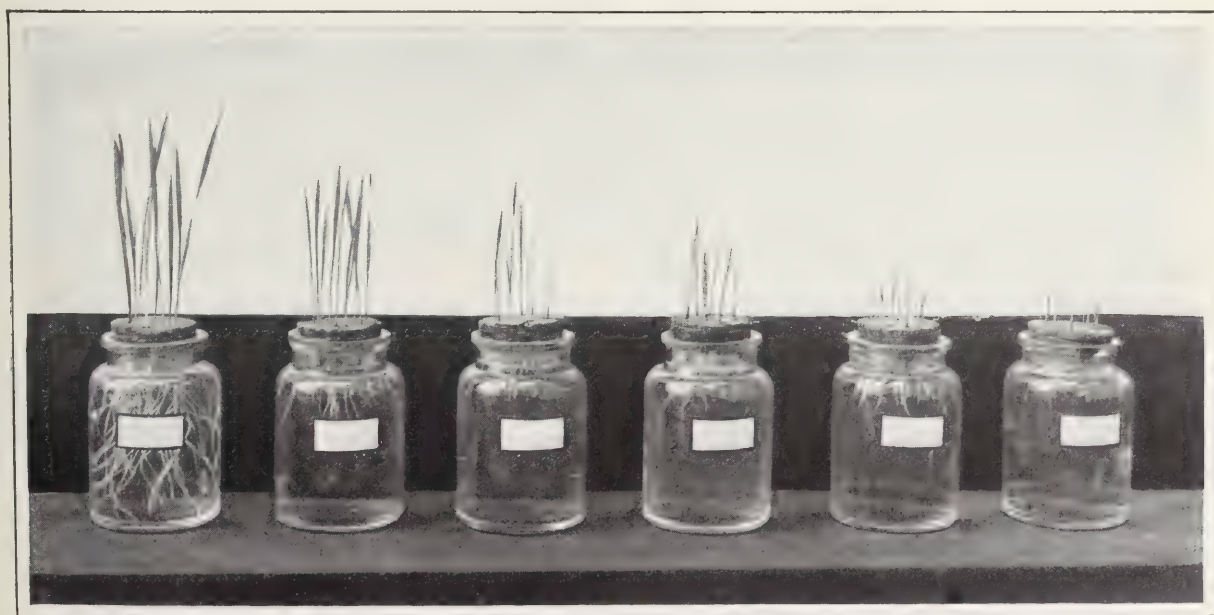
ments, which for analytical purposes occur in sufficient quantities in a few pounds of earth, had to be abandoned. Instead of a few pounds, as much as a ton of earth had to be put into solution to get enough of the compound or compounds—depending upon whether the *something* was singular or plural—for unequivocal identification. In its laboratories at Washington the bureau devised huge caldrons and revolving cylinders in which soil in large amounts is dissolved with distilled water, as butter is churned in the great steam-turned vats of the modern creameries. Metal vessels like gigantic soup-kettles hold liquid mud in diverse stages of dilution. Chemists and investigators are at work here and there at retorts, vacuum driers, stills, and extractors. The whole place smells like a spring day after a soaking rain. And in the last of the laboratory rooms is the glassed cabinet containing in sterile phials the thirty-six organic compounds, powerful for good and evil, which have rewarded the bureau's search. Through the isolation of these compounds, and especially through the experimental study of the good and evil effects of certain of them upon plant growth, a new world of infinite possibilities has been opened to the science of soil control.

The first soil to be examined for

poisonous organic compounds—for toxins injurious to plant growth—was taken from Takoma Park, Maryland. It was an exceedingly infertile soil, and did not readily respond to treatment either with stable manure—which is rich in organic matter, but contains comparatively little mineral plant food—or with commercial fertilizers, which are entirely mineral. The initial chemical analysis showed an abundance of the mineral plant-food elements. Observation both in the field and in the laboratory indicated that something other than the lack of plant foods was the cause of infertility. It was clearly a case of a sick soil. What ailed it? What was the true diagnosis? What was the remedy?

After an elaborate process of mixing, filtering, analysis and reanalysis, the bureau finally isolated a white crystalline substance which was identified as picoline carboxylic acid. But a series of experiments on wheat seedlings—the guinea-pigs of plant pathology—proved that picoline carboxylic acid was not sufficiently injurious in the small amounts existing in the soil to explain the soil's infertility.

What, then, was the true explanation? Picoline carboxylic acid may be derived from another compound, uvi-tonic acid, by the separation from it of



EFFECT OF VARYING AMOUNTS OF SALICYLIC ALDEHYDE ON WHEAT PLANTS

The plant on the left is normal; the other five bottles contain increasing amounts of salicylic aldehyde

carbon dioxide. Uvitic acid is the direct ancestor of picoline carboxylic acid in the line of chemical disintegration. It is very harmful to the growth of plants. Soils, therefore, containing merely picoline carboxylic acid may be said to be in a state of convalescence.

Following this cue, the bureau went back to the beginning of its search for the cause of Takoma Park's infertility. By adopting new methods of solution and precipitation, it discovered still another compound, dihydroxystearic acid. But before testing the effect of this newly discovered compound upon the growth of plants, the bureau analyzed five other infertile soils—one from Virginia, one from Indiana, two from Pennsylvania, and one from Tennessee. Four of the five contained dihydroxystearic acid.

The Tennessee field, from which the largest proportion of the compound came, had been cropped for fifteen years, principally to cotton. On one area, about fifty yards square, from which the analyzed sample was taken, the plants developed not more than from one-fourth to one-half the average size, and produced few bolls. Where vacancies had occurred in the cotton rows, corn had been planted; but the stalks came up spindly and failed to form good ears. A water extract of this soil proved a poor medium for the growth of wheat seedlings.

Then came the wider tests of the effect of dihydroxystearic acid on plant growth. It was found that a solution containing only one hundred parts in the million reduced the power of the plants to transpire moisture to less than one-fourth of normal, and cut their green weight in two. Not only was it manifestly injurious, but in the course of a short time it killed the plants exposed to its action.

Here was at least one of the causes of infertility in soils such as that of Takoma Park, where there could be no question of insufficient mineral plant food. Where did the poison come from, and how was it to be controlled?

The origin of dihydroxystearic acid is not yet conclusively established, but it seems probable that it is associated with fungi and molds. Its control,

however, is no longer a mystery. It is easily changed into harmless compounds by oxidation, its very existence in the soil depending upon poor oxidation: improper drainage and careless plowing—as tuberculosis flourishes in dark, ill-ventilated rooms. When the soil samples containing it were kept in the greenhouse under conditions of good aeration, it disappeared after a few weeks and left the soil greatly improved for plant growth. Plowing, drainage, liming, and the application of good organic manures, such as stable-dung, are the most important factors in promoting oxidation. All of which goes far to explain why the oldest soils of America and Europe have actually improved under close and intelligent cultivation.

The bureau turned its attention to another class of infertile soils—rich garden and greenhouse materials which had been extensively cropped for long periods, and heavily manured and fertilized, but which, nevertheless, gradually lost their crop-bearing power. The first soil of this sort to be studied was that of the flower-garden at Mount Vernon, a brown, mellow loam, which had been liberally manured for years, and yet was not flourishing. Upon chemical analysis this soil yielded a soluble yellow oil that was recognized as salicylic aldehyde. Was this injurious to plants? Nobody knew. During the half-century and more since Liebig established the science of agricultural chemistry, the experts have so largely concentrated their attention upon the mineral plant-food elements and the exploitation of commercial fertilizers that they have naïvely overlooked the organic matter of the soil which is its most vital and significant constituent. The bureau began its tests.

Ten parts in the million reduced the growth of wheat seedlings a third; fifty parts killed them. Ten parts in the million stunted the growth of corn seedlings; two hundred parts killed them. The aldehyde had practically the same effect upon cow-peas, cabbage, and rice. From plants grown in water solutions the bureau went to plants grown in pots, and then to the open field—always with the same results. Small



TESTING ORGANIC SOIL COMPOUNDS IN THE GREENHOUSE

amounts of salicylic aldehyde hurt growing plants; from one to two hundred parts in the million killed them.

The study was extended to seventy-four other garden, greenhouse, and field soils, long used and heavily manured, about half of which were in good condition, the other half productively poor. With three exceptions it was in the poor soils, whether from garden, greenhouse, or field, that the aldehyde was found. Here, then, was another compound that acted as a poison to growing plants. What anti-toxin would neutralize it?

One after another, various fertilizer ingredients were tried, but, so far, all that is known is that "there is some evidence that lime and phosphate ameliorate its effects." The aldehydes are reducing agents—that is, they tend to absorb oxygen from whatever they happen to be near. They themselves can readily be oxidized, and so rendered harmless. Again the problem seems to be not one of forced feeding or the use of drug stimulants, but air, light, deep plowing, intensive cultivation, exercise — suggesting further interesting

analogies with modern medical practice. Such soils are sick. Open the windows of the fields, let in the air and sunlight to the roots of the plants, and the oxygen will cleanse the poisons from the air they breathe and from the soil solution from which they feed. As with the destructive uvitonic acid that breaks down into the relatively harmless picoline carboxylic acid, the remedy is not a drug, even though it be persuasively called a plant food, but brains, understanding, and the energy to properly work the soil.

But there is no warrant for becoming obsessed with the idea of plant toxins; for just as the organic matter in the soil in the process of reduction into its chemical elements may break down into plant-poisoning compounds, so, too, it may change into compounds that are either neutral or positively beneficial. One of the important recent discoveries of the bureau is the compound called creatinine, because it creates growth quite as definitely as dihydroxystearic acid prevents it.

Creatinine is able to do the work of nitrates in aiding plant growth and crop

production. "The most beneficial manures," says the bureau, "are, under normal conditions, those of organic origin, and the presence of such directly beneficial compounds as creatinine in well-rotted stable manure, and in green manures such as cow-peas, goes far toward explaining why these manures are, as a rule, more beneficial than equivalent amounts of fertilizer in the purely mineral forms."

The origin of this valuable aid to plant growth and metabolism remained for a time in doubt, because creatinine had hitherto been known only as an animal derivative, probably resulting from the breaking down of albumen. But experiments showed that when wheat seedlings are grown in water, creatinine appears in it; that it appears in water in which grains of wheat are soaked; in wheat seedlings themselves; in wheat bran; in the seeds of rye, clover, alfalfa; in corn, pease, and potatoes, and also in the soils where these plants are grown. Apparently creatinine and its near kinsman, creatine, exist in a slight quantity in most vegetable matter, and pass, by the decay of plants, direct cell sloughing, and osmosis, from plants into water and the soil, producing favorable effects upon the next following crops. The bureau's tests show that the addition of creatinine to wheat cultures in the ratio of fifty parts to the million will increase plant growth more than a third.

Nor is creatinine the only compound beneficial to plants revealed by the bureau's pioneering researches. Already there have been discovered at

least five others that, in their different ways, help plants to live and flourish. Dr. Oswald Schreiner, Chief of the Division of Soil Fertility Investigations at Washington, has formulated the theory that these degradation products of protein are absorbed directly from

the soil. It takes considerable energy for a plant to reduce nitrate, which is a highly oxidized form of nitrogen, to a form that can be absorbed. What is more reasonable than to suppose that the unit parts in complex protein molecules, when presented to plants in such form as creatinine, will be used by them in preference to the same sort of units that they would otherwise have to take from the nitrates in the soil at the cost of great energy to themselves?

The United States Bureau of Soils has now

isolated thirty-seven organic compounds, none of which had previously been known to exist in the soil. Its patient work has slowly transformed our knowledge of the soil, and we begin to perceive that it is a highly complex organism, with vital functions akin to those by which we ourselves live and breathe, perpetually changing, a crucible, like the stomach of animals, where organic compounds are formed and reduced and where the mineral plant-food elements are transformed as they are in the course of human metabolism.

These discoveries are no summons to waste the mineral content of the soil, or to neglect the use of mineral fertilizers. They are a call to the intelligence of the farmer, a cry for self-reliance and discriminating cultivation.



EFFECT OF DIHYDROXYSTEARIC ACID ON WHEAT

The plant on the right is normal

Harvest

BY DANA BURNET

THERE was a schooner came ashore this fall;
A graceful thing flung on the bar and slain,
With draggled gear, her stays about her trucks
Like blown hair, . . . and her beauty all in vain.

She floundered through the spray with crumpled wings,
A gray bird smothered in a leaping doom.
We huddled there at dawn to see her die,
A circle of white faces in the gloom.

There was a cold light reaping in the east,
A slow scythe cutting at the field of stars,
And wind to beat a strong man down. We stood
Watching five dots that specked her tossing spars.

Five human souls. . . . We saw the sea reach up
And pluck at them with great white-fingered hands—
Three times the life-boat thrust against the surf;
The sea laughed loud . . . and broke it on the sands.

So there was nothing more to do. The end
Came as the sun burst through its iron clouds.
The racked ship staggered, reeled, and disappeared—
The flung spume served the dead men as their shrouds.

And then, clear-voiced, the village church-bell sang
Above the wind and sea. . . . We had forgot
What day it was. Now suddenly we turned
Together toward the house where death is not.

No word was spoken, yet we all went in
To the still aisles and knelt upon the floor.
A man was there, a drunkard and a thief,
One who had never been in church before.

He kneeled beside us, twisting his red hands,
A startled glory in his sodden eyes. . . .
I thought of five men silent in the sea
That one might bring his soul to paradise.

Malady Aforethought

BY HOWARD BRUBAKER



RANNY was a cog in a perfect machine.

"The Dukes family is like a clock," said old Mr. Jennings to Ranny and his parents as he stopped for a chat one evening on the front porch. (Mr. Jennings lived across the street and did not work much any more except at sprinkling the lawn and taking care of a safe sorrel horse named Nellie.) "Mrs. Jennings puts on the teakettle by you. Tom Dukes is the big hand and Ranny is the little hand. Now and then," he added to mother, "we catch a glimpse of *you*, and we know *you* are the pendulum that keeps it all going steadily."

At this moment the baby broke into violent protest somewhere within the house.

"We're an alarm-clock," said father, and everybody laughed except the pendulum, which swung toward the bedroom.

But that conversation was six months deep in oblivion, and now, in February, Ranny trudged to school and back twice daily, unconscious of the fact that he was one of the eternal verities. Miss Edith Mills, who was enjoying his society for the second year because she had two classes in one room, approved of his record just as she indorsed the North Star for its negative virtue of constancy, but it never occurred to her to mention the matter publicly. If it had not been for the case of Bud Hicks, who sat next him, Randolph Harrington Dukes might never have learned that he was one with the ebb and flow of the tides and the precession of the equinoxes.

Miss Mills broke the news to the class one forenoon before the school was dismissed. They would all be sorry, she knew, to hear of the serious illness of a schoolmate: Raymond Hicks had taken diphtheria and was very ill. He would

probably get well, but it would be a long, long time before he could come back to school. They should all be sorry for Raymond, especially since his little friends could not go to see him, as his disease was catching. And nobody should make a noise near Raymond's home.

Even in this moment of sensation Ranny could not help noting the contrast between the teacher's tone to-day and that of last week when Bud had been proven guilty of putting her overshoes in the waste-basket. Bud had somehow acquired dignity and standing along with diphtheria.

On the way home Ranny was reveling in the companionship of Tom Rucker, as was his custom except when that befreckled humorist was kept in by capacious authority. There was a rare sedateness in the home-going group that cold, snowless noontime; not only had Miss Mills's solemn announcement affected the spirits of the boys, but Bud's illness had removed one of the school's most prominent ruffians.

"Bud could sling awful straight," said Tom, in the tone of one suddenly discovering virtues in the departed. This tribute had the desired effect upon Ranny.

"I 'speck he's purty sick," he replied.

"I had chicken-pox one time," said Tom. "I was outa school two weeks."

"That's nothin'. I had scarlet fever 'nd had to stay home the rest of the term—had my hair shingled off 'nd ever'thing." This boast, alas! was not Ranny's, but that of "Fatty" Hartman, a youth of considerable girth and apparently glowing health who had just fallen into step.

"Yes, you did," said Ranny.

"Betcha a million dollars."

This modest wager was promptly accepted; if it had involved something of tangible value, like a squirt-gun or three cents, Ranny would have consid-



"THAT'S NOTHIN'; I HAD SCARLET FEVER 'ND HAD TO STAY HOME THE REST OF THE TERM"

ered the matter seriously before betting on "Fatty's" health history. As it was, the argument attracted other historical invalids, among them "Colly" Collander, who claimed to have been out of school with the mumps; and "Tinny" Maloney, who had enjoyed a broken leg. Clarence Raleigh tried to break into this distinguished company with a sore throat, but was only laughed at because his alleged illness had only kept him home two days; that was practically the same as remaining well.

And Ranny? Poor Ranny tried to bluster his way through by doubting everybody's word, but as the returns kept coming in he was gradually reduced to silence. In the evening after school he accompanied the crowd around to Bud's street, where all enjoyed a clear but distant view of the diphtheria sign, but he had no heart for the entertainment, and went home feeling like one of the submerged tenth.

For as far back as written history went Ranny had been a perfectly healthy boy. There was a tradition in

the family that he had whooped a great deal during his third year; and he himself dimly remembered an unpleasant period in his still-tender youth that was labeled "measles." These ailments, however, were wasted upon the preschoolastic period before statistics began. Now that he had attained to his ninth year and a practical working knowledge of long division (but not *too* long), there was nothing that he could call attention to with any degree of pride. And here was Bud Hicks, a person who was known to get a whipping every time he brought his deportment-card home, suddenly acquiring prestige and amnesty through an easily contracted malady. Bud would get well, of course; but note this—it would be a long, long time before he could come back to school. Upon reflection, Ranny was not sure that Miss Mills had not used three "longs."

He touched upon the matter as he was drying the supper dishes—a nightly task for which he received a compensation of ten cents a week.

"Mother," he asked, "how does boys git sick?"

"Be careful with that glass!" Presently mother went on, less fluently but more to the point: "Why—there are lots of things that cause sickness. You might eat green apples, or get your feet wet, or break an arm, or—" Here mother switched to precept by example: "Raymond Hicks caught it; he went near somebody who had diphtheria. You got the measles that way when you were little."

Thrilling a little at the free use of the intimate second person, Ranny pursued the subject further.

"How does it feel to be sick?"

"Thank goodness you don't know!" mother responded, fervently. "You have pains and fevers and you have to stay in bed all day, and keep away from school, and eat only special things."

If mother thought she was painting a revolting picture of disease and pestilence, she greatly overrated her powers. As he lay in his bed that night Ranny's mind played hungrily with the idea of not having to get up in the morning, of staying home from school, and of eating exclusive dishes. He conjured up thrilling little scenes: the teacher's announcement; Josie Kendal looking with awe at the vacant seat behind hers and wishing she had treated its late owner with more respect; boys meeting each other and saying, "He's purty sick," and recounting matters of interest about the stricken one—his guinea-pigs, his letters from the post-office, how he once almost ran away from home. Tom Rucker would be bowed down with loneliness and would renounce frivolous pleasures like wiggling his ears. Before he slept Ranny resolved that a way must be found of breaking himself of this monotonous habit of health.

His first attempt was impulsive and ill-advised; he did not devote to it that care and thought with which one should approach new duties. Mother had been tying his morning necktie and had given it that final pat which was a token of dismissal.

"I don't wanta go ta school to-day," Ranny found courage to say. "I don't feel sa very well."

Mother looked at him with astonishment not unmingled with apprehension. Ranny had never before tried to evade the processes of education, and of course there *was* diphtheria in town. She laid her hand upon his forehead, looked at his tongue, commented briefly upon the normally hearty breakfast he had eaten, and finally sent him off into the cold world. Since he did not see the anxious eyes at the window as he went down the path, Ranny was convinced that as an invalid he was a total failure.

School did not restore his spirits. There was some disagreement between him and his teacher in the matter of the spelling of the word "thier," and he was made to appear in the wrong. Later he received dishonorable mention when he had done nothing but tell a little joke to Josie Kendal (who was amused too publicly). And then there was the announcement that their "dear schoolmate" seemed better to-day.

Ranny saw that he must concoct a plan that would hold water. As he searched the back yard for inspiration in the late afternoon, he reviewed mother's unwitting instructions to aspiring invalids. Getting his feet wet did not seem practical this cold, dry winter day; green apples were out of season (besides, they didn't hurt you if you ate them with salt). The back yard was poorly equipped with places to fall from and break an arm—there was something distasteful in that idea, anyway. He came to the conclusion that the simplest way was to catch things. He would read the evening papers for suggestions and pick out a disease to his taste—preferably lingering, but neither dangerous nor painful.

But the *Bulletin* that night seemed to have very little to offer. Old Mr. Thompson's rheumatism, so father said with an irreverent chuckle—this was in the sitting-room, after supper—was like that gentleman's money, not communicable.

"Why, son? Were you thinking of catching some rheumatism?"

Ranny always enjoyed father's good spirits, but he did not feel that he could invite his parents' co-operation in the present enterprise, because of their deep-seated prejudices.

If the situation became desperate, there was Bud's diphtheria to fall back upon; he could always go and catch that. This thought gave him a comfortable feeling like having money in the bank for a rainy day.

By Friday evening it seemed that the "rainy day" was imminent. Night after night he had searched the paper in vain for interesting complaints. There were no new epidemics, no contagious diseases, only unhelpful ailments. Now and then a person was confined to his home with a bad cold, a woman had survived an operation for appendicitis, but that was about all. Even Mr. Thompson's irrelevant rheumatism was better. And with a goading, insulting persistency Webber, the reliable druggist, kept offering to cure the human race of all manner of ills with fifty-cent packages and one-dollar bottles.

Day after day had come the bulletins of Bud's condition; and every afternoon youth dug into the dusty past and revealed horrible things. Ranny could see that he was suffering in public esteem; Tom Rucker himself had begun to treat him like a poor relation.

The friendship of Tom and Ranny had passed its first fervency and was in its dangerous second month. If he did not act quickly, Bud would get well and Ranny would be left high and dry on the hopeless shores of good health. Better have diphtheria, he thought, than no disease at all. The next day would be Saturday, and there would be plenty of time to catch things; by school-time Monday he would be bedridden.

Having resolved upon his course of action, he spent a most agreeable evening; he was especially careful about the dishes, and he got father's footstool without being asked even once. When he was on his bed of pain his parents would have nothing but the pleasantest recollections of his last hours of health. On the other hand, it seemed foolish to waste any time over the arithmetic lesson assigned for Monday.

In the morning Ranny disposed of an unusually hearty breakfast (the last for some time of the commonplace kind of food that parents and healthy people ate) and quietly removed his overcoat, cap, and mittens to the "secret den" in the woodshed in order that he might



A NIGHTLY TASK FOR WHICH HE RECEIVED A COMPENSATION OF TEN CENTS A WEEK

not take cold while on more important business. When mother was not looking he departed by the alley gate, not neglecting to take a last comprehensive look at the treasures he would not see for some time. Father, he hoped, would take good care of the guinea-pigs, but keep out of the "secret den" and not mix things up.

When Ranny reached the home of Bud Hicks he experienced a delicious thrill at the sight of the yellow sign, "Diphtheria"; the last time he had seen it—not then being bent on health suicide—he had run past, holding his breath. Now he walked boldly up to the side door and knocked as if he had come to borrow a cup of sugar instead of a germ.

Ranny had a fairly definite idea of asking to see the invalid, whom he would remember to speak of respectfully as

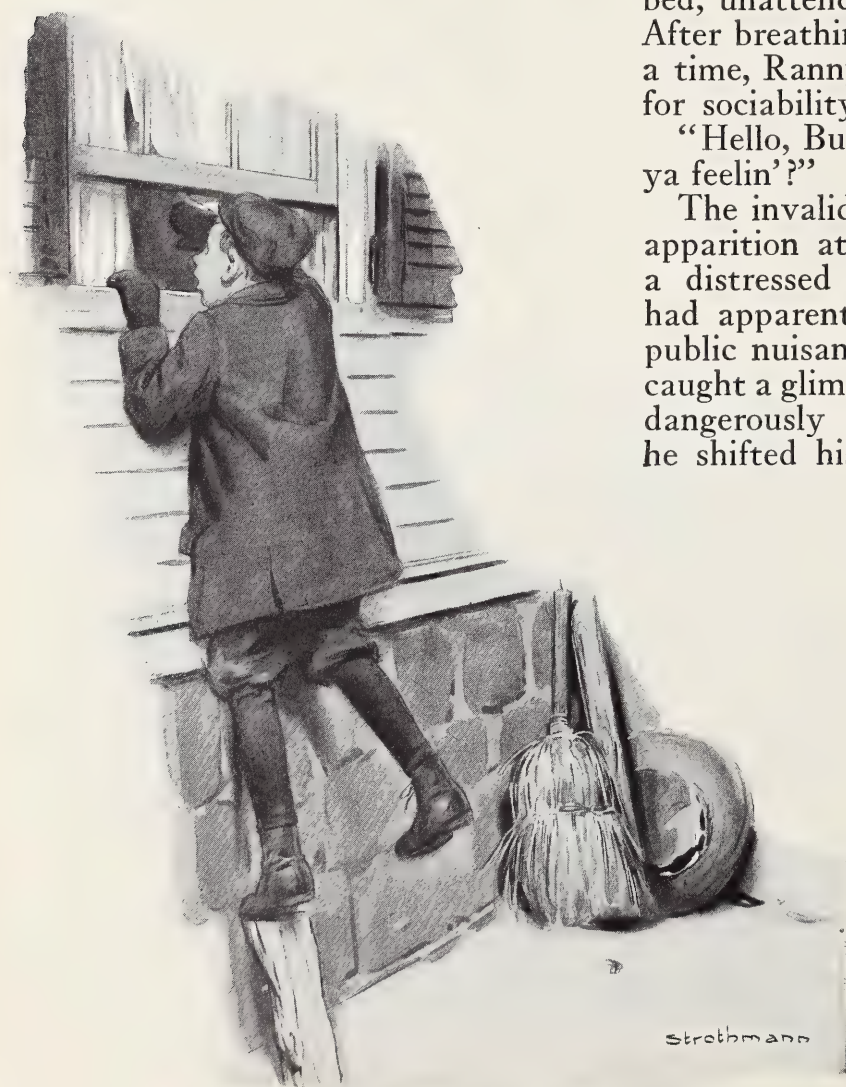
"Raymond." That he might actually be refused admittance did not occur to him; he assumed that if he elected to contract disease it was his own affair. The door opened, disclosing a cautious strip of Mrs. Hicks's face, and closed abruptly, leaving him hale and hearty in the open air. A moment later there were tappings on the side window and motions indicating clearly that he was to go away. Instead he retreated to the alley, where he collected his faculties for a flank movement toward the back yard. He knew which was Bud's window, because he had thrown pebbles at it on the morning of the last circus day. Fortunately it was partly open. With the aid of a piece of stove-wood placed against the house he raised himself to the level of the sill, where he could look in and assure himself of a working supply of microbes.

Sure enough, there was Bud in the bed, unattended and apparently asleep. After breathing the insalubrious air for a time, Ranny was seized with a desire for sociability.

"Hello, Bud!" he called out. "How ya feelin'?"

The invalid opened his eyes, saw the apparition at the window, and emitted a distressed cry for his mother; Bud had apparently taken his position as a public nuisance very seriously. Ranny caught a glimpse of Mrs. Hicks charging dangerously in his direction; then, as he shifted his balance, the wood went out from under his feet and the sick-room disappeared from view.

At night Ranny rolled and wallowed in his bed, nervously looking forward to the morrow. The bed was unaccountably lumpy, his elbow was bruised, and the white curtains waving in the little air-opening did an irritating ghost-dance until it seemed wisest not to look at the window any more. Except, of



THERE WAS BUD IN THE BED, UNATTENDED AND APPARENTLY ASLEEP



THEY FELT HIM OVER WITH CHILLY FINGERS AND MADE HIM SHOW HIS TONGUE

course, on Christmas eve, Ranny had never found it so hard to get to sleep—and what a difference between tomorrow and Christmas!

The day's events passed and repassed in unending procession, like an army of ten men on a stage—the trip to Bud's house, the stand at the window, the fall, the neighbor woman conducting him home (less concerned about his future than about the bread she had left in the oven), mother's frightened summons of the doctor, the smell of burning sulphur, the poking of foreign substances into his throat. Then a meager collation of milk and toast, an afternoon in bed with a growing realization that good sliding was being wasted upon unworthy persons, and now this—a bumpy bed, a window curtain that "acted up," and parents coming in occasionally to feel his forehead. Then the whole thing over again. As for tomorrow, Ranny began to wonder whether, considering mother's anxiety and all, it wouldn't be better if he could get up sound and well.

The rest of his ruminating Ranny did in the bright morning light. To his surprised relief he had no unusual sensations. If he were any judge of things, he could easily jump up, slip in by the coal-stove, and dress. Just as he was gathering courage to leave the warm bed his parents began to take a hand in his affairs. They felt him over, as parents will, with chilly fingers, made him show his tongue, and asked him whether it hurt him to swallow. Presently, although all signs showed him to be as robust as "Fatty" Hartman, they ordered him to lie still until it was time for milk and toast. This programme was adhered to in spite of his assertion that he had had all the sleep and milk and toast his system craved.

It was after this alleged breakfast that Ranny faced his real ordeal—a heart-to-heart talk with father. Approaching the subject with a leisurely Sunday air, father began asking queer and unrelated questions like, "Isn't Bud Hicks a fine boy?" and, "How would you like it if you had to stay home from

school?" Before Ranny was aware of the purport of these questions he had made some damaging admissions—in fact, father's campaign of exposure soon laid his plot pretty bare. It was decreed that Ranny was to stay in bed, although the day was a notably fine one, and father would have been glad for youthful company in a walk down to the post-office and perhaps a look at the lake to see how the ice was getting on. For dinner Ranny was to have milk and toast, but, unfortunately, none of the fried chicken which he understood mother was preparing. This was not wholly calamitous because there would be just as much more for those who enjoyed good health.

"Ain't I goin' ta have anything to eat?" asked Ranny, who had by this time ceased to regard milk and toast in the light of provender.

"Yes," father replied, cheerfully. "The doctor says that this evening, if all goes well, you may have some nice orange juice."

Ranny searched father's face, but saw only pity there. Realizing that the day was lost, he turned his thoughts toward the future.

"Must I be sick to-morrow?"

"We'll see how you feel in the morning."

It was a hungry, lingering day of brown, bitter medicine, delicious dinner-time odors, and of father's exasperating new enthusiasm over the beauties of nature. In a world of fried chicken and sunshine and peaceful Sunday sounds Ranny lay in a narrow bed, seeking impossible passageways through the entangled flowers on the wall-paper—a most profitless pursuit. Night brought the relief of darkness and a firm resolution that in the morning he would dress, demand a hearty and civilized breakfast, and go to school. He had all the sickness, real or approximate, that he needed.

In the morning there were further thumpings and explorations, a consultation outside the door, carried on with unseemly levity, and finally he was allowed to get up. A breakfast followed, the memory of which did much to sustain him through the difficult day—a self-respecting collation of ham and eggs

and pancakes and fried potatoes. Journeying toward school, he found that the air was of that crisp, cold variety that makes long-unused legs go skipping and hopping uncontrollably and hunting places to slide. Miss Mills greeted him with unusual warmth and was complacent about his unprepared number-work. This was evidence that she had not heard about his escapade, his violation of her express commands about going near Bud's house.

Just before the noon adjournment the teacher made her usual announcement about the satisfactory progress of the dear schoolmate; then, with a fine feeling for climaxes, unveiled her great surprise.

"We should all be glad," said Miss Mills, "to see Randolph Dukes with us to-day." Josie Kendal, with a sort of reflex defensive movement, pulled her brown pig-tail over her shoulder to safety. There were thumpings in Ranny's chest and a desire to disappear into the floor, as is sometimes done in moving pictures. "On Saturday Ranny went to Raymond's window and looked in. Of course he shouldn't have done this, no matter how much he wanted to see his little playmate" (embarrassment here aggravated by a slight snicker from "Fatty" Hartman), "but, fortunately, Raymond has passed the most dangerous period, and Ranny is here safe and sound without having to miss school."

Here followed a surprising eulogium upon Ranny's exemplary record. Miss Mills, who had looked up the facts in his career, announced sensationally that he had not been absent or tardy since he began going to school. "I doubt," she concluded, dramatically, "if there is another such record in Lakeville."

For a moment Ranny floated in a haze of delicious embarrassment; then as the pupils filed out he came down to earth with an uncomfortable jolt. What would the boys say about his new honors? He had never openly admitted that he had not missed a day in school. Praise from the teacher was by no means a straight road to popularity—in fact, it often gave rise to a very objectionable epithet.

So, not caring to risk the uncertain verdict of his peers, Ranny left the other



JOSIE KENDAL, WITH A SORT OF REFLEX DEFENSIVE MOVEMENT, PULLED HER BROWN PIG-TAIL TO SAFETY

pupils at the school-house gate and hurried home, where he was sure his merits would be appreciated. And barring the time required to fall down and get up again at the slippery place in front of Mrs. Leonard's candy-store, he arrived home at the earliest possible moment.

"Mother," he exclaimed as he burst into the house, "I've never been absent or tardy—or anything! Miss Mills says it's the best record in Lakeville—mebbe!"

Mother greeted this information with a flushed and joyful face, and if she had any troublesome memories about his two recent attempts upon that record she was tactful enough to conceal them.

"I'm glad my boy likes school so much," she said.

"Ain't you glad I'm so well an' healthy?"

Presumably mother thought that squeezing a person very tight and making it difficult for him to breathe was equivalent to a reply in the affirmative.

Father, also, was gratified by the new honor that had come to his home, but

was inclined to give some credit to mother and some to heredity.

"The Dukeses were always a healthy lot," he concluded. "They couldn't be sick if they *wanted* to." Whether there was any especial meaning to this remark, Ranny could not be sure. But, after all, parents can be expected to back up teachers, even when right. Again—what about the rising generation? Could he avoid them until they had forgotten about his exploit? Or should he try?

A boy's prestige is a thing of gossamer, capricious as the wind. If Bud Hicks could have been there in person at the mid-afternoon recess to set the tone of the conversation, Ranny might have gone down to disgrace with the brand of "teacher's pet." Or if Tom Rucker had been apprehended as the author of the paper wad which struck South America in the Tropic of Capricorn and had been kept in at recess, the day might have been ruined. As it was, Tom justified his friendship for Ranny and put it upon an enduring basis.

"I bet," he said to that part of the universe which surrounded the school-house pump, "Ranny Dukes is the healthiest fella here."

"*I'm* a healthy fella," said "Fatty" Hartman.

"Yah!" Ranny sneered. "Didn't ya have scarl't fever? Didn't ya git y'r hair shingled 'nd stay outa school? Ya said so y'r *own* self—didn't he, Tom? didn't he, 'Colly'?"

"Fatty" was convicted and had water poured upon him by the wit who held the dipper. At this point in the history of Lakeville, ill-health went out of style.

"I was only out of school two days,"

Clarence Raleigh said. But that youth, who had been blackballed by the chronic invalids, also failed to get into the good-health class.

"Ya all git sick." The wave of Ranny's arm comprehended most of the solar system.

"I betcha," said Tom, opening up new and beautiful vistas, "Ranny ain't afraid a nuthin'."

On the following Saturday a member of the alien (and therefore inferior) race of East-Warders was publicly chastised by a casual acquaintance of the new hero for alleging that Ranny was afraid to swallow a nail.

The Brave

BY FLORENCE EARLE COATES

IT is not the desert lonely,
Nor at the mast-head o'er the wave,
Nor with the climbing fire ascending
Imperiled life to save;
Nor on the battlefield, that only
Are found the brave!

Ah, no! Unmarked, pain's passion-flowers,
Through nights intolerably deep,
They bind in silence; mutely praying—
Enduring, not to keep
Their watchers wearying through the hours—
But let them sleep.

Through all the winter chill, ere morning,
O'er many a frozen trail, I wis,
Fighting their course, that waiting children
Life's nurture may not miss—
Against the blast they journey, scorning
As bitter kiss.

From light-towers sending forth at even
New hope, in place of old despair,
Toiling in mines, in factories toiling—
But, ah! why seek, why care
To name them o'er? The brave, thank Heaven!
Are everywhere!

A Wonderful World

BY JOHN BURROUGHS



SCIENCE recognizes a more fundamental world than that of matter. This is the electro-magnetic world which underlies the material world and which, as Professor Soddy says, probably completely embraces it, and has no mechanical analogy. To those accustomed only to the grosser ideas of matter and its motions, says the British scientist, this electro-magnetic world is as difficult to conceive of as it would be for us to walk upon air. Yet many times in our lives is this world in overwhelming evidence before us. During a thunder-storm we get an inkling of how fearfully and wonderfully the universe in which we live is made, and what energy and activity its apparent passivity and opacity mark. A flash of lightning out of a storm-cloud seems instantly to transform the whole passive universe into a terrible living power. This slow, opaque, indifferent matter about us and above us, going its silent or noisy round of mechanical and chemical change, ponderable, insensate, obstructive, slumbering in the rocks, quietly active in the soil, gently rustling in the trees, sweetly purling in the brooks, slowly, invisibly building and shaping our bodies—how could we ever dream that it held in leash such a sudden, terrible, spectacular thing as this of the forked lightning? If we were to see and hear it for the first time, would we not think that the Judgment Day had really come? that the great seals of the Book of Fate were being broken?

What an awakening it is! what a revelation! what a fearfully dramatic actor suddenly leaps upon the stage! Had we been permitted to look behind the scenes, we could not have found him; he was not there, except potentially; he was born and equipped in a twinkling. One stride, and one word which shakes the house, and he is gone; gone as quick-

ly as he came. Look behind the curtain and he is not there. He has vanished more completely than any stage ghost ever vanished—he has withdrawn into the innermost recesses of the atomic structure of matter, and is diffused through the clouds, to be called back again, as the elemental drama proceeds, as suddenly as before.

All matter is charged with electricity, either actual or potential; the sun is hot with it, and doubtless our own heartbeats, our own thinking brains, are intimately related to it; yet it is palpable and visible only in this sudden and extraordinary way. It defies our analysis, it defies our definitions; it is inscrutable and imponderable, yet it will do our errands, light our houses, cook our dinners, and pull our loads.

How humdrum and constant and prosaic the other forces—gravity, cohesion, chemical affinity, and capillary attraction—seem when compared with this force of forces, electricity! How deeply and quietly it slumbers at one time, how terribly active it becomes at another, bellowing through the heavens like an infuriated and destroying god!

The warring of the elements at such times is no figure of speech. What has so disturbed the peace of the elements, the electric equilibrium, as to make possible this sudden outburst, this steep incline in the stream of energy, this ethereal Niagara pouring from heaven to earth? Is a thunder-storm a display of the atomic energy of which the physicists speak, and which, were it available for our use, would do all the work of the world many times over?

How marvelous that the softest summer breeze or the impalpable currents of the calmest day can be torn asunder with such suddenness and violence, by the accumulated energy that slumbers in the imaginary atoms, as to give forth a sound like the rending of mountains or the detonations of earthquakes!

Electricity is the soul of matter. If Whitman's paradox is true that the soul and body are one, in the same sense the scientific paradox is true: that matter and electricity are one, and both are doubtless a phase of the universal ether—a reality which can be described only in terms of the negation of matter. In a flash of lightning we see pure disembodied energy—probably that which is the mainspring of the universe. Modern science is more and more inclined to find the explanation of all vital phenomena in electrical stress and change. We know that an electric current will bring about chemical changes otherwise impracticable. Nerve force, if not a form of electricity, is probably inseparable from it. Chemical changes equivalent to the combustion of fuel and the corresponding amount of available energy released have not yet been achieved outside of the living body without great loss. The living body makes a shortcut from fuel to energy, and this cuts out the wasteful process of the engine. What part electricity plays in this process is, of course, only conjectural.

Our daily lives go on for the most part in two worlds: the world of mechanical transposition and the world of chemical transformations, but we are usually conscious only of the former. This is the visible, palpable world of motion and change that rushes and roars around us in the winds, the storms, the floods, the moving and falling bodies, and the whole panorama of our material civilization; the latter is the world of silent, invisible, unsleeping, and all-potent chemical reactions that take place all about us and is confined to the atoms and molecules of matter, as the former is confined to its visible aggregates.

Mechanical forces and chemical affinities rule our physical lives, and indirectly our psychic lives as well. When we come into the world and draw our first breath, mechanics and chemistry start us on our career. Breathing is a mechanical, or a mechanico-vital, act; the mechanical principle involved is the same as that involved in the working of a bellows, but the oxidation of the blood when the air enters the lungs is a chemical act, or a chemico-vital act. The air gives up a part of its oxygen, which goes

into the arterial circulation, and its place is taken by carbonic-acid gas and watery vapor. The oxygen feeds and keeps going the flame of life, as literally as it feeds and keeps going the fires in our stoves and furnaces.

Hence our most constant and vital relation to the world without is a chemical one. We can go without food for some days, but we can exist without breathing only a few moments. Through these spongy lungs of ours we lay hold upon the outward world in the most intimate and constant way. Through them we are rooted to the air. The air is a mechanical mixture of two very unlike gases—nitrogen and oxygen; one very inert, the other very active. Nitrogen is like a cold-blooded, lethargic person—it combines with other substances very reluctantly and with but little energy. Oxygen is just its opposite in this respect: it gives itself freely; it is "Hail, fellow; well met!" with most substances, and it enters into co-partnership with them on such a large scale that it forms nearly one-half of the material of the earth's crust. This invisible gas, this breath of air, through the magic of chemical combination, forms nearly half the substance of the solid rocks. Deprive it of its affinity for carbon, or substitute nitrogen or hydrogen in its place, and the air would quickly suffocate us. That changing of the dark, venous blood in our lungs into the bright, red, arterial blood would instantly cease. Fancy the sensation of inhaling an odorless, non-poisonous atmosphere that would make one gasp for breath! We should be quickly poisoned by the waste of our own bodies. All things that live must have oxygen, and all things that burn must have oxygen. Oxygen does not burn, but it supports combustion.

And herein is one of the mysteries of chemistry again. This support which the oxygen gives is utterly unlike any support we are acquainted with in the world of mechanical forces. Oxygen supports combustion by combining chemically with carbon, and the evolution of heat and light is the result. And this is another mystery—this chemical union which takes place in the ultimate particles of matter and which is so radically different from a mechanical mixture. In

a chemical union the atoms are not simply in juxtaposition; they are, so to speak, inside of one another—each has swallowed another and lost its identity, an impossible feat, surely, viewed in the light of our experiences with tangible bodies. In the visible, mechanical world no two bodies can occupy the same place at the same time, but apparently in chemistry they can and do. An atom of oxygen and one of carbon, or of hydrogen, unite and are lost in each other; it is a marriage wherein the two or three become one. In dealing with the molecules and atoms of matter we are in a world wherein the laws of solid bodies do not apply; friction is abolished, elasticity is perfect, and place and form play no part. We have escaped from matter as we know it, the solid, fluid, or gaseous forms, and are dealing with it in its fourth or ethereal estate. In breathing, the oxygen goes into the blood, not to stay there, but to unite with and bring away the waste of the system in the shape of carbon, and re-enter the air again as one of the elements of carbonic-acid gas, CO_2 . Then the reverse process takes place in the vegetable world, the leaves breathe this poisonous gas, release the oxygen under the chemistry of the sun's rays, and appropriate and store up the carbon. Thus do the animal and vegetable worlds play into each other's hands. The animal is dependent upon the vegetable for its carbon, which it releases again, through the life processes, as carbonic-acid gas, to be again drawn into the cycle of vegetable life.

The act of breathing well illustrates our mysterious relations with Nature—the cunning way in which she plays the principal part in our lives without our knowledge. How certain we are that we draw the air into our lungs—that we seize hold of it in some way as if it were a continuous substance, and pull it into our bodies! Are we not also certain that the pump sucks the water up through the pipe, and that we suck our iced drinks through a straw? We are quite unconscious of the fact that the weight of the superincumbent air does it all, that breathing is only to a very limited extent a voluntary act. It is controlled by muscular machinery, but that machinery would not act in a vacuum. We

contract the diaphragm, or the diaphragm contracts under stimuli received through the medulla oblongata from those parts of the body which constantly demand oxygen, and a vacuum tends to form in the chest, which is constantly prevented by the air rushing in to fill it. The expansive force of the air under its own weight causes the lungs to fill, just as it causes the bellows of the blacksmith to fill when he works the lever, and the water to rise in the pump when we force out the air by working the handle. Another unconscious muscular effort under the influence of nerve stimulus, and the air is forced out of the lungs, charged with the bodily waste. But the wonder of it all is how slight a part our wills play in the process, and how our lives are kept going by a mechanical force from without, seconded or supplemented by a chemical force from within.

The one chemical process with which we are familiar all our lives, but which we never think of as such, is fire. Here on our own hearthstones goes on this wonderful spectacular and beneficent transformation of matter and energy, and yet we are grown so familiar with it that it moves us not. We can describe combustion in terms of chemistry, just as we can describe the life-processes in similar terms, yet the mystery is no more cleared up in the one case than in the other. Indeed, it seems to me that next to the mystery of life is the mystery of fire. The oxidizing processes are identical, only one is a building up or integrating process, and the other is a pulling down or disintegrating process. More than that, we can evoke fire any time, by both mechanical and chemical means, but we cannot evoke life. The equivalents of life do not slumber in our tools as do the equivalents of fire. Hence life is the deeper mystery. The ancients thought of a spirit of fire as they did of a spirit of health and of disease, and of good and bad spirits all about them, and as we think of a spirit of life, or of a creative life principle. Are we as wide of the mark as they were? So think many earnest students of living things. When we do not have to pass the torch of life along, but can kindle it in our laboratories, then this change will assume a different aspect.

Nature works with such simple means! A little more or a little less of this or that, and behold the difference!

At one temperature water is solid, at another it is fluid, at another it is a visible vapor, at a still higher it is an invisible vapor that burns like a flame. All possible shades of color lurk in a colorless ray of light. A little more or a little less heat makes all the difference between a nebula and a sun, and between a sun and a planet. At one degree of heat the elements are dissociated; at a lower degree they are united. At one point in the scale of temperatures life appears; at another it disappears. With heat enough the earth would melt like a snowball in a furnace, with still more it would become a vapor and float away like a cloud.

The physical history of the universe is written in terms of heat and motion. Astronomy is the story of cooling suns and worlds. At a low enough temperature all chemical activity ceases. In our own experience we find that frost will blister like flame. In the one case heat passes into the tissues so quickly and in such quantity that a blister ensues; in the other, heat is abstracted so quickly and in such quantity that a like effect is produced. In one sense, life is a thermal phenomenon; so are all conditions of fluids and solids thermal phenomena.

Great wonders Nature seems to achieve by varying the arrangement of the same particles. Arrange or unite the atoms of carbon in one way and you have charcoal; assemble the same atoms in another order, and you have the diamond. The difference between the pearl and the oyster-shell that holds it is one of structure or arrangement of the same particles of matter. Arrange the atoms of silica in one way and you have a quartz pebble, in another way and you have a precious stone. The chemical constituents of alcohol and ether are the same; the difference in their qualities and properties arises from the way the elements are compounded—the way they take hold of hands, so to speak, in that marriage ceremony which constitutes a chemical compound. Compounds identical in composition and in molecular formulæ may yet differ widely in physical properties; the elements are

probably grouped in different ways, the atoms of carbon or of hydrogen probably carry different amounts of potential energy, so that the order in which they stand related to one another accounts for the different properties of the same chemical compounds. Different groupings of the same atoms of any of the elements result in a like difference of physical properties.

The physicists tell us that what we call the qualities of things, and their structure and composition, are but the expressions of internal atomic movements. A complex substance simply means a whirl, an intricate dance, of which chemical composition, histological structure, and gross configuration are the figures. How the atoms take hold of hands, as it were, the way they face, the poses they assume, the speed of their gyrations, the partners they exchange, determine the kinds of phenomena we are dealing with.

There is a striking analogy between the letters of our alphabet and their relations to the language of the vast volume of printed books, and the eighty or more primary elements and their relation to the vast universe of material things. The analogy may not be in all respects a strictly true one, but it is an illuminating one. Our twenty-six letters combined and repeated in different orders give us the many thousand words our language possesses, and these words combined and repeated in different orders give us the vast body of printed books in our libraries. The ultimate parts—the atoms and molecules of all literature, so to speak—are the letters of the alphabet. How often by changing the letters in a word, by reversing their order, or by substituting one letter for another, we get a word of an entirely different meaning, as in umpire and empire, malt and salt, tool and fool. And by changing the order of the words in a sentence we express all the infinite variety of ideas and meanings that the books of the world hold.

The eighty or more primordial elements are Nature's alphabet with which she writes her "infinite book of secrecy." Science shows pretty conclusively that the character of the different substances, their diverse qualities and properties, de-

pend upon the order in which the atoms and molecules are combined. Change the order in which the molecules of the carbon and oxygen are combined in alcohol, and we get ether—the chemical formula remaining the same. Or take ordinary spirits of wine and add four more atoms of carbon to the carbon molecules, and we have the poison, carbolic acid. Pure alcohol is turned into a deadly poison by taking from it one atom of carbon and two of hydrogen. With the atoms of carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen, by combining them in different proportions and in different orders, Nature produces such diverse bodies as acetic acid, alcohol, sugar, starch, animal fats, vegetable oils, glycerine, and the like. So with the long list of hydrocarbons—gaseous, liquid, and solid—called paraffins, that are obtained from petroleum and that are all composed of hydrogen and carbon, but with a different number of atoms of each, like a different number of a's or b's or c's in a word.

What an enormous number of bodies Nature forms out of oxygen by uniting it chemically with other primary elements! Thus by uniting it with the element silica she forms half of the solid crust of the globe; by uniting it with hydrogen in the proportion of two to one she forms all the water of the globe. With one atom of nitrogen united chemically with three atoms of hydrogen she forms ammonia. With one atom of carbon united with four atoms of hydrogen she spells marsh gas; and so on. Carbon occurs in inorganic nature in two crystalline forms—the diamond and blacklead, or graphite, their physical differences evidently being the result of their different molecular structure. Graphite is a good conductor of heat and electricity, and the diamond is not. Carbon in the organic world, where it plays such an important part, is non-crystalline. Under the influence of life its molecules are differently put together, as in sugar, starch, wood, charcoal, etc. There are also two forms of phosphorus, but not two kinds—the same atoms are probably united differently in each. The yellow, waxy variety has such an affinity for oxygen that it will burn in water, and it is poisonous. Bring this variety to a

high temperature away from the air, and its molecular structure seems to change, and we have the red variety, which is tasteless, odorless, and non-poisonous, and is not affected by contact with the air. Such is the mystery of chemical change.

Science has perfected instruments of incredible delicacy. It has devised a means by which it can count the particles in the alpha-rays of radium that move at a velocity of twenty thousand kilometers a second, and a method by which, through the use of a screen of zinc-sulphide, it can see the flashes produced by the alpha-atoms when they strike this screen. It weighs and counts and calculates the motions of particles of matter so infinitely small that only the imagination can grasp them. Its theories require it to treat the ultimate particles into which it resolves matter, and which are so small that they are no longer divisible, as if they were solid bodies with weight and form, with center and circumference, colliding with one another like billiard-balls or like cosmic bodies in the depths of space, striking one another squarely, and, for aught I know, each going through another, or else grazing one another and glancing off. To particles of matter so small that they can no longer be divided or made smaller, the impossible feat of each going through the center of another, or of each enveloping another, might be affirmed of them without adding to their unthinkableness. The theory is that if we divide a molecule of water the parts are no longer water, but atoms of hydrogen and oxygen—real bodies with weight and form, and storehouses of energy, but no longer divisible.

Indeed, the atomic theory of matter leads us into a non-material world, or a world the inverse of the solid, three-dimensional world that our senses reveal to us, or to matter in a fourth estate. We know solids and fluids and gases; but emanations which are neither we know only as we know spirits and ghosts—by dreams or hearsay. Yet this fourth or ethereal estate of matter seems to be the final, real, and fundamental condition.

How it differs from spirit is not easy to define. The beta-ray of radium will

penetrate solid iron a foot thick, a feat that would give a spirit pause. The ether of space, which science is coming more and more to look upon as the mother-stuff of all things, has many of the attributes of Deity. It is omnipresent and all-powerful. Neither time nor space has dominion over it. It is the one immutable and immeasurable thing in the universe. From it all things arise and to it they return. It is everywhere and nowhere. It has none of the finite properties of matter—neither parts, form, nor dimension; neither density nor tenuity; it cannot be compressed or expanded or moved; it has no inertia or mass, and offers no resistance; it is subject to no mechanical laws, and no instrument or experiment that science has yet devised can detect its presence; it has neither center nor circumference, neither extension nor boundary. And yet science is as convinced of its existence as of the solid ground beneath our feet. It is the one final reality in the universe, if we may not say that it is the universe. Tremors or vibrations in it reach the eye and make an impression that we call light; electrical oscillations in it are the source of other phenomena. It is the fountain-head of all potential energy. The ether is an invention of the scientific imagination. We had to have it to account for light, gravity, and the action of one body upon another at a distance, as well as to account for other phenomena. The ether is not a body, it is a medium. All bodies are in motion; matter moves; the ether is in a state of absolute rest. Says Sir Oliver Lodge, "the ether is strained, and has the property of exerting strain and recoil." An electron is like a knot in the ether. The ether is the fluid of fluids, yet its tension or strain is so great that it is immeasurably more dense than anything else—a phenomenon that may be paralleled by a jet of water at such speed that it cannot be cut with a sword or severed by a hammer. It is so subtle or imponderable that solid bodies are as vacuums to it, and so pervasive that all conceivable space is filled with it. "So full," says Clark-Maxwell, "that no human power can remove it from the smallest portion of space or produce the slightest flaw in its infinite continuity."

The scientific imagination, in its attempts to master the workings of the material universe, has thus given us a creation which in many of its attributes rivals Omnipotence. It is the sum of all contradictions, and the source of all reality. The gross matter which we see and feel is one state of it; electricity, which is without form and void, is another state of it; and our minds and souls, Sir Oliver Lodge intimates, may be still another state of it. But all these theories of physical science are justified by their fruits. The atomic theory of matter, and the kinetic theory of gases, are mathematically demonstrated. However unreal and fantastic they may appear to our practical faculties, conversant only with ponderable bodies, they bear the test of the most rigid and exact experimentation.

After we have marveled over all these hidden things, and been impressed by the world within world of the material universe, do we get any nearer to the mystery of life? Can we see where the tremendous change from the non-living to the living takes place? Can we evoke life from the omnipotent ether, or see it arise in the whirling stream of atoms and electrons? Molecular science opens up to us a world where the infinitely little matches the infinitely great, where matter is dematerialized and answers to many of the conceptions of spirit; but does it bring us any nearer the origin of life? Is radio-active matter any nearer living matter than is the clod under foot? Are the darting electrons any more vital than the shooting-stars? Can a flash of radium emanations on a zinc-sulphide plate kindle the precious spark? It is probably just as possible to evoke vitality out of the clash of billiard-balls as out of the clash of atoms and electrons. This allusion to billiard-balls recalls to my mind a striking passage from Tyndall's famous Belfast Address which he puts in the mouth of Bishop Butler in his imaginary argument with Lucretius, and which shows how thoroughly Tyndall appreciated the difficulties of his own position in advocating the physico-chemical origin of life.

The atomic and electrotomic theory of matter admits one to a world that does indeed seem unreal and fantastic.

"If my bark sinks," says the poet, "'tis to another sea." If the mind breaks through what we call gross matter, and explores its interior, it finds itself indeed in a vast under or hidden world—a world almost as much a creation of the imagination as that visited by Alice in Wonderland, except that the existence of this world is capable of demonstration. It is a world of the infinitely little which science interprets in terms of the infinitely large. Sir Oliver Lodge sees the molecular spaces that separate the particles of any material body relatively like the interstellar spaces that separate the heavenly bodies. Just as all the so-called solid matter revealed by our astronomy is almost infinitesimal compared with the space through which it is distributed, so the electrons which compose the matter with which we deal are comparable to the bodies of the solar system moving in vast spaces. It is indeed a fantastic world where science conceives of bodies a thousand times smaller than the hydrogen atom—the smallest body known to science; where it conceives of vibrations in the ether millions of times a second; where we are bombarded by a shower of corpuscles from a burning candle, or a gas-jet, or a red-hot iron surface, moving at the speed of one hundred thousand miles a second! But this almost omnipotent ether has, after all, some of the limitations of the finite. It takes time to transmit the waves of light from the sun and the stars. This measurable speed, says Sir Oliver Lodge, gives the ether away, and shows its finite character.

It seems as if the theory of the ether must be true, because it fits in so well with the enigmatic, contradictory, incomprehensible character of the universe as revealed to our minds. We can affirm and deny almost anything of the ether—that it is immaterial, and yet the source of all material; that it is absolutely motionless, yet the cause of all motion; that it is the densest body in nature, and yet the rarest; that it is everywhere, but defies detection; that it is as undiscoverable as the Infinite itself; that our physics cannot prove it, though they cannot get along without it. The ether inside a mass of iron or of lead is just as dense as the ether outside of

it—which means that it is not dense at all, in our ordinary use of the term.

There are physical changes in matter, there are chemical changes, and there is a third change, as unlike either of these as they are unlike each other. I refer to atomic change, as in radio-activity, which gives us lead from helium—a spontaneous change of the atoms. The energy that keeps the earth going, says Soddy, is to be sought for in the individual atoms; not in the great heaven-shaking voice of thunder, but in the still, small voice of the atoms. Radio-activity is the mainspring of the universe. The only elements so far known that undergo spontaneous change are uranium and thorium. One pound of uranium contains and slowly gives out the same amount of energy that a hundred tons of coal evolves in its combustion, but only one ten-billionth part of this amount is given out every year.

Man, of course, reaps where he has not sown. How could it be otherwise? It takes energy to sow or plant energy. We are exhausting the coal, the natural gas, the petroleum of the rocks, the fertility of the soil. But we cannot exhaust the energy of the winds or the tides, or of falling water, because this energy is ever renewed by gravity and the sun. We may exhaust the supply of wood and coal and oil, but we cannot exhaust the sun's energy, or that of the winds and the tides. There can be no exhaustion of our natural mechanical and chemical resources, as some seem to fear.

I recently visited a noted waterfall in the South where electric power is being developed on a large scale. A great column of water makes a vertical fall of six hundred feet through a steel tube, and in the fall develops two hundred and fifty thousand horsepower. The water comes out of the tunnel at the bottom precisely the same water that went in at the top; no change whatever has occurred in it, yet a vast amount of power has been taken out of it, or, rather, generated by its fall. Another drop of six hundred feet would develop as much more—in fact, the process may be repeated indefinitely, the same amount of power resulting each time, without effecting any change in the character of the water. The pull of

gravity is the source of the power which is distributed thousands of miles across the country as electricity. Two hundred and fifty thousand invisible, immaterial, noiseless horses are streaming along these wires with incredible speed to do the work of men and horses in widely separated parts of the country. A river of sand falling down those tubes, if its particles moved among themselves with the same freedom that those of the water do, would develop the same power. The attraction of gravitation is not supposed to be electricity, and yet here out of its pull upon the water comes this enormous voltage! The fact that such a mysterious and ubiquitous power as electricity can be developed from the action of matter without any alteration in its particles suggests the question whether or not this something that we call life, or life-force, may not slumber in matter in the same way; but the secret of its development we have not yet learned, as we have that of electricity.

Radio-activity is uninfluenced by external conditions, hence we are thus far unable to control it. Nothing that is known will effect the transmutation of one element into another. It is spontaneous and uncontrollable. May not life be spontaneous in the same sense?

The release of the energy associated with the structure of the atoms is not available by any of our mechanical appliances. The process of radio-activity involves the expulsion of atoms of helium with a velocity three hundred times greater than that ever previously known for any material mass or particle, and this power we are incompetent to use. The atoms remain unchanged amid the heat and pressure of the laboratory of nature. Iron and oxygen, and so forth, remain the same in the sun as here on the earth.

Science strips gross matter of its grossness. When it is done with it, it is no longer the obstructive something we know and handle; it is reduced to pure energy—the line between it and spirit does not exist. We have found that bodies are opaque only to certain rays; the X-ray sees through this too too solid flesh. Bodies are ponderable only

to our dull senses; to a finer hand than this the door or the wall might offer no obstruction; a finer eye than this might see the emanations from the living body; a finer ear might hear the clash of electrons in the air. Who can doubt, in view of what we already know, that forces and influences from out the heavens above and from the earth beneath that are beyond our ken play upon us constantly?

The final mystery of life is no doubt involved in conditions and forces that are quite outside of or beyond our conscious life activities, in forces that play about us and upon and through us, that we know not of, because a knowledge of them is not necessary to our well-being. "Our eye takes in only an octave of the vibrations we call light," because no more is necessary for our action or our dealing with things. The invisible rays of the spectrum are potent, but they are beyond the ken of our senses. There are sounds or sound vibrations that we do not hear; our sense of touch cannot recognize a gossamer or the gentler-air movements.

I began with the contemplation of the beauty and terror of the thunderbolt—"God's autograph," as one of our poets (Joel Benton) said, "written upon the sky." Let me end with an allusion to another aspect of the storm that has no terror in it—the bow in the clouds: a sudden apparition, a cosmic phenomenon no less wonderful and startling than the lightning's flash. The storm with terror and threatened destruction on one side of it, and peace and promise on the other! The bow appears like a miracle, but it is a commonplace of nature; unstable as life, and beautiful as youth. The raindrops are not changed, the light is not changed, the laws of the storms are not changed; and yet, behold this wonder!

But all these strange and beautiful phenomena springing up in a world of inert matter are but faint symbols of the mystery and the miracle of the change of matter from the non-living to the living, from the elements in the clod to the same elements in the brain and heart of man.



THE GLEAMING SHARE TURNING OVER A LONG, UNBROKEN BROWN RIBBON OF EARTH

Flint and Fire

BY DOROTHY CANFIELD

MY husband's cousin had come up from the city, slightly more fagged and sardonic than usual, and as he stretched himself out in the big porch-chair he was even more caustic than was his wont about the bareness and emotional sterility of the lives of our country people.

"Perhaps they had, a couple of centuries ago, when the Puritan hallucination was still strong, a certain fierce savor of religious intolerance; but now that that has died out, and no material prosperity has come to let them share in the larger life of their century, there is a flatness, a mean absence of warmth or color, a deadness to all emotions but the pettiest sorts—"

I pushed the pitcher nearer him, clinking the ice invitingly, and directed his attention to our iris-bed as a more cheerful object of contemplation than the degeneracy of the inhabitants of Vermont. The flowers burned on their tall stalks like yellow tongues of flame. The strong, sword-like green leaves thrust themselves boldly up into the spring air like a challenge. The plants vibrated with vigorous life.

In the field beyond them, as vigorous as they, strode Adoniram Purdon behind his team, the reins tied together behind his muscular neck, his hands grasping the plow with the masterful sureness of the successful practitioner of an art. The hot, sweet spring sunshine shone down on 'Niram's head with its thick crest of brown hair; the ineffable odor

of newly turned earth steamed up about him like incense; the mountain stream beyond him leaped and shouted. His powerful body answered every call made on it with the precision of a splendid machine. But there was no elation in the grimly set face as 'Niram wrenched the plow around a big stone, or as, in a more favorable furrow, the gleaming share sped steadily along before the plowman, turning over a long, unbroken brown ribbon of earth.

My cousin-in-law waved a nervous hand toward the sternly silent figure as it stepped doggedly behind the straining team, the head bent forward, the eyes fixed on the horses' heels.

"There!" he said. "There is an example of what I mean. Is there another race on earth which could produce a man in such a situation who would not on such a day sing, or whistle, or at least hold up his head and look at all the earthly glories about him?"

I was silent, but not for lack of material for speech. 'Niram's reasons for austere self-control were not such as I cared to discuss with a man of my cousin's mental attitude. As we sat looking at him the noon whistle from the village blew and the wise old horses stopped in the middle of a furrow. 'Niram unharnessed them, led them to the shade of a tree, and put on their nose-bags. Then he turned and came toward the house.

"Don't I seem to remember," murmured my cousin under his breath, "that, even though he is a New-Englander, he has been known to make up errands to your kitchen to see your pretty Ev'leen Ann?"

I looked at him hard; but he was only gazing down, rather cross-eyed, at his grizzled mustache, with an obvious petulant interest in the increase of white hairs in it. Evidently his had been but a chance shot. 'Niram stepped up on the grass at the edge of the porch. He was so tall that he overtopped the railing easily; and, reaching a long arm over to where I sat, he handed me a small package done up in yellowish tissue-paper. Without hat-raisings, or good-mornings, or any other of the greetings usual in a more effusive civilization, he explained briefly:

"My stepmother wanted I should give you this. She said to thank you for the grape-juice." As he spoke he looked at me gravely out of deep-set blue eyes, and when he had delivered his message he held his peace.

I expressed myself with the babbling volubility of one whose manners have been corrupted by occasional sojourns in the city. "Oh, 'Niram!" I cried, protestingly, as I opened the package and took out an exquisitely wrought old-fashioned collar. "Oh, 'Niram! How *could* your stepmother give such a thing away? Why, it must be one of her precious old relics. I don't *want* her to give me a present every time I do some little thing for her. Can't a neighbor send her in a few bottles of grape-juice without her thinking she must pay it back somehow? It's not kind of her. She has never yet let me do the least thing for her without repaying me with something that is worth ever so much more than my trifling services."

When I had finished my prattling, 'Niram repeated, with finality, "She wanted I should give it to you."

The older man stirred in his chair. Without looking at him I knew that his gaze on the young rustic was quizzical and that he was recording on the tablets of his merciless memory the ungraceful abruptness of the other's action and manner.

"How is your stepmother feeling to-day, 'Niram?" I asked.

"Worse."

'Niram came to a full stop with the word. My cousin covered his satirical mouth with his hand.

"Can't the doctor do anything to relieve her?" I asked.

'Niram moved at last from his Indian-like immobility. He looked up under the brim of his felt hat at the sky-line of the mountain, shimmering iridescent above us. "He says maybe 'lectricity would help her some. I'm goin' to git her the batteries and things soon's I git the rubber bandages paid for."

There was a long silence. My cousin stood up, yawning, and sauntered away toward the door. "Shall I send Ev'leen Ann out to get the pitcher and glasses?" he asked in an accent which he evidently thought very humorously significant.

The strong face under the felt hat turned white, the jaw muscles set hard, but for all this show of strength there was an instant when the man's eyes looked out with the sick, helpless revelation of pain they might have had when 'Niram was a little boy of ten, a third of his present age, and less than half his present stature. Occasionally it is horrifying to see how a chance shot rings the bell.

"No, no! Never mind!" I said, hastily. "I'll take the tray in when I go."

Without salutation or farewell 'Niram Purdon turned and went back to his work.

The porch was an enchanted place, walled around with starlit darkness, visited by wisps of breezes shaking down from their wings the breath of lilac and syringa, flowering wild grapes, and plowed fields. Down at the foot of our sloping lawn the little river, still swollen by the melted snow from the mountains, plunged between its stony banks and shouted its brave song to the stars.

We three middle-aged people—Paul, his cousin, and I—had disposed our uncomely, useful, middle-aged bodies in the big wicker chairs and left them there while our young souls wandered abroad in the sweet, dark glory of the night. At least Paul and I were doing this, as we sat, hand-in-hand, thinking of a May night twenty years before. One never knows what Horace is thinking of, but apparently he was not in his usual capacious vein, for after a long pause he remarked, "It is a night almost indecorously inviting to the making of love."

My answer seemed grotesquely out of key with this, but its sequence was clear in my mind. I got up, saying: "Oh, that reminds me— I must go and see Ev'leen Ann. I'd forgotten to plan tomorrow's dinner."

"Oh, everlastingly Ev'leen Ann!" mocked Horace from his corner. "Can't you think of anything but Ev'leen Ann and her affairs?"

I felt my way through the darkness of the house, toward the kitchen, both doors of which were tightly closed. When I stepped into the hot, close room, smelling of food and fire, I saw Ev'leen Ann sitting on the straight kitchen chair,

the yellow light of the bracket-lamp beating down on her heavy braids and bringing out the exquisitely subtle modeling of her smooth young face. Her hands were folded in her lap. She was staring at the blank wall, and the expression of her eyes so startled and shocked me that I stopped short and would have retreated if it had not been too late. She had seen me, roused herself, and said quietly, as though continuing a conversation interrupted the moment before:

"I had been thinking that there was enough left of the roast to make hash-balls for dinner"—"hash-balls" is Ev'leen Ann's decent Anglo-Saxon name for croquettes—"and maybe you'd like a rhubarb-pie."

I knew well enough she had been thinking of no such thing, but I could as easily have slapped a reigning sovereign on the back as broken in on the regal reserve of Ev'leen Ann in her clean gingham.

"Well, yes, Ev'leen Ann," I answered in her own tone of reasonable consideration of the matter; "that would be nice, and your pie-crust is so flaky that even Mr. Horace will have to be pleased."

"Mr. Horace" is our title for the sardonic cousin whose carping ways are half a joke and half a menace in our family.

Ev'leen Ann could not manage the smile which should have greeted this sally. She looked down soberly at the white-pine top of the kitchen table and said, "I guess there is enough sparrow-grass up in the garden for a mess, too, if you'd like that."

"That would taste very good," I agreed, my heart aching for her.

"And creamed potatoes," she finished, bravely, thrusting my unspoken pity from her.

"You know I like creamed potatoes better than any other kind," I concurred.

There was a silence. It seemed inhuman to go and leave the stricken young thing to fight her trouble alone in the ugly prison, her work-place, though I thought I could guess why Ev'leen Ann had shut the doors so tightly. I hung near her, searching my head for something to say, but she helped me by no casual remark. 'Niram

is not the only one of our people who possesses to the full the supreme gift of silence. Finally I mentioned the report of a case of measles in the village, and Ev'leen Ann responded in kind with the news that her Aunt Emma had bought a potato-planter. Ev'leen Ann is an orphan, brought up by a well-to-do spinster aunt, who is strong-minded and runs her own farm. After a time we glided by way of similar transitions to the mention of his name.

"'Niram Purdon tells me his step-mother is no better," I said. "Isn't it too bad?" I thought it well for Ev'leen Ann to be dragged out of her black cave of silence once in a while, even if it could be done only by force. As she made no answer, I went on. "Everybody who knows 'Niram thinks it splendid of him to do so much for his stepmother."

Ev'leen Ann responded with a detached air, as though speaking of a matter in China: "Well, it ain't any more than what he should. She was awful good to him when he was little and his father got so sick. I guess 'Niram wouldn't ha' had much to eat if she hadn't ha' gone out sewing to earn it for him and Mr. Purdon." She added firmly after a moment's pause, "No, ma'am, I don't guess it's any more than what 'Niram had ought to do."

"But it's very hard on a young man to feel that he's not able to marry," I continued. Once in a great while we came so near the matter as this. Ev'leen Ann made no answer. Her face took on a pinched look of sickness. She set her lips as though she would never speak again. But I knew that a criticism of 'Niram would always rouse her, and said: "And really, I think 'Niram makes a great mistake to act as he does. A wife would be a help to him. She could take care of Mrs. Purdon and keep the house."

Ev'leen Ann rose to the bait, speaking quickly with some heat: "I guess 'Niram knows what's right for him to do! He can't afford to marry when he can't even keep up with the doctor's bills and all. He keeps the house himself, nights and mornings, and Mrs. Purdon is awful handy about taking care of herself, for all she's bedridden. That's her way, you know. She can't bear to have folks

do for her. She'd die before she'd let anybody do anything for her that she could anyways do for herself!"

I sighed acquiescingly. Mrs. Purdon's fierce independence was a rock on which every attempt at sympathy or help shattered itself to atoms. There seemed to be no other emotion left in her poor old work-worn shell of a body. As I looked at Ev'leen Ann it seemed rather a hateful characteristic, and I remarked, "It seems to me it's asking a good deal of 'Niram to spoil his life in order that his stepmother can go on pretending she's independent."

Ev'leen Ann explained hastily: "Oh, 'Niram doesn't tell her anything about—She doesn't know he would like to—he don't want she should be worried—and, anyhow, as 'tis, he can't earn enough to keep ahead of all the doctors cost."

"But the right kind of a wife—a good, competent girl—could help out by earning something, too."

Ev'leen Ann looked at me forlornly, with no surprise. The idea was evidently not new to her. "Yes, ma'am, she could. But 'Niram says he ain't the kind of man to let his wife go out working." Even while she drooped under the killing verdict of his pride she was loyal to his standards and uttered no complaint. She went on, "'Niram wants Aunt Em'line to have things the way she wants 'em, as near as he can give 'em to her—and it's right she should."

"Aunt Emeline?" I repeated, surprised at her absence of mind. "You mean Mrs. Purdon, don't you?"

Ev'leen Ann looked vexed at her slip, but she scorned to attempt any concealment. She explained dryly, with the shy, stiff embarrassment our country people have in speaking of private affairs: "Well, she *is* my Aunt Em'line, Mrs. Purdon is, though I don't hardly ever call her that. You see, Aunt Emma brought me up, and she and Aunt Em'line don't have anything to do with each other. They were twins, and when they were girls they got edgeways over 'Niram's father, when 'Niram was a baby and his father was a young widower and come courting. Then Aunt Em'line married him, and Aunt Emma never spoke to her afterward."

Occasionally, in walking unsuspect-

ingly along one of our leafy lanes, some such fiery geyser of ancient heat uprears itself in a boiling column. I never get used to it, and I started back now.

"Why, I never heard of that before, and I've known your Aunt Emma and Mrs. Purdon for years!"

"Well, they're pretty old now," said Ev'leen Ann, listlessly, with the natural indifference of self-centered youth to the bygone tragedies of the preceding generation. "It happened quite some time ago. And both of them were so touchy if anybody seemed to speak about it that folks got in the way of letting it alone. First Aunt Emma wouldn't speak to her sister because she'd married the man she'd wanted, and then when Aunt Emma made out so well farmin' and got so well off, why, then Mrs. Purdon wouldn't try to make it up because she was so poor. That was after Mr. Purdon had had his stroke of paralysis and they'd lost their farm and she'd taken to goin' out sewin'—not but what she was always perfectly satisfied with her bargain. She always acted as though she'd rather have her husband's old shirt stuffed with straw than any other man's whole body. He was a real nice man, I guess, Mr. Purdon was."

There I had it—the curt, unexpanded chronicle of two passionate lives. And there I had also the key to Mrs. Purdon's fury of independence. It was the only way in which she could defend her husband against the charge, so damning in her world, of not having provided for his wife. It was the only monument she could rear to her husband's memory. And her husband had been all there was in life for her!

I stood looking at her young kinswoman's face, noting the granite under the velvet softness of its youth, and divining the flame underlying the granite. I longed to break through her wall and to put my arms about her, and on the impulse of the moment I cast



EV'LEEN ANN SPRANG UP, AND TURNED HER FACE TOWARD THE WALL

aside the pretense of casualness in our talk.

"Oh, my dear!" I said. "Are you and 'Niram always to go on like this? Can't anybody help you?"

Ev'leen Ann looked at me, her face suddenly old and gray. "No, ma'am; we ain't going to go on this way. We've decided, 'Niram and I have, that it ain't no use. We've decided that we'd better not go places together any more or see each other. It's too— If 'Niram thinks we can't"—she flamed so that I knew she was burning from head to foot—

"it's better for us not—" She ended in a muffled voice, hiding her face in the crook of her arm.

Ah, yes; now I knew why Ev'leen Ann had shut out the passionate breath of the spring night!

I stood near her, a lump in my throat, but I divined the anguish of her shame at her involuntary self-revelation, and respected it. I dared do no more than to touch her shoulder gently.

The door behind us rattled. Ev'leen Ann sprang up and turned her face toward the wall. Paul's cousin came in, shuffling a little, blinking his eyes in the light of the unshaded lamp, and looking very cross and tired. He glanced at us without comment as he went over to the sink. "Nobody offered me anything good to drink," he complained, "so I came in to get some water from the faucet for my night-cap."

When he had drunk with ostentation from the tin dipper he went to the outside door and flung it open. "Don't you people know how hot and smelly it is in here?" he said, with his usual unceremonious abruptness.

The night wind burst in, eddying, and puffed out the lamp with a breath. In an instant the room was filled with coolness and perfumes and the rushing sound of the river. Out of the darkness came Ev'leen Ann's young voice. "It seems to me," she said, as though speaking to herself, "that I never heard the Mill Brook sound so loud as it has this spring."

I woke up that night with the start one has at a sudden call. But there had been no call. A profound silence spread itself through the sleeping house. Outdoors the wind had died down. Only the loud brawl of the river broke the stillness under the stars. But all through this silence and this vibrant song there rang a soundless menace which brought me out of bed and to my feet before I was awake. I heard Paul say, "What's the matter?" in a sleepy voice, and "Nothing," I answered, reaching for my dressing-gown and slippers. I listened for a moment, my head ringing with all the frightening tales of the morbid vein of violence which runs through the character of our reticent people. There was

still no sound. I went along the hall and up the stairs to Ev'leen Ann's room, and I opened the door without knocking. The room was empty.

Then how I ran! Calling loudly for Paul to join me, I ran down the two flights of stairs, out of the open door, and along the hedged path which leads down to the little river. The starlight was clear. I could see everything as plainly as though in early dawn. I saw the river, and I saw—Ev'leen Ann!

There was a dreadful moment of horror, which I shall never remember very clearly, and then Ev'leen Ann and I—both very wet—stood on the bank, shuddering in each other's arms.

Into our hysteria there dropped, like a pungent caustic, the arid voice of Horace, remarking, "Well, are you two people crazy, or are you walking in your sleep?"

I could feel Ev'leen Ann stiffen in my arms, and I fairly stepped back from her in astonished admiration as I heard her snatch at the straw thus offered, and, still shuddering horribly from head to foot, force herself to say quite connectedly: "Why—yes—of course—I've always heard about my grandfather Parkman's walking in his sleep. Folks *said* 'twould come out in the family sometime."

Paul was close behind Horace—I wondered a little at his not being first—and with many astonished and inane ejaculations, such as people always make on startling occasions, we made our way back into the house to hot blankets and toddies. But I slept no more that night.

Some time after dawn, however, I did fall into a troubled unconsciousness full of bad dreams, and only woke when the sun was quite high. I opened my eyes to see Ev'leen Ann about to close the door.

"Oh, did I wake you up?" she said. "I didn't mean to. That little Harris boy is here with a letter for you."

She spoke with a slightly defiant tone of self-possession. I tried to play up to her interpretation of her rôle.

"The little Harris boy?" I said, sitting up in bed. "What in the world is he bringing me a letter for?"

Ev'leen Ann, with her usual clear perception of the superfluous in conversa-

tion, vouchsafed no opinion on a matter about which she had no information, but went out and brought back the note. It was of four lines, and—surprisingly enough—from old Mrs. Purdon, who asked me abruptly if I would have my husband take me to see her. She specified, and underlined the specification, that I was to come “right off, and in the automobile.” Wondering extremely at this mysterious bidding, I sought out Paul, who obediently cranked up our small car and carried me off. There was no sign of Horace about the house, but some distance on the other side of the village we saw his tall, stooping figure swinging along the road. He carried a cane and was characteristically occupied in violently switching off the heads from the wayside weeds as he walked. He refused our offer to take him in, alleging that he was out for exercise and to reduce his flesh—an ancient gibe at his bony frame which made him for an instant show a leathery smile.

There was, of course, no one at Mrs. Purdon's to let us into the tiny, three-roomed house, since the bedridden invalid spent her days there alone while 'Niram worked his team on other people's fields. Not knowing what we might

find, Paul stayed outside in the car, while I stepped inside in answer to Mrs. Purdon's “Come in, why don't you!” which sounded quite as dry as usual. But when I saw her I knew that things were not as usual.

She lay flat on her back, the little emaciated wisp of humanity, hardly raising the piece-work quilt enough to make the bed seem occupied and to account for the thin, worn old face on the pillow. But as I entered the room her eyes seized on mine, and I was aware of nothing but them and some fury of determination behind them. With a fierce heat of impatience at my first natural but quickly repressed exclamation of surprise, she explained briefly that she wanted Paul to lift her into the automobile and take her into the next township to the Hulett farm. “I'm so shrunk away to nothin', I know I can lay on the back seat if I crook myself up,” she said, with a cool accent but a rather shaky voice. Seeming to realize that

even her intense desire to strike the matter-of-fact note could not take the place of any and all explanation of her extraordinary request, she added, holding my eyes steady with her own: “Emma Hulett's my twin sister. I



I SAW THE RIVER, AND I SAW—EV'LEEN ANN

guess it ain't so queer, my wanting to see her."

I thought that I was to be used, too, as the medium for some strange, sudden family reconciliation, and went out to ask Paul if he thought he could carry the old invalid to the car. He replied that, so far as that went, he could carry so thin an old body ten times around the town, but that he refused absolutely to take such a risk without authorization from her doctor. I remembered the burning eyes of resolution I had left inside, and sent him to present his objections to Mrs. Purdon herself.

In a few moments I saw him emerge from the house with the old woman in his arms. He had evidently taken her up just as she lay. The piece-work quilt hung down in long folds, flashing its brilliant reds and greens in the sunshine, which shone so strangely upon the pallid old countenance, facing the open sky for the first time in years.

We drove in silence through the green-and-gold lyric of the spring day, an elderly company sadly out of key with the triumphant note of eternal youth which rang through all the visible world. Mrs. Purdon looked at nothing, said nothing, seemed to be aware of nothing but the purpose in her heart, whatever that might be. Paul and I, taking a leaf from our neighbors' book, held, with a courage like theirs, to their excellent habit of saying nothing when there is nothing to say. We arrived at the fine old Hulett place without the exchange of a single word.

"Now carry me in," said Mrs. Purdon, briefly, evidently hoarding her strength.

"Wouldn't I better go and see if Miss Hulett is at home?" I asked.

Mrs. Purdon shook her head impatiently and turned her compelling eyes on my husband. I went up the path before them to knock at the door, wondering what the people in the house would possibly be thinking of us. There was no answer to my knock. "Open the door and go in," commanded Mrs. Purdon from out her quilt.

There was no one in the spacious, white-paneled hall, and no sound in all the big, many-roomed house.

"Emma's out feeding the hens," conjectured Mrs. Purdon, not, I fancied,

without a faint hint of relief in her voice. "Now carry me up-stairs to the first room on the right."

Half hidden by his burden, Paul rolled wildly inquiring eyes at me; but he obediently staggered up the broad old staircase, and, waiting till I had opened the first door to the right, stepped into the big bedroom.

"Put me down on the bed and open them shutters," Mrs. Purdon commanded.

She still marshaled her forces with no lack of decision, but with a fainting voice which made me run over to her quickly as Paul laid her down on the four-poster. Her eyes were still indomitable, but her mouth hung open slackly and her color was startling. "Oh, Paul, quick! quick! Can't you get some brandy?"

Mrs. Purdon informed me in a barely audible whisper, "In the corner cupboard at the head of the stairs," and I flew down the hallway. I returned with a bottle, evidently of great age. There was only a little brandy in the bottom, but it whipped up a faint color into the sick woman's lips.

As I was bending over her and Paul was thrusting open the shutters, letting in a flood of sunshine and flecky leaf-shadows, a firm, rapid step came down the hall, and a vigorous woman, with a tanned face and a clean, faded gingham dress stopped short in the doorway with an expression of stupefaction.

Mrs. Purdon put me on one side, and although she was physically incapable of moving her body by a hair's-breadth, she gave the effect of having risen to meet the new-comer. "Well, Emma, here I am," she said in a queer voice, with involuntary quavers in it. As she went on she had it more under control, although in the course of her extraordinarily succinct speech it broke and failed her occasionally. When it did, she drew in her breath with an audible, painful effort, struggling forward steadily in what she had to say. "You see, Emma, it's this way: My 'Niram and your Ev'leen Ann have been keeping company together ever since they went to school together—you know that 's well as I do, for all we let on we didn't, only I didn't know till just now how hard they took it. They

can't get married because 'Niram can't keep even, let alone get ahead any, because I cost so much bein' sick, and the doctor says I may live for years this way, same's Aunt Hettie did. An' 'Niram is thirty-one, an' Ev'leen Ann is twenty-eight, an' they've had 'bout 's much waitin' as is good for folks that set such store by each other. I've thought of every way out of it—and there ain't any. The Lord knows I don't enjoy livin' any, not so 's to notice the enjoyment, and I'd thought of cutting my throat like Uncle Lish, but that 'd make 'Niram and Ev'leen Ann feel so—to think why I'd done it; they'd never take the comfort they'd ought in bein' married; so that won't do. There's only one thing to do. I guess you'll have to take care of me till the Lord calls me. Maybe I won't last so long as the doctor thinks."

When she finished, I felt my ears ringing in the silence. She had walked to the sacrificial altar with so steady a step, and laid upon it her precious all with so gallant a front of quiet resolution, that for an instant I failed to take in the sublimity of her self-immolation. Mrs. Purdon asking for charity! And asking the one woman who had most reason to refuse it to her.

Paul looked at me miserably, the craven desire to escape a scene written all over him. "Wouldn't we better be going, Mrs. Purdon?" I said, uneasily. I had not ventured to look at the woman in the doorway.

Mrs. Purdon motioned me to remain, with an imperious gesture whose fierceness showed the tumult underlying her brave front. "No; I want you should stay. I want you should hear what I say, so's you can tell folks, if you have to. Now, look here, Emma," she went on to

the other, still obstinately silent, "you must look at it the way 'tis. We're neither of us any good to anybody, the way we are—and I'm dreadfully in the way of the only two folks we care a pin about—either of us. You've got plenty to do with, and nothing to spend it on. I can't get myself out of their way by dying without going against what's Scripture and proper, but—" Her steely calm broke. She burst out in a screaming, hysterical voice: "You've just *got* to, Emma Hulett! You've just *got* to! If you don't, I won't never go back to 'Niram's house! I'll lie in the ditch by the roadside till the poor-master comes to git me—and I'll tell everybody that it's because my own twin sister, with a house and a farm and money in the



'NIRAM AND EV'LEEN ANN WERE STANDING UP TO BE MARRIED

bank, turned me out to starve—" A fearful spasm cut her short. She lay twisted and limp, the whites of her eyes showing between the lids.

"Good God, she's gone!" cried Paul, running to the bed.

I was aware that the woman in the doorway had relaxed her frozen immobility and was between Paul and me as we rubbed the thin, icy hands and forced brandy between the flaccid lips. We all three thought her dead or dying, and labored over her with the frightened thankfulness for one another's living presence which always marks that dreadful moment. But even as we fanned and rubbed, and cried out to one another to open the windows and to bring water, the blue lips moved to a ghostly whisper: "Em, listen—" The old woman went back to the nick-name of their common youth. "Em—your Ev'leen Ann—tried to drown herself—in the Mill Brook last night. . . . That's what decided me—to—" And then we were plunged into another desperate struggle with Death for the possession of the battered old habitation of the dauntless soul before us.

"Isn't there any hot water in the house?" cried Paul, and "Yes, yes; a tea-kettle on the stove!" answered the woman who labored with us. Paul, divining that she meant the kitchen, fled down-stairs. I stole a look at Emma Hulett's face as she bent over the sister she had not seen in thirty years, and I knew that Mrs. Purdon's battle was won. It even seemed that she had won another skirmish in her never-ending war with death, for a little warmth began to come back into her hands.

When Paul returned with the tea-kettle, and a hot-water bottle had been filled, the owner of the house straightened herself, assumed her rightful position as mistress of the situation, and began to issue commands. "You git right in the automobile, and go git the doctor," she told Paul. "That 'll be the quickest. She's better now, and your wife and I can keep her goin' till the doctor gits here."

As Paul left the room she snatched something white from a bureau-drawer, stripped the worn, patched old cotton night-gown from the skeleton-like body,

and, handling the invalid with a strong, sure touch, slipped on a soft, woolly outing-flannel wrapper with a curious trimming of zigzag braid down the front. Mrs. Purdon opened her eyes very slightly, but shut them again at her sister's quick command, "You lay still, Em'line, and drink some of this brandy." She obeyed without comment, but after a pause she opened her eyes again and looked down at the new garment which clad her. She had that moment turned back from the door of death, but her first breath was used to set the scene for a return to a decent decorum.

"You're still a great hand for rick-rack work, Em, I see," she murmured in a faint whisper. "Do you remember how surprised Aunt Su was when you made up a pattern?"

"Well, I hadn't thought of it for quite some time," returned Miss Hulett, in exactly the same tone of every-day remark. As she spoke she slipped her arm under the other's head and poked the pillow up to a more comfortable shape. "Now you lay perfectly still," she commanded in the hectoring tone of the born nurse; "I'm goin' to run down and make you up a good hot cup of sassafras tea."

I followed her down into the kitchen and was met by the same refusal to be melodramatic which I had encountered in Ev'leen Ann. I was most anxious to know what version of my extraordinary morning I was to give out to the world, but hung silent, positively abashed by the cool casualness of the other woman as she mixed her brew. Finally, "Shall I tell 'Niram— What shall I say to Ev'leen Ann? If anybody asks me—" I brought out with clumsy hesitation.

At the realization that her reserve and family pride were wholly at the mercy of any report I might choose to give, even my iron hostess faltered. She stopped short in the middle of the floor, looked at me silently, piteously, and found no word.

I hastened to assure her that I would attempt no hateful picturesqueness of narration. "Suppose I just say that you were rather lonely here, now that Ev'leen Ann has left you, and that you thought it would be nice to have your



Drawn by Anna Whelan Betts

WE ALL WENT DOWN TO THE GATE TO SEE THEM DRIVE OFF

sister come to stay with you, so that 'Niram and Ev'leen Ann can be married?"

Emma Hulett breathed again. She walked toward the stairs with the steaming cup in her hand. Over her shoulder she remarked, "Well yes, ma'am; that would be as good a way to put it as any, I guess."

'Niram and Ev'leen Ann were standing up to be married. They looked very prim and self-conscious, and Ev'leen Ann was very pale. 'Niram's big hands, bent in the crook of a man who handles tools, hung down by his new black trousers. Ev'leen Ann's strong fingers stood out stiffly from one another. They looked hard at the minister and repeated after him in low and meaningless tones the solemn and touching words of the marriage service. Back of them stood the wedding company, in freshly washed and ironed white dresses, new straw hats, and black suits smelling of camphor. In the background, among the other elders, stood Paul and Horace and I—my husband and I hand-in-hand; Horace twiddling the black ribbon which holds his watch, and looking bored. Through the open windows into the stuffiness of the best room came an echo of the deep organ note of midsummer.

"Whom God hath joined together—" said the minister, and the epitome of humanity which filled the room held its

breath—the old with a wonder upon their life-scarred faces, the young half frightened to feel the stir of the great wings soaring so near them.

Then it was all over. 'Niram and Ev'leen Ann were married, and the rest of us were bustling about to serve the hot biscuit and coffee and chicken-salad, and to dish up the ice-cream. Afterward there were no citified refinements of cramming rice down the neck of the departing pair or tying placards to the carriage in which they went away. Some of the men went out to the barn and hitched up for 'Niram, and we all went down to the gate to see them drive off. They might have been going for one of their Sunday afternoon "buggy rides," except for the wet eyes of the foolish women and girls who stood waving their hands in answer to the flutter of Ev'leen Ann's handkerchief as the carriage went down the hill.

We had nothing to say to one another after they left, and began soberly to disperse to our respective vehicles. But as I was getting into our car a new thought suddenly struck me.

"Why," I cried, "I never thought of it before! However in the world did old Mrs. Purdon know about Ev'leen Ann—that night—?"

Horace was pulling at the door, which was badly adjusted and shut hard. He closed it with a vicious slam. "I told her," he said, crossly.

Silence

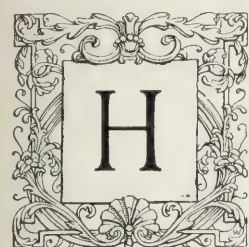
BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

I NEED not shout my faith. Thrice eloquent
Are quiet trees and the green listening sod;
Hushed are the stars, whose power is never spent;
The hills are mute: yet how they speak of God!

John Hay in Politics and Diplomacy

From His UNPUBLISHED LETTERS and DIARIES

Compiled and Edited by William Roscoe Thayer



HAVING served in the American Legations at Paris, Vienna, and Madrid, John Hay came home in the autumn of 1870, to try his luck on the staff of a Chicago newspaper. Whilst stopping in New York, however, Whitelaw Reid induced him to write a leader for the *Tribune*, and Horace Greeley said of it that of the million editorials he had read this was the most brilliant. For four years Hay worked on the *Tribune*, and although his articles, being anonymous, were seldom recognized as his by the larger public, they gave him a high reputation in the inner circle of journalism. But he published two books—*Pike County Ballads* and the delightful volume, *Castilian Days*—which carried his name through the country.

Having married Miss Clara Stone in 1875, he removed to Cleveland, Ohio, where her father was a prosperous financier, and there he passed several years, often hampered for months at a time by ill-health. In 1879, at the urgent solicitation of Mr. Evarts, he accepted the position of Assistant Secretary of State, which he held until Garfield's administration was organized. Then he took charge of the New York *Tribune* during Whitelaw Reid's absence, and finally settled down to compile, with John G. Nicolay, the monumental biography of Lincoln. For a change, he amused himself by writing novels without disclosing his name. *The Bread-Winners*, which appeared at first as a serial, achieved great popularity. *Democracy*—which I have good reason to believe was by him, although actual proof is lacking—had success, both in America and in England, among more exacting readers.

From 1885 on, Hay made Washington his home, building there the great red

house which looks across Lafayette Square to the White House. As a spectator from outside, he watched public affairs closely. Many persons wondered why it was that, in spite of his rich experience and his many attainments, not to speak of his personal charm and tact, no administration had the wit to enlist him. The reasons were clear: Hay was no politician; he controlled no body of supporters, no newspaper organs; and he shrank from pushing himself forward, believing that it was only decent to wait to be asked.

Nevertheless, he was a stanch party man. From his youth up he accepted the Republican doctrines zealously, insisting that the badness of individual Republicans did not affect the goodness of the doctrines themselves. He contributed liberally to the party funds; he spoke as a matter of duty in behalf of the presidential candidates. In private, his sense of humor played with the inconsistencies of the high tariff which his party had made their idol, but he recognized that every great institution, no matter how beneficent, can be viewed satirically.

In 1896 Mr. Hanna secured Major McKinley's nomination at the Republican Convention. Into the feuds of the Ohio Republicans which preceded the nomination Hay had not entered, for he was never a factional partisan. Indeed, he went abroad in May—perhaps on purpose to escape from the wrangling—and spent two months in travel. During his stay in England, however, he took care to enlighten the British public as to McKinley's prospects and deserts, and he used his personal influence to renew the friendly relations between England and the United States which had been wrenched by President Cleveland's Message on the Venezuela Boundary dispute.

On June 7, 1896, Hay writes from

Paris to his wife in Washington an account of his brief stay in London. At a dinner-party, he says:

E. was placed between Joseph Chamberlain and Sir William Harcourt, and had a very merry time. Old Sir W. flirted with her in his most elephantine manner, and occasionally he and C. would fight across her, on politics, in a very savage though courteous manner. It was a chance that a girl of her age rarely gets to see the greatest politicians of the time in their hours of ease.

After dinner, in the smoking-room, I sat between Lord C. and Chamberlain, and had some very interesting talk with each of them. My talk with Chamberlain was especially important. I was urging him to have the Venezuela question settled before McKinley came in, and he said they were doing all they could, but that Venezuela would not treat separately now that she had been encouraged so by the United States. He hopes that both countries may agree to arbitration.

My letter to the *Times* appears to have been read more than anything I ever wrote. Everybody I meet speaks of it—most with approval, but some thinking I am wrong in being so sure of McKinley's nomination. S. and the *Herald* have greatly influenced people's minds against McKinley. But next week will show them. In fact, the little *Herald* of this morning virtually gives it up.

The *Chronicle* was after me for several days for an interview. I fought it off till the last day, and then concluded I might as well say a good word for McKinley. I inclose it to you. It is wrong in many particulars, but the general impression is all right. I did it to reach the immense Radical constituency of the *Chronicle*. It is Henry Norman's paper.

On his return to London, Hay caught up with the latest political news from home. In a letter to Mr. Henry Adams, to whom he always wrote most intimately, he says, on July 26th:

One more human being I have seen, if it is proper to call an argento-maniac human. Moreton Frewen¹ bore down on me in St. James's Street, looking very well and prosperous, and grasped me by the hand, and told me to put all my money on Bryan; that it was a walk-over; that betting on Bryan was simply picking up money. The cause of his rapture was that he had just read that the Goldbug Democrats were going to nominate another candidate. It is a good working theory, I suppose, that the more candi-

dates a party has, the surer it is to win, but I am too old and feeble to follow the argument. . . . All right! I have lived under many sorts of Presidents in my time, and I can even stand a Boy Orator; but unless he can show a left hind foot of a snow-white rabbit killed in the dark of the moon by a black dog I am not going to waste my money betting on him.

To Mrs. Hay, on July 31st, he sent further news of his last days in London:

Monday I called at the Embassy. Mr. Bayard was away, and Robert Roosevelt asked me if I would like to go to the House of Commons, where he had an engagement to meet General G. I accepted with alacrity, and went down at once. He got us excellent seats in the front row of the gallery. We heard the questions and answers, and then heard speeches by Labouchère, Curzon, and Harcourt on the Uganda Bill, which were extremely interesting. Roosevelt then told me Sir Wm. Harcourt and Balfour² both wanted to see us. So we went to Harcourt's room (he has a room to himself as leader of the Opposition) and saw him and Balfour for a few minutes. It turned out that they had nothing to say to G. (not knowing him), but both were anxious to talk to me about McKinley and Venezuela. I had a talk with Balfour, and Sir Wm. made an appointment with me at B.'s for the next day. He went at once into the matter. Balfour had told him nearly every word I had said, and he had remembered it all. These English public men have wonderful memories. We had a talk of an hour of great interest and importance. He thinks the Venezuela matter ought to be settled now. He asked me to say to Chamberlain and Curzon what I had said to him. He thought it would do a great deal of good.

In urging British public men to settle the Venezuela dispute as soon as possible, Hay was performing a patriotic duty; for he warned them not to expect that a Republican administration would disavow President Cleveland's stand in the matter.

From the steamer, he wrote the following amusing letter to Mr. Henry Adams, with whom he loved to chaff—Mr. Adams being a Mugwump and a former Cleveland supporter:

The days have been gray and muggy; the air clasps you like an affectionate devil-fish. The boat is filled with highly respectable

¹ At that time the most conspicuous British advocate of bimetallism.

² Mr. Balfour was then First Lord of the Treasury.

New York Democrats who say they are going to vote for McKinley, and then go below and are sick at the thought of it. Poor things! I am sorry for them—I, who would die for McKinley and the Old Flag. Why can't they vote for him and like it? . . .

At the Embassy in London there was the same wail of despair. Bayard was away, but R. and W. and C. were howling for McKinley, at the same time feeling that they were periling their souls' salvation by it. Mr. Bryan has much to answer for, driving so many great and good people into the support of Anti-Christ.

On the other hand, whisper it soft and low, a good many worthy Republicans are scared blue, along of the Baby Orator of the Platte. Even my sanguine G. was far from chortling when I saw him in London. I am still cheerful, but even in my dauntless ear there murmurs the fragment of an old Saga which says: "In politics the appeal to the lower motives is generally for the moment successful." What if the Baby Demosthenes should get in with this programme: Free silver; abolition of Supreme Court; abolition of national banks; confiscation of railroads and telegraphs! Add to this such trifles as making Debs Attorney-General, and you or Brooks Secretary of State!

Please buy me a house in Surrey, and a couple of palaces in Venice—name of Bryan Debs Smith, if you please. It is well to be ready for contingencies. But shadows avant! We are going to elect the Major if it takes a leg—and then you will all be happy, even the perverse and the froward. . . .

I have been reading Shelley. He seems to have had a certain faculty of writing verse. If it had not been for that, he would have made a good candidate for the Presidency.

When he reached New York, Hay reported to Mr. Henry White in London:

I find the feeling a little nervous, unnecessarily so, I think. I talked with Hanna and some of the Executive Committee, and while there is nothing like dread of defeat, there is a clear comprehension that [Bryan] will get the votes of a good many others of his kind, and that it will require more work than we thought necessary last spring to beat him. But the work will be done and he will drop into congenial oblivion next November.

I had a long and serious talk with Sir William Harcourt by his own appointment, the day before I left, in which he referred, as you do, to the idea the government seem to have, of the advisability of delay. I assured him, almost in your very words, that it was a great mistake: that McKinley could

not yield on such a position taken by Cleveland.

Until the end of the summer the Republicans imagined that they could win with ease. But Mr. Bryan's personal canvass, unparalleled till then in the number of speeches made and the distances traveled by the candidate, was beginning to cause alarm by September 8th, when Hay wrote to Mr. Adams:

What a dull and serious campaign we are having! The Boy Orator makes only one speech—but he makes it twice a day. There is no fun in it. He simply reiterates the unquestioned truths that every man who has a clean shirt is a thief and ought to be hanged; that there is no goodness or wisdom except among the illiterate and criminal classes; that gold is vile; that silver is lovely and holy; in short, very much such speeches as you would make if you were here. He has succeeded in scaring the Goldbugs out of their five wits; if he had scared them a little, they would have come down handsome to Hanna. But he has scared them so blue that they think they had better keep what they have got left in their pockets against the evil day. Your friend George Fred Williams weeps in public over the wickedness of the Goldbugs and does not appear to get reconciled to the [kicks] which they are giving him. He is, so far as I know, the only blossom of the Mugwump garden who has gone wrong this year.

On October 4th Hay writes again in his bantering vein:

What you say about the Majah is all I could ask, but the way you say it pains me. Your head is right, as usual; but how about your heart? Is it up to the G. test? Would you die for the Majah? If you will do that, and send a certificate, you will be all right. We really cannot admit any less rigorous test. W., I think, would. I know Cleveland would, and Olney. Cabot¹ and Teddy have been to Canton to offer their heads to the ax and their tummies to the hara-kiri knife. He has asked me to come, but I had thought I would not struggle with the millions on his trampled lawn. Still, if you will go with me, and offer to pour out the bluest blood of your veins, I will go.

A fortnight later (October 20th), writing from Cleveland, Hay sends this significant letter. He had taken the stump for the Republican ticket, and had con-

¹H. C. Lodge

ferred, by invitation, with Major McKinley, who, throughout the campaign, stayed at his home in Canton, Ohio, and there received visiting delegations and individuals on his lawn:

The days succeed and resemble each other considerably. Cleveland has ceased the ennobling pursuit of the dollar (371¼ grains fine), and has given itself over to two weeks' debauch of politics. No business is done in the mart. We roughen our throats all night shouting for the Majah. The ante-election scare which I have observed with more or less detachment for twenty years has set in with unusual vigor. Most of my friends think Bryan will be elected and we shall all be hanged to the lampions of Euclid Avenue. I have not yet made up my mind to this. When I do, I shall change my politics and try to placate the mob by saying I am next-door neighbor to your brother Brooks's brother. I spent yesterday with the Majah. I had been dreading it for a month, thinking it would be like talking in a boiler-factory. But he met me at the station, gave me meat, and, calmly leaving his shouting worshipers in the front yard, took me up-stairs and talked for two hours as calmly and serenely as if we were summer boarders in Bethlehem at a loss for means to kill time. I was more struck than ever with his mask. It is a genuine Italian ecclesiastical face of the fifteenth century. And there are idiots who think Mark Hanna will run him!

You are making the mistake of your life in not reading my speech. There is good stuff in it—to live and to die by. If you read it in a reverent and prayerful spirit, it might make you a postmaster. You are not interested in political news. If you were, I would give you a pointer. The Majah has a cinch—and don't you forget it.

The Republicans won the election, but the popular vote was close enough to justify the anxiety which the Democratic candidate had inspired. Mr. McKinley had great difficulty in forming his Cabinet—so many conflicting interests had to be satisfied. In their conversation at Canton the appointment of John Hay as Secretary of State was frankly discussed, and it seems certain that McKinley wished to make it. Hay had not been identified with any of the Republican factions; he was experienced; he would be classed among the statesmen rather than among the politicians; and he was personally attractive to the President-elect. The exigen-

cies of Ohio politics, however, tied his hands. He insisted on giving Mark Hanna, to whom he owed everything, a Cabinet portfolio, but as Mr. Hanna declined this, it was decided to appoint John Sherman Secretary of State, and to transfer his seat in the Senate to Hanna. To John Hay was allotted the ranking ambassadorship—that to the Court of St. James.

The prospect of going to England, where he had many friends, pleased Hay. On April 6, 1897, he writes Mr. Henry White, the First Secretary of the London Embassy:

I see by to-day's papers you have arrived, and have already taken over the Embassy. I see also that Mr. Bayard¹ is booked for an ovation on the 7th of May. I do not know quite what that means, or how long he is to be in London before he gets his loving-cup. But all this can be left until I see you.

I have already declined four public dinners and speeches. I hope, if you are consulted in regard to any invitations to such functions, that you will, where it is practicable, dissuade our kind friends from sending such invitations. I do not intend to begin a campaign of speech-making the moment I land, and I should much prefer not to be asked.

I have promised Mr. Murray to say a few words at the unveiling of the bust of Scott in Westminster Abbey in May. Please regard this as confidential until Mr. Murray himself makes it public. Arthur Balfour is to make the principal address.

The Ambassador reached England early in May. From a letter to Senator Lodge we get this glimpse of his landing:

If you had been at Southampton, you would not have had the pleasure of seeing Oom Hendrik² gloating over my sufferings. He so thoroughly disapproved of the whole proceeding that he fled to the innermost recesses of the ship—some authorities say to the coal-bunkers—out of sight and sound of the whole revolving exchange of compliments. Henry James stood by, and heard it all, and then asked, in his mild, philosophical way, "What impression does it make on your mind to have these insects creeping about and saying things to you?"...

I have declined twenty-six invitations to

¹ Senator Thomas F. Bayard, United States Minister to Great Britain, 1893-97.

² Hay's nickname for Mr. Adams.

eat dinner and make speeches. I trust my action in this matter meets your approval.

The first event in which the new Ambassador took part was the celebration of Queen Victoria's sixtieth year as sovereign. He had apparently somewhat lost his taste for functions. He writes:

June 4.—The town begins to grow abominable for Jubilee. Six miles of lumber deform the streets. The fellow-being pullules. How well you are out of it!

July 7.—The Jubilee is gone like a Welsh-rabbit dream. It was an explosion of loyalty that amazed John Bull himself. What a curious thing it is, that there has been no king in England since Elizabeth of special distinction—most of them far worse than mediocre—only the foreigner, William III., of any merit—and yet the monarchical religion has grown day by day till the Queen is worshiped as more than mortal, and the Prince will be more popular still when he accedes. . . . I see nobody but everybody, and that is a diet of husks.

Several important questions were pending between the United States and Great Britain. The dispute over the Bering Sea fisheries; the attempt to pacify the Free Silver fanatics at home by securing an international agreement on bimetallism; the conclusion of the arbitration in the Venezuela affair; and the passage of the Dingley Tariff Bill, by which the Republicans reaffirmed their devotion to high protection, all gave the Ambassador work which called for two qualities in which he abounded—tact and geniality.

The town swarms with Senators on their holidays [he writes humorously on August 12th]. They are all in a blue funk about the inspector on the New York docks. It was gentle and joyous sport to pass the Tariff Bill, but when it comes to paying duty on their London dittos it is another story.

Later he speaks of several prominent Americans as

resting from the slaughter of grouse, and marking down their pajamas to get them under the \$100 limit. You can go home as a Polynesian prince and pay no duties [he adds].

Although he was a protectionist, he saw the humor of the almost prohibitive tariff, which limited travelers' untaxed

personal wearing apparel to one hundred dollars.

During the winter, Mr. Hay, accompanied by Mr. Adams and other friends, went up the Nile. Before he returned to London in March, the *Maine* had been blown up in Havana harbor and fire-eaters in the United States were clamoring for war with Spain. The Ambassador set himself to work to propitiate English opinion. His formal instructions came, of course, from Washington; but it depended largely on his tact whether the British government looked favorably on them or not.

At the outbreak of the war, the Continental governments took no pains to disguise their hostility to the United States. The then recent brusque affirmation of the Monroe Doctrine quite naturally exasperated them.

On April 5, 1898, Hay wrote privately to one of the most influential members of the American Senate:

I do not know whether you especially value the friendship and sympathy of this country [England]. I think it important and desirable in the present state of things, as it is the only European country whose sympathies are not openly against us. We will not waste time in discussing whether the origin of this feeling is wholly selfish or not. Its existence is beyond question. I find it wherever I go—not only in the press, but in private conversation. For the first time in my life I find the "drawing-room" sentiment altogether with us. If we wanted it—which, of course, we do not—we could have the practical assistance of the British Navy—on the *do ut des* principle, naturally.

I think, in the near future, this sentiment, even if it amounts to nothing more, is valuable to us. You may think "it is none of my Lula business," but I think the Senate Committee's allusion to England in the Hawaii [report] was not of sufficient use at home to compensate for the jar it gave over here.

And there is that unfortunate Putnam award! I suppose you all think—as I do—that it is absurdly exorbitant; that P. gave us away—which is all true, I have no doubt. But, after all, he was our representative, and we are included by his act. We have nothing to do but pay and look pleasant, or else say we won't, which is of course open for any nation to do—with the natural result. Is there no way of hurrying the matter through? I am sure it will be worth the sacrifice.

You have had an anxious and exciting week. You may imagine what it is to me, absolutely without light or instruction, compelled to act from day to day on my own judgment, and at no moment sure of the wishes of the Department. What I should have done, if the feeling here had been unfriendly instead of cordially sympathetic, it is hard to say. The commonest phrase is here: "I wish you would take Cuba at once. We wouldn't have stood it this long."

And of course no power on earth would have shown such patience and such scrupulous regard for law.

Events now hurried on apace. On May 1st Commodore Dewey battered to pieces the obsolescent Spanish fleet at Cavité, the news of the victory being delayed several days.

On May 8th Hay replies to Mr. Theodore Stanton, at Paris, who had suggested that it might do good if Mr. Bryce would visit France, where also a current of hostile feeling was blowing:

I have received your letter about James Bryce and have written him to-day to *appuyer* your request. I think it an excellent idea. . . .

We are all very happy over Dewey's splendid Sunday's work at Manila, and anxiously waiting news from Sampson and Schley. If we can carry off one more serious sea-fight, I hope we can then see daylight. I detest war, and had hoped I might never see another, but this was as necessary as it was righteous. I have not for two years seen any other issue.

How Dewey did wallop them! [he writes to Mr. Adams on May 9th]. His luck was so monstrous that it really detracts from his glory. And don't you go to making mistakes about McKinley! He is no tender-foot—he has a habit of getting there. Many among the noble and the pure have had occasion to change their minds about him. My friend Smalley changes his weekly. Sometimes he admires him more than I do, and sometimes less. I think he is wrong both times. I don't pretend to know the Major very well, but the Cobden Club and Godkin¹ know him still less.

On May 25th Hay sends Senator Lodge the following important report on the situation:

Your letter gave me the most gratifying and the most authentic account of the feeling among the leading men in America that

¹ Editor of the New York *Evening Post*.

I have got from any source. It is a moment of immense importance, not only for the present, but for all the future. It is hardly too much to say the interests of civilization are bound up in the direction the relations of England and America are to take in the next few months.

The state of feeling here is the best I have ever known. From every quarter, the evidences of it come to me. The royal family, by habit and tradition, are most careful not to break the rules of strict neutrality, but even among them I find nothing but hearty kindness, and—so far as is consistent with propriety—sympathy. Among the political leaders on both sides I find not only sympathy, but a somewhat eager desire that "the other fellows" shall not seem the more friendly. Chamberlain's startling speech was partly due to a conversation I had with him, in which I hoped he would not let the opposition have a monopoly of expressions of good-will to America. He is greatly pleased with the reception his speech met with on our side, and says he "don't care a hang what they say about it on the Continent."

I spend the great part of my time declining invitations to dine and speak. But on the rare occasions when I do go to big public dinners the warmth of the welcome leaves nothing to be desired. But the overwhelming weight of opinion is on our side. A smashing blow in the Caribbean would help wonderfully. But an enemy determined not to fight can elude a battle a long time. And our hair is growing gray while we wait and read the fool despatches. . . .

I wish we could all be chloroformed for a few months, and begin life again in October. I do not so much mind my friends going into battle, but the fever is a grisly thing to encounter.

The next letter to Mr. Adams is dated May 27th. The Ambassador is already looking forward to the end of the war. I have found no trace of the draft of the "little project" which he mentions.

I have your yesterday's letter, and it was a great balm to my self-conceit to know that I held the same views you express as to terms of peace. I had drawn up a little project which was yours almost verbatim.

The weak point in both of our schemes is the Senate. I have told you many times that I did not believe another important treaty would ever pass the Senate. What is to be thought of a body which will not take Hawaii as a gift, and is clamoring to hold the Philippines? Yet that is the news we have to-day.

The man who makes the Treaty of Peace with Spain will be lucky if he escapes lynching. But I am old, with few days and fewer pleasures left, and I don't mind.

I think, however, Paris will be the likelier place, and I don't hanker after the job.

To Senator Lodge:

July 27, 1898.—I am most grateful to you for your letters. I appreciate the sacrifice so busy a man makes in writing; and coming, as they do, from the very center of news, they are most interesting and valuable.

I can send you little that is interesting in return. The daily telegrams in the papers make everything stale a few hours after it happens. There are a few things, it is true, under the surface, but the people you know tell you everything. I have been under great obligations the last few months to X., who knows Germany as few men do, and has kept me wonderfully *au courant* of facts and opinions there.

How splendidly things have moved our way! I do not see a ghost of a chance for Bryan in the next few years.

By the end of July, Spain having sued for peace, President McKinley appointed a commission to meet in Paris on October 1st. In reviewing the war, the American public already recognized how much the United States owed to the good will of Great Britain, and those who were on the inside knew how much the securing of that good will was due to John Hay. To one correspondent who wrote to congratulate him, he replied:

August 22, 1898.

MY DEAR CARNEGIE,—I thank you for the Skibo grouse and also for your kind letter. It is a solemn and a sobering thing to hear so many kind and unmerited words as I have heard and read this last week. It seems to me another man they are talking about, while I am expected to do his work. I wish a little of the kindness could be saved till I leave office finally.

I have read with the keenest interest your article in *The North American*.¹ I am not allowed to say in my present fix how much I agree with you. The only question in my mind is how far it is now *possible* for us to withdraw from the Philippines. I am rather thankful it is not given to me to solve that momentous question.

When Hay wrote this note he was already preparing to go back to Wash-

¹ *The North American Review*, August, 1898. "Distant Possessions—The Parting of the Ways."

ington to be more than Ambassador. Late in April, John Sherman, Secretary of State, was obliged, owing to the rapid enfeebling of his powers, to resign his office. Hay thus reports the matter in his letter to Mr. Adams of May 9th:

Judge Day² is Secretary of State. He did not want it, and the Major [McKinley] had other views. But the crisis was precipitated by a lapse of memory in a conversation with the Austrian Minister of so serious a nature that the President had to put in Day without an instant's delay—I need not tell you how much to my relief.

Judge Day served throughout the trying summer of the Spanish War. It was commonly understood that, as he found the duties uncongenial, his service was only provisional. So the President appointed him chairman of the United States Peace Commissioners at Paris, and recalled Hay to succeed him in the State Department.

The following letters refer to Hay's leave-takings in England. The first is addressed to his old friend Sir John Clark:

OSBORNE, August 30, 1898.—I have a few minutes left before my boat starts for Portsmouth, and I improve them to send you a word from the house of your august and venerable friend and sovereign. The Queen spoke of you last night with great kindness, and made me unhappy in the thought that I could not go as I had intended to Tillypronie. But since I have said good-by to her here, it would hardly answer to go so near Balmoral, even if I could. It does not seem possible that I am buried down with trivial affairs which will take all my time till the day I sail.

I wish I might have a day or two to talk with you. The peripetous which have led up to this most unwelcome change are too complicated to write about. When the time came, all too soon, that the President sent for me, there was no possibility of refusing to answer his summons. There could have been no adequate explanation of my *nolo episcopari*.

I grieve to go away from England. In a year or two I think I should have been ready, but the charms of this blessed island are inexhaustible, and perhaps I should never have had enough of them.

I have received much kindness here from all sorts and conditions of men. Dearest and

² William Rufus Day, of Ohio, now a Justice of the United States Supreme Court.

most enduring of all my recollections are those happy hours spent at Tillypronie with the earliest and best of our English friends. The chains of office will not fetter me for ever, I hope, and the first use I shall make of my liberty will be to cross the great water and to renew an acquaintance which will be precious to me as long as I live.

The next letter is to Senator Lodge:

Just a word in advance of my home-coming to thank you for your kind letter. I hope, after I am installed in Mr. Mullett's masterpiece,¹ I may count on the same kindness and indulgence for all my shortcomings that you have hitherto shown.

I am going down to-night to say farewell to our little Washington colony at Pluckley. I am sorry you have never been able to look upon that idyllic scene. Don² is the finest type of old Tory baronet you ever saw. His wife makes a lovely chatelaine, and Oom Hendrik has assumed the congenial functions of cellarer and chaplain. Mr. and Mrs. B. A. are there also, and shed sweetness and light over the landscape. Moreton Frewen has been there, darkening counsel with many cheery words. It was delightful to see him, one evening after dinner, lauding Colonel Bryan as the greatest and most beneficent personality in American life since Abraham Lincoln.

You will understand I have no time to write a letter. I am looking forward to many a long talk with you in the future, with Hay unto Lodge uttering speech, and Lodge unto Hay showing knowledge.

To his old chief in the days of the Paris Legation, John Bigelow, who wrote to congratulate him, Hay replied:

[LONDON] *September 5, 1898.*—I am so tossed about and worried by these unexpected changes in my fortunes that I need a Mr. Speaker to tell me where I am at.

I fear you are right about the Philippines, and I hope the Lord will be good to us poor

¹ The State Department Building in Washington.

² Senator J. Donald Cameron.

devils who have to take care of them. I marvel at your suggesting that we pay for them. I should have expected no less of your probity; but how many except those educated by you in the school of morals and diplomacy would agree with you? Where did I pass you on the road of life? You used to be a little my senior;³ now you are ages younger and stronger than I am. And yet I am going to be Secretary of State for a little while!

Hay's reluctance was not feigned. He understood not only the volume but the intricacy and ticklishness of the work before him. Some of his intimate friends predicted that he would die or resign within six months; but his sense of patriotic duty bade him go to the new post, whatever its perils. The last letter I quote is dated London, September 14, 1898, and is addressed to Whitelaw Reid, who was just leaving New York to attend the Peace Conference at Paris:

We are to cross each other at sea, it appears, and I have been so worried by every wind of destiny since I got your long and delightful letter that I have not answered it, and now the carriage waits to take me to the train which is to drag me to Liverpool, and I have no time to talk to you.

Please take everything for granted—the old love, the old confidence, the old trust.

You are going to do a most important piece of work at Paris, and I know it will be well done.

As for me, you can imagine with what solemn and anxious feelings I am starting for home. Never, even in war times, did I feel anything like it. But then I was young and now I am old.

On September 30th Hay began his career as Secretary of State—a career in which, continuing through six years and a half, he had to grapple with some of the most momentous business that ever fell to an American statesman.

³ John Bigelow, born in 1817, was twenty-one years older than Hay.



Messages of Spring

BY ALAN SULLIVAN



HE Rev. James Morton seated himself at the breakfast-table, said grace, sighed inaudibly, and addressed himself to his porridge. He had done this for so many mornings that now it was an automatic sequence to which he seemed to contribute nothing but modulated sounds and certain dignified motions. Presently, as always, Maria Morton repeated the parochial duties for the day, repeated them in that deliberate monotone which the Reverend James had long recognized as the voice of destiny. There was the Girls' Friendly Society, the Dorcas Society, the committee on food values for the poor; and the deputation to the city council in the matter of playgrounds.

He listened, or rather his ears received it, while his brain plodded along, keeping always exactly one sentence ahead. To the silence that followed he contributed nothing; but a breath of spring air that drifted through the open window set his mind wandering till it reached back to another spring day, now long past, when Maria had sat at his breakfast-table for the very first time. Slowly she became transfigured. He saw again the pink-and-white of her cheeks, the adorable curls on her neck, the entrancing curve of shoulder and arm, the unspeakable light in her dancing blue eyes. Ah, that—

"Your coffee, James!"

He returned with a thud. The vision vanished, to be replaced by a small, brisk woman with quick, agile eyes, slightly compressed lips, cheeks that retained a pink oasis in their somewhat sallow curves, and brown hair tightly drawn back into a small convoluted hump.

He smiled mechanically. "Thank you, my dear," then paused with the cup in his hand. "You forgot Mrs. Berryman."

Maria glanced over the coffee-pot. "Oh, are you going there?"

"She telephoned last night that she would like me to call."

His wife hesitated. It was almost imperceptible—that is, it would have been in any other woman. But to James Morton hesitation in Maria was notable.

"What's the matter with her?"

"I don't know, my dear. She didn't say."

Maria sniffed. For the rest of the meal she said little, but shot curious glances at her husband. Words seemed to tremble on her lips, only to be gulped hurriedly down.

The Reverend James rose and went into his study. Two hours later he descended to the hall, grasped his hat and stick, and stepped thoughtfully out into the sunshine. Maria watched him from her bedroom window. Her cheeks were flushed, her mouth twitched. It seemed almost as if some other Maria were demanding utterance. Her eyes followed to the corner, then, as his slim black shoulders vanished, she threw herself on the bed and put her face between her hands.

Mabel Berryman heard the door-bell and leaned languidly back in an invalid-chair. She really looked extremely well. Her natural pallor heightened the effect of her large, dark eyes, and just now her eyes were larger and darker than ever. She had, a week or so before, decided—and the decision had a touch of deliciousness in it—to set her house in order. This visitation was the immediate outcome of those elusive springtime sensations in which one is translated, as it were, to more intimate communion with a more beautiful universe. To these she had yielded with something akin to abandonment. They all pointed to the probability of her not being long in this world. She had gone even further, and

called up pleasing and pathetic visions of the scenes that would follow her most sad demise. Transported thus to a plane which she was convinced was the loftiest plane of all, she put on her prettiest tea-gown, had the room dusted and filled with flowers, and then sent, as one most naturally would send, for the Rev. James Morton.

Her smile of greeting was meant to be one of resignation. It touched her to think that the very small white and smooth hand which she extended to him was that of a woman poised almost between earth and heaven, that this visit of his was but the precursor of other visits, each successively more intimate, more soulful. She felt very fragile, like a Dresden cup perilously near the edge of the shelf.

She had rehearsed her side of this interview and dwelt with transitory unction on the gradual unfolding of her precarious condition, her joy in the life that now paused in its comfortable voyage, her recognition of the ephemeral side of things in general, and her ultimate desire to get in touch with matters transcendental. It had all seemed very good, and she had felt that it was even touching. But now, surveying James Morton's matter-of-fact face and somewhat non-ethereal manner, she experienced a fluttering of doubt.

"It's very good of you to come and see me."

"Not at all. I'm very glad to come. Not ill, I hope?"

Mrs. Berryman sighed. "It's not serious, so far as the doctors can tell, but—one never really knows." Her large eyes engulfed him. "I've been so much alone of late that I wanted to talk to you."

"Yes. Can I be of any service?"

She nodded. "You see, one can never tell how long one is going to live."

The Reverend James looked startled. This springlike room yielded no suggestion of departure, and Mrs. Berryman, though undoubtedly pale, lacked every premonitory symptom of dissolution.

"At such a time as this," she went on, gently, "one does think, doesn't one? There is so much one leaves behind, isn't there?"

"Yes," he said, wrinkling his brows, "but—"

"That's just what I'm coming to. I want everything as it ought to be. Life has been very kind, and, frankly, Mr. Morton, I want to be remembered as one who—who did her duty by society and," she added, hastily, "by humanity."

"This is very noble of you; but, Mrs. Berryman, surely you are not going to—"

"Ah, that's it—that's the mysterious, wonderful part of it. Yesterday—you remember what a wonderful day yesterday was—it came to me very distinctly from out there." Her tea-gown fell away from the soft curves of a lifted arm. "I couldn't say it was a voice—it was more of a message that was full of sad but very beautiful whispers. It seemed, Mr. Morton—it seemed that the spirits of the flowers themselves were speaking."

The Reverend James hesitated. "Yes—and then? . . ."

"It was all very intimate and very touching. One could not rebel, however"—here she glanced effectively round the room—"however much life had to offer."

She lay back in her chair and waited expectantly. A breath of wind stirred her soft brown hair. Her lips were parted. The Reverend James noted that they were not the lips of a candidate for the Unknown. But he also noted the femininity, the grace and contour of her exquisite person. She seemed an essential part of the perfect room she occupied. The room, indeed, was a background in harmony with her exquisiteness.

"To be quite frank with you," he said, bluntly, "I think you have—er—misinterpreted your—er—message."

She sat up, suddenly and vigorously. "What!"

"Misinterpreted your message," he persisted, confidently. "And, if I may say so, these—er—whispers of spring are—er—not at all uncommon." His face relaxed and he leaned forward, smiling. "I have had some myself lately."

A pink flood slowly mounted into Mrs. Berryman's pale cheeks. "I—I don't understand."

"That's quite reasonable. It does seem strange that a person as—as formal

as myself should receive messages of spring, but I assure you it's perfectly true. Only in my case they suggested the past—not the future."

"You think, then, in my case, that . . ."

"You're a much more receptive person to such things than I am. And in your case," he smiled again, "naturally they would not suggest that which has had so little time to exist."

He sat back, with a tingle of surprise at himself. Spring was, without doubt, in the air. Mrs. Berryman's eyes took on a totally different light. She pursed her lips, glanced at him swiftly, then rippled into a bubble of a laugh.

"That's really very pretty. I feel better already—and you refuse to take me seriously?"

He nodded. "Part of you."

"And the other part?"

"You said you wanted to do something for humanity, in case— Suppose you left out the 'in case'?"

"You mean, do it anyway?"

"Why not?"

She tilted her head and regarded him thoughtfully. "What do you suggest?"

"That's rather difficult, offhand. May I think it over and tell you in a week or so?"

"It would be very kind of you. And in the mean time?"

"Yes?"

"As to myself—you think that I may have misinterpreted the—the message?" she questioned, daintily insistent.

He smiled, with a glint of sudden humor in his eyes. "Did I say that?"

"Didn't you mean it?"

"Yes, but that's only half of it."

"And the second half?"

"Qualifies the first. It's the jam with the pill."

"Jam, please," she laughed.

"The messages of spring," he said, happily, "make us think about ourselves; then, if they are *real* messages, such as you caught, they make us think of other people—as you have."

She pouted. "Hm!—that's very noble—but not half so interesting. Tell me," she added, daringly, "don't you sometimes get tired?"

"Of what?"

"Thinking of other people. Wouldn't

you like to forget them all, utterly, just for a while? They are, of course, very worthy, and the backbone of the country, and all that sort of thing, but—really—don't you think other people are different from oneself? And somehow—oh—you know what I mean—they don't feel what oneself feels, so, of course, they couldn't comprehend. You understand, don't you?" Her large eyes gazed into his face. Were they provocative, or had they only a petitionary china blue?

The Reverend James began to perceive that he had enjoyed himself exceedingly. He chuckled as he rose to go. "What would you like me to say?"

It struck him afterward that he could not have made a less parochial remark. How would it have sounded at the Mothers' Union?

Mrs. Berryman was radiant. "Do you know," she said, tilting her golden head, "you're not a bit like a real clergyman. I've enjoyed your visit so much."

A sudden chill struck his spine. "Good morning," he said, hastily. "I'll drop in some day next week."

Slipping from the invalid-chair in a cloud of filmy negligée, she watched him going down the garden path. He had at first seemed rather stiff, rather angular, with the black severity of his cloth in sharp contrast to the soft, luxurious tones of her morning-room. To her, he did not look like a man who could hear the messages of spring, or for whom, indeed, there were any sensations so ineffable and delicate as those by which she had been transported. But, she admitted, there was a certain solid dignity about him. If many of the relaxations of the laity had been ironed out of his life, he seemed, nevertheless, immune to much of the pettiness of laymen's surroundings. He was, in a way, ennobled by what he had not. She wondered about the rest of the Reverend James—the part of him that had only peeped out of its cloistered screen, then ducked and disappeared. Suddenly she thought of Maria Morton, and laughed.

The Reverend James walked slowly down-town toward the parish-house. His mind was in a subdued tumult which was not without certain gratifying sen-

sations. Had he been suddenly accosted by one of his wardens he would, without doubt, have vaulted back into the familiar bounds of his parochial territory. But—and he noted it thankfully—the streets were singularly empty. He was still conscious of the benison of the spring, and yielded luxuriously to every bland, atmospheric caress. He was conscious, as well, that some interesting but long-forgotten side of his nature had been awakened. This was, without question, due to the potent effect of the spring plus Mrs. Berryman. He questioned himself with gradually relaxing persistence as to why the spring plus Mrs. Berryman should have aroused within him these pleasurable emotions which had failed, for many years, to answer to the touch of spring plus Maria. One spring, he conceded, was admittedly very like another. He shrank loyally from the conclusion that the variant element must be found elsewhere, and began all over again. Maria was, without question, devoted to him. No man could ask more from a woman than Maria had laid at his sacerdotal feet. Furthermore, Maria was his parochial calendar. She had individual brain-cells, it appeared, for each successive parish function. No permutations of his own escaped the inflexibility of her sacrificial memory. She put him daily where he should be, and it seemed to the Reverend James that all he had to do was to stay where he was put. As to her own part of this ordained duality, she seemed to have no desires save that all should go well with James and his work. He wondered whether devotion carried to such a point might not stifle its object and defeat its own end. And then his mind wandered further back, and he visioned their honeymoon and the still enfranchised Maria with laughing eyes and ruffled hair as she drew his head down on her round young shoulder and said, "Don't hurry back to the old parish; it will have you long enough!" He breathed a little faster at the thought of Maria with her hair emancipated from its convoluted hump; Maria, with her beautiful young arms around his neck; Maria in a tea-gown; Maria kissing him as she used to kiss him, and saying, "James, it's time we had a good holiday again!"

Conceive, if you will, these masculine perturbations in a clerical breast; button them down tightly beneath the severity of a black coat, then impinge on the clerical ear the chimes of its own church, and there will be produced precisely that pectoral disturbance which unsettled the Reverend James as he piloted the Dorcas Society through its weekly gathering. Banish from your mind any thought that a course in divinity renders one immune to sentimental riot, or that rectorial blood fails in the quota of red corpuscles that may be determined in the veins of a parishioner, and you will enter into the secret chambers of the heart of the Rev. James Morton as he prepared for the committee meeting on food values for the poor.

He turned homeward at evening, physically exhausted, with tightly bottled emotions that must on no account disturb the serenity of the rectory. He was prepared to greet Maria with just as much demonstration of affection as her impeccable sense of responsibility would permit. He was ready even to take a chance on more.

He entered the house and went to his study with some books. Maria was not visible. He heard her moving about in the bedroom, and went quietly up. Half-way there, he heard a trunk dragged from a closet into the middle of the room. Stepping very quietly, he opened the door. Maria was leaning over the trunk, with her back to him. He stood, but did not speak, wondering what she was doing. She was not going away—Maria never went away.

Presently she took out something he recognized—her last-summer's hat. This she laid on the bed, then drew forth a faded frock that had done service through the glare of the preceding year.

She looked at these curiously. Her lips were compressed and a bright spot burned on either cheek. Taking the frock, she held its waist against her belt, and turned the dull folds of the fabric to the window. For an instant thus. Then with swift and sudden motion she ripped the thin skirt from end to end, rolled it in a lump, and pitched it contemptuously into a corner.

The Reverend James had only time to gasp before she took up the hat. Putting

this on, she wheeled and stared into the mirror. By this time her eyes were very bright and her cheeks were on fire. What the mirror reflected he could not see, but apparently it was enough for Maria. With one desperate jerk the hat was whipped off. One coil of her thick brown hair loosened from its prison and fell below her waist. She held out the hat, peered derisively at its crumpled shape, flung it to the floor, and ground her heel into the flattened straw. Then the Reverend James heard her catch her breath, till, after a poignant, speechless moment, she threw herself face downward on the bed. An instant later her shoulders began to heave.

The Reverend James choked, thought hard and with terrific velocity, then instinctively stepped forward. His own heart was jumping with a long-dormant but now pounding hammer. His eyes were misty, but through the mist gleamed a primordial joy. He put his arm around her. "Maria, dearest, what is it?"

Her sobbing abated, but she could not speak.

"Maria," he said, gently. "Tell me!"

She gulped and looked slowly up. "You wouldn't understand."

"Wouldn't I?" he answered, tremulously. "I think I would. In fact, I think I do—already."

Maria dabbed her eyes and blinked at him doubtfully. "Oh, James, you'll think I'm crazy. But something took hold of me when I got those things out. I didn't know I was so sick of them. I suppose its the springtime coming round. I'm tired, James. I've been tired for years, but I didn't want to say anything about it—on account of you and your work." She began to sob again, quietly and wearily.

The Reverend James bent lower. "Maria," he said, tenderly, "look at me."

Again she lifted her tear-stained face. "It's no use. I know I'm crazy, and you can't possibly understand. But, I want," she wailed—"I want to forget everything, and do nothing for a while but just play the fool."

The heart of the Reverend James leaped with savage berserker joy. He caught her to him and held her closely.

"Maria," he breathed, fiercely, "can't you see? So do I!"

Slaves

BY AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

IF your heart were stilled to-morrow,
My heart must hold its grief unshed.
You will have no right to sorrow
When you are told that I am dead.

With an unremembering smile
Among our fellows we have met,
But when sleep strikes off awhile
The fetters— Love, do you forget?

Do you never seek me then
And, bitter-sweet with shame and tears,
Seal upon my lips again
One moment out of all the years?

Thursday Island

BY NORMAN DUNCAN



PASSAGE of Torres Strait and its vast approaches, which lie strewn from coast to coast with coral reefs and patches and sand-bars and nigger-heads, between the Australian Cape York and the New Guinea cannibal shore, is a stirring incident of the road from Sydney to Singapore. "Caught here in foul weather,"—a parody of the sailing directions runs,—"anchor and pray!" It is a wide stretch, one hundred miles at least, between Cape York and New Guinea; and there should be ample room for haste and free sailing; yet no more than two narrow, tortuous paths are certainly known to lead through the coral—courses like faint forest trails; so that these shallows have the reputation of being the worst water in the world. Navigation here intently, nervously concerns itself with the color of the water—the brown over the bars, the beryl over the reefs, the blue of the deep passages; nor only with the color of the water—with the odors abroad in a thick night. "I can *smell* the coral in the dark," the captain of a packet boasted; declaring a more credible performance, indeed—preposterous as it may appear—than the transatlantic skippers who say, "I can smell the ice." The packet approaches the long event with alert caution, as though, however careless her behavior may have been in the Coral Sea, she must now, at last, giving over frivolity and the habit of somnolence for a day and a night, attend strictly to business. She slows down, forges ahead, swerves in a sharp arc, comes to half-speed, stops dead, steams confidently forward, pauses in suspicion for soundings, and repeats all this bewildered behavior as though she had never passed that way before, and would take jolly good care never to tumble into such a mess again—all the while

peering out and feeling for a course, and by and by, having picked the way to Prince of Wales Channel, she ties up at the wharf at Thursday Island and is half-way through from sea to sea.

An ample, rosy woman, the landlady, her face in a pucker of anxiety, bustled out of the chief public-house to meet our arrival from the packet.

"'As the beer come?" she panted.

It was a swift exposition of the dreary pleasures of Thursday Island—and of the infinitely more dreary lack of them. And here, too, was a dreary hotel. A veranda overlooked the painted harbor water, where some little luggers of the pearling fleet lay at anchor, with the rolling, jungle shores of the islands half vanished in a mist of heat beyond—a prospect streaked and splashed with beryl and cream and blue and violet and brown. The town lay up from the waterside, wilting in the sun: a broad street, with a scorched boulevard of grassy sand and a row of dead young trees; dusty shops kept by Japanese and Chinamen; sleepy cottages overgrown with flowering, tropical vines; buzzing native quarters; iron shanties, crowded close, at haphazard; a population of Japanese, Cingalese, Chinamen, Filipinos, Solomon-Islanders, Papuans, Fijians, Malays, Aborigines, Europeans, Australians. Life was a listless, sordid procession of hours, ticked off too slowly. What humor there was in our neighborhood, at any rate, came only from the tart lips of the landlady and a contemplation of the public-house bath. The bath was an ingenious arrangement, pretty generally to be met with in these isolated tropical towns—an American oil-can and a rope and tackle. One filled the can from a bucket and hauled it overhead; and then one twitched a string, thus opening the punctured bottom of the can—whereupon a brief deluge of tepid rain-water.



THURSDAY ISLAND IS A PEARLING STATION

Thursday Island is a pearling station of some consequence. Pearls and shell, with *bêche-de-mer* and turtle, account for the residence of its fifteen hundred inhabitants, black, yellow, and white, in that dreary, broiling exile. It is nevertheless a port of call so familiar and friendly in those obscure quarters of the world that it wears an affectionate nickname. Gibraltar is "Gib" to the Atlantic and Mediterranean; Thursday Island is "T. I." to the East Indies and the nearer South Seas. All the roving craft—the traders and shell-prospectors—put in for pleasure and supplies; and every adventurer and abandoned wretch of the Northern Territory and New Guinea makes it a metropolis for the scene of his occasional desperate frivolities.

In prospect, Thursday Island appears to be a swarming, wild, flaring town, like the wicked old Port Said. It turns out to be, however—so searching and firm are the fingers of the Queensland law—a dull, orderly little place, with nothing more reprehensible than a highly respectable picture-show to enliven the open life of its nights; an odorifer-

ous hall, where Japanese, Chinese, Solomon-Islanders, and Australian Aborigines eagerly follow the melodrama of cowboy life in America. Taking the truth of the tales for granted, the crocodiles, which infest the rivers and beaches of all the north Australian coast, are the liveliest visitors in town. Upon rare occasions they are said to adventure boldly and with unexpected cunning from the water to the lower street; so that—the thing being known, and no matter, indeed, how unusual the occurrence and improbable the recurrence—it is a shuddering business for any stranger with ghastly crocodile yarns rumbling in his ears to traverse the raided territory in the dark. We were told, and had no reason to doubt the tale, that a monstrous crocodile had not long before chased a little girl up the street and into the shelter of a public-house, scrambling close upon her terrified heels.

A Chinaman was said to have vanished on the edge of town, within sight of the hotel veranda; the last they heard of the poor wretch was a shrill Chinese squeal of horror, and the last

they saw of him was the light of his lantern bobbing toward the water.

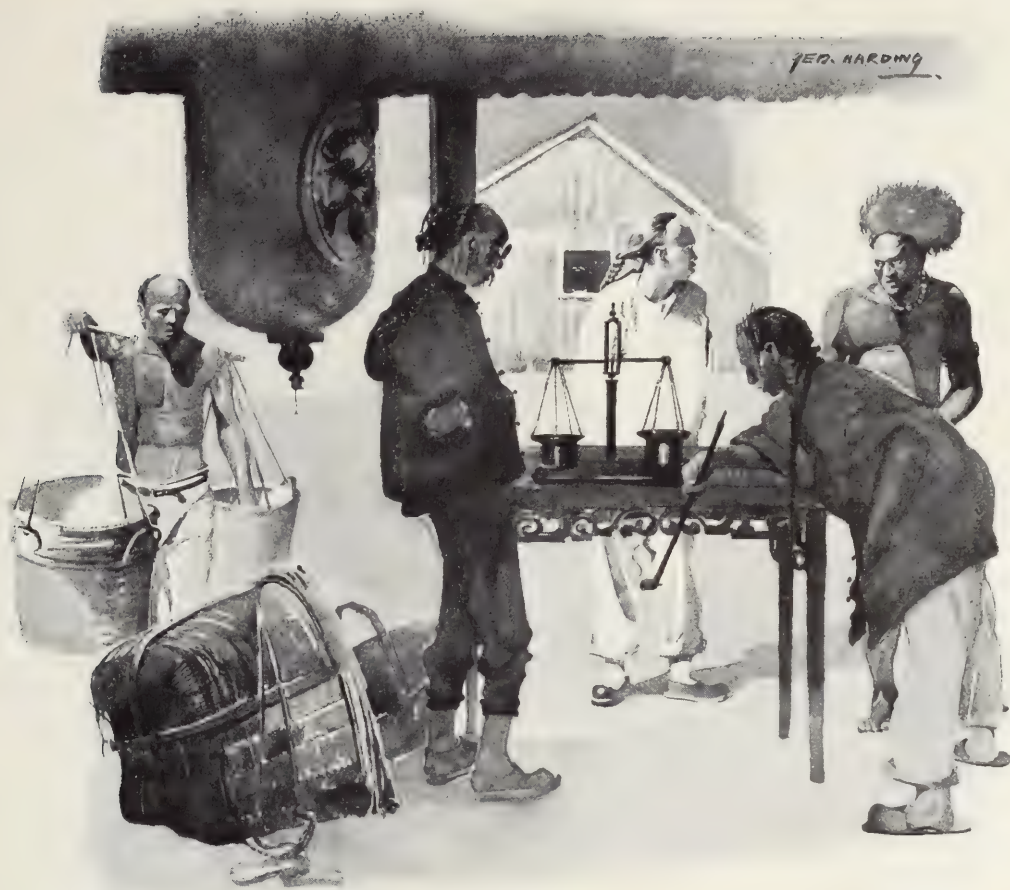
"Man rescued his mate from a crocodile over on one of the islands," said the barber, casually, touching a match to his pipe. "Mate was pretty badly mauled. And [puff!] man hauled him up on the beach and came over to T. I. for help. And the [puff, puff!] mate wasn't there when he got back. And we reckon it was [puff!] 'nother croc."

It is told of a surveyor that he measured a basking crocodile by means of his instruments—taking sights and angles from a reasonably short distance; and that he worked out the length of the crocodile to be thirty-five feet! This remarkable result is ascribed to an error in the surveyor's calculations due to a pardonable trepidation. Crocodiles of twenty feet, however—even of twenty-eight feet, it is asserted—have been shot. Sly, powerful beasts they are indeed. A horse taken by the shoulder dragged a crocodile for forty yards before he could release himself; and a full-grown buffalo, taken by the

head while drinking, was carried off bodily and drowned. The story is told of a trooper, bathing in one of the rivers, who, tiring a little, swam for rest toward what seemed surely to be a floating log; the log turned out to be a crocodile, and the crocodile took the trooper by the head, within sight of his comrades, and carried him off. It is said of the aborigines that, being taken, they thrust their fingers in the crocodile's eyes and sometimes save themselves in this way; and an incredible tale of escape is in common circulation—that an aborigine, carried away by the feet and deposited at the bottom of a pool in the river for future consumption, played 'possum all the while and swam to shore when his captor left him. It will appear, thus, that the crocodile is to be reckoned with—that he is no boggy of the rivers and beaches, but a live, horrible peril. The aborigines are well aware of the degree of this peril and cautious in the presence of it; and as for the Europeans, no seasoned white man of sound mind would put himself in the way of giving a crocodile the ad-



A BROILING PORT OF CALL IN THE SOUTH SEA



DUSTY SHOPS KEPT BY JAPANESE AND CHINAMEN

vantage of him. When a considerable number of aborigines cross a crocodile-infested stream they beat the water with sticks and chant a great commotion—taking the precaution, of course, to send their women first.

Diving for shell, and incidentally for the little treasure of pearl—it has been estimated that one shell in a thousand contains a pearl—is carried on in deeper water off Thursday Island than anywhere else. Other productive beds lie comparatively shallow—the Persian Gulf, the Sulu Seas, the Gulf of Manaar. The greatest depth at which a diver in helmet and dress can perform any sort of useful labor is held to be one hundred and eighty-two feet. At that depth a Spanish diver raised £9,000 in silver bars from a wreck off Finisterre. At one hundred and fifty feet an English diver salvaged £50,000 from a wreck off Leuconna Reef of the Chinese coast.

The maximum depth to which the sponge-fishers of the Mediterranean successfully descend is one hundred and

fifty feet. In the Torres Strait, with the depletion of the beds, the divers have moved from the shallow water of from four to six fathoms to depths of one hundred and twenty feet, where the operation is a distressful and perilous one. A paternal law prohibits diving beyond a specified depth of safety; but as the courts have held that a diver must be actually seen at that depth, if anybody is to be held amenable, and as the reefs are remote from any practical scheme of supervision, it is a law of small consequence, after all, and the perilously deep diving goes on, no doubt, much as before, with its occasional issue of sudden death. Subjected to a hazardous degree of atmospheric pressure—at one hundred feet it is sixty pounds to the square inch—the divers are attacked by various characteristic disturbances: pains in the muscles and joints, for example (“the bends”), and deafness, spells of fainting, and paralysis, otherwise known as “diver’s palsy.” The effects appear when the diver ascends too rapidly from deep water and

the pressure is removed. It is then that the cases of sudden death occur—the diver found dead in his helmet or expiring on the deck when the helmet is removed.

It is a short life (they say) and a bitter one, fit only for the yellow and brown men—the Japanese and Papuans and Manila-men and island boys; the

that divers of the Gulf of Manaar have been known to remain under water for six minutes; but at Thursday Island, where the *bêche-de-mer* men dive naked, this is laughed at for a preposterous tale. The longest time a man can remain under water (they say) is two minutes—not much more, at any rate; and should he continue these intervals, at a

great depth, he will presently bleed at the nose and mouth and will eventually collapse on the deck of his lugger. It is maintained, moreover, that the coastal aborigines are the greatest of all swimmers—that, being well oiled for the occasion, they can go as deep and swim as long as any man. A black boy fishing *bêche-de-mer* will search the bottom for these sea-slugs in the course of one dive and

gather a heap, depositing it in a convenient spot; will fill his arms, when he has collected their full burden, and at last wriggle swiftly to his dinghy, emerging with a load that might tax the strength and incommode the progress of a man on a highroad ashore.

In these days there is very little naked diving after shell out of Thursday Island. The divers are clad in helmet and dress; and there is difficulty enough, even so. The depth is great, the ground may be treacherous—a diver may fall from a height even at the bottom of the sea—and the sharks are numerous and big and voracious.

One midday a score of little luggers came drifting into the harbor at Thursday Island with a light wind.

"Dead Jap," opined the customs official.

"No black flag," the barber objected. "Where's your half-master?"

"Boy bitten by a shark, then."

"Oh, roiled water!"

"Quite an immunity from death of late," the customs official observed.

"Only five in six months."

"A Jap and a Malay and three Papuans."



CROCODILES ARE THE LIVELIEST VISITORS IN TOWN

Japanese, especially, who are tough fellows, sullenly reckless of their days, and thinking of life only in terms of hard labor and brief periods of violent pleasure.

At Thursday Island the luggers—smart, seaworthy little fellows of eighteen or twenty tons, bright with paint—are manned and outfitted. They are small for the big task of weathering the winds that blow over the reefs and shallows of that perilous water. It is sharp seamanship and a dependable weatherlore, for which the Japanese skippers are celebrated, that accomplishes an escape from the sudden, sweeping gales; such a gale, for example, as cleared the west-coast grounds of the fleet—a wind that picked some luggers out of the water and dropped them in the mangroves a hundred yards from the beach. In the Gulf of Manaar, the Ceylon beds, the divers go naked after the shell, for the most part—a plunge with a cord and sink-stone, and with a spike of ironwood to ward off the sharks while the baskets are being filled; and they continue diving thus time after time, remaining below for from fifty to eighty seconds, until exhausted. It is recorded

"Seventy-nine," said the barber, "in the six months previous."

As a matter of statistical fact, ten per cent. of the Torres Strait divers die every year from the immediate effects of their vocation.

Torres Strait swarms with tiger-sharks; and as the tiger-shark grows to a length of twenty feet in these latitudes, and is a particularly voracious and pugnacious customer, anywhere encountered, he is an enemy to beware of. A brownish-yellow bulk, ornamented with transverse bands or rounded spots, furnished with a gigantic blade-like tail, and having a length of twenty

feet—measured off on the carpet of a man's quiet home—and, regarded with the eye of the imagination, given hungry speed in the dusky water, it is enough to make a man shudder in his library chair! It was not roiled water that had brought the score of luggers into harbor at Thursday Island while we sat watching with the barber and the customs official; it was, as the customs official had suggested, a Jap boy bitten by a shark; and as the poor fellow was carried to the hospital, we were informed, with a torn shoulder and a seared face, he protested that he would never go down again—that diving was "finish" for him.



IDLE HOURS IN PORT

Many another Torres Strait diver has come to the same conclusion after a precisely similar experience. A diver's "nerve" breaks; he has no heart for the risk again—always an imminent risk. Divers have been known to vanish—to take the plunge and be carried off without a bubble or a ripple to indicate the moment of this horrible death. The man in helmet and dress is in danger if he is not alert; he has a weapon at hand, however; when attacked he signals for more air and frightens his cowardly enemy away with a volley of bubbles. Yet he may be taken in a momentary lapse of caution. I recall the case of a diver whose life-line sud-

denly, mysteriously parted; his mates dived to his rescue at once, but no trace of the man was ever found, and there was but one reasonable way in which to account for his disappearance—a shark had undoubtedly taken him.

It is said that the coastal aborigine is not greatly afraid of a shark—that he is a match for a shark, indeed, in fair water, when not taken unaware. He may lose a leg or an arm, or he may be carried off bodily; but in any event the damage will be due rather to the cunning approach of the shark than to the limitations of the diver. Fairly warned, he will dive to the bottom, roil the water, and thus elude the attack; and if he is pugnaciously disposed at the moment (they say)—if the shark impolitely interrupts him at a critical or deeply interested moment—he will give fight. It is true, of course, that the naked divers are accustomed to escape by roiling the water; such instances are common; but I have no stomach for the tale that any man will go out of his way to challenge combat with a twenty-foot tiger-shark—even when angered by an untimely interruption.

I recall two stories of narrow escape. The one concerns a young Japanese diver who was taking a crayfish to the surface, and all at once found himself in a furious engagement. It was incautious of the diver to have a crayfish in his possession; the sharks are inordinately fond of crayfish; and this indiscreet diver came out of the consequent encounter with a lacerated thigh and one arm missing. The other story is hardly credible, related far from the scene; I cannot vouch for it, at any rate, having had no means of authenticating it; but as I have not hesitated to swallow it whole, and have been pleasantly moved to shudder and thrill and exclaim aghast, I will tell it for what it is worth. It



A JAPANESE DIVER



A PEARLING SCHOONER

seems that a black *bêche-de-mer* boy, swimming, naked and abstracted, close to the reef in search of slugs, awoke all at once to an amazing situation. It was not that the shark was near—not that it had turned and was darting; but that *his head was actually in the shark's wide-open mouth*. The black boy acted sharply; he withdrew his head in a flash, having at the same time “punched” the shark (as they put it) to distract attention from the matter in hand; and he rescued himself after a brisk tussle, and lived to prove the adventure with a scarred cheek.

A vast number of coral islands lie in Torres Strait and its approaches—a low-lying, green - and - white, glistening brood rising from the shimmering, tepid water of a flat green sea to the scorched eye of the stranger. It seems, however, that they hold out the promise of reasonable riches to a patient man. A thrifty Chinaman of Thursday Island sold a cocoanut-grove on one of these islands for £8,000—a tidy little fortune indeed, accumulated in odd hours, merely as a by-product of the Chinaman's activity. The larger islands are inhabited by communities of aborigines, to whom the Queensland government sends white teachers; and I can fancy

no more miserable lot in life than that of a teacher to these sodden natives and their filthy children—isolated, blistered, touched with tropical fevers; yet we chanced upon one teacher who was a lively enthusiast, like the industrious missionaries who live their lives with joy and put idlers and finical fellows to shame. “We progress,” says he, with his eyes snapping. “Last year we enacted a by-law—native councilors, you know—compelling the people to plant at least fifty cocoanuts per family every year for the next five years. By and by this will be a great source of income. Our people will be prosperous. And that's getting along, isn't it? Why, that's *progress*! And progress is *satisfaction*—anywhere you like. Come, now, the life isn't too bad, is it?”

Remote as these islands are, even from Thursday Island, with which they are not in regular communication, the news of the world drifts out to them, and sometimes with a curious result. A few years ago a white man observed a corroboree (native dance) which rather remarkably resembled an encounter in the prize-ring; and he was informed presently that the dance was truly a travesty of such a contest in the American West, in which a negro and a white man had contended for



TURTLE HUNTING

what is called the heavy-weight championship of the world.

As in the notorious encounter from which the dance was derived, the dancer who enacted the part of the negro vanquished the white fighter, greatly to the delight of all the black-fellow spectators.

"Will that dance," the Australian wondered, with amusement, "become a part of the ceremonial of the tribe?"

It is an amusing dialect—the broken English of the black-fellows of these islands and parts. For the sake of accuracy I extract and condense an example from a pleasant description of coastal life by E. J. Banfield, whose command of the dialect is as easy as any man's. It describes the arrest of a wild Myall black-fellow by a trooper and his trackers:

"You bin hear about Mister Limsee have fight?" said the tracker. "My word, he fight proper! Close up [nearly] killed. We three fella ride about. Me and Mister Limsee and Cap'n [the second tracker]. Wild boy—boy from outside—Myall beggar—hit Mister Limsee. Wild boy bin have long fella stick. Heavy fella, that stick. Carn [can't] lif' um easy one hand. Mister Limsee tumble down. One time more hard and that boy kill um. Me and Cap'n come. Mister Limsee alonga ground yet. 'Hello, Mister Limsee! You bin hurt?' 'Yes, my

boy. Hurt plenty. That fella boy hit me alonga sword. You catch that fella. Hold um.' Me and Cap'n say: 'You no run away, you boy!' He say: 'Me no fright.' He have um spear. Me tell um: 'You no run away. Me catch you. Me shoot you.' He say alla time: 'Me no fright. Me fight you.' Me say: 'You fool! You carn fight alonga this fella bullet. He catch you blurry quick.' That fella stop one place. We two fella go up alongaside. Cap'n say: 'Hold up your hand. Le' me look your hand.' He hold up hand. Quick we put um han'cup. That fella no savee han'cup before. He bin sing out loud. We two fella laugh plenty. Mister Limsee tie um up hand alonga tree and belt um proper. Belt um plenty longa whip. My word, that fella sing out! Bi'mby let um go. Nex' day that boy—tchausey [saucy] fella—come up longa camp. He say: 'Me want fight that fella Cap'n.' Cap'n come up. That fella catch um. Cap'n tchuk [threw] um hard alonga ground. Bi'mby that fella boy come back. He have spear—three wire spear. Tchuk um spear. Catch um Cap'n alongaside. Wire come out 'nother side. Cap'n carn stay [stand]. He tumble down. Good boy—that Cap'n. My mate long time.

"Some fella boy go alonga house and tell um Mister Limsee.



HAULING A PEARL-DIVER ABOARD

“That Myall boy bin near kill you he fight longa camp,’ that fella boy say. ‘Cap’n catch um spear longa inside.’

“Mister Limsee come down. ‘Cap’n, my boy,’ he say, ‘I think you finish now. Me very sorry for you.’

“My word, bad place for spear longa-side! Hollow inside. Suppose spear go alonga leg and arm? No matter.

Suppose go inside? Hollow place inside. You finish quick. Plenty times me bin see um man finish that way. We bin catch that Myall boy. Put han’cup behind—like that way. My word, he carn run away now! Chain alonga leg. Cap’n he carn stay. Two days that fella Cap’n dead. He bin good mate. Me sorry. Mister Limsee he sorry. Good fella longa boy.”

It is not from the pearls that the fleet-owner derives his profit. It is from the shell. Not long ago a great pearl from the Thursday Island grounds was exhibited in Melbourne—a perfect pearl of thirty-two and one-half grains, valued then at £1,000. It was a rare find. The quest of the pearl is so uncertain at best, however, and the honesty of the divers so doubtful, and their tricks of concealment so sly and cunning and many, that the pearling owner, to put his undertaking on a dependable basis, yields the pearls to the crews in an arrangement for their labor, and takes a sure profit from the sale of the shell. Shell is cash at Thursday Island, as safe and potent as legal tender; it can surely be marketed and fetches \$500 a ton, more or less—having once soared to \$2,000 a ton. In a recent year the value of the Australian export of shell was more than £300,000; in the same year the value of the pearls exported was not quite £100,000. Now that the quest of the pearl has been systematized to what is called a cold business proposition, the romance has gone out of it—a romance of a divertingly blood-curdling description; yet there is an occasional incident of a sort to raise the hair of a man whose feet are used to pavements and whose heart beats quickly when the unusual confronts him.

Not many years ago a Malay proa was wrecked on the Australian coast

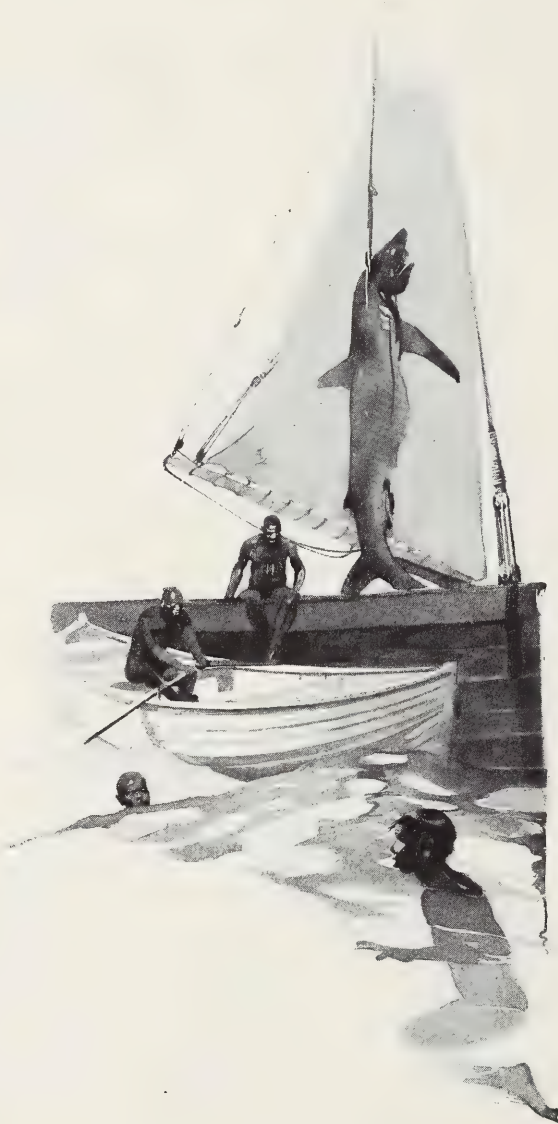
and the crew of six fell into the hands of a band of aborigines. The blacks were not savages; they were half-civilized fellows—speaking pidgin-English, some of them, and acquainted with the power and measure of the law. What followed was as cold and deliber-

erate a piece of treachery as could be practised by shapes in a nightmare. The blacks undertook to lead the Malays to Bowen Strait, and to help with the burden of the goods they had saved from the wreck, but misled them to a swamp instead, and there went into camp with them for the night, apparently in the most amiable fashion.

At that time, they protested subsequently when brought to trial, the blacks had not intended to kill the Malays. It seems they had misled the Malays to the swamp in order to despatch them conveniently and in security if the inclination should irresistibly overtake them.

The inclination

might overtake them, to be sure. One never *could* tell what might happen; and if the inclination *should* overtake them—the swamp would be an admirable place for the operation. No doubt the blacks foresaw the issue well enough, yet waited to determine the deed—like a cowardly man tricking his conscience—until the propitious moment should arrive and the affair could be undertaken and accomplished before there was time for reconsideration. At any rate, there was a frank



THE ABORIGINE IS NOT GREATLY AFRAID OF A SHARK

discussion among the blacks in camp—the Malays and blacks sitting together, smiling together, on seeming friendly and faithful terms; and the subject of that discussion was the advisability of disposing of the Malays. The Malays heard every word that was spoken, but, having no knowledge of the blacks' language, could not understand a single fateful syllable, and were therefore neither warned nor perturbed, but doubtless, if they attended at all, fancied that the conversation had to do with the road to Bowen Strait, or some such matter as that. A man may here employ his imagination at pleasure—construct for himself an Australian tropical swamp, isolated from any chance of a saving interruption, and a little group of cast-away Malays resting in the illusion of security, and a band of naked black-fellows, and an exchange of reassuring smiles and a casually proceeding discussion, continued, freely, within hearing of the doomed wretches whom it concerned, but all unknown to them. As a matter of fact, the following discussion is not invented at all, but paraphrased in colloquial English from the testimony adduced at the trial, and fairly represents what occurred.

"Let's kill 'em."

"Oh no; we don't want to kill 'em."

"Yes; let's kill 'em. It will be much

easier to take their goods away from them."

"Well, how'll we kill 'em?"

"Let's cut some clubs and club 'em."

"If we kill 'em we'll get into trouble."

"No, we won't. Nobody will ever know anything about it."

"Oh, what's the use of killing 'em?"

"Well, let's go in the bush and cut the clubs, anyhow."

"Might as well cut the clubs."

"Come on, then!"—and once the clubs were cut from the bush the doom of the Malays was sealed.

Not long ago, on the pearling grounds of the west coast, there was an instance of old-fashioned piracy. It had all the elements a romancer could wish for—except the intervention of Providence and the escape of the hero. Captain Biddles and Captain Riddell, each of whom owned a pearling-fleet on the grounds off Cape Bossutt, met in Broome on the eve of a cruise of inspection.

Captain Riddell

wagered Captain Biddles that his schooner would reach the Cape Bossutt grounds first; and so it was arranged—a race of these crack schooners. There was a light wind next day. At sundown Captain Biddles observed that Captain Riddell's *Ethel* was mysteriously standing out to sea. He could not account for this erratic behavior: it troubled him when, next morning, the *Ethel* was not in sight; and upon returning to Broome he re-



SEARCHING FOR PEARLS



A MALAY NAMED PEDRO PROPOSED A MUTINY

ported the singular disappearance of Captain Riddell and his pearling-schooner; whereupon the Malay Islands, Borneo, Singapore, and Penang were notified that something had gone amiss. The mystery of the *Ethel* was presently solved. The tale is that of the Chinese cook whose life was indiscreetly spared by the mutineers. A Malay named Pedro proposed a mutiny, and, a majority of the crew falling in with him, he initiated the execution of his design by tomahawking the man at the wheel, and tomahawking another white man who chanced to be on deck, and treacherously stabbing Captain Riddell, who was in the cabin looking at the chart, and was taken unaware. Pedro proceeded thereafter according to the best traditions. He took command of the ship; he had the dead men chained together and thrown overboard; he served liquor to hearten the crew; he put on a sword and sash; he killed an aborigine and threw him to the sharks; he cleansed

the schooner of blood, put in at one of the Malay Islands, secreted the pearls and shell ashore, scuttled the schooner, and made for the Straits Settlements. It was a departure from the traditions—"dead men tell no tales"—that cost him dear in the end. He had spared the life of the Chinese cook, and the cook informed.

Beyond Thursday Island, on the road to Singapore, lies Port Darwin, of the Northern Territory—the last port of Australia—a far-away little tropical town on a windy bluff above a deep blue harbor. It was in a glare of blistering white sunlight when we landed; and we were moved by the pangs of this heat to pity two devoted missionaries, to whom we must now wish farewell, on their way to the hotter, drier, remoter wilderness of the Roper River. And here, too, we dropped a wandering conjurer who had entertained us on shipboard, and for whom we feared even more than for the missionaries, since he must thrive in this small place for a month before he could escape. Port Darwin is the chief settlement of this vast, vacant land—a total area of 523,620 square miles, which in acres measures 335,116,800. The European population of the whole, at the time of the last census, was 1,729, which is the same as saying one European to every three hundred square miles. In addition there were 1,302 Chinese, 90 Japanese, and 146 others. It may be mentioned, too, that the daily average number of the population in jail was 26; but this relatively remarkable number doubtless included a goodly proportion of aborigines, of whom it is estimated the Territory nourishes some

20,000. Port Darwin is connected with a distant world by means of the overland telegraph, a stretch of wire measuring 2,230 miles, which runs south through the dry interior; and it will by and by be connected with the rest of the Australian world by a transcontinental railroad—perhaps Port Darwin to Adelaide of South Australia, which, by the way, would bring London within eighteen days of Melbourne. The Northern Territory is the Never-Never of Australia. It is in the first raw stage of the making, now—a slow

and still doubtful development. There lies the land, at any rate, and for any man's taking—the last Australian wilderness—vast tropical spaces awaiting occupation—browsing herds and fields of cotton and paddy and tobacco. It waits, all vacant, still, as the New South Wales wilderness once waited, and the Queensland acres waited, conferring wealth at last on the pioneers who had the foresight and the hardihood to challenge fortune.

On the road to Singapore the swarming brown cities of Java are the next ports of call.

Pax Beata

BY MARY RACHEL NORRIS

I'VE closed my door and I am all alone,
 Here in my room, all fragrant with my better self.
 Here are my pictures that have waited long for me:
 Erasmus with his studious calm;
 My playing children and my laughing girl,
 My quaint stiff angels and my meek St. John—
 They greet me as I come to them for rest.
 Up on my shelves my other friends
 Are waiting, too, for me: my friends
 That take me far beyond my tiny room
 And make its sunny space
 A gleaming entrance into other lands.
 There is my little bed, where all the night
 My body lies asleep
 And leaves my soul quite free
 To wander with the winds.
 There is my window where I say my prayers
 And look straight out upon the solid hills
 And listen for the rustle of the angels' wings.
 My room, all sweet with flowers I love
 That grow for me because I love them;
 All fragrant, too, with ghosts of flowers
 That bloomed and drooped with me:
 My room, so still and quiet, yet astir
 With all the souls of those that love and trust me.
 Outside, the strife and struggle and the strain;
 In here there's peace, and quietude, and strength.

I've closed my door and I am all alone.

"The Tropic Bird"

BY MARY TRACY EARLE



THE years were beginning to show on Tarleton. As he lolled coatless on the car-seat one could see that he was growing a little heavy. His forehead peaked back into his close-cropped hair, and a trick he had of half closing his eyes when he was thinking gave him a sleepy look. It was mid-afternoon. The air was parching. On the window, which was closed to keep out the heat, a fly buzzed and buzzed. The other passengers were either asleep or too tired and peevish to be worth changing seats to talk with, although he longed for a listener. He settled himself in his corner, rubbed his stinging face with a handkerchief which already showed grime, moved his head to a new area of the hot towel of the headrest, shut his eyes a little further, and looked out across a shimmering alkali plain to a mirage which had remained abreast of the train for hours. Beyond the dust and heat, a soft, blue, illusive ocean bathed a curving shore.

After a while he slowly nodded. "*The Tropic Bird* could have sailed on that sea," he told himself with a half-smile. "Built by a woman, manned by a ten-year-old—I wonder if my father didn't have a sight like this in his mind when he planned her."

A touch on the shoulder recalled him from the mirage and his memories. A white-bearded, pastoral-looking, long-nosed old man, who had been napping across the aisle, stood at his elbow holding an atomizer charged with a colorless liquid. "If you don't mind, I'll kill that pesky fly for ye," he offered, pointing at the window. "One of 'em just waked me up and I did for it." He aimed the atomizer at the fly and squeezed the bulb. A faint, pungent odor sprang out and the fly dropped from the pane.

"Beats the swatter." The old man beamed with pride. "The spray is

harmless to man and deadly to the fly, has a pleasant odor, leaves no stain on wood or cloth, and the insect is hit before it sees anything coming. It took years of study to blend the proper liquid and the combination is patented. I am inventor, proprietor, and traveling agent." He found another fly, killed it, and rested on his laurels.

Tarleton looked on with the amused interest of one concerned in larger enterprises and with a longer lease of life in which to work for them. "Lord knows how long the old fellow has been cooped up in some little Connecticut town," he commented to himself, "but now he's invented a new fly-killer and toddled out into the world." He took the atomizer and found and killed three flies. "That's some gun," he said aloud. "Have a seat, won't you? Been on the road long with it?"

"My first trip." The old man seated himself. "If I have luck with this little notion it won't be my last, though. I've even thought there might be a chance to sell such a contrivance as this beyond the seas—in the tropic isles."

The tropic isles! The phrase was like a password to Tarleton. He leaned back and stared at his seat-mate as if from a long distance. The gray, leathery skin, the almost grotesque features, were suddenly as poignant to him as the alluring vision of blue water beyond the desert heat. Under that crinkled mask there were dreams, there was understanding, there was response to the old, old migratory lure.

Meeting such a steady gaze the old man's pale-blue eyes were discomfited. He grew constrained, almost sheepish. "I've always been a master hand at planning journeys, but I never felt justified in taking one before this," he explained. "I presume you've traveled some considerable?"

Tarleton nodded. "I took my first trip when I was ten years old. At eleven

I got a route on a train and started out with my basket of candy and chewing-gum and my little stack of novels, and I've been at it one way and another from that time on. I reckon the love of traveling was born in me—an inheritance from my father."

"Your father a traveling man?"

"No, he was an Iowa carpenter. He never left the town where he was born until he was dying. Then he went off on the wildest venture you can figure to yourself." Tarleton shifted his head in search of a cooler spot, pleated a newspaper with exactitude, wafted the burning, dusty air into his face, and looked out once more at the mirage.

"It wasn't a venture after money," he went on. "No, my father was just making a snatch for all the things he'd wished for and missed—the sea and the South and a life like he'd read of in books. He was too weak to go off by himself, so my mother took me and went with him. She knew his time was about up, and that was why she let him have his way. I reckon he dreamed of making discoveries or fighting pirates, but the boat he had planned was a queer one for that sort of business. He'd been working at her in his mind for years and had the drawings all made, with her name written on every sheet — *The Tropic Bird*."

"He must have been pretty forehanded, to plan to build a boat for deep-sea travel." The old man spoke wistfully.

"Not so very. He expected to build it himself. I told you he was a carpenter. And we traveled cheap to the coast. Our home was in a river town, and all it cost us to get to New Orleans was the price of boards for a raft. From New Orleans we went to Pontomoc. Did you ever hear of Pontomoc, on the Gulf coast? It's at the edge of a pine-woods country; they were just beginning to cut there in those days, and lumber was cheap. Well, we pitched our tent on the bank of a bayou and right alongside of a sawmill—nothing to do but build the boat and slide it into the water and go off with the tide. But Father had grown so weak that he couldn't stand on his feet more than an hour at a time, so it was my mother instead of him that did

the building. She always worked at his trade with him."

"She was willing to have him go?" Again there was wistfulness in the old man's voice.

Tarleton nodded. "Yes, in the end, though she had opposed it for years. In fact, she'd had my father under her thumb before that trip. She was one of those big, quiet-faced, blue-eyed women, as strong as two men and as determined as four. She never dreamed—not even nights. But she loved my father as a strong woman loves a fanciful man that she can control all but the fancies, and when she found that she'd been working him to death she turned all that force of hers into giving him his way. She wasn't the kind ever to say she was sorry, but I can remember her sitting and looking at him the way a woman will look at a troublesome child when it's sick or asleep—sort of pouring out her heart on it to make up for a long list of slappings. And, by Jove! my father had the say-so after we left home. Most folks wouldn't have dreamed of setting off on a voyage like that without a crew, but by the time we'd paid for lumber and sail-cloth and provisions we hadn't a red left for hiring anybody. And, besides, that wasn't the plan. My father had crossed the river a few times on sail-boats and, all his life, he'd been studying books on navigation. He knew he was pretty weak, but my mother was strong enough to carry out his orders. The idea was to coast along the Gulf from Pontomoc to Florida, tie up wherever we pleased along the Florida coast, and live there on our boat until Father got strong—he hadn't a doubt of regaining his health in the South and on the sea—and then he'd work and earn money for longer, more venturesome trips: the West Indies, South America, anything we pleased. I can remember how he used to talk about it, and it stirred all the natural vagrant there was in me—that and the way we had drifted down the river, seeing the world slip by us soft and quiet; and yet my mother could have forced me into carpentering if we'd never got off on *The Tropic Bird*."

"I wonder she ever consented to start, when it came to the point," the old man commented.

"We didn't exactly start—we were carried away by a storm at night. It was one of those hurricanes that breed down in the Caribbean and sweep up once in so often and make kindling-wood of everything they find along our south coast. You remember how one of them did for Galveston? Well, this one was blood brother to that, but the worst of it struck in the Pontomoc region, where there are no big towns. Our boat was launched and ready, except for a little tinkering, and my mother was delaying the tinkering on one pretext or another, for my father was failing so fast that you could see the change from day to day. It fretted him not to get off, and I was disgusted, too, for I didn't understand how sick he was until we moved on board. I suppose nearly everybody in Pontomoc came 'round that day, one after another, to protest against our setting out. Mother and I were stowing our provisions and getting everything ready to move my father to the boat, and he was still in the tent and didn't hear the protests. In fact, folks would have said less before him. He was the sickest-looking, gentlest-looking man I ever saw, and to hear him cough gripped you where you couldn't stand it; yet there was something in his eyes, a sort of fire of hope, that shut people up when he was 'round. But with him out of hearing, Lord! how they talked! They got me scared stiff. Their opinion of my mother and me as sailors would make your ears sing, and then the *Bird!* They poured hot shot into the design and execution of that boat until, as far as words could do it, she was riddled fore and aft."

"Wasn't she seaworthy?" The old man's voice was deeply concerned.

Tarleton wiped his forehead again, and, taking hold of his shirt at the shoulders, lifted it away from his burning skin. "As near as I can make out," he said, "she was a regular sailor's nightmare. All that summer, if there had been anybody to appreciate it, it would have been as good as a play to see the creole schoonermen come there to the landing and stand shaking their heads while they watched my mother work. There wasn't a thing about the *Bird* that they thought was right, and I

reckon they knew. My father had put his own original ideas into the plans, and I think my mother altered his lines a little to suit herself as she worked. She wanted more room to cook in, for one thing. Everybody testified that no power on earth—or on the sea, rather—could steer that boat; she was built for drifting. And then those sailormen would question Mother on her ideas of navigation, and shrug their shoulders and look horrified. I remember one old white-headed fellow in particular, because he always said the same thing. They all wore their shirts on the outside, red shirts and blue shirts fluttering in the breezes, and that would have fascinated me and kept me watching them if they hadn't talked. This old Captain Beaujeais came by nearly every day; he would make my mother the kind of bow I've been trying ever since to make to ladies, and would ask her how the work came on. Then he would look the boat all over as if its peculiarities never grew old to him, and finally he would bow again and say, 'Madame, I 'ave live long an' I 'ave see much, but never, until the day I am seventy, 'ave I see a woman build a ship—and a landswoman!' My mother would ask him if it wasn't a pretty promising-looking boat, no matter who built it, and then his shoulders would go up and his hands would spread out and he would shake his head. Sometimes she persisted in her calm way, but all she could get out of him was, 'Madame, dat boat 'as been build by a woman—by a landswoman. I do not know w'at dat boat can do. I cannot tell. Gawd knows.'

"To see my mother working along you would never have thought that she was losing heart. I told you that she was one of those strong, blue-eyed women with the broad, still faces—better than masks any day to hide what's going on inside their heads. She always dressed for her work like a carpenter; not in breeches, as a woman might nowadays, but with a short skirt and loose waist of blue overall cloth. She had a powerful figure, and the only real womanly thing about her was her hair—great ropes of it wound round the back of her head, and glittering yellow. She worked bare-headed, and I've watched the sun on her

hair sometimes until I was nearly hypnotized. She scarcely ever lifted her face from her work except to wipe the sweat off, and she kept such a stolid front that folks thought she had no realization of the risk it would be to go out on the *Bird*; so they piled the dangers on heavier and heavier. All the while, if they'd known it, she was quaking in her shoes. She had started out with perfect faith in her ability to carry things through with the help of my father's knowledge, but she was too keen-witted not to see the venture in its true light after she was well into it, and what she suffered hammering away on that tomb for us and keeping a brave face nobody will ever know. I've no idea when she first saw that my father was failing so fast that she might be able to keep him happy until he died, just with the hope of starting, but that was how matters stood the day we moved on board.

"There was a great wind blowing that day, and, as I said, it blew all the men, women, and children of Pontomoc our way with gruesome yarns. By night, when the last of them left, they'd got me in such a state that I burst out blubbering and begged her not to start. She just picked me up, great ten-year-old as I was, and rocked me in her arms. I was so astonished I hushed my noise to stare at her, and there was a light in her eyes as bright as in my father's, only different. She asked me if I could keep a secret. I nodded, and then she told me that we had moved on board to please my father, but we would never start, though we must talk all the while as if we should get off in a day or two. I asked her if Father wouldn't soon find out that we were making excuses. She told me no, he wouldn't find out, for any hour he might start on a journey by himself. I understood her, and began to cry again, and she laid me down in one corner and went on with whatever she was doing. Years afterward, when she was sick and weak herself, she told me that if it hadn't been for me she thought she could have forced herself to set sail with my father, right in that wind, to keep faith with him. His time was up, anyway, and she was ready to give her life to please him. But I was a

factor that altered the case, or would have altered it if we hadn't been swept away."

There was a moment of silence. "It's strange," Tarleton began again. "Half the sailors that warned us against *The Tropic Bird* were lost in that storm, and here I am, safe and sound, telling the story. But, then, their point was that the *Bird* was built for drifting, and no boat could do much but drift that night. The wind had been heavy in the south-east for several days, but we were so sheltered by the woods that we didn't realize how strong it was. The tide had kept rising, too, and couldn't ebb. In those shallow Gulf waters the tides are pretty helpless against a powerful wind, and this one stood full, and gray as ashes. We knew that rain was bound to set in soon, and my mother was glad enough to get moved out of our tent and into the boat cabin. Father didn't come over from the tent till after dark, and then the few steps of walking used him up completely, but he was happy. He lay in his bunk and stared round that clean little hole as if it were paradise. Old Captain Beaujeais came along after night and stopped as usual. He shook his head when he found us moved in; he didn't say much, but he put out an extra anchor for my mother and told us that the worst of the wind hadn't come yet, though I don't think he had any idea that there would be danger for a boat securely anchored. My mother held a lantern while he bowed himself into his skiff, and we watched him row off into the blackness. He was drowned that night. After he went to bed the storm came on so hard that he went down to his schooner to make sure she was all right. He had weighed one anchor and was about to recast it when the rope of the other one broke and he was swept away. His old wife had come down to the landing with him, and she knew just what was happening. When the rope broke he called out to her not to worry. He said he'd bring the schooner back in a few minutes. But she knew better. She stood there in the wind and rain, calling, 'Adieu! Adieu! Adieu!' and she never saw him again.

"On the *Bird* we were quiet enough to begin with, though she tossed and

pulled at her anchors. The motion and the strangeness and all I'd heard in the afternoon kept me awake awhile and I lay in my bunk staring at the lantern that Mother had hung from the ceiling. After I did doze off I kept waking and seeing that light and my mother sitting on a camp-stool by my father's bunk, and there was something about her face that made me see it after I had shut my eyes. I know now that she was expecting my father to die that night. He was restless and a little out of his head, as he always was when his fever came on him; I could hear his thin voice rambling along between fits of coughing. One thing he said over and over. It was about getting well when he reached a place where he could lie on the hot, white sand, with his eyes closed and his face to the sky.

"In the middle of the night I started broad awake. My mother was standing by my father and clutching the upper bunk to keep from falling. Her face was white as chalk and her lips were twitching. There was a terrible sound of water roaring around the boat, and the shock of the waves was wrenching every timber in her. I slipped out on the floor and crossed it on my hands and knees.

"When my mother saw me she put her fingers to her lips, motioned me back, and came over to me. She sat down on the edge of my bunk and whispered to me to keep quiet and not disturb my father.

"The wind's blowing us out to sea—our anchor-rope's broke," she said. "He noticed it, but I told him we'd set sail."

"I raised up a little and looked across to the other bunk, and there lay my father, smiling. I began to whimper.

"My mother gripped me by the shoulder. Her hand was cold as metal. 'Stop that!' she said. 'Keep your mouth shut!' Her own mouth was shut like a vise and her hand gripped me to the bone. I can remember how I lay there, shivering at first, but gradually filling up with courage. I was a little fellow, but that didn't make any difference. She demanded it of me.

"As soon as I could be trusted she went back to my father. I got into my clothes and sat on the floor beside her. My father's head was not clear enough

for him to wonder who was doing the sailing. He didn't ask any questions, but just clung to her hand and talked about what we'd do when we reached Florida. Being on the floor, I was the first to notice when water began to come up through it. I touched my mother and pointed. For a minute the fright came back into her face. Then she got up with a laugh.

"It's my watch now," she said to my father. "I've got to go on deck and let the mate turn in."

"My father laughed back, and then some streak of memory came to him as he looked up at her. 'You like this life, after all, don't you?' he said. 'Isn't it better than carpentering?'

"She bent down and lifted him clear into her arms and gave him a long kiss, and for the first time in my life I heard her sob. I held her tight round the knees until she laid him back and left the cabin.

"She had remembered that there was a pump that she ought to be working. I was afraid to stay inside, so I followed her out into the storm and held to her while she pumped. Then, with the waves breaking over us and the wind almost lifting us off the deck, the love of the wildness of it rose above the fright in me. I remember that when morning sifted through the storm, and we were still afloat and driving on with nothing in sight but rain and waves, I crept to the mast and stretched myself up, and asked her if it wasn't fine.

"She dropped the lever of the pump and let her arms fall at her sides.

"You like it?"

"I nodded.

"She stared at me a moment, and then she seemed to shrivel down on to the deck. If she had been struck on the head the power wouldn't have gone out of her more completely. I could see her lips moving and I dropped down by her to listen.

"Better to stop fighting," she was saying. "Better to stop fighting." She didn't notice me at all, but lay there, collapsed, just muttering a little to herself at first and then not even doing that. She must have been almost fainting from exhaustion before she asked me that question.

"I felt afraid of her. Once in a while I would touch her, trying to attract her attention, but I couldn't. The longer she lay there the more her eyes glazed and receded and the more horror I felt. At last it occurred to me that I ought to be pumping in her place. The idea of doing something was a great relief. I went at it, and that was the way we finished the voyage—me at the pump (I was ten years old, remember), my mother lying drenched and unconscious on deck, just the way she had fallen, and my father below at the point of death. And yet, when the wind finally slackened and the rain thinned and a low stretch of sand showed through the gray, like the ghost of a shore, I gave a high, rasping scream. It wasn't from the sight of land, the sense of safety—it was a scream like birds give, just because they're alive and a part of the world.

"We ran aground very gently on the little island. Our striking it was one of the miracles. When the pounding of the waves stopped, my mother opened her eyes, and after a bit she pulled herself together and went down to my father. He was still living, but not much more. She put a little whiskey in some milk that I had brought from a neighbor's the night before, while we were still on land, and after she had given him some of it she took some herself. Little by little her strength came back and she cooked food for me.

"In the afternoon the clouds all broke away and there was a blaze of sunshine. She spread some blankets on the wet sand and carried my father out. He wasn't coughing and didn't seem to be feverish or suffering, but he didn't notice much until near sundown. Then he spoke out in his weak voice quite clearly:

"Mamma?" That was what he always called her.

"She was lying near him and had dozed off, but she lifted up at once and said, 'Yes, papa.'

"Mamma," he said, 'this is Florida, isn't it?'

"I guess so," she told him, 'or else it's some island quite close. I'll ask, if anybody comes by this way.'

"I'd like to look around a little," he said.

"She sat down by him and took him up in her arms, and nodded to me to come beside them. The tide had already gone down, leaving the *Bird* stranded near the middle of that island, and the island itself was nothing but a low pile of sand in the center of swelling, glistening blue water. It was as if the Lord had picked up a handful of material intending to shape something out of it, but had decided it was too crude to work with and had given it a toss into the sea. Over in the west the sun was getting low and all the ripples were running to meet it, capped with gold; in the south, now that the air was so perfectly clear, the profile of a single row of pine-trees showed against the horizon. They may have been on some sand-key larger than ours or they may have been a mirage—there was no way to tell. However they came there, they had grown in a scanty way, so they showed a tuft of branches at the top of long, straight poles.

"My father lifted his hand—it was almost transparent—and pointed at them. 'Palms,' he whispered.

"My mother bent and kissed him. 'We've done what you planned to, haven't we, papa?—I always wanted to, when—when we could.'

"He patted one of the hands she was holding him with. 'Yes,' he whispered. 'Yes, mamma, I know.'

"I suppose I made some sort of a stir, for he turned his head a little and smiled at me. I crowded up close, and he managed to pat me, too. Then he closed his eyes and lay resting peacefully in my mother's arms for a long time.

"When he opened his eyes again he looked at my mother with an adoring smile, and spoke clearly just once more.

"You'll be as good to the boy as you have been to me, mamma? You'll leave him free to choose his own life?"

"The tears streamed down her cheeks. 'Yes, papa,' she said. 'Yes, I will.'

"Until sunset he rested quietly, looking at the line of pine-trees that he thought were palms. At sunset he died.

"Next morning my mother dug a grave for him in the sand near the bow of *The Tropic Bird*. Days afterward a disabled schooner limped by and picked us up. We left him there, with the *Bird* above him instead of a stone.

My mother knew what he would have liked."

There was a long pause. The other passengers stirred and panted. In spite of closed windows and the porter's efforts, dust made the car squalid. Tarleton shifted his position and spoke in a changed, an impatient voice.

"*This* is traveling; sometimes it's adventure, but, by Jove! it's not what I had in mind after that voyage on the *Bird*. My plan was to ship as a sailor until I could earn money for a boat of my own. I couldn't, though," he went on, more gently. "We were penniless and my mother was sick. A family took us in until she was better; she never got back her real strength, but when she was around again I broached the idea of going on a schooner. She didn't forbid me, but she pleaded with me and persuaded me until we came to a compromise. I wouldn't let her teach me the carpenter's trade, but she got me to think that taking a job as train butcher would be almost as good as following the sea, and she never realized that she hadn't kept her promise to my father. She didn't expect to live very many years, and she wanted to see me making my way. By the time I was grown and could have asserted myself, her health had broken still more, and I pitied her just as she had pitied my father. After her death—well, by that time I had a place representing a good house, and there must be a streak of her practicality in me, for somehow the time for the other thing was past."

"But even if you've not sailed the ocean, you've seen the different states of the Union," the old man urged. "You've got acquainted with their people and their weather."

"Yes," Tarleton said, and smiled at thought of the different states, with their people and their weather, rushing unceasingly past the windows of a train. "People and weather," he repeated to himself—"people and weather!" Suddenly he saw them as the two factors that make up all adventure, north or south, on sea or land—these two, and the power to project oneself beyond oneself, the power to imagine and to dream.

He looked out across the plain to the mirage, untiring, alluring, blue.

The grime, the heat, the weariness, the vision—did a white sail flutter across the sea, or was it the fleece of a drifting cloud? Where did illusion meet reality? People and weather, people and weather; yes, and the seeing eye, the thrilling nerve, the responsive mind.

Fleecy clouds began to thicken. The colorless heavens grew dark and a rumble of distant thunder could be heard above the noisy measure of the car-wheels. Windows were thrown open. The hot, steady wind had given way to cool puffs. The mirage was gone, but, grateful and mysterious, a shadow deepened over the plain, and suddenly, with a blast of wind, a shower broke, its great drops beating the desert like hail.

From the moistened earth or out of the gusty sky the air was pungently freshened. People rose to shake off the dust, and reseated themselves erect, self-respecting, and ready to exchange congratulations on the unlooked-for relief.

The old man got to his feet and turned to speak to Tarleton, but Tarleton sat with narrowed eyes and did not notice. In his gaze there was exultation. It came from a source deeper than physical refreshment. He was abroad in the rain and the wind, the elemental daring, the elemental joy.



The Brand of the City

BY WALTER E. WEYL



It is a commonplace of science that all organisms, plants, animals, human societies, change as their environment changes. When the temperature of a plant's world alters, when arboreal apes are driven into a treeless region, when a desert folk moves out into the grasslands, or a savage mountain tribe conquers a river delta, revolutionary transformations begin to adapt the creature to its new environment. Even to-day, when men have a larger measure of control over their surroundings, the influence of environment—both of natural and of social environment—is as potent as it was thousands or millions of years ago.

One of the fundamental changes in the American's environment has been that from country to city. The translation to the cities has been a great migration, like that mighty westward movement which carried Europeans to America and both Americans and Europeans to our last frontier. It has been a subtle, complex, multiform movement, rooted in the industrial and social needs of our time, and revealing itself in a thousand curious changes, both obvious and recondite.

Consider for a moment our one-time reputation for curiosity. The European traveler who a century ago condescended to visit "the States," invariably discovered that the Yankee was insufferably inquisitive. On stage-coach, on river-boat, in execrable country inn, the foreigner met tall, lank, dry rustics, who whittled, chewed tobacco, and drawled a hundred distressingly personal questions. He was asked who he was, whence he came, whither he was going, how, why, wherefore. America lived in the shadow of the question mark. A raw inquisitiveness came to be considered a typically American vice.

To-day you can travel from Boston to San Francisco without encountering a single question. Your neighbor in the smoking-car may ask you for a light, but will not ask your name, profession, or destination. In our great cities people do not even glance at you, let alone question you. If you rent an apartment you may never meet your neighbors; if you collide with a stranger he will not pause long enough to ask or offer an apology. Our letter-carriers no longer read the "postals" in their bags; Central does not often listen to your conversation on the wire. So incurious have we become that we barely ask our European visitors what they think of us.

When we seek the cause of this change from the American over-curious to the American indifferent and even casual, we are struck by the fact that inquisitiveness is a rural quality and that America has ceased to be rural. In a village, even in a small town, trivial personal details are discussed because there is little else to engage the mind. An active brain, with nothing to work on, is like an empty, vigorous stomach: it will take what provender offers. The petty American communities of early days, because intellectually isolated, were inveterately, doggedly inquisitive; there was not enough news, hardly enough gossip, to go around. No great metropolitan journals gathered in a thousand rivulets of news and poured them out again in a single penny gush. The desultory little papers contained amorous ballads, spirited lampoons, edifying sermons on infidelity and idleness, and perhaps even a letter from a gentleman in a neighboring state; but they contained nothing remotely approximating current facts. So great was the famine in intellectual supplies that private letters became public property, and were passed from hand to hand. To-day your Connecticut Yankee takes his

New Haven, or it may be his New York, newspaper, and for a cent has more news than he cares to read. He does not need to ask questions.

This is a single and perhaps a trivial illustration of the manner in which our modern, complex, co-ordinated city, growing up against the background of a scattered rural community, changes swiftly and subtly the deepest ingrained habits and qualities of the American nation. The city, by collecting, distributing, and democratizing intellectual goods, puts an end not only to the rustic's inquisitiveness, but to his vacant whittling as well. Because of the city the countryman is no longer so credulous or narrowly shrewd. These qualities, seemingly diverse, are near relations, the twin offspring of a limited intellectual range. Formerly the splendid brains of rural America had no large stock of information to work on, no wide variety of clashing ideals and philosophies; to-day the rustic's beliefs and disbeliefs are tempered by the convictions of a hundred million other people, convictions collected and distilled in the city. The countryman now has a wider view. He is no longer so suspicious of strangers, because intellectually he lives with millions of people whom he has never seen. He is intellectually a citizen of the city.

All this is but a symptom of a far wider and more significant change. What is happening is that the city, pouring ever fresh intellectual supplies into the country, is continually breaking down old standards and setting up new. The countryside, the heath, has always been the home of the pagan, the heathen, the obstinate conservative. The rustic's hard traditionalism was buttressed by a local pride, both stupid and honorable, by a pious faith in the old and a stalwart disbelief in the new. His were the narrow ruts that wear deep.

To-day in America this conservatism is breaking down at all points. In politics, theology, literature, in art and dress, in music and cookery, in dancing and industrial organization, radicals oppose conservatives, and conservatives themselves concede, when they do not actually welcome, change. America alters rapidly, and in each case the fer-

ment is discovered in the city. Like other nations, we are moving from a rural to an urban civilization and are taking on the color of the change. Our businesses, our governments, our thoughts, habits, and most tenacious prejudices, are all suffering this city change. Much that we account good in the newer type of American, as well as much that we esteem bad, is ascribed to this rapid transition from country to city.

How rapid that transition has been it is now difficult to realize. The America of Washington's day was primitively, racily rural. The country outnumbered the city thirty to one; it outvoted and out-influenced the city. The country was countrified without urban qualities or dependencies. Not even the cities themselves were citified. Philadelphia, the greatest of them all, with the finest shops, the best houses, the most extravagant people, was but a poor, small triangle of houses with its base on the Delaware and its apex stretching timidly toward the West. Its people, though reputed gay and luxurious, went early to bed, rose early, and were without the opportunities and distractions of modern urban life. There were no great factories, no armies of workmen, no extended commerce, no horse-cars; no omnibuses; no sharp differentiation of the city into business and residence sections. Like envious New York and aspiring Boston, Philadelphia was still half rural.

A great city was not desired nor even contemplated. To "the Fathers," the very conception had in it something unwholesome. A city was a dwelling-place of turbulent, impious, ignorant mobs, of a congregation of "unproductive" artisans, wastrels, criminals, Sabbath-breakers. It was a blister on the social body; a tumor which absorbed the healthy juices. The city was vaguely associated with royalties, courts, armies, beggars, and tattered, insolent, rascally mobs; the country was the cradle of republican virtue and democratic simplicity. Jefferson, having in mind the squalid agglomerations of the old countries, congratulated America on being rural. De Tocqueville, in the thirties, believed that the absence of a

great capital city was "one of the first causes of the maintenance of republican institutions."

Even in De Tocqueville's day, however, it was becoming obvious that America would not remain a simple rustic community. Factories had sprung up and the city drift had begun. By 1820 one in every twenty Americans lived in cities.¹ Decade by decade the movement accelerated. By 1850 one in every eight Americans was a city dweller; by 1870, one in five; by 1900, almost one in three. To-day we are still more urbanized. Of every nine Americans, four live in towns (with a population of twenty-five hundred or over) and five live in the country. In some states the urban population is three, ten, even thirty times as great as the rural. Within five years, by 1918 at the latest, there will be more people in the cities than in the country districts. By 1950 the overweight of urban population will be crushing.

This vertiginous rise of our cities is, of course, not an isolated American phenomenon. In all European countries, even in France, whose population is stationary, and in Ireland, whose population declines, the city grows astoundingly. So, too, in Africa, Asia, Australia, South America. With the possible exception of modern Germany, however, no country has experienced any city development comparable in magnitude with that of the United States. In sheer populousness the American city of to-day completely overshadows the brilliant cities of earlier centuries. Thebes, Memphis, Babylon, Nineveh, Susa, Carthage, and Rome become insignificant by the side of New York; Alexandria, Cairo, Constantinople, Bagdad, and Damascus were but small places compared to Chicago.

It is this industrial rôle of the American city which more than any other factor determines and explains its widening influence. For the most part the ancient city, whether great or small, lived parasitically on the country. It was the abode of exploiters, princes, landlords. Rome rendered nothing to Egypt for the corn which it took from Egypt. The modern city renders ser-

vices commensurate with the services rendered to it. It fashions in its factories the products of the country, and redistributes them to a wide nation, economically dependent.

The American city, like the city of Europe, is thus a part and a consequence of a stupendous, silent, industrial revolution, which picks up its tens of millions of isolated humans, as a Gulliver might pick up a Lilliputian, gently takes them out of an obsolete industrial world, and gently places them in a totally new world. The city is the visible epitome of a young and venturesome civilization in which the whole nation, united by railroad, telegraph, and telephone, comes together, somewhat confusedly, and works together with some friction at the common task of supplying common needs. Within the nation free trade rules; cheap transportation crumbles the barrier of distance, production concentrates at pivotal points, and where production concentrates the city grows. The railroad which made the city extends the city's influence, economic, political, and psychological, to the farthest confines of the land.

As our industry advances, as our manufacturing and commerce increase, the impulses which lead to the settlement of American cities become more and more powerful. Primarily, those impulses are economic. The old industrial organization being broken up, the old distribution of population between city and rural district alters. As industry moves to the city, urban wages rise. But the economic impulse expresses itself in other ways than in a sober comparison between urban and rural wages. In the city general economic chances are better. Youth is never what it is, but what it hopes to be, and to the ambitious the glittering city spells hope. The chances in the country are cruelly circumscribed; the chances of the city are vague but endless. In the professions, in business, in commerce, in manufacturing, the city is the place of boundless horizon.

The city attracts because it offers much for little, because, heretical though the statement may seem, living there is cheap. True, city rents are notoriously high, and men spend more than in the

¹Of eight thousand or over.

country. But in the city you get more, and you get more for each dollar spent. The city is the home of wholesale and therefore cheap amusement. The moving-picture show, the variety theater, the open trolley, the boat-ride, the amusement-park, are wonderfully cheap because so many share the expense. Much is offered for nothing. There is something to see. The free lunch, the public library, the constant spectacle of the "dressed" windows of fine stores, are all gratuitous. There is variety and rarity as well as mere quantity. Because of its mass consumption the city permits that special adaptation of industry to special wants which is a lure to the wealthy. The city enables you to live like everybody else and to live like nobody else. It gives you the raw material in which to express yourself. It affords elbow-room for individualities.

To economic attractions social attractions are added. Men are incurably gregarious. They love to work, eat, loaf, and read poetry in crowds, and the city provides the crowds. The city, moreover, is an opportunity and a refuge for good and bad. The student is attracted by libraries; the scientist by hospitals and research laboratories. The author comes for stimulus; the lawyer for the chance to grapple with big problems and earn big fees. In the city the social-welfare worker finds his field. Whoever loves art, science, literature, music, whoever is interested in the insistent problems of the age, migrates to the city. "Queer," eccentric folk who cannot endure the all-too-powerful public opinion of the narrow rural community also come. The city permits an escape from the rut of custom. It spells independence, individuality, solitude. It is anonymous. In the city you can indulge virtues and vices quietly and unobserved. The young girl seduced in the country flees to the city; her child, conceived in the village, is born in the metropolis. Village failures come. They read of the city's allurements and of its charities, and both are magnets.

If the American city were recruited solely from the country it would, from the very nature of its constitution, differ from the country districts. It would be quicker, more restless, more catabolic.

Its larger proportion of young people and of spenders would set it apart from the older, slower, more conservative country. But the American city has another distinguishing trait. It is the home of the immigrant, the final residence of millions of men and women from every quarter of the globe. Less than one in five of New York's white residents (in 1910) were born of American parents; less than one in seven of the populations of Passaic, Fall River, and Lawrence. There are more foreign-born people in New York City than in all the Southern States from ocean to ocean, plus all the Rocky Mountain and Pacific States. Almost three-fourths of all our foreign-born are to be found in the cities.

When we study these foreign-born migrants to the city we find that in the mass they have gone there to work. You may see them with pick and shovel, with trowel and plane, on all those huge constructions, over head and underground, which are essential to the mere material existence of the city. None the less, in the main the city is mentally associated not so much with mere physical as with mental and nervous labor. It is the machine-tender, the retail trader, the clerk, the bookkeeper, who seems more typically the city workman. In the city work is more often done without overalls, in a white shirt and stiff collar. The city is the home of specialized, differentiated, expert labor. Moreover, in the city many men do not work at all. It is a national pleasure-ground where idle men buy personal attendance, and servants and lackeys and dependents of all sorts can be had for the hiring.

To the old-time American, brought up in the school of hard work and trained to apply his wits unaided to ever-changing problems, this more specialized work of the city, as well as its worklessness, seemed an inferior thing. "A sturdy lad from New Hampshire or Vermont," wrote Emerson, "who in turn tries all the professions, who teams it, farms it, peddles, keeps a school, preaches, edits a newspaper, goes to Congress, buys a township, and so forth, in successive years, and always, like a cat, falls on his feet, is worth a hundred of these

city dolls." Walt Whitman was even harsher in his condemnation of the denizens of the city. Visiting New York and Brooklyn in 1870, the "good gray poet" was transported by "the splendor, picturesqueness, and oceanic amplitude and rush of these great cities," but was disconcerted by the questions which forced themselves upon his mind: "Are there, indeed, *men* here worthy the name? Are there athletes? Are there crops of fine youths and majestic old persons? Are there arts worthy freedom and a rich people? Is there a great moral and religious civilization . . . or only a sort of flat and dry Sahara . . . crowded with petty grotesques, malformations, phantoms, playing meaningless antics?"

All through American history we discover a certain moral disapprobation of the city, and the complaint that, like the ogre in the fairy-tale, it is devouring its own children and the children of the country. The city is represented as restless, greedy, materialistic, irreverent, selfish. In its melting-pot all our good old virtues, all our pious traditions, disappear for ever.

There has always been and there still is some measure of truth in this. The city is the home of active men and women in their prime, as contrasted with the country, where live children and old people, both conservative. The city lives under the dominion of expediency. The appeal is never to the old, but to the "practical"; and in the new city, exulting in its newness, novelty itself becomes a virtue. In city civilization old people are not accorded too much courtesy; the old are "old fogey." The American city, composed of men of all nations and all traditions, destroys innumerable dogmas and beliefs, and ends in a comfortable eclecticism or in a catholic, aggressive irreverence.

This irreverence invades the country and undermines a mass of pious beliefs and prejudices. The Sunday supplement competes with the village pastor, or at least divides the field. The wealth of the city, its overpowering prestige, its rollicking mockery of "bumpkins" and "hayseeds," confound and intoxicate the rural youth, discontenting them with all village traditions. The "best

people" in the country do not "get on" so well as the poor village boy who makes his way in the city. The village is obliged constantly to test its pretensions by those of the entire nation. It is forced to accept the city test of "practicality," of "results." The iconoclastic city destroys the quaintness and preserved individuality of the rural district. It covers the entire land with its own veneer. The "one-gallus" man learns to wear suspenders; the village swain sings city ragtime; the village *jeune fille* talks metropolitan slang. Evening clothes are no longer urban, and the influence of Paris fashions extends from New York to Smith's Corners almost as readily as from Paris to New York. The city laughs and the country puts away its own. The city citifies the country.

In a material sense the American city is parvenu; it has arrived; it has attained an unchallenged success, no one knows how and no one cares why. Its moving electric signs flash out across a continent, and those blazing lights blind and dazzle all America. Much of this citifying, much of this influence of the city upon the country lad within and upon the wide country without, is blatant, ugly, and unredeemably bad. The evils of the city and of city influence develop first; ethically we always throw away dirty water before we get clean. The country lad arriving in the city finds that the saloon door swings easily on its hinges, and that young women beckon from the streets. He is free in his furnished room and free in the freedom of the gay streets, and he is fatally susceptible. The world about him is new, charming, careless, making a boast of its carelessness. Nobody knows and nobody cares, and everything offers. The city winks an eye. The old prescriptions, the old inhibitions, seem stupid and obsolete; a new morality is not perceived. And so the country lad in the city, and in the great country beyond the city, takes bad or worse as it offers.

Many of the evils of American life are exaggerated in the city, and many of the evils of city life are exaggerated in America. Our national flippancy reaches its culmination in the city, as

does also a certain glittering superficiality. From the city spreads a virulent contagion of successful vulgarity; an intense, exultant materialism; an over-stimulated, hard gayness; an extravagance; an ostentation, boundless, competitive, and self-destructive. The city gives itself up to dissipation with the cultivated youthfulness of the old roué; it maintains in pleasure as in business the pace that kills. There is much that is febrile in the city's rush to make and spend money. There is a certain deadening through excess of effort, through excess of stimulus, through over-specialization. It is a curious anomaly that in the monotonous country the labor of each man is diversified, and to that extent interesting, while in the fascinating, multifarious city the labor of each man is minutely specialized and to that extent monotonous.

And yet, when all is said that can be said against the city, when all is considered and weighed and balanced, the fact remains that in a moral as well as a physical sense the city advances more rapidly than does the country, and that it is precisely in the city, with its errors and its carelessness and its ruthlessness, that the foundations are discovered upon which is to be reared a great moral democratic American civilization. While men, despairing of our city civilization, cry, "Back to the land," forgetful of the fact that you cannot return an urban population to the fields or a gray-beard to childhood, at this very time profound curative forces are at work, and from the heart of our omnipresent city evils themselves arises a new social civic ideal.

This ideal is broad. Everywhere in America city problems are being envisaged and attacked. City poverty, city crime, city carelessness, city misgovernment, are being studied, analyzed, and combated. The housing problem, the rapid-transit problem, the health problem, the educational problem—these and a hundred other problems of the city are approaching a point where at least a partial solution is in prospect. Formerly cities were burying-grounds for rural immigrants; even within rather recent decades the annual city deaths

equaled the city births. All that is now changed. Year by year the city death-rate declines, and the time is perhaps not far distant when the expectation of life will be as great within as without the city walls.

In many ways, great and small, the city is emerging from the lawless and anarchic spirit which accompanied its early growth. To take a single instance. It was formerly assumed that the further growth of American cities would mean riot, disorder, and bloodshed. "The lower orders which inhabit Philadelphia and New York," wrote De Tocqueville, "constitute a rabble even more formidable than the populace of European cities. . . . I look upon the size of certain American cities, and especially on the nature of their population, as a real danger which threatens the future security of the democratic republics in the New World." This expected turbulence of American cities, however, never materialized. Our cities have had their share of our common lawlessness, but riots have not been many or in a large sense serious. Popular education, a more general suffrage, the lighting of city streets, the creation of a municipal police force, the organization of a civic spirit, have softened the former acute fear of desperate and sanguinary uprisings by tattered mobs.

The very dependence of the city man upon his thousands or it may be his millions of neighbors is the very source of the new civic spirit. A very slight pollution of the common drinking-water may mean a typhoid epidemic of alarming currency; an inadequate fire patrol may mean a conflagration of city-wide proportions. As the city grows, as the welfare of each individual becomes inextricably united with the common welfare, there arises a civic conscience such as would not be possible in a purely agricultural community. In the midst of the omnipresent city dangers the city finds itself.

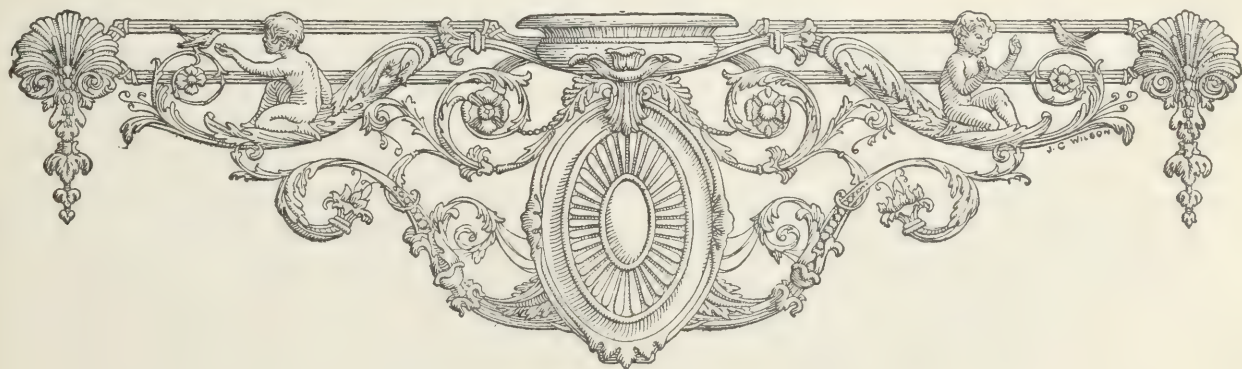
To-day in all our American cities there is an expression of civic ambition which is quite new in our history. There is a looking ahead, a city planning, a prevision of future difficulties, and a provision of future remedies, of parks

and playgrounds and schools and subways and waterworks, and of moral agencies which will but slowly attain their full potency. The city government, while retaining much of its old dishonesty and more of its old inefficiency, becomes somewhat city-conscious, and numerous private agencies, philanthropic or self-supporting, efficient or officious, wise or over-wise, approach in a tentative or a direct manner the solution of serious civic problems. The progress, moreover, is democratic. It is secured by many men, animated by many motives, working together in increasing harmony. Our city newspapers, even the worst of them, appeal to broad masses in behalf of common ideals. In the school, in the public lecture, in the church, in the factory, in the newspaper or magazine, in the homes of wealthy men or in over-crowded tenements, we catch a glimpse of a growing spirit of civic solidarity and of a wider social solidarity based thereon.

Moreover, it is likely that the good of the city will be as contagious as the evil has been, and that the city's ideals will spread as far and as wide as do its inanities and febrile extravagances. The city, more than ever before, is sending missionaries to the country, and the summer boarder, the retired city man seeking a country home, the newspaper, the magazine, the moving-picture, the phonograph, teach more good than ill. The cities are taking their share of responsibility as well as of power. They are furnishing their full quota of statesmen, business leaders, and intellectual guides. The country boy no longer

plays the rôle which he once played in American life. A man need not split rails to be President, and the city boy, educated in excellent technical schools, is more than a match for Emerson's undifferentiated though sturdy lad from New Hampshire. The city, it is coming to be realized, is a workshop as well as a playground. It is a workshop in which team-work is indispensable. The essence and import of the American city, as it is coming to be, is democratic team-work, industrial, political, and social.

This team-work, this spirit of democratic co-operation, is to-day the brand with which the American city is branding American character. It means discipline, a measure of subordination, a capacity for united effort to attain distant goals. How this spirit seeks new forms as it meets the changed conditions of the country is not here to be considered. The farmers' co-operative society differs from the trade-union of city workers; the village-improvement society varies from the city social settlement; the plans for rural organization and progress bear no close resemblance to plans for civic development. None the less the fundamental spirit—practical, experimental, democratic, co-operative—is the same. The American city which arose out of a precipitate, unordered, ultra-individualistic exploitation of vast natural resources, and grew up parentless and without traditions, is now evolving a new ideal of democratic co-operation, and is gradually impressing that ideal upon the whole American nation.



Mr. Durgan and the Futurists

BY MAUDE RADFORD WARREN



Y contact with the Futurists really began, I suppose, the night Mr. Durgan first noticed Cora Gayley. It was during a moonlight picnic to the foot of the Ragged Mountains. The night was right pretty, and we sat there over a camp-fire, with the Blue Ridge Mountains away at our back and most of Albemarle County at our feet, and I reckon those of us who had reason to be happy were mighty happy, and those of us who were without reason thought that maybe happiness would come some day. Mr. Durgan asked me the name of the girl in the ugly brown dress, with the big eyes and high forehead. He said she had bowed to him.

"That means you've been introduced to her four times," I said. "She's Cora Gayley."

"But why four times?"

"Because nobody ever remembers Cora at first," I said, "and usually not at last. But she has a pride of her own, and she assumes that new people ought to recall her after the fourth introduction."

Mr. Durgan whistled. "Poor girl! She is plain, isn't she?" he said.

"It's not that she's plain, but she's shy," I told him. "No one blames her for that. She's old Walter Gayley's daughter."

Walter Gayley is a man who chatters till he drives you mad. When he was a school-boy his friends called him "gay," and he's spent the rest of his life trying to live up to the name. He's tiresome in mind and personality; his only safe line would be dignity and information—he could carry that off. But he tries to be sprightly and humorous, and everybody flies from him like he was yellow-fever. Poor Cora has seen that ever since she was a little girl. It's made her self-conscious.

"It seems to me I do remember having seen her," Mr. Durgan said. "It's always the old men who talk to her."

"I don't know any one I am sorrier for than I am for Cora," I said; "she's one of those people foredoomed to be a background figure—like her father should be, only he won't."

Mr. Durgan was sitting where he could get a good view of Cora. I must say the moonlight suited her as she sat there with her big eyes raised to the sky.

"By George! she's not so bad-looking, after all," he said. "It's that lumpy forehead and tight hair—"

"Her neck's dreadfully big, too," I said, "and with such a queer curve, and her mouth's impossible; but no one can deny that she has lovely eyes, if she would ever look at any one out of them."

"Why doesn't some one take those ugly brown clothes away from her?" Mr. Durgan said.

"Some friend in the weaving business gave Mr. Gayley a web of brown cloth in payment for a debt, and the family's been wearing it out since," I said.

"Poor child!" Mr. Durgan commented.

"Honey, you mustn't think some of us haven't tried to do something for her," I said, "but Cora is as proud as she is lonely. She puts in a heap of time sketching and painting. She has a shack in the woods where she keeps her things. She took up painting at the same time Alan Coles did, and some people said that she did it just because she was fond of him. But I reckon it isn't true, for she never looks at him."

I wasn't a bit surprised, a little later, to see Mr. Durgan sitting beside Cora. Alan Coles had introduced him and was sitting beside them. I was mighty glad to see Alan again. For a week he had been brooding at home, and Mr. Durgan had spent part of every day with him, trying to encourage him. In some ways Alan had had a hard time.

Instead of looking after his farm he has put his time on painting and music. Some of his music, through Mr. Durgan's help, was used in a musical comedy in New York, and Alan thought his fortune was made. But it turned out that no theatrical manager considered that what he had done was any more than a flash in the pan, and, as he was very easily discouraged, he had come home. His sister, who had managed the farm, was married, and we all expected that Alan would pick up the lines where she had dropped them and do the best he could with his place.

On the way home from the picnic, Mr. Durgan told me that he had persuaded Alan to take up his painting again.

"Honey," I said, "I wonder if that was wise? I know we all used to think Alan would make his mark in some art, but I reckon since that setback in New York we've changed our minds. He'd better just look after his land."

"Wrong, Sallie," Mr. Durgan said, emphatically. "I know what's best for that youth. He's bucked up again on painting. What's more, I've made him promise to give a studio tea pretty soon."

"A studio tea!" I exclaimed. "Where?"

"In his studio, of course."

"Oh," I said, "you mean that room that used to be his grandmother's bedroom, where he enlarged the north window till it is 'most the size of the wall—the room that overlooks the garden?"

"If it overlooks the gee-aw-den, that's a point in its favor," Mr. Durgan said.

As soon as Mr. Durgan begins to mimic my pronunciation, there's no use trying to be serious any more. It's just like he had put his arm around me—and he generally does. But after he had carried me home and was driving away he called back:

"I made Coles promise to invite this Cora Gayley to his studio tea—and, Sallie, you just wait!"

This disturbed me a little, as Mr. Durgan's mysteries always do, but I forgot to question him the next time we met. In fact, I forgot all about Cora until the day of Alan's tea. Mr. Durgan was driving me to the Coles's place by a very

roundabout route. I reckon we meant just to enjoy the pleasant day and talk nonsense, but somehow we found ourselves discussing art. Mr. Durgan was insisting that Alan had done some very good things, and I was disagreeing.

"I may be old-fashioned," I said, "but I like a nice, smooth painting that doesn't tell lies and puts everything in. I have a painting of my house that is so well done that you can see every leaf on the trees, and the shadows are brown, like they look to my eyes, and the roof is slate-color, like it ought to be, and the roses on the porch look like roses. If Alan had painted that house he'd have had the shadows lavender and the roof purple, and the roses and tree-leaves would have been just blobs of pink and green. I can say this to you, though usually I don't express myself about pictures."

"But, Lord of Israel, Sallie," he said, "you are paying Coles a compliment when you say he paints that way. That's what you call 'Impressionism.'"

"I know what Impressionistic painting is," I said, "and I reckon I could criticize it if I had to. I could stand before a canvas and say that the picture didn't hold together, that the sky and the earth didn't belong, that the massing was poor, and the scale of values uncertain. But, honey, it seems to me like it's just a game these impressionists play. What right have they to see things that way, when things *aren't* that way?"

"Oh, Sallie, my precious Philistine," Mr. Durgan groaned, "if they see them, they see them, don't they?"

"No, they don't; they've just been trained to see gray as lavender or green, and black as purple. It's a convention that holds for artists, and doesn't hold for the rest of us; and as we have to look at the pictures, I think they ought to consider us."

"But, Sallie, people have accepted Impressionism for a couple of decades."

"Yes, and they've accepted the fifty thousand imitation Corots in America," I told him. "I certainly do like the truth, honey—though maybe you will tell me again that what ails me is no sense of humor."

"Nothing ails you, Sallie," he said.

"I wouldn't have you altered by a hair's-breadth."

He said other nice things, and by and by I changed the conversation. Not that I would not have had him go on indefinitely, but I knew that he couldn't, and that at the same time he'd feel more like doing it if I stopped him before he ran down of his own initiative.

"Sallie," he said, presently, "being so stupid as I was in not seeing the possibilities of Cora Gayley till lately, has made me look sharp at every face I come across. To-day I saw a new girl in the neighborhood. She was tall and dark, and I guess if Alan Coles were painting her he'd make her hair grape-color, and her eyes pansy-color, and her mouth a scarlet little rosebud. She carried her head high, and her eyebrows looked as if they had business on the top of her forehead, but were really too superior to climb any farther."

"Oh," I said, "that is Jessica Royce."

"She's a stranger here?"

"No."

"What has she done, then? I can tell by your tone either that she's a stranger or else that she has somehow violated your traditions."

"I have nothing against Jessica," I replied. "She is just a little—well, different. For one thing, she chose to go to school in the North. Doesn't that seem queer to you when there are so many good schools for Southern gentlewomen? For another thing, she wears divided skirts when she walks; and I believe she rides astride, though that, I am grateful to say, she reserves for Central Park and other Northern places. She has lived a great deal abroad, and she plainly thinks that her friends down here are mightily old-fashioned."

"And except for these little trifles Jessica's all right?" inquired Mr. Durgan.

"I haven't been saying anything against her," I said. "Who was with her?—Alan, or Willis Raymond?"

"Come to think of it, some fellow was walking with her when I saw her this morning," Mr. Durgan said, "but I didn't notice who he was."

One of Mr. Durgan's peculiarities is never to see the man a girl is with if only the girl is good-looking. I did not re-

mind him of it because I believe you ought to disguise from a man any feeling that may annoy him. I merely said that I thought both Alan and Willis were two of the best-looking men I had ever seen, and mighty fascinating to be with. I don't see why Mr. Durgan should have laughed at that speech, but he did. Then his face sobered, and he said:

"Sallie, acushla, would you mind if we called for Cora Gayley?"

"I'd love to," I said, "but it would be just like her to say she'd rather walk."

But when we approached the gate, there was Cora, waiting for us, and so I knew that she had expected us to call for her. That detail escaped my attention, however, because I was so amazed at her appearance. I did not really recognize her. First it was what she had on that astounded me, and then her face. She had on a gown of a dull East-Indian blue, and I recognized it as a piece of silk of queer texture that her grandmother had had, and that usually was draped over the top of the piano. About her shoulders she wore a saffron-yellow scarf, just the shade to go with the blue. I had always thought her eyes a plain brown, but this scarf brought out a lot of yellow specks in them. She had on yellow beads, too. Her bumpy forehead was quite hidden. She had curled her hair and puffed it out and drawn it down—well, she just wasn't the same person.

"Doesn't she look like those pre-Raphael girls you have in that picture where a whole bunch of them are strung along a winding stair?" Mr. Durgan said. "Same eyes, same husky neck, same contradictory impression of anemia in a body that looks fit to shuck corn. I recognized the type right off."

He had stopped the car a few feet from Cora, and was gazing at her proudly, as if upon his own handiwork. He didn't tell me then, or ever, how he became so well acquainted with her as to be allowed to dress her. He had accomplished something that none of the rest of us had, and I reckon one reason why I was not angry with him was that my conscience hurt a bit. If a stranger could come in and make Cora Gayley so wonderfully over, surely her friends might have somehow helped.

Cora shrank behind the gate-post. "Sallie, I don't believe I'll go," she said.

"Yes, you will, honey," I told her. "You are lovely. I don't know where everybody's eyes have been, but I know where they will be."

We took her into the car and drove on to Alan's. His front door was open, and when he heard us in the hall he came to the top of the stairs. Alan would be nondescript except that he dresses well and looks animated on all occasions.

"Glad you've come early," he called.

He started down to meet us, his eyes on Cora. He shook hands with Mr. Durgan and me, and then turned his eyes again on Cora.

"I'm afraid you don't know me," Cora said to him, a little touch of pain in her voice.

Then Alan recognized her, and he said:

"I haven't known you—to my own loss, but I do now."

He took her hand, and he fairly ate her up with his eyes. Then he turned to me and spoke of her exactly like Mr. Durgan had—like she was some beautiful object of art, without ears or emotions.

"Sallie, you were going to pour tea. Can't you let her do it, and you pass things? You see, I'll want her hat off; we must see the line of her head—I remember it was always good. But no—If she pours tea, her figure'll be hidden behind the table. I suppose she'd better

sit beside you as if to help, but where every line of her will show. The studio will be just the right background for her."

Mr. Durgan beamed. I reckon he re-



HE WAS GAZING AT HER PROUDLY, AS IF UPON HIS OWN HANDIWORK

membered what I had said about poor Cora being a background figure, and he was pleased that she was at last coming into the foreground. Cora merely looked at them with a starry upward glance which told nothing. Alan turned and

led the way to the studio—only I can never think of it as the studio. Where he has the tea-table I can see the old four-poster where his grandmother used to pretend to be an invalid; and where the main easel stands I can see the white table that she kept her patent medicines on. Alan had the room very prettily arranged, however, and hung all over the walls were his impressionistic pictures. Most of them had more blue in them than anything else, and I must say that Cora in her blue dress led up to them beautifully, or else they led beautifully down to her.

There were just a few people in the studio, but the most striking figure, until we drew Cora in, was Jessica Royce. She was wearing blue, too—a queer pansy shade that went well with her eyes and hair, but was not so distinguished-looking as Cora's blue. Willis Raymond was talking to her. Willis had been a widower for a year, and ever since his wife's death he had kept at home, reading and—we suspected—writing. But when I saw him sitting there beside Jessica Royce I wondered if he had not begun to take notice a little bit. I had seen them walking together three times, and here he was in public at what might be termed a merry-making.

When Willis saw Cora he stared blankly and half rose to his feet. He told me afterward the reason: he had just been reading various lives and memoirs of the pre-Raphael group, copiously illustrated, and when Cora came in he thought one of those pictures had come to life. It looked even more like it when Cora had taken off her hat and sat down in a yellow-tapestried chair that Alan pulled out of a corner for her. Jessica stood watching all this with a cool, supercilious glance.

"How de do, honey," she said, carelessly, to Cora.

As far as her tone went she might just as well have said, "When did you take up play-acting?" Cora and I both knew what she meant, and I thought it very unkind, especially as she and Cora are distantly related. More people came in, and one and all they showed their appreciation of Cora. I reckon she had never even let herself dream that so much at-

tention could be for her. She did not look shy so much as she looked unaware. Not that any one wanted anything of her; people seemed content to look at her. Willis refused to be removed from her at all, and Alan only left her when he had to be polite to his guests. Jessica was not pleased with the way things went.

We stayed until almost the last because Alan showed no signs of letting Cora go, and we were to drive her home. When only Cora and Jessica and Willis Raymond and Mr. Durgan and I were left, I rose and went to Alan.

"No, don't go yet, Sallie," he said. Jessica is telling me about a Futurist exhibition she has just seen in New York."

I am free to confess that I had never before heard of the Futurists, and I reckon Jessica took a good deal of ignorance for granted, for she went into much detail about the lives and art of the French Futurist painters. But when she finished expounding the principles I hadn't got much out of what she had said. All I gathered was that the Futurists would have been impressionists if they hadn't been so symbolic and arbitrary and individual. Alan hung on Jessica's words—he'd forgotten all about Cora. Jessica had told him that she thought some of his ideas coincided with the ideas of the Futurists. Finally Jessica passed around some postal cards reproduced from the pictures of the exhibition.

Mr. Durgan and I looked at them together. At first I thought Jessica must be trying to pass some feeble joke on us. The pictures looked like some child of ten, with an unregulated imagination and not much sense of realism, had been trying his hand with brush and paint-pot. The faces were all flat and out of drawing and ugly; the figures were unbelievable. There were some pictures which meant simply nothing to me; all I could see were cubes and triangles of color.

I looked at the other people. Alan seemed mighty interested, and so did Cora; Willis was bewildered, and Mr. Durgan wore a speculative expression.

"Honey," I whispered to him, "maybe it's just because I have no sense of

humor, but I feel like laughing at all this. It's just plain silly."

Then Mr. Durgan laughed, not at the pictures, but at me. Jessica came over to him.

"That's right, Mr. Durgan," she cooed, "those who laugh frankly in the beginning at Cubist painting are often those who, in the end, see the sincerity and charm of the work."

She looked at Mr. Durgan in a way that she thought alluring, and maybe it was, but I certainly do despise girls who get too close to a man and look so unconscious of it.

"I wonder if you would do something for me, Mr. Durgan?" she said. "You are so sweet about helping people, you and Sallie."

I reckon she thought it was about time to show that she recognized who had the only right to Mr. Durgan.

"Anything I can do for any of Sallie's friends is a pleasure," Mr. Durgan said.

Jessica turned to me with her hands clasped.

"Oh, Sallie, I wonder if you'd mind?" she said. "There's to be an exhibition of Cubist paintings at Richmond, beginning tomorrow. We'll never have a better chance to see Futurist art. Do you think Mr. Durgan might drive us down?"

Mr. Durgan thought she was asking me very prettily, but I was indignant at the pleading tone she used. It meant that pressure had to be brought before I would be obliging—at least it sounded like that. Then and there I pledged

myself to stand by Cora, in case Jessica tried to do anything horrid to her. I thought Jessica might, for she had especially not liked the thralldom in which Cora was holding Alan and Willis.

"I think it would be delightful to see



"I WONDER IF YOU WOULD DO SOMETHING FOR ME, MR. DURGAN?"

the pictures," I said, "if Mr. Durgan can take us."

So it was arranged that we should all go, though I think Jessica would have been pleased to omit Cora and me from the party. Her delight in the proposed excursion flattered Mr. Durgan, and I was sorry to see that, because it meant that I could not show him Jessica in her true light. All the way home he said

nice things impartially about both Cora and Jessica. He seemed to be as pleased at doing a favor for Jessica as he had been at dressing Cora. Jessica had almost got him to believe that he had arranged the exhibition for her pleasure.

We went the very next day, starting early in the morning. I must say I was glad to be fortified for those pictures by the pleasant air. I reckon I am sensitive nervously; at any rate, all those discordant Cubist colors and lines (for to me they can never be anything else) made me feel almost seasick. There were other people at that exhibition who looked like they shared my sensations.

"I am going at this show with an open mind," Mr. Durgan said, and I am sure he kept it before every last picture.

A few of the spectators looked enthusiastic, a few gravely convinced, many doubtful, many more skeptical, while heaps of people were frankly hilarious. To my surprise I found that Alan and Willis were convinced. What Cora thought she did not say, and no one thought of asking her. But after Alan and Willis had confessed their faith she said to me:

"I believe I could paint like that."

I looked at her sharply. She was dressed in her new pre-Raphaelite style, and had won many admiring glances from people all day. But Alan and Willis, once they had entered the picture-gallery, had paid her almost no attention. They had hung about Jessica, who was helping them interpret. Mr. Durgan overheard what Cora said. He felt a pride in this creature he had made, and he agreed heartily:

"Of course you could, if you wanted to."

I saw a look of determination cross Cora's face. She bought all the descriptive material there was in the exhibition-room, and all the colored reproductions, and at four o'clock she begged the rest of us to have tea without her, and call for her when we were ready to go home. Of course Jessica thought that this was a pose, and that Cora wanted to win the admiration of Alan and Willis by earnest attention to art. But I knew better.

It was not until the next day that I had Mr. Durgan to my own self. Then

I asked him what he thought of the pictures. He had refused to express himself the day before.

"Well," he said, slowly, "that picture of people sitting in a café—honestly, if you glance at it for a second, and then turn your head away, it does look the way a restaurant full of people does when you first come in the door."

"All confused," I said; "yes, but a church full of people might look that way, too; or, for that matter, a hen-roost lighted by lamps."

Mr. Durgan laughed. "The thing I like about you, Sallie dear, is your honesty and your uncompromisingness. To tell the truth, I'm more interested in our budding Futurists here than I am in the Cubists. I think Jessica Royce is a wonder to calmly pick up Coles and Raymond and make Futurists of them by a few turns of her tongue. She ought to have been a man, and I'm willing to back her in anything she goes after."

I was pleased that Mr. Durgan wanted Jessica to be a man, though I don't know just why.

"To my mind," I began, "the cardinal virtue of a woman is—"

"Yes, Sallie, let's talk of kee-aw-dinal virtues," he interrupted, and of course after that there was no use in trying to do anything more with him.

A few days later Cora called for me and asked me to come up to the shack in the woods behind the Gayley house, where she does her painting. She had on another pre-Raphaelite gown of sage-green and deep blue, and she looked more stunning than ever. I supposed she had a new picture to show me, and I was wondering what I could say about it, for I thought even less of her work than I did of Alan's. She led me into the shack, and I 'most faltered on the doorway. Hung on the walls were eighteen or twenty Cubist pictures.

"Wh-what!" I gasped.

"I thought up all the ideas one night, and I've painted them at the rate of two or three a day," she said.

To my mind, the pictures showed it. If I had spoken the words as she did, my tone would have been desperate, but Cora, as usual, spoke quietly, with her upraised look that never reveals anything.

"There's 'The Child with the Mushroom,'" she went on, "and 'The Old Man with the Newspaper,' 'The Siren at Dawn,' 'The Vampire at Her Last Feast,' 'Mules Climbing a Hill,' 'Souls of Vision Looking at the Dog-star'—"

She named them all, and I went around from picture to picture with her. They showed a dreadful flaming color and bizarre lines. In brief, they were excessively Cubist. In the 'Siren at Dawn' and 'The Vampire at Her Last Feast' I thought I saw a dreadful bloated likeness to Jessica, but when I looked from the pictures to Cora's calm, uptilted face I couldn't believe my eyes.

"I've asked Alan and Willis to come in," she said. "They'll be here in a little while. Alan means to stick to Impressionism in his own work, but Futurist art has made a deep impression on him."

"And Jessica and Mr. Durgan?" I inquired. "Have you invited them?"

"I didn't invite Jessica, and I thought I'd ask you first if you supposed Mr. Durgan would care to see them."

I certainly do think Cora has tact.

"You haven't said what you thought of them," she reminded me.

"I—I'd believe they were part of the Richmond exhibition if you hadn't told me they were yours," I said, feebly.

"I don't ask more than that," Cora said.

Then Alan and Willis came in. They stood staring in the doorway. Next,

without a word, they examined picture after picture, reading the titles Cora had written under each. Then Alan broke into pages of praise, and Willis followed suit. While they were still admiring I saw Jessica coming. I reckon it was just



"I BELIEVE I COULD PAINT LIKE THAT"

by accident that she called, and some one at the house told her where Cora was. I went out to meet her, and told her that Cora had been painting Cubist pictures, and that Alan and Willis were wild about them. I thought maybe that would spike her guns, and that she would feel obliged to admire the pictures, too.

She came in with her usual lofty air, expressed surprise and pleasure, and was

soon superciliously patronizing Cora. Presently she began to find a fault here and there, but Alan flew to Cora's defense. I reckon he felt bound to, since his admiration had been so unqualified—and he certainly had a right to, because in Futurism, so it seems to me, you can make any interpretation you like of line and color. Willis hadn't any technical arguments at his command, but he certainly was spellbound over Cora's achievement. Jessica suggested that Cora give a tea, and Cora said she would consider it, which meant, I knew, that she would do nothing of the kind. If Jessica meant to set our sensible neighborhood laughing at Cora she would have some trouble in succeeding.

I supposed that Cora had done this to get Alan and Willis at her feet again, and that the device would be sure to keep Alan there. But the next thing that happened was that he was scarcely ever seen in her studio, though Willis still went. I couldn't ask Cora what had come to pass, of course, but Willis furnished me the information.

"I'm glad I'm only a spectator at this art game," he said. "If one is in it, one shows his—er—limitations. Jealousy—now—I am always surprised when a man shows it."

I had a splendid chance just there to fly to the defense of women, but I was anxious to find out what he was driving at. He was both allusive and elusive, but I gathered that Jessica had become so enthusiastic over Cora's work that she slighted Alan's entirely, and Alan had turned sulky. Not that Willis put it in so many words, and not that Alan would have admitted jealousy, but that's what it all meant. I saw what Willis didn't—that Jessica had risked Alan's displeasure against herself in order to disgruntle him with Cora.

Mr. Durgan made the next move in the game.

"Sallie," he said, "little Cora is very keen to meet a famous critic of Impressionistic art named Bradley. I happen to know him. How would it do to invite him down? He'd love a week in Albemarle County."

We smiled at each other delightedly.

"I have to confess," he said, "that she'd never heard of him till I told her

about him. Her passion for him was sudden. I'd like to give her a leg up. I beg your pardon, darling—a limb up."

Mr. Durgan occasionally uses very colloquial expressions, and it does not seem easy to change him in this regard.

"How about Jessica?" I said, wickedly.

"I'll give her a limb up any time she wants it, too," he said.

Mr. Bradley came, and I wasn't a bit surprised to hear that Cora had been selected to show him the way to Alan's studio. She said she couldn't show him her pictures, because they wouldn't be in her studio for a week. My impression was that she had hidden them in the attic, which I considered the best place for them. But I felt that Cora must have a lot of faith in Alan's work to take the risk of showing them to a real art-critic. But her faith was justified, for Mr. Bradley was really very much interested. He told Alan that he must meet the right people in New York, and have an exhibition, and that he would give him proper introductions. Mr. Durgan said to me afterward that Mr. Bradley really meant it all, and was interested to have found Alan, and meant to speak of him some time in his art criticisms.

Alan was delighted, and properly grateful to Cora, who, I took care to let him know, was the one who had been instrumental in getting Mr. Bradley down to Albemarle County. Mr. Bradley went on to visit friends in Culpeper County, promising to stop with Mr. Durgan on his way back. For a few days both Alan and Willis were competing in their attentions to Cora. Next, suddenly both of them veered over to Jessica. For a day or two I wondered. Then I got the explanation through an informal supper to which Jessica had invited us. It was Futurism once more.

After supper, those of us who were ignorant—which meant Cora and Mr. Durgan and me—were instructed by Jessica and Willis, Alan sitting by, gravely approving. It seems that there is such a thing as Futurist poetry. It comes from Italy, and it attempts to synthesize the mechanical sensibility of modern life, whatever that is. It seeks for essential lyricism, for the faculty of intoxicating and being ourselves intoxi-

cated by life. Between them, Jessica and Willis, helped out by a word or two from Alan, quoted the opinion that the Futurist poetry has a style, "polychromatic, polymorphous, and polyphonic, that may not only animalize, vegetalize, electrify, and liquefy itself, but penetrate and express the essence and the atomic life of matter." They bombarded us with epithets.

"Words at liberty," Alan said.

"The absolute freedom of images and comparisons drawn between remote or even contradictory objects," Willis contributed.

"Onomatopoeic words, geometrical and mechanical glory," Jessica finished.

I had seen all I wanted of "geometrical and mechanical glory" in the Cubist painting, so I prepared for an evening of bewilderment. It seems that, when it is written down, Futurist poetry looks a good deal like a pillar on a platform: that is, of words running perpendicular, like this:

gigantic flames
palaces

Those are supposed to be words at liberty, or free. When they are declaimed, as Jessica and Willis declaimed them, they are just as free, but they seem to have a little more meaning, because they are helped out by expression and gesture. Even at that, the Futurist poetry which Jessica and Willis had written meant nothing to me but two handsome people engaged in telling us the subjects they were going to declaim about, and then getting up and saying, in well-modulated voices, a few nouns and adjectives, without syntax, more or less remotely bearing on those subjects. Jessica's poems were called "Fires at Sunset," "Wild Geese in a North Wind," "Souls in Shackles." Willis called his "Messages from a White Soul," "Love in the New Paradise," "Airships Commanding the World." Purely of their own initiative, they gave us encores.

Of course none of us could say much except, "How very interesting!" But the three votaries forgave us. It seems that when you get to that pure heaven where you cannot only appreciate, but make Futurist poetry, you also pardon those blind souls who halt when they are invited to come and find the light. But what concerned me was not Futurist poetry, but the way Alan and Willis were both worshiping at Jessica's altar. Poor Cora drooped under it. When we had driven her home I expressed my mind freely to Mr. Durgan.

"Sallie, hold on a minute," he said. "I reckon I'm not to blame. I told you I'd give Jessica a leg up, the same as I did Cora."

"Oh, Mr. Durgan!" I cried.

"Don't you worry, Sallie; I know you're backing Cora, but the competition will be good for her. She was dying of dry-rot."

"What did you do for Jessica?" I asked.

"Told her I had a friend in New York who had just translated an Italian book about Futurist poetry—just got the manuscript finished. I borrowed a carbon copy for Jessica."

I groaned, and Mr. Durgan seemed right distressed. He offered to do anything I wanted him to, but I said no, to let things take their course. But he insisted that he would back Cora, since I did. He was so remorseful that I yielded, and said if there was anything harmless he could do for Cora, I'd be willing. I said it against my better judgment, though what he immediately proposed seemed innocuous enough. He proposed to give a dinner in honor of Cora. Bradley was coming back, and it would show Bradley how much we thought of our little pre-Raphaelite friend. He thought Bradley had shown a good deal of interest in Cora, and perhaps—who knew?

He gave the dinner. Cora sat on his right, and Mr. Bradley next her, and Alan on the other side. But, unfortunately, all tables have their limitations. Jessica, whom we had to invite, since we'd all been seeing so much of one another lately, sat just where Mr. Bradley could get a splendid view of her—and she had never looked so lovely. He

gazed and gazed, and after the men had joined us in the drawing-room he flew to Jessica. He showed the rest of us as little attention as he decently could, and he simply didn't look at Cora again. All this was on Monday, and every day during the rest of the week he was with Jessica, and the two of them often added Alan and Willis to themselves, so that they could discuss Futurist poetry, to which they were trying to convert Mr. Bradley.

"There's nothing more we can do," Mr. Durgan said in a resigned tone.

My own conviction was that he—not we—had done too much already, but I said nothing. It was Cora who made the next move by doing what she had intended should be no move at all. She came to church next Sunday clad in her old sober brown clothes. When the service was over, Mr. Durgan and I drove her home. We made no comment and she made no explanation till she had arrived at her front steps. Then she said, with her head down:

"I couldn't stand it; I've not got any courage. I can't fight with anybody for anything, and I reckon Jessica is born to be made much of, and I'm not. I reckon I'll go back to my dark corner. I don't count—even in pre-Raphaelite clothes. You all look on me even then not as a person, but as a decorative object. You stick me in front, but you push my soul into its old dark corner."

Then she went into the house. Mr. Durgan and I stared at each other. Tacitly we agreed not to discuss the subject. Mr. Durgan merely said that Bradley had left the night before and had shown him various clippings in which Alan Coles's pictures were mentioned. There was a little gain for the community, Mr. Durgan added.

The next afternoon he and I went to see Cora. We found her in her studio, not in sober brown, but clad in her pre-Raphaelite clothes.

"Well, I'm glad you've gone back to them," Mr. Durgan said, frankly, "for they belong to you."

"They are the livery of happiness to-day," Cora said, and I fairly jumped at the joy in her voice. "But I reckon I'd not be wearing them if it hadn't been for my reaction into the brown clothes yesterday."

"I bet you're engaged to be married," Mr. Durgan guessed.

"Of course," Cora said; "he told me last night, and he said he didn't realize till he saw me in those old brown clothes that I was the one woman in the world for him."

"And Alan so artistic, too," I murmured.

"It isn't Alan," Cora said, indignantly. "Just because I was silly over him at sixteen doesn't mean—and, besides, no one knew I was silly—and, besides, if Willis didn't know whether he loved Jessica or me at first, how could I tell at first whether it was Willis or Alan I was fond of? I couldn't bear not to have them both nice to me, after all the years when no one said sweet things to me but old men."

"How about Jessica?" Mr. Durgan said. "I like that girl. Is Alan—"

"Oh, Alan only cares for his art," Cora said, in a tone which was a trifle too well satisfied, "but Willis says Mr. Bradley told him that he'd never been bowled over by any one as he was by Jessica. He's going to write to her, and, if I know her, she'll be in New York before long, giving him a chance."

"I guess you and your Willis will have great old times practising Futurist art together," Mr. Durgan said, with a sly smile.

"No, no," said Cora, gravely; "poor Willis only did it to get away from grief, and he's got me now. And I only did it to show Willis I wasn't behind the times."

"Well," Mr. Durgan said, when we had gone, "I always said art has its uses—even Futurist art. And now that its function is over in our little community, dearly beloved Sallie, repeat these words after me: 'My love for you is my kee-aw-dinal virtue.'"

The Deeper Diagnosis

BY ELEANOR STUART



It was so still in Mrs. Brown's beautiful room that the snowy thoroughfare upon which her house stood might have been miles away from New York. Young Dr. Butler had felt this room to be a very special place as soon as he entered it. He dreaded, however, meeting the lady of the house, although he was distinctly proud of having her for a patient. He pondered the never-failing remembrance of Dr. Pentridge, who sent for him always now when his medical efforts demanded surgical co-operation, but he felt that much wealth insulates the sympathies, and thus, even among his patients, scorned the possessors of notorious riches, unless they could claim the rarer distinction of unusual disease.

Mrs. Brown was merely known to him as a moneyed person. "The reason," he said to himself, "that this particular goose of a woman is keeping me waiting is that her maid is hunting her a boudoir cap. The female of the plutocrat admits a doctor only when she is armed, so to speak, *boudoir-cap-à-pié!*"

The door opened and a footman entered. "Dr. Pentridge," he said, with sepulchral sonority, "is unable to meet you. He will telephone your house about eight, sir."

"Thank you. Does Mrs. Brown know that I am here?"

"Yes, sir. She has just come in."

Dr. Butler withdrew his charge of the boudoir cap, and a few moments later the door opened again and a small, rather heavy woman moved through it with rapid and distinguished grace. Her humorous mouth and darkly tragic eyes were odd companions in a lovely oval face framed in hair just turning gray above the ears it covered, ears from which two glittering ornaments depended. Pearls clasped her neck; her coat was of sable. In a word, she was

dressed as the carelessly rich alone can dress.

When she spoke her voice was a delight—slow, solemn, caressing, with a little laughter ever behind it, as the face of a nymph at play might show between the funereal foliage of cypresses.

"I am sorry to keep you," she said, "but you will realize that the snow makes the going difficult, Dr. Butler."

"Yes. Did you hear that Dr. Pentridge can't get here?"

"That makes no difference. Let us not bother him. I will show you my shoulder, and you will decide what is best to do."

"Very well."

She rose and took off her heavy coat. "I'll ring for my maid," she said.

A slender young Irishwoman appeared while Dr. Butler conversed rapidly—praising Dr. Pentridge, alluding to his skill, deploring the short but vivid zenith of surgical glory as evinced by the vogue of the individual—just the routine chatter he knew so well how to deliver in his brisk, pleasant voice. His handsome face was keen as he helped the maid pull back a bodice of exquisite lace.

"How long has this been here?" he asked in his examination.

"Not long. It's the result of an injury. A box fell on me."

He caught the expression of her maid's face, and it interested him as she shot a look of admiration at her mistress. He had not seen many such glances from servants toward their employers.

"This is nothing serious," he said, slowly; "it will have to be cut out, though, and it will leave a scar, perhaps—not a large scar."

"When will you do it?"

"The sooner the better."

"To-morrow at nine?"

"Very well, to-morrow at nine."

She made no attempt to rearrange her bodice, but slipped her great fur coat over it.

"Sometimes it hurts me," she observed, casually.

"I am sure it does," he answered.

"Could it—recur?" she asked.

"No; no indeed. It's nothing like that. You had an abrasion—a cut—it became infected and the infection was neglected—that's all."

The maid led him away to wash his hands in a gorgeous dressing-room. His patient's face went with him. He didn't think about its being pretty or plain; he merely observed it as he did most things, coolly, thoroughly, because they were there to be observed.

He was interested in the luxury of her house, finding it an agreeable contrast to the long, bare halls of his hospital with their numbered doors.

He returned to the large and lovely room where Mrs. Brown was standing before the fire.

"Dr. Pentridge said I'd not have to take ether," she said.

"No, no; cocaine."

"Good night," she added, suddenly, "and thank you so much for your promptitude in coming."

Although she evinced no desire to detain him, she sped him with a dazzling smile. He took her hand and gazed at her admiringly, with a memory of her maid's admiration.

It was very late in the evening, and Dr. Butler, anticipating early activities, had been asleep for two hours. More snow was falling, draping dingy fences between disordered back yards in heavy coverings of perfect white. A telephone bell rang stridently, and Dr. Butler's hand was alert to snatch the receiver almost before his eyes opened.

"Yes?" he said.

"This is Mrs. Brown," a voice replied. "I can't have you to-morrow morning, after all. I have a chance to do a dear friend a real service. A sudden—er—stress has arisen. I will call you up as soon as I've done that. I mean, when my services are completed I will ask immediately for yours."

"Thank you. I'm so sorry you're in trouble," he returned, impulsively; "but don't delay. That abscess is painful, and I find that type of thing does not decrease of itself."

"No. I do hope you weren't asleep. Good night."

He hung up the receiver and looked out at the hurrying downfall of white flakes. He was grievously disappointed.

"That's what we human beings are," he said, thoughtfully, "little white spots against a night of mystery, and—falling down on everything."

As he drew the blankets up about his shoulders Mrs. Brown's face flashed on him through the darkness. "That woman was in trouble," he muttered, sleepily; "her voice was tense."

At the end of the next day but one, after hours of continuous operation, Dr. Butler lay on his sister's big leather lounge, letting her beat him at piquet.

"Oh," she said, "I saw Mrs. Brown to-day—witty Tilly Brown. I didn't know you knew her."

"I don't, really. I saw her once for Pentridge."

"Why, you wild being! She told me you were to operate on her in the morning. I hope you're not forgetting it—she's a pretty important person."

The telephone rang at that moment, and Mrs. Clarkson good-naturedly answered it. "Mrs. Brown wants to speak with you, Billy," she said.

Dr. Butler got up briskly, as if he had not touched scissors or sutures for the whole long day. "Good evening," he said, stiffly. He then added, at intervals: "I'm sorry to hear that. . . . Yes, I can perfectly—nine o'clock. . . . Hope you have a good night"—and, "Good-by."

Returning to his sister, he finished their game, kissed her good night, and started away to his own house. She said as he left her:

"I hope Mrs. Brown isn't suffering. She was charming to me this afternoon at the club, but every one remarked how badly she looked."

"Perhaps she'll feel better presently," he called back as he slammed the house door.

Nine o'clock of the next morning found him already at work setting out various sterile objects on a little table by Mrs. Brown's ornate bed. He was still uttering the operator's reassuring patter. Mrs. Brown, closely attended by her maid in black, as he by his nurse



Drawn by Howard E. Smith

Engraved by Nelson Demarest

"YOU WILL DECIDE WHAT IS BEST TO DO"

(in white), sat back up on pillows, without a boudoir cap, listening eagerly to what he said. At the appointed time she slipped her shoulder out of a fine but plainly fashioned night-gown, revealing her torso encased in a skin-tight covering of close-knit merino.

"You can," she directed, "cut this shirt thing I have on just where the lump is. Be quite ruthless."

He cut out a little round piece carefully as a beginning.

"Mr. Brown," she was saying, "left for Jekyll Island this morning. I didn't think this was serious enough to detain him— Oh!"

He had pulled at the edge of the hole he had cut, and the shirt had torn across the shoulders like paper, revealing five frightful welts on the firm flesh of her white back.

"Mrs. Brown!" he cried, explosively, "don't those hurt terribly?"

"They've kept me awake all night."

"How did you do it?"

Although she fastened her eyes on him pleadingly, and said, "Don't ask me," adding, "I don't want to tell," the impression she made on him was that she didn't want *him* to tell. It was as if the plea in her dark, tragic eyes were articulate speech, as if he heard their silent message. With a great pity at his heart and a decided moisture sheathing for an instant the keenness of his eyes, he began to prepare his operating area.

"I can give you something to help those bruises," was what he said, quietly. He felt bound within a secret, speechlessly but explicitly bound. A lump rose in his throat, and he longed for opportunity to tell Mr. Brown what he thought of him.

As, with a strip of plaster, he fastened a cushion of sterilized gauze on top of his excision, he said within himself, "Any one could call that back bruised, but the deeper diagnosis connects such an injury with its author."

While his nurse cleared up he drew a wide chintz chair to the place where his folding-table had been. "I am going to sit here ten minutes to see if your back remains comfortable," he said.

She smiled on him slowly. When he rose to go, after an hour of intimate,

humorous talk, he felt as if her smile were still incomplete, as if its ultimate radiance still awaited him. But above the tender mobility of her lips, the egress of her quaintness and her wit, her dark eyes stood for sorrow. Like black-bordered columns in a newspaper, they gave notice of tragedy before their meaning was mastered in detail.

Despite the fact that his long chat with Mrs. Brown had delayed him all day, Dr. Butler felt particularly cheerful at nightfall. Little things she had said came sailing across the surface of his mind—little things that showed the temper of hers. He felt that he knew when her back had been so bruised, for the great black-and-purple stripes had not been there on his first examination. He recalled her voice as it crossed the wind-tossed wire of that blizzard-blown night, and felt sick as he thought about it all.

His sister asked about Mrs. Brown at dinner, adding that she had withdrawn from the club dancing-class that afternoon.

A cryptic contortion passed over his face. "She may feel like dancing again presently," he said. "You never can tell."

"I hope she's not suffering!"

"Suffering!" he laughed rather bitterly. "What some of the women in her position endure would daunt the wife of a drunken tinker. Physical suffering seems almost a relief to them—after their mental anguish. Think of the daily jarring of a refined woman by a cruel husband whose servants and lawyers and doctors screen his worst self from the outer world."

"You talk like an envenomed feminist to-night, Billy," Mrs. Clarkson said, laughing. "You usually regard woman as a waste creation. I think, bar details like minor operations, Mrs. Brown leads a perfectly satisfactory life."

The telephone rang and Dr. Butler caught up the receiver.

"Yes," he answered, "I was afraid it might. I'll come round and spray it with a numbing solution. Yes, I'll bring something to make you sleep, at once."

He did not tell Mrs. Clarkson that it was Mrs. Brown with whom he had

just talked. But his sister looked at him with deep affection as she said,

"You sound so kind and dependable when your peevish patients call you up like that."

"I've got to be to hold down my trade," he answered. "Good night, Cecilia."

It is torturing to be acutely conscious of a woman's personal attraction while powerless to lessen her personal griefs. Dr. Butler felt, as he hurried along Park Avenue, as if he had actually proved the dark tragedy of five welts and an abscess, and knew it from the initial blow to the crucial excision, and beyond. He sometimes whistled with astonished admiration at Mrs. Brown's magnificent reticence.

Presently a footman took him in a lift to the top of her house, and he noiselessly entered her bedroom.

"Good evening," he said. "What glorious flowers!"

"They smell like a funeral," she answered, "and a funeral, in view of my present suffering, seems a good idea."

He assuaged her very real physical pain and waited to see if she would probably have a good night, while he enjoyed the best evening of his life. Her droll speech, her dramatic eyes, the authority of her gray hair verging on a countenance of girlish freshness and adolescent pink, bewitched him. He sat in silence, facing a shaded lamp. Inexpressible impulses swayed him.

Her vital hand grew limp, her eyes were sealed down with their white lids. Many words of tenderness died choking in his throat.

He rose, gamely impersonal, smiled at her maid, and tiptoed from the room.

And she still slept, remote, serene, conveyed to a precinct of calm by the medical magic of his capsules while he suffered the world's worst exile as he left her. He felt more alone outside her house than did the one man surviving shipwreck in a nameless and uncharted sea.

On his way home he stopped in at the hospital and met Dr. Pentridge in the corridor.

"Hello, Butler! You have made a hit with the Browns."

"I'm glad—they're nice people."

"Samuel returns to-morrow. He writes me he's been ill all the time he's been away. He's had tonsilitis."

"Tough luck for a poor, hard-working man like Brown to get sick on vacation."

Pentridge grinned, and the two separated without further formality.

But the next day Butler went again to Mrs. Brown's. The housemaid had a ganglion. He smote it with a book and it dispersed, but he gave Mrs. Brown a dissertation of at least two hours, presumably on ganglions. The day after that he read in a newspaper (on the front page) that Mr. Brown had left Jekyll Island for New York, suffering from tonsilitis. It is to be recorded that he felt no sympathy for the indisposed traveler, but he dropped in to see how the housemaid's hand progressed, and was rewarded by a happy hour with her mistress.

It was very dark—the dark of the next day's dawn. Dr. Butler was sleeping the profound and restful sleep of a man who uses hands as well as head in warfare with the world. A watchman stood outside his door, a Meunier figure of the sturdy work-and-break-of-day laborer. He alternately pressed the electric button and bawled.

"Guess the party sleeps in the back of the house," he said at last.

"You said your folks 'phoned?"

"That's right," the chauffeur roared in answer. "I gotta pinch him or lose my job."

Dr. Butler's head appeared at a front window. "What do you want?" he demanded.

"You," the chauffeur called. "Dr. Pentridge has been trying to get you by telephone for two hours. You're sure some sleeper."

The doctor retired swiftly to the clamor of a telephone.

"Yes, Dr. Pentridge. . . . The car is here. . . . Trachea? . . . Very glad to, of course. . . . Sorry to hear it. . . . About half an hour. Good-by."

He put up the receiver with a scared face. Dr. Pentridge had told him Mr. Brown was choking and would die without operation. His bag for such an emergency was ready; he stopped at Boskill's for extra tubes of divers makes,



Drawn by Howard E. Smith

Engraved by F. A. Pettit

HE EXPECTED HER VOICE EVERY TIME THE TELEPHONE BELL RANG

and summoned his pet nurse before he found himself, at last, in the motor.

Lights streamed out from the Browns' great house, and a weary servant opened the hall door before he could ring. Mrs. Brown, disheveled and dressed in a crumpled riding-habit, placed an icy hand in his grasp.

"I was out when they brought him," she said, despairingly, "and when I came in he couldn't speak. I was taking a last riding-lesson before he should arrive home. I've had no time to change, you see."

"Let me see him now," he answered, gently. "Is Dr. Pentridge with him?"

"Yes; but I must speak to you one moment—in here."

She almost pushed him into a coat cupboard beneath her stone stairway, grasping a fur cape to steady herself, as it hung richly against the bare wall.

"For both of us," she whispered, hoarsely, "save him. It means so much to both of us."

His heart leaped in his side and he put his hands resolutely behind his back. "Thank you, dear lady, for your honesty. My standards would be corrupted for ever if I did one whit less than my best—*now*."

The tears rose in her eyes before he left her, but as he entered the lift he felt a little sense of disappointment that she could have thought for an instant that he would be tempted to use his professional training in any interest but the preservation of life—no matter whose life.

"Both of us," he murmured, as he opened Mr. Brown's bedroom door. He held it a second in his hand, stunned at the magnificence of morality. He thought with awe of the persistence of the moral idea in this pampered woman, who would prefer that he put forth the honest utmost of his skill, even though it reinforced the shackle on her wedding finger.

"Both of us," reverberated its cheer within him as he found the pulse of Sammy Brown. It raced weakly above his long, limp hand. Dr. Butler's eyes dwelt on the miserable being before him, and the ecstatic possibilities of Mrs. Brown's phrase were eclipsed for the

moment in the depths of his professional pity.

When he withdrew with Dr. Pentridge they agreed, after a few words in the toneless calm of their professional voices, that no time must be lost before an operation. They went together to perform the varied preparations; the anesthetist was at hand; the operating-nurse appeared casually; the room next the patient's showed forth the grim and white-shrouded order of a house surgically pre-empted. Mrs. Brown brought him a cup of coffee with her own hands.

"Afterward," he said, gently.

She took it meekly away.

Doors were closed and windows opened. Mr. Sammy Brown was carried in to the operating-table, looking much more peaceful than when Dr. Butler had examined him in bed fifteen minutes before. Mrs. Brown was kindly thrust from the room, and with a few explanatory words to his colleague the surgeon began his work.

Time was not in the tenseness of Dr. Butler's effort. His patient was fearfully weak, and only quickness could save him. His nurse wiped his forehead for him, dripping with the sweat of his passionate toil. He nodded sharply, and doggedly did the next thing. His lip quivered with the strain under his artificial calm, and he cast a glance of inquiry at the anesthetist, who shrugged his shoulders and said nothing.

But at last the final stitch was tied, the bandages placed, the long strain lay behind him like a hill hard climbed, and his patient breathed, as he did, more easily.

Mrs. Brown could not speak as he passed her in the hall. She looked at him dumbly with tired eyes as he drank his coffee in the dining-room. All the drawing-room windows were open in spite of the cold, and the servants were saying hard things about the smell that surgery leaves behind it. Quiet and pale, Dr. Butler began the day's rounds.

All stress had died away in the Brown household. Dr. Butler alone had the worn look of one who waits in solitude, for he had decided that if Mrs. Brown meant to be more than

human, he could but acquiesce in her high resolve and magnificent conduct. He talked pretty freely about the snares of women in connection with the medical career and raked over one or two old scandals while dining with two other physicians. And always he felt the solemn pride of a conscious principal in a noble tragedy, and soon his visits at the Browns' house ceased. They had no pretext of renewal.

His word was law with hosts of women; they quoted it confidentially in shops, loudly at luncheons, reverently in the houses of death and of birth; but none of them could have abided by her youthful impulses through years of disappointed matrimony as did this inexorable and intrepid Tilly Brown. He wove his work about her life, he looked for her in the dim streets on winter afternoons, he expected her voice every time the telephone rang, and his skill shone out of his strange preoccupation as a jewel shines against a black gown.

He had passed her early in the afternoon of the year's first spring day. The stream of motors going south at three o'clock in the long and narrow city had received her car, and he had seen her, grave of face but gaily dressed; remote, without knowledge of his nearness, although he felt his eyes burning at sight of her. And throughout his busy afternoon her face had followed him until he had finished his last visit far north on Riverside Drive and was standing waiting for his motor as it came slowly toward him, passing a steep side-street.

A heavy truck followed close behind it.

A snapping sound came to his ears, and from the truck's side he saw what looked like spray, tiny slivers of glass from a motor's wind-shield, thrown far up in the air by collision. The truck-driver swore vividly; each horrid phrase he used fell on the soft evening with perfect and malign distinctness. Instinctively helpful, Dr. Butler ran to the car that had rammed the truck. Mrs. Brown was alighting from it.

"Are you hurt?" he said, his voice weak with fright.

"No. Is Sims?"

"No," rejoined the chauffeur. "My brake wouldn't work. We can get home all right."

"You take the car down directly in front of us. I will follow with Dr. Butler in his car," said Mrs. Brown.

Dr. Butler did not speak; he was looking at her very gravely.

"Sam is so delighted that I can ride now," she went on, happily, "and I've never told him about my accidents. You know that abscess thing I had came from my mare backing me into the stable door with the key in the lock. Why the key didn't penetrate my lung I have yet to learn."

"And the stripes on your back?" he asked, quietly.

"The same mare put me off on a culvert shield that was lying on the grass—that hurt horribly."

"It must have," he answered. "You were fortunate not to fare worse. Why wouldn't you tell me at the time?"

"I was afraid you might write to Sam and advise him not to let me break my neck."

"Oh. And he is quite well now?"

"Yes. I wish we ever saw you. We like you so much."

"That should comfort me just now," he answered, "for I am strangely out of conceit with myself."

"That," she answered, calmly, "is because your patients demand too much of you. You give, give, give!"

"There is a slang phrase about giving yourself away," he said, slowly.

"But that is different," she cried, quickly.

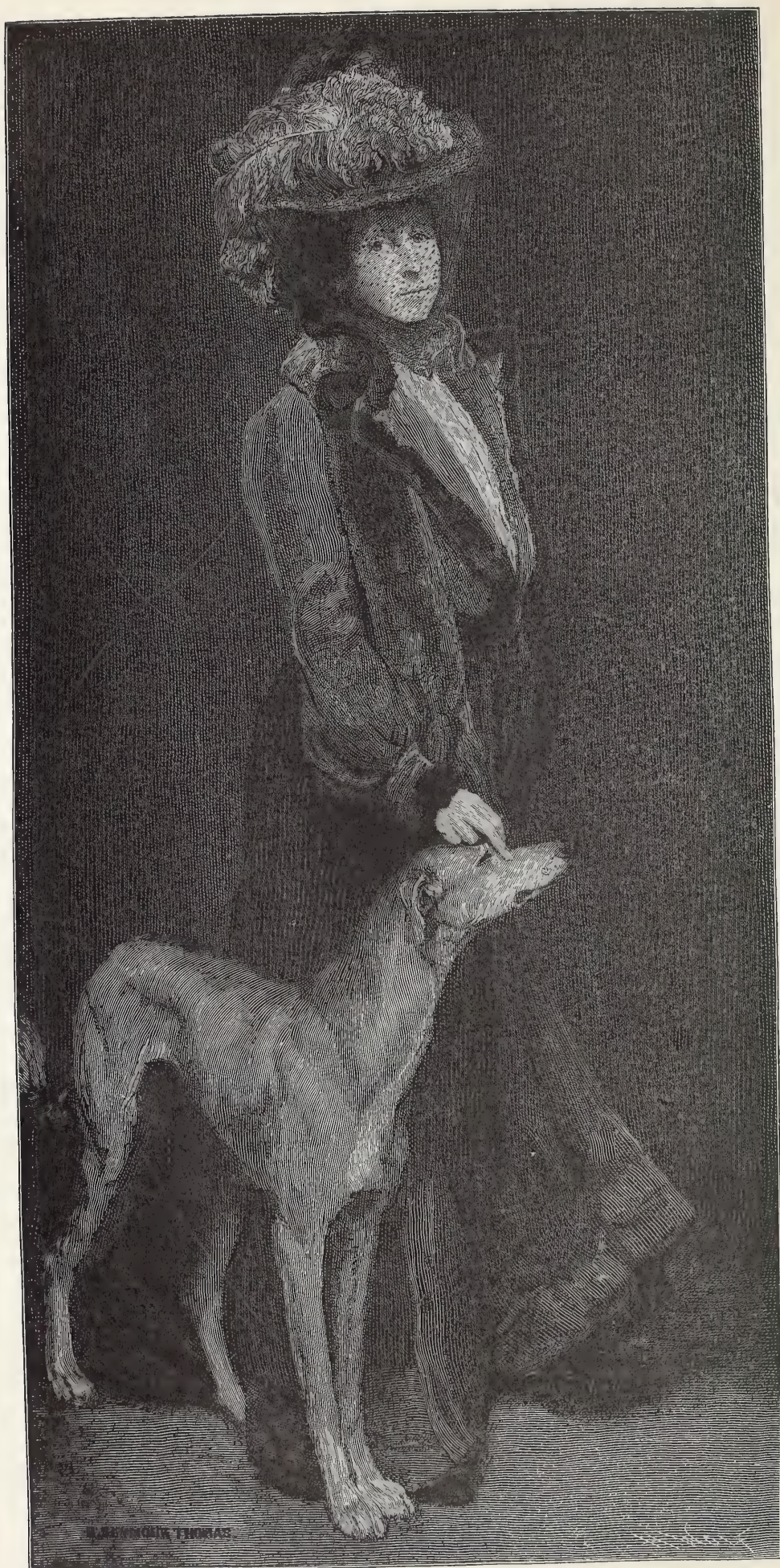
"Different and even less pleasant," he rejoined.

"You gave Sam back to me," she whispered, gratefully, "and I thank you from my heart."

She reached out for his hand in the dusk and held it closely.

He had often dreamed of her hand-clasp, but now, as he looked boldly at her, he hated it.

"Mr. Brown," he declared, incisively, "was a stronger man than I realized."



"A PORTRAIT," BY SEYMOUR THOMAS

Engraved on Wood by Henry Wolf from the Original Painting

“A Portrait,” by Seymour Thomas

THE art of Mr. Thomas is a deduction, rather than a record of externals. In this portrait of his wife it is his way of seeing, rather than his manner of recording, that is chiefly interesting, and the observer finds himself saying, “If one could but see a thing in that way, the execution would not be very difficult.” With visual faculties highly cultivated, he aims to make his color-tones express the subjective interest felt in his sitter. In fact, he would differentiate the characters of his subjects by his choice of tones. This involves a subtlety of insight distinctly modern, and results in something that is the antithesis of the objective portrait.

Born and brought up in Texas, Mr. Thomas, after his Paris training, found himself drawn toward Whistler, through the elder painter’s fine sense of harmony and his alert, intuitive perception. Surely it was the example of Whistler that counseled the tender chords of brown and golden-green running through this portrait.

In Whistler, too, he found a sense of beauty, subtle, nervous, refined, akin to his own,—that personal equation which each must develop for himself. For, be it remembered, it is his sense of beauty rather than any technical manner which permanently distinguishes a painter’s work from that of his fellows. Mr. Thomas’s method is predetermined from the first brush-stroke, and his certainty of touch insures the result that he sets out to achieve; furthermore, one cannot but recognize the subtle felicity of his design. The modish veil over the face is a concession perhaps difficult to account for in one possessing Mr. Thomas’s artistic perception; but the work, as a whole, is the expression of a highly sensitive organization—of an artist who is able to record in permanent form a fleeting vision of the hidden side of life.

W. STANTON HOWARD.



EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR



THE gentle intelligence of Mr. Edward Garnett's recent remarks on American fiction is in pleasing contrast to the temper of the English reviewers who used to deal out a punitive instruction to our infant authorship. To be sure, we are so grown up now that there is no longer the need for the severity which our critics over there perhaps justly practised, but we think we are not wrong in supposing the milder method of our contemporary critic partially an effect of advancing civilization in his art. Not to generalize too widely, we may safely claim for Mr. Garnett a representative quality in his attitude toward our novelists, who, when they are bad, as they mostly are, do not suffer such pitiless condemnation from competent criticism abroad as from the same criticism at home. This may be for the reason that they are not noticed at all in England, while for one reason or other they are pretty generally noticed here. Before this we have claimed for our average criticism a very notable fidelity to its duty, and we wish to claim again that whatever is the secret of our present literary condition, in which our fiction is mostly not literature, our criticism is not to blame for it. One cannot say how it came about; it is as if it were a germ disease, which began to be epidemic shortly after the Spanish War, though the microbe was by no means unknown to science in the middle eighteen-nineties, or even earlier. Like other infections, the disease soon began to rage with an ever-increasing virulence; but we think that of late years it has begun to abate.

No one knows why or how an epidemic begins to abate; it is not because of the doctors; it runs its course, and then ceases, or becomes mildly endemic. It is now some time since American heroes could count upon the favor of readers by going abroad and marrying princesses of the blood in fabulous European coun-

tries; it is quite, or almost, ten years since we have seen a popular novel advertised over a whole page of a New York journal, or feverishly announced as the best-seller from day to day or week to week, in all the literary centers of the Union, and even at the up and down town book-stores of the metropolis. The thing was, as business of all kinds always is, simply commercial; too simply to be consciously or guiltily commercial. It is not now from a better conscience in the authors or publishers, or from a greater vigilance in the guardians of the public taste, that the situation has changed; it is not even because people had got enough, when it seemed as if they could never be filled with the stuff fed into them.

The stuff is still fed into them, but not in the quantity of former days, or quite the quality. Mr. Garnett, well known as one of the foremost London reviewers, calls his paper "Some Remarks on American and English Fiction," but it is mainly an inquiry into "the state of polite learning," as the eighteenth century would have called it, among us Americans; and he justly finds it worse than it is among his countrymen. He is quite right in his contention that the popular English novelists, with all their defects, are not so positively bad as ours. He names names, but in reporting the general effect of his remarks we will not do so, especially American names; though we may say that some he censures are those which intelligent American criticism (and once more we declare it to be generally very intelligent) censures as well as he; he is even more lenient than the best of our critics have been and would be. If there is a fault in these, it is that they have not recognized so fully what is hopeful and actually excellent in our fiction as what is hopelessly bad. They know as well as he that the incalculable majority of our novels are worthless, and they would

probably be readier than he to own that if the popular English novels are better it is because the popular English taste is better. With us, the popular taste is so bad, so ignorant, so vulgar, that it suggests the painful doubt whether literacy is a true test of intelligence and a rightful ground of citizenship. Since we are about saying these offensive things, we will go a little further and say that the literary taste of the average Russian Jews in the East Side is superior to that of the average native American free-library public. But how the bad taste of this American average came to be the law of our fiction, and practically to forbid the acceptance of good fiction on a great popular scale, we cannot assume to say. We can only say that it does, and leave the answer to the psychologists.

Yet we are bound to say that quantitatively the case is not quite so bad as Mr. Garnett seems to think. That is, there are more good American fictionists, with high ideals and (if you will) involuntary devotion to them, than he seems to know of. By test of the native touch we should not find genuine some of the American writers whom he accounts so; but it is chiefly from knowing the field better that we should claim to discover more wheat among the tares than he. For instance, he does not name among American novelists certain writers whom we should hold equal, and even superior, to that very high average of English writers which mostly surpasses our own. He does not mention Mr. Brand Whitlock, who, before he became part of contemporary history, made himself known among us as the author of books of unique character and quality; he does not mention Mr. Henry B. Fuller or Mr. Will Payne, whose novels we count among our best, or that other Chicago fictionist, Miss Edith Wyatt, whose delicate wit and humor qualify her to rank with Miss Jewett. He seems not to know the work of Miss Alice Brown, sometimes almost of the same high level. It is not possible for a critic at Mr. Garnett's distance to know of other writers whose one or two books (like Miss Lucy Pratt, with her *Stories of a Sanctified Town*) scarcely make them known even to their neigh-

bors here; but to the lover of one's country such names are precious, and not unknown. Still more precious and still less unknown to the literary patriot are such names as those of Georg Schoeck and Mrs. Martin, very artistic students of the Pennsylvania German life; Mrs. Stanbery Watts, whose remarkable novels reflect the life of central Ohio as it was a generation or two ago; and the extraordinary renaissance of literary California in the fiction of Mrs. Kathleen Norris. A like specialization in the South, where the brave beginnings after the Civil War seemed to end with Mr. Cable's masterly work, has given us the highly imaginative, self-evidently truthful books of Mr. Will N. Harben. Other names probably escape our glance over a field topographically so vast, but we would not leave out mention of such study of the *ewige Jude* by the *ewige Jude* (translate *ewig* Eternal, not Wandering) as Mr. Montague Glass's portraiture of the New York Jew, in his Potash and Perlmutter sketches.

We own that these names are not many, and they may well have been lost to the friendliest eye at Mr. Garnett's distance, among those of the crude and inept multitude which overwhelms them. This multitude we willingly leave to the condemnation of a judge so just as he, but we feel bound to come to our self-defense in what we think his mistaken censure. We can affirm from the remembrance of our own part in greeting the first proofs of Stephen Crane's talent that he was valued by our criticism long before he was known in England; his *Red Badge of Courage* was almost the best-seller of its day, possibly because it was his worst book. So was Harold Frederick first valued here; as, for the matter of that, Walt Whitman was, in the full measure of his merit long before that Titan had any worship in England. He was a cult, and himself a high priest of the cult, among our sanguine youth of sixty years ago, on the ground he sprang from. No, the fault seems not to be with our criticism, tacit or explicit, which is faithful, and even astonishingly intelligent and alert, when we consider how small effect for good it has had upon the "state of polite learning" among us. Somehow,

the public, call it a Pegasus of some new breed, or only the old familiar wild ass of the desert always preferring thistles to any more nourishing diet, has got the bit between its teeth and is having the time of its life. Apparently it is having what it always wanted and pined for when fed with truth and beauty. Beauty, indeed, it is getting in the physical form of its literature. Once the rubbish which apparently cannot glut it was as outwardly as it is still inwardly repellent to cultivated taste, but now these crude messes of folly are very alluring to the eye. At a time when in the old sense a book has ceased to be a book, a thing to be cherished and held dear lifelong for the happiness it has given, our preposterous literary merchandise is very pretty. It is well printed on apparently good paper, and pleasingly bound, and sold at a price which ought to be a warrant of quality; with the help of the potent half-tone and the color press it is illustrated, even to the outermost coverings, with pictures which, whether they represent the chief characters kissing or shooting or stabbing one another, catch and keep the eye; the counters where it lies are as banks of lovely flowers to the casual glance, with no outward hint of the ferment underneath, or the fell arts of the publicity forcing them to their illusory bloom.

What is to be done about it? Apparently not much, if anything, at once. A certain amount of general intelligence, of common-schooling, has brought the thing about; more general intelligence which shall be particular, and more common-schooling which shall be uncommon, must put it past. There is no other hope; but by trying for it our public can have better taste, just as it can have better manners, which it is equally wanting in, when it tries for them. It is possible that some day this mighty American nation of ours—which is never stupid for long, though it is often so ignorant and credulous—will realize to its kindly observers in literature, as it has from time to time in politics, Lincoln's axiom that "though you can fool some of the people all of the time, and all of the people some of the time, you cannot fool all of the people all of the time."

Even in this glad event we shall probably not revert to the ideals of the time when Mr. Garnett thinks our fiction was at its best, and when we should have to own, as we must now, its inferiority to the English in purpose and performance. We do not see how it can be worse than it mostly is, though perhaps it can, but we think we do see how it is already better than it has been, with signs of even greater amelioration. So fine and strong a talent as Mr. Booth Tarkington's has its sins of romanticism in the past to answer for; but whoever reads his very powerful fiction lately current in these pages must own that he is atoning for far worse transgressions than can be laid to his charge. Certain passages in it are of the highest mastery; the characterization is as fine and close where it need be, as it is boldly and pitilessly outright where it need be. Here we have a master indeed who need not fear comparison, in those high moments, with the great masters—French, Spanish, and Russian—of the great times forty years ago, or with those outdated Americans whom Mr. Garnett generously remembers. He is doing his splendid work, we realize with anxiety, at his peril, for will the public, *can* the public, of a best-seller follow him from the thick atmosphere where it breathes freest into the subtle ether where nature and art are one?

As for Mr. Ernest Poole, he seems to have begun by burning his ships behind him in *The Harbor*, as he calls his first novel—his *great* novel, as we must at once call it. Here is no appeal to the emotional public which he must begin to outlive before he can begin to live for that public which keeps men long alive. He begins with an instant appeal to that public, and he takes up the epical study of American conditions where Frank Norris left it after falteringly feeling his way to it, through much unreal work. The large design of that great true-dreamer was the Wheat: the wheat in the California fields where it grew, the wheat in the Pit where Chicago gambled for it, the wheat in hungry Europe where it was to be eaten. As we all lamentably know, he did not live to complete his mighty trilogy; but the design of Mr. Poole, whose epic pivots

upon the harbor of New York, is splendidly perfected in a book which must make him known as the latest in the line of novelists who have made the American name worthy to rank with the best of the English names dear to the English friend so faithful in the just shame he owns for our decadence.

We read far into Mr. Poole's story before we ceased (if we have ever quite ceased) to regret that he should have chosen the minor autobiographical form instead of the major narrative form for his story of *The Harbor*. That choice seemed to promise or threaten a subjective rather than an objective treatment of his material; we must be always seeing it, feeling it, through the supposed narrator. But success convinces, and we are bound to say that Mr. Poole has wonderfully managed, without violating the strict autobiographical law, to paint *The Harbor* in its vast entirety: to the eyes of the old idealist who hoped to make and keep it the greatest harbor in the world through the dominance of the American sailing-ship; of the scientific idealist who was making and intending to make it supreme by fitting it to the furtherance of the modern methods; of the economic idealist who hoped to make it the scene of the victory of want and work over the commercialized forces which had enslaved them. Mr. Poole powerfully portrays them all, and the women who come, for their weal or woe, into the circle of their activities, the vortex, the maelstrom of them; but he never forgets that the protagonist, the hero of his tale, is *The Harbor* itself. This central fact is kept before the reader by no mechanical stress, but by the perfectly natural relation of the different individualities to the vast unit. There is, of course, love interest in it, and much sweet and dear love-making, married love and parent love, such as would afford small scope for the graphic art of the magazines and the book covers which sometimes makes one almost wish back the chaste days in Boston when a ship's captain was set in the stocks for his "lewd and indecent be-

havior" in publicly kissing his wife on his return from a three years' voyage.

The love interest comes into Mr. Poole's story as it comes into life, but the human interest is the whole which transcends this part of it, and prevails at every moment. The story is long enough to let people grow old and older in it, and the witness of our civilization, social and esthetic and economic, will be impressed by its fidelity to the facts in the case. The supposed narrator is a literary idealist who goes from college to Paris to "study" literature, but comes home to work on the newspapers and to write near-literature for the magazines in the form of "glory stories" about captains of industry, the moment of muck-raking being provisionally past. But he keeps always his purpose of writing a novel, and he is true to it through all the vicissitudes of his relation to *The Harbor*, and after the great strike of want and work against capital has been broken, and the heart of humanity apparently with it. The scenes of the strike and the portraits of the leaders and followers are nervously but not hysterically painted; and throughout the storm of energies and interests and ideals there are rifts in the clouds that let us see the idyllic, the domestic peacefulness of the simple life of *The Harbor* on the barges which show themselves along the river-fronts to whoever has eyes to see and brains behind his eyes. The book is not a polemic; the faith and hope of the author are too profound for any manner of fighting; they reach even to the fulfilment of the socialistic promise of peace, silent as yet in the artillery battles of the great war.

It is an epic, this story, in spite of its autobiographic form, and if the large-minded critic who has lately so generously despaired of us will read it, we think he will take heart of hope from it. But who can forecast the conclusions of criticism? We ourselves scarcely know what to think of most books when we have read them, and shall we prophesy what another will think of a book which he has not even seen yet?



ARISTOTLE, in his critical analysis of the tragic drama, which was the creative fiction of his time, treated sympathy as a sentiment—fear and pity moving the audience through the situations of a plot which reached the climax of tense agonism and fatal entanglement, and was then resolved and loosened—in this relaxation fulfilling its function of emotional purgation. In his treatise “On Poetry” Aristotle did not get beyond Tragedy, and we do not know in what terms he would have defined the Epic and Comedy. We do know how jealously the Tragic Muse guarded her own realm, excluding any touch of humor or amusing circumstance, and how closely for a long time she clung to the altar and to the sacred air of the temple.

We see what relaxation of this old tension there must have been before there could be such a thing as Shakespearian tragedy—and how infinitely much more before there could be such a thing as modern fiction.

We should be mistaken if we were to distinguish between Greek Tragedy and the most eminent examples of modern fiction—most eminent the examples must be to justify such a comparison—by making sympathy in the appeal of Greek Tragedy merely an emotional sentiment, while in that of the greatest modern fiction it is exalted into a psychical sense. Aristotle’s definition was far from adequate—excluding the essential background of faith already fixed in the Hellenic imagination before the sentiments of fear and pity were aroused by what passed in the foreground on the stage. The fear and pity were incidental to that psychical background, deriving therefrom their whole effect and significance. In the mind of Aristotle, who was neither religious nor poetic, as the dramatist *had* to be, these sentiments were all that moved the audience; sympathy as a psychical sense—the prime

mover—was eliminated. All that the Athenians believed—their sense of invisible reality, however obscured because of the limitations closing around a faith as yet unclarified—was, within these bounds, psychical—a creation of the soul. Aristotle was a keen observer and analyst, but here was something not open to observation or subject to analysis, yet predominant in every construction of the creative imagination.

Now, in modern fiction, beginning with George Eliot, the masters of the art have mainly appealed to the sensibility of readers through sympathy as a psychical sense. Hardy, Meredith, Conrad, Sir Gilbert Parker, Mrs. Humphry Ward, Tolstoy, Anatole France, and, in America, Howells, James, Edith Wharton, Margaret Deland, and Booth Tarkington, are eminent examples of novelists who are interpreters of the human spirit in a sense that Richardson, Fielding, Sterne, Scott, Jane Austen, Thackeray, and Dickens were not. They do not depend for their supreme interest upon the intricacies and dénouements of plot, upon the sentiments of fear and pity, or any other primary emotion, not even that of romantic love. They are humanists rather than humanitarians; they have a sense of life and the world as a whole, and not merely views of them seen partially and in logical relations.

In these respects the fiction of the last sixty years—so much of it as is creatively interpretative of the human spirit—is distinctly in contrast not only with all earlier fiction, but with nearly all that is contemporary. The period indicated—the last sixty years—is itself, wholly apart from fiction, pre-eminently psychical as compared with any other in human history, and we have therefore chosen to contrast with it the most typically psychical period in the thought, faith, and art of the Western World before the Christian era. We have chosen

Greek Tragedy as the ancient counterpart to recent creative modern fiction, just as we should, in philosophy, revert to Plato as the pre-Christian counterpart of Bergson and William James.

The alliance of creative imagination with faith is evident in Greek Tragedy. The idea of absolute Destiny, or Necessity, which in Hellenic faith was softened by the gracious mediatory functions of such mythical personages as Demeter, Athene, and Hermes, was intensified by the tragic dramatist for the greater impressiveness of the situation and the enacted story; but he only followed the legend on which the story was based, bettering the instruction, perhaps. As we have said, what was already believed as to hidden Reality was the background held in common by the dramatist and his audience—the ground of a sympathy transcending but interpenetrating any emotions awakened by the stage representation.

It may seem strange to say that the alliance of imagination with faith—that is, faith as “the substance of things hoped for and the evidence of things not seen”—is as close in the masters of modern fiction in the period we have specified as it was in Æschylus, though the sense of the hidden Reality is so different. Not so different, it would seem, in Hardy and Conrad. There is something in Hardy's *Tess* and in Conrad's *Chance*, modern as these novels are in texture—something in their background—closer to the antique than to the modern psychical sense. But there is this variation—that we are impressed by the sense of Inevitability rather than by that of Necessity. The other novelists mentioned, as representative of a new order of fiction in which imagination exploits the country of the soul, more fully respond to the modern sense of Reality, which, in the sensibility of their readers as in their own, is the background of their dramatic presentment.

This sense is something apart from the technical art of story-writing, and has no place in the academic criticism of that art; it is indeed absent from nearly all fiction, even in our time. The novelist who makes it the ground of his appeal has the freedom of the whole world of material open to all others, and

the more of it he has at his command, the better for his art and his large purpose. The psychical sense permeates all the elements of life as the hypothetical ether permeates the material universe, but the writer of fiction who draws from this hidden source informs these elements with a grace, a bounty, and a truth beyond the possibilities of conscious art. His creations are in the field of wonder.

Life only is creative, and every living thing is in this field of wonder. There is no formula for the alchemy which shapes a flower or the members of our bodies, no rational scheme for any life-process. Psychical life—its power and sensibility—cannot be expressed in logical or even psychological terms. It is supraconscious. It is the eternal ground of faith and art and also of creative Reason—the Reason that is in life-procedure, something quite distinct from any reason of it or for it.

This life of the spirit is the very breath of creative art. It is beyond the reach of conscious effort and intellection, of all artifice and invention. Without this breath from the Beyond, the world of our making, though we achieved perfection in the making of it in all our conventions, in the ethical adjustment of all human visible relations, establishing liberty, self-control, and social justice, yet this finished order, lacking nothing for its rational completeness, would lack everything of the fullness wherefor we cherish it in all its imperfectness.

As creative in faith and art, we live in two worlds the life of the soul. The embodiments of art have always been those of faith—of the psychical sense of eternity expressed in the terms of time by the creative imagination. These terms have undergone transformations more wonderful and of quite another kind than those of Science in its progressive disclosures of Nature. Thus we have come to a psychical sense which dispenses with images and symbols; which is independent of ritual, formulaistic dogma, and ecclesiastic authority; which is universal in its essential truth; and which draws no line of separation between the sacred and the secular. It is the common heritage of humanity—we cannot hold the sky in severalty as

we hold the earth. It is not a religious sense as religion is usually understood, but it is our faith, hope, and love in their eternal ground.

Sympathy, then, as a psychical sense, is not foreshortened so as to be inclosed within a system of ethics or within the walls of our conventions. It knows not justice any more than life knows that formal attribute or any order based upon it. It is the breath of creative life from the source of that life.

This sympathy is the background of creative fiction. In the foreground, as on the Greek tragic stage, passes the dramatic movement, involving sentiments and interests common to human nature but developed in the complex relations of our modern social organization. To the story-writer who merely simulates life, making out of its elements a social document, and whose sole object is the entertainment of his readers, this foreground is sufficient, and it will seem sufficient to a very large audience. But this simulated life is foreshortened—the story has only the strength of the elements evoked and the strain of its plot. Creative fiction lets life in from beyond these limitations, and all that is within them is in its light transfigured without losing its human guise. The range of pathos and humor is expanded. Sympathy as a spiritual power is a mighty solvent, melting the walls of convention and the barriers between classes: it does not divide, but unites mankind. Yielding a larger satisfaction than mere entertainment, this order of fiction easily dispenses with much that the formal technique of the art demands—with the strain of plot, the exaggeration of passion and incident, and external impressiveness. Its value lies in intimacy.

That which is intimate to the soul has the quality of eternal reality which is the quality of beauty, grace, and truth. Our experience, individual and social, is limited and partial, but it is open to a sympathy which is of the whole, limitless and all-comprehending; happily, having its way with us, casting out hate as well as fear.

Any new inspiration from this source enters into human existence, recreating it, translating its terms, bringing it into greater reasonableness, tolerance, and

comprehension before it can enter into our art—even into the art of fiction, which, more than any other, blends with our life and is plastic to its spirit.

The possibilities of this art, in so large a field, are only beginning to be realized. The fiction into which life enters, expressed in living terms, wherefore it is creative, whatever its theme, whether it be Frank Norris's dealing with the market-place, or Robert Herrick's portraying the social scene, or Mrs. Deland's depicting Old Chester, with Dr. Lavendar as a pervasive presence, is a small proportion of the vast totality. The "society" novel does not belong to this order, nor that kind of realism which presents what Henry James calls "a slice of life."

The term psychical, as applied to the sense of life and the world which is characteristic of creative fiction, has no relation to the objects of "psychical research"; it has no mystical aspect. It implies an interpretation of life through a sympathy which transcends but does not exclude elemental sentiment. Nothing human is alien to genius.

Nor is creative fiction of the "serious" sort. It is not an experiment with the reader's conscience, with his pity, or with his fears. Rather it is an invitation of his soul to happy and buoyant adventure, not promising to take him to any particular haven, though, as if by chance, it may bring him to many, yet mainly keeping offshore—especially avoiding the reefs of social problems. The art of this seamanship is hidden, as that of a *voyageur* used to the elements.

Wherever life enters there is freedom and joy. Pathos is inseparable from all mortal things; it is even a part of humor. The story has always been rife with it and always will be; but fiction that liberates the soul lightens sorrow and gives wings to care. Life that flows and flies is the solvent of all stresses. Therefore the creative imagination undauntedly meets and blends with all that is human—uncondemning, companionable. It offers no plans for the reformation of society. Its power for transformation is a leverage from beyond individual and collective consciousness, yet intimate to the soul.

EDITOR'S DRAWER

Twenty-three Dollars

BY HOWARD BRUBAKER

BEACHY made his announcement on Friday night as soon as all the boarders had assembled for dinner (for although we were unanimous in complaining of Mrs. Simpson's meals, we were also unanimous in eating the same). He did not accuse anybody present, Beachy said; he only mentioned it in order that all might take due precautions. Also he wanted it understood that it was a trivial matter, as there were many things in life more important than money. But the fact remained that he had been robbed of twenty-three dollars.

"I am careless about such matters, I suppose," he said. "I put the money into the top drawer of my chiffonnier among my things and forgot about it for the time. To-day when I came to look for it, it was gone."

There was dead silence for a moment, then Mrs. Simpson spoke officially from the head of the table.

"I am very, very sorry, Mr. Beachy, because such a thing has never occurred in my house before." One gathered that if twenty-three dollars had disappeared frequently she could have viewed the matter more calmly. "I shall do all I can to help you find the culprit. Of course, if any party had made an overdue and much-needed remittance, I should have something to go on."

At this unnecessary turn of the conversation I felt some confusion and thought it best to confine my gaze to my soup. Although I was expecting certain funds to

arrive at any time (twenty-nine dollars, in round numbers), it was an open secret that I was for the moment somewhat in arrears. Mrs. Simpson seldom made any mysteries of such matters.

I felt boarders' eyes fastened upon me; also I fancied I saw my neighbor, Miss Willard, grasp her soup-spoon firmly, as though in response to Beachy's suggestion that all should take precautions. To make matters worse, Carem said, distinctly:

"Any one who pays his board now will be a suspicious character."

Feeling that my silence was unfortunate, I turned to Beachy and asked, so that all might hear:

"Did you make a thorough search?" This error, slight as it was, seemed to increase the feeling against me, for all laughed openly.

Without waiting for dessert (I do not care greatly for rice-pudding, anyhow), I excused myself and escaped to my room. Almost at once I realized that this move was a mistake; it was

both a confession of guilt and an opportunity for my fellow-boarders to destroy my character at leisure. I could not go back to the table, however, for fear of entering while somebody was making uncomplimentary remarks about me.

The longer I thought about it, the more I resented Carem's uncalled-for suggestion, and the more importance I attached to it. There were four rooms on the top floor of the boarding-house—Beachy's, Carem's, my own, and another which was occupied by



HE HAD NEVER HEARD OF SUCH A CASE

"a party named Josling." Mrs. Simpson always referred to him in this slightly contemptuous way because he was not a boarder, but only a roomer—though she always said there was no profit in running the table with everything so high. Josling did not count in any of our activities. On several occasions I talked with him while waiting for Carem to get out of the bath-tub, and found him quite an agreeable party, even though only a roomer. Of the remaining three of us, eliminate Beachy himself—who would, of course, not steal his own twenty-three dollars, little as he cared for money. Carem seemed to eliminate himself by his ready attack upon me. I could see the net drawing more and more tightly about me. I grew so gloomy about my lost reputation that I soon locked the door and turned out my light. When there was a knock at my door I refused to answer—and this, I supposed when it was too late, was also a mistake.

At meals the next day my agony increased, for, as though by agreement, everybody avoided the subject of money. True, Carem, during a heated argument with Tibbot upon some subject, offered to bet him twenty-three dollars, but he at once became self-conscious, as one who has made a break. Miss Willard relieved the embarrassing situation by asking:

"What makes you think Mr. Tibbot has twenty-three dollars? Ain't you awful?"

Another evening of brooding—I brooded without interruption this time because the other top-floor denizens had gone out, as was the pleasing Saturday-night custom of those who had money—and I came to a stern resolution. My reputation for integrity was very dear to me, and it had carried me through some hard places—it had carried me out of one hard place, too, because my employer said I was too blame fond of the truth to be a clerk in a real-estate office. So I was willing to go to any length to recover my lost reputation.

Carem came home late that night. From my darkened room I heard him close his door, but noted with pleasure that he did not lock it. I waited an hour, then very cautiously opened my own door, went down the hall in slippers and entered Carem's room. To my delight, he was sleeping loudly. With infinite care and with a knowledge based upon frequent observation of his actions on pay-nights, I crept to the clothes that were hanging over the chair, found his pocket-book, and took it to the window whence the beam from an electric light entered the room. I found, to my pleasure, a number of bills there, and abstracted two tens and a five. As I had thought out my plan with characteristic thoroughness, leav-

ing nothing to chance, I put into the purse two dollars of my own as change, replaced it, and safely regained my room.

After a reasonable time I stole to Beachy's room—though I do not like the word stole—resolved to break in and restore the twenty-three dollars. I do not know what this process is called; apparently it is so rare that it has never been given a name. Perhaps "un-burglary" would be a good word. Or "burglessness." Here I met an unexpected difficulty, for the door was locked; Beachy, it seemed, had taken his own advice seriously. The folly of locking the stable after the horse was stolen never appealed to me with such force as it did that night. Suppose somebody wanted to sneak around in the middle of the night and restore the animal.

With a heavy heart I returned to my room. I had not counted upon being conscience-stricken over what I had done. It was in no sense speculation; the two dollars change guaranteed that. It was simply transferring the loss from one person to another and saving an innocent man's reputation in the bargain. For when Beachy announced that his money had turned up, all suspicion would at once be removed from me. True, Carem might then try to connect me with his loss, but that charge would hardly carry weight. And now I, who had risked all in defense of my integrity, had become, temporarily, a thief!

Sleepless with anxiety over my lowered moral state, I evolved the idea of watching Beachy's room and slipping in while he was taking his morning bath. Accordingly, I spent an hour or so on Sunday morning peering through the crack in my door. At last Beachy came out in his bath-robe, but at that moment who should also appear but Carem. As Beachy won the race to the tub, Carem was left in the hall as though to prevent any one's making presents to Beachy. Then, of course, when Beachy came out he acted as his own guard. I could now have slipped into Carem's room and returned the money, but why undo all my good work? I might have given it to the party named Josling, but there was no point in that; he would only have spent it in some restaurant. So I had to wait for a better opportunity.

Carem did not say anything at breakfast about his loss. I thought this strange at first; then the solution came to me all at once. It was Carem who had stolen Beachy's money; and when the identical sum was taken from him he assumed that Beachy had chosen that way of reimbursing himself without a public scandal. This discovery made me feel very comfortable, for I realized that I had not only cleared my own reputation, but had also righted a wrong—or would

right one as soon as I could unburglarize Beachy's room.

At last I got the opportunity I sought. Rosie was putting Beachy's room to rights, but for a while kept so close to her work that a person could not have brought in even two dollars without being seen. Presently she so far relaxed her vigilance as to go somewhere for towels. I rushed in, stuck the roll of bills into the top drawer of Beachy's chiffonier among some socks, and beat a quick retreat to my own room, an honest man who could now look the whole world in the face.

At dinner-time I descended with a light heart, and entered the dining-room with head erect, with a smile and a kindly word of greeting for one and all. I watched Beachy a little nervously, thinking that at any time he might have an important announcement to make, but he continued to interest himself in gastronomic matters. After the soup was disposed of the announcement came—but it was not from Beachy. Carem announced that money had disappeared, not from his drawer, but from his very pocket-book.

Mrs. Simpson was again pained, although she could not say this time that it had never happened in her house before.

"At how much do you estimate your loss, Mr. Carem?" she asked.

"I know exactly," Carem replied. "Twenty-three dollars." There was a murmur of astonishment at this coincidence, giving way to positive incredulity when Carem added:

"The strange part of it is that the thief left change so as to make it exactly twenty-three. Who ever heard of a burglar making change?"

Mr. Tibbot—who was a floor-walker, and a man of wide experience in crime—said he had never heard of such a case.

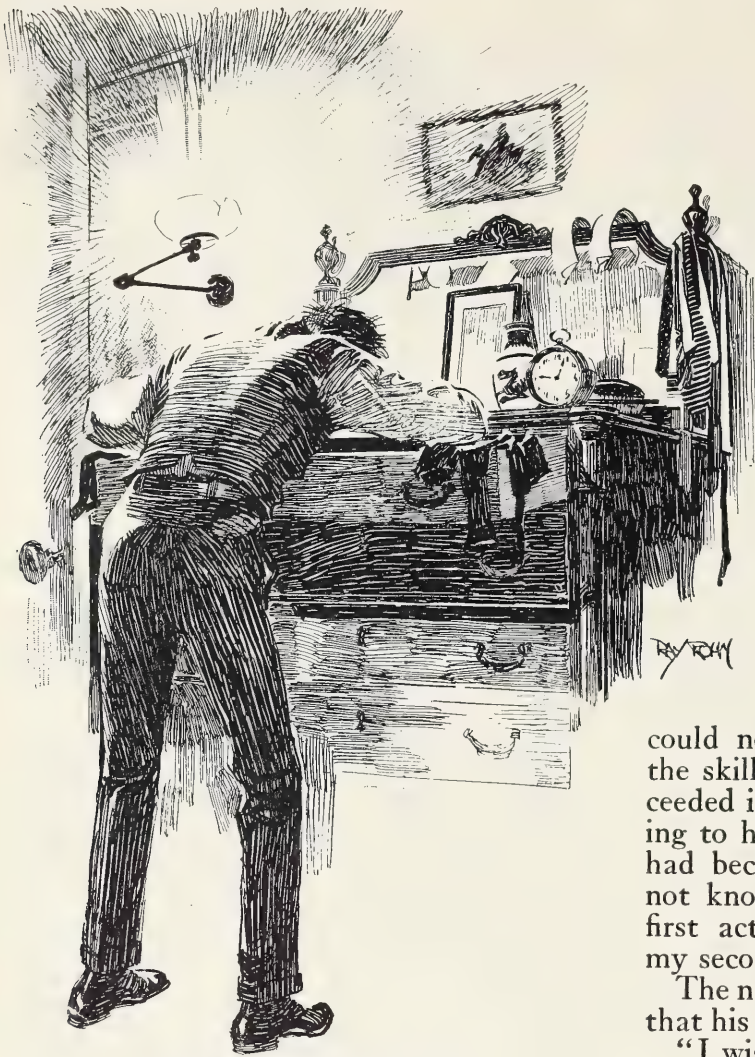
At first I was greatly surprised at this development, because I had made up my mind that Carem would say nothing; but presently I realized that such a course would have been an admission of guilt and that his only salvation was to brazen it out. Soon I perceived that Beachy was being covered with confusion, and that sly glances were being turned in his direction. It was obvious that Beachy was being mentally accused of taking back the money that Carem had originally stolen from him. It is a curious fact that when I was innocent of all wrong I was under suspicion, and when I had committed an act of possibly doubtful character I was relieved of all blame.

Two days passed and it grew increasingly evident that Beachy and Carem were not on terms of intimacy; at meals they no longer abused each other, and they had ceased squabbling in the top-floor hall over the turn at the bath. This politeness of theirs depressed me greatly because, as the landlady would have put it, such a thing had never happened in her house before. I was nervous and not nearly so care-free and happy as a man with a clean reputation ought to be.

On Tuesday night something occurred that plunged me into the deepest gloom. After a



HE DRAMATICALLY DROPPED THE MONEY ON THE TABLE



I MAY SAY I SEARCHED IT CAREFULLY

silence of two days, Beachy made an announcement, but not the one I had almost given up expecting him to make.

"I have found my twenty-three dollars," he said. "It was in the second drawer; not, as I thought, in the top. It is all just as I left it." Here Beachy (who had once confided to me his ambitions in regard to the stage) reached into his pocket and dramatically dropped the money on the table. "Two tens—two ones—and a dollar's worth of silver."

I was utterly astounded at this disclosure. In my effort to clear myself I had committed a great injustice to Carem, who now sat glaring at Beachy. I could not confess my own share in the matter without being misunderstood. There was nothing left to me except to commit two new depredations to recover Carem's twenty-three dollars for him. And as Carem, since his loss, had also taken to locking the stable, I had to reckon with two bolted doors and two suspicious men.

This proved to be an unjust thought, however, as far as Beachy was concerned; he had

resumed his faith in human nature and had grown careless about his door. It would be easier to take the money from him than to give it to Carem. When he was out for the evening, I slipped in and with a beating heart examined his top drawer—in fact, I may say I searched it carefully. The money was not there!

Dazed and disheartened, I returned to my room. Two days passed and neither of the men had made any new announcements. The suspense was wearing upon me frightfully.

Now came my long-delayed remittance of twenty-nine dollars. Mrs. Simpson undoubtedly needed my money, but I was brought up as an honest man, and this was a luxury I could not afford. With vigilance and with the skill acquired by practice, I finally succeeded in entering Carem's room and restoring to him the twenty-three dollars. What had become of his own twenty-three I did not know; it did not matter now. By my first act I had cleared my reputation; by my second, my conscience.

The next night at dinner Carem announced that his money had mysteriously reappeared.

"I wish to apologize publicly to Beachy," he said, "for things I may have thought. As for the real culprit, I am glad he has seen the error of his ways and returned both sums to their owners—for I have an idea now that Beachy's money took a brief vacation also. I, for one, cherish no resentment, and I hope this will be a lesson to him and that henceforth he will lead a better life."

Beachy echoed this sentiment, but insisted upon taking some blame upon himself.

"I am so careless in money matters," he said. "For example, only a few days ago I found in my drawer some bills that I had entirely forgotten putting there. I do not know exactly how much it was, but I am sure, Carem, that it would pay the cost of a celebration of our restored friendship."

Thus by reason of my generous and expensive act I had incurred the suspicion of stealing and restoring both sums. And now I was not even invited to the party of which I was in reality the host.

Mrs. Simpson began to speak, and I looked forward eagerly to her verdict.

"I want to apologize, too," she said, "for certain suspicions I have entertained." It was coming now—the vindication, the rehabilitation. "From the first I always suspected the party named Josling."



“Are two heads better than one?”

The Only Way

MRS. CARNES had a new maid, and while she went on a day's motor trip she ventured to leave the children in charge of the girl.

“Well, Annie,” asked the mistress, on her return, “how did the children behave during my absence? Nicely, I hope.”

“Nicely, indade, mum,” replied the girl; “but at the end they fought terribly, mum.”

“Fought,” exclaimed Mrs. Carnes. “Why, Annie, why did they fight?”

“To decide, mum,” said Annie, “which was behavin' th' best.”

A Matter of Habit

HIS appeal seemed so genuine that Mrs. Miller furnished the “down and out” applicant with a generous meal.

She stood watching him for a moment while the pity she felt for the poor unfortunate expressed itself in her motherly eyes.

“Why do you stick out the middle finger of your right hand so straight while you are eating?” she queried. “Was it ever broken?”

“No, ma'am,” answered the tramp, as he hungrily devoured the things set before him, “but during my halcyon days I wore a diamond ring on that finger, and old habits cling to one, you know.”

Untold

YOUNG Walter had heard the expression “untold wealth,” and was considerably puzzled as to its meaning. That evening when his father came home, however, he became enlightened as to the definition.

“Father,” said he, “what is untold wealth?”

“The property you keep from the income-tax list, my son.”

Within His Scope

YOUNG Arthur, the pride of the family, had been attending school all of six weeks, and his devoted parent thought it was high time he should find out how things were running. So he asked one afternoon:

“And what did my little son learn about this morning?”

“Oh, a mouse. Miss Wilcox told us all about mice.”

“That's the boy. Now how do you spell mouse?”

It was then that Arthur gave promise of being an artful dodger. He paused meditatively for a moment, then said:

“Father, I guess I was wrong. It wasn't a mouse teacher was telling us about. It was a rat.”



FALLING AVIATOR: *"Just my luck! The doctor told me only yesterday not on any account to get my feet wet"*

No Precedent

MRS. LEWIS had made it a practice every night just before bedtime to read some verses from the Bible to her little ones. Among those verses which she particularly endeavored to impress on their young minds was, "Whosoever smiteth thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also."

The following morning Jack came into the house sobbing bitterly.

"Why, what's the matter?" anxiously queried the mother.

"Sister hit me."

"Have you forgotten about turning the other cheek?"

"N-n-no, boo-hoo!" wailed Jack, "but I couldn't; she hit me in the middle."

An Adequate Reason

THE moon was casting flickering shadows over a pair of lovers as they sat side by side in Battery Park. He glanced out across the water and saw the statue of Liberty in the shadowy gloom.

"I wonder why they have its light so small?" he broke in on the blissful silence.

"Perhaps," answered she in a soulful tone, as she coquettishly tried to slip from his arm, "the smaller the light the greater the liberty."

No Use for It

MRS. GIBBS had but recently returned from her honeymoon trip and was enjoying the delightful novelty of marketing one morning.

"Oh yes, and I wish some butter, too, please," she added, as she was about to leave the store.

"Roll butter, ma'am?" queried the clerk.

"No," returned she, promptly; "we wish to eat it on toast. My husband doesn't care for rolls."



THE ONE ABOVE: *"For goodness sake, be more careful, Jones! Remember you have the lunch!"*

His Benefactor

AFTER many years of long and faithful attendance on his patients, old Dr. Brown decided to take a much-needed vacation, intrusting his practice to his son, a recent medical graduate. Later, when the old gentleman returned, the younger physician told him, among other things, that he had cured Miss Anthony, an aged and wealthy spinster, of her chronic indigestion.

"My boy," said the old gentleman, "I'm certainly proud of you; but Miss Anthony's indigestion is what put you through college."



"Hold your dog for you, mister?"

George's Commission

ONE of the wealthy men of Cleveland, whose education is not as comprehensive as his business instinct, recently visited Washington and, incidentally, some of the historic towns of interest thereabout.

"Here," said a guide to him one day, "right here in this room, sir, George Washington received his first commission."

Whereupon the Clevelander brightened up. "Do you happen to know," he asked, "what per cent. commission it was?"

Not Habitual

THE Shaw family had recently taken a house in the fashionable residential section of the city. Some weeks later an acquaintance of former years called on Mrs. Shaw and was viewing the treasures in the library.

"Is your husband a bibliomaniac?" queried the visitor.

"Goodness me, no!" ejaculated Mrs. Shaw. "He never bibbles a bit. Oh, of course I don't say that he wouldn't take a little at his meals if the rest were doin' it; but that's as far as he ever goes in them kind of things."



Two Reasons

AN old Scotchman deemed it his duty to administer some sound advice to a youth placed under his charge.

"Keep your temper, Dougal. Never quarrel wi' an angry person, especially wi' a woman. Mind ye, a soft answer's aye best. It's commanded—and forby it makes them far madder than anything else you could say."

TRAVELING-MAN: "Hey! Central! you've cut me off here!"

BOSTON CENTRAL: "Certainly. You must not use a collective noun as the subject of a plural verb on this line!"



MAC PHERSON (whose hat has blown away): "*Mon, I wor-r-e that hat coan-stantly for mair than fower year-r-r.*"

BYSTANDER (sympathetically): "*It's too bad.*"

MAC PHERSON: "*Toots! It's mebbe juist as weel. I aye hated the danged thing!*"

Over Jealous

THE proprietor of a "Novelty Shoppe" in Cleveland is a man of most excitable temperament, who is continually finding fault with his clerks for their indifference in the matter of consummating sales.

Not long ago he overheard a clerk say to a customer, "No, we haven't had any for a long time." The proprietor, who was standing in the rear of the store, became furious at such an admission, and, advancing to the front of the store, glaring fiercely at the clerk, he said to the customer:

"We have plenty in reserve, madam; plenty in the stock-room."

The customer glanced at him wonderingly, and then, to the amazement of the proprietor, gave way to uncontrolled laughter, and walked out.

"What did she say to you?" demanded the proprietor of the clerk.

"What did she say? Oh, we were talking about the weather, and she said:

"We haven't had any rain lately."

A Pessimist

TIMOTHY McNULTY was boss of a section of a Southern railway which included several tunnels. Timothy had as his guest Barney Mahoney, a new arrival from old Ireland, and together they were making an inspection of the road one morning. As they neared one of the tunnels they were greeted with the piercing whistle of the limited, and stepped aside until it had passed. Barney stood in open-mouthed wonder as the fast train neared, passed, and entered the tunnel at the rate of fifty miles an hour.

"Ain't that foine!" said Timothy, as the last car finally disappeared. "Talk about yer wunderful invintions! Where'll yer find anythin' ter bate that?"

Barney was awestruck, and it was some moments before he could adequately express his thoughts.

"Yis, Timothy, 'tis foine," said he, finally, "but I was jist thinkin' what a turrible thing 'twould be if it should miss th' hole!"



BREAKFAST WITH MOTHER

Painted for "Harper's Magazine" by Marion Powers

HARPER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. CXXX

MAY, 1915

No. DCCLXXX



My Quest in the Canadian Rockies

LOCATING A NEW ICE-PEAK

BY MARY L. JOBE, F.R.G.S.

THIS old mother earth of ours has a strange medley of pleasures to offer her children, but there are few in her gift comparable to the joy of exploring new country. Though the explorer and the pioneer have been busy many years in the Northland, still there are a few lovely spots, unexplored and unmapped, running "north of Fifty-three." For some months rumors had been coming to me of the existence of a huge peak, with fine display of snow and ice, lying more than one hundred miles northwest of Mt. Robson as the crow is supposed to fly. This mountain is unquestionably the only northern rival of Mt. Robson in beauty and grandeur. Beyond this peak, it was said, the mountain ranges are low and soon merge into the blue foothills of the Peace. The big new Ice Mountain was thus evidently the predominant northernmost peak in the Canadian Rockies.

Along the Continental Divide north and west of Mt. Robson lies only new country, the government topographical survey extending only twenty miles north of this peak. During six weeks of the past summer I made an expedition into this new country. My companions were Miss Margaret Springate, of Winnipeg, a member of the Alpine Club of Canada; Donald Phillips,

our chief guide, who, in 1909, with the Rev. G. B. Kinney, accomplished the first ascent of Mt. Robson; and a second guide, Bert Wilkins. We explored an area between 119° and 121° west longitude, and between 53° and 54° north latitude; our point "farthest north" was attained by trails largely of our own making, a distance of about two hundred miles northwest of Robson Station. It was here that we definitely located and explored the Big Ice Mountain.

It began at Winnipeg in June. "Why shouldn't we go in and have a look at that big mountain?" Miss Springate and I had asked each other. She, a hardy Englishwoman, was keen for roughing it; I was at home on the trail. It was inevitable that our trip should materialize into something worth while. All winter, a trip into the Mt. Robson country was uppermost in our minds.

"There's a fine new country beyond the Smoky," the Alpine Club mountaineers had said. They had glimpsed it from the peaks of the Robson country. Obviously, here was a chance for personal achievement—not merely achievement for public approbation, but achievement for our own pure delight. Here was a chance to see what on the government maps was only a blank white spot. Who knew, save a solitary Indian or two, what was hidden in the recesses of those dense forests and forbidding ranges?

To go whither we knew not, save vaguely; to see what the weeks of the summer only could reveal; to do the individual thing which we ourselves had chosen, and to do it because, in obtaining a bit of real knowledge hitherto unobtainable, it gave unmeasurable satisfaction—these things in themselves thrilled us. They were sufficient reasons for our going.

On July 29th we left Jasper on the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway for Grant Brook on the Fraser River, twenty miles west of Yellow Head Pass. Here Phillips's outfit met us and we took the trail north to Moose Pass, from which point we planned to make a reconnaissance climb for the purpose of determining our route to the Big Mountain. Here let me explain that such wilderness travel is done on horseback, the food being carried on the backs of pack-horses. An outfit, in the vernacular of the region, is the horses and their equipment. These cayuses, as the northern horses are called, can go wherever a man can go without using his hands; but naturally there are many places where the "passenger" from motives of comfort, precaution, or sheer fright will prefer to walk and lead the cayuse. In fact, even in easy mountain travel I infinitely prefer to walk more than half the way.

The trail up the Moose is bad beyond description, but every mile of difficulty on the lower trail has its compensation in the vast flower-filled slopes of Moose Pass. Here at timber-line are acres of brilliant blue lupine growing to the height of two feet, at the summit are miles of forget-me-nots, while on the stretches between were counted twenty-nine species of blooming Alpine plants. The mountain uplands had put on their loveliest colors—pink, blue, orange, red, and lavender—a riot of bloom as far as the eye could see.

We pitched our camp at tree-line on the west side of the pass, and from it we made, in the ascent of Mt. Pamm,¹ our first reconnaissance for the purpose of locating the mountain of our quest. It was here that we had our first view of "Mt. Kitchi." It rose, a great white pyramid,

shining out through the distant haze on the horizon, and lifted its glaciated head far above the black peaks of its immediate environment. We conjectured the distance of the peak to be eighty or ninety miles. In fact, so near did it appear that it now seemed comparatively certain that we could reach it in the time allotted for our expedition. Moreover, we trusted unconditionally in the ability of "Curly" Phillips as a guide in new country.

Our plunge into the wilderness was made northward along the Big Smoky, a large tributary of the Peace, which heads in the Robson glacier. The weather was unspeakably vile on the first two days out, but this we welcomed, as it meant the subsidence of the Smoky, a sizable glacial river whose fords are not to be taken lightly in a high stage of water.

The first four days out there was a trail extremely rough, but more or less distinct, down the Smoky, up Glacier Creek, and over Bess Pass and Jack Pine Pass to the head-waters of the Jack Pine. Old Salamo, an intelligent Indian from Grande Cache, had hunted in this region years before, and he had an engineer's eye for routes of least resistance, though portions of them lay over passes of at least 6,500 feet altitude. Phillips himself had trapped along the Main Jack Pine and the Middle Fork and had led hunting-parties over these passes. Our first piece of bad going was on the big hill at the Smoky Cañon. The trail is extremely steep, and for about two hundred feet down it follows the edge of the river, less than two feet wide and at least seventy feet above the water. Before taking our outfit over, our men worked for two hours cutting trees to build out the trail and filling in with broken rocks to insure footing. The horses came over the steep descent most cautiously, testing every step and sniffing occasionally at a cayuse skeleton bleaching at the foot of the precipice.

The approach to Bess Shoulder, the descent on the north side, and the approach to Jack Pine Pass had been very steep, rising and descending 1,500 feet in less than a mile, but the descent on the north side of Jack Pine Pass was the

¹ The name "Mt. Pamm" has not been approved by the Geographic Board at Ottawa, and is used merely for identification.



CAMP PREPARATIONS BEFORE THE START

steepest place I had at that time ever seen horses traverse. To postpone the evil hour we halted and unpacked for lunch on a deep-furrowed grizzly-bear trail on Bess Pass. Here a whole army of grizzlies had marched up and down, each stepping exactly in the track of his predecessor, until the deep black holes, fifteen inches long and eight inches wide, had been beaten into the ground. In one place the trail passes between two big spruce-trees. In summer, when shedding, the bears chew the bark of the trees so that the spruce gum will ooze out; they then rub themselves against the sticky surface, thus getting rid of large bunches of loose hair. Our lunch put new life into us, and we screwed up courage and started. With goatlike sureness of foot the cayuses zigzagged down a forty-degree slope at a terrific speed, marvelously maintaining their balance. It was exciting, but the return trip across Jack Pine Pass four weeks later seemed an every-day occurrence. We had learned something in that interval. In this, our longest day out, we had been on the trail ten hours and had traveled twenty miles; we had made an ascent of 5,000 feet and a descent of 4,000. It was the only day we

had stopped to make tea and have some substantial food on the trail. Heretofore a few raisins, a little sweet chocolate, and a cracker or two had kept us going from a 6.30 breakfast until a 2.30 P.M. camp.

Beyond our Jack Pine Camp the only trail is a snow-shoe trail which Phillips and Frank Doucette, his trapping-partner, made in 1911. About an hour down the Jack Pine we came to one of their old caches where we expected to find flour, rice, and butter, but the robber wolverines had destroyed everything to the last morsel. This was a considerable loss to us, and put us on short rations more quickly than we had anticipated.

Beyond the head of Jack Pine the way was hard. For hours we waded on foot through muskeg too soft to hold up our horses; we plunged through streams to our knees and then fell through thickets of alders twelve feet high. The rain beat down steadily, and we were steaming hot under our rubber coats, and at the same time drenched to our waists. At all events, this icy footbath we so constantly endured served the purpose of maintaining an average of bodily temperature. It is impossible to ride through such country. No horse

can hold up a rider when he has nothing but a peat bog for a footing. Ten maddening hours of trail-cutting and muskeg, and without any lunch except a cracker or two! Finally we discovered a comparatively dry, hard spot. It was a little island surrounded by two channels of the river, the first place we had found level enough to hold a tent and at the same time not a spongy muskeg. There was but scant picking for our horses, there was no brush for our beds, and the firewood had to be chopped on the other side of the river and carried across. Nevertheless, that spot looked good to us. We were all ready to drop with fatigue. I was growing insensible to discomfort; I had even ceased to mind the constant "squish-squash" of my feet slipping up and down in waterlogged stockings in my overflowing boots. We unpacked our horses in the driving rain. It's on such an occasion that the real trailer knows just how to act. There's a regular code of procedure. "Silence" is the first watchword. Cayuses are unpacked, wood chopped, a fire built, and all in dead stillness. Next comes "quickness."

While the kitchen boxes are being taken off, dry, dead twigs of spruce—those curled close to the trunk, protected by the sweeping green branches above—are secured, and these with a few heavier branches start the blaze which means "food," the most potent word in the forest—the initiated say "grub." The kettle is soon steaming over this quick fire. Our hunger is satisfied, as the kitchen boxes yield bannock, canned pork-and-beans, and our thirst is forgotten in the divinest drink in the world—tea. When soaked to the point of misery, fatigued to the point of exhaustion, or thirsty to the point of madness, there's nothing like tea to make of you a new creature. And the tea that we drink here is "trapper's tea"—tea that will float an egg, tea that will set you going on the trail again.

At the head of the Jack Pine we were practically at the end of Phillips's knowledge of the country, and it was necessary for us to locate, if possible, our peak, and get our bearings and landmarks for the remainder of our journey. From our camp Phillips and I climbed a near-by

ridge to an observation peak, 7,600 feet according to the aneroid, and we photographed the landscape on all sides. To the southeast Mts. Robson, Whitehorn, Resplendent, and Pamm (our first locating climb) were plainly visible; west of northwest two black peaks (we called them the Black Twins) were prominent in the foreground. Our course was correct, for the Big Mountain, now much farther off than Mt. Robson, we saw quite distinctly north of northwest of these twin peaks. For several days succeeding, as we traveled to the north of these peaks, they continued to be an unmistakable landmark. From this station above Jones Pass the Big Mountain, with its great snow and ice abutments, was more prominent than any other feature of the northern landscape. Great tumbling glaciers everywhere surrounded it, while the summit seemed a long, knifelike *arête* with a long slope to the southwest and another to the northeast. Through the glasses the south face appeared extremely difficult. As is usually the case in these ranges, we later found the north face impassable. From this station all the main ranges lie northeast and southwest. There were only four ranges visible to us between Jones Pass and the Big Mountain. We crossed eight later on, and at this point we were less than half-way.

We were in the midst of wild country. As if to impress us with the true sense of this wilderness, all the denizens of the forest now walked abroad within easy range. Here, right in our path, on a green slide, a black bear fed contentedly; below us a big bull moose strode through the meadow where our horses were grazing, and came leisurely up the mountain-side toward us; at the top of the ridge a flock of goats as white as the snow itself gazed a thousand feet down into the deep gorge, watching another member of their family climb nimbly toward them. Purple twilight was settling down upon the camp on the pass as we hurried downward. A flock of ptarmigan still in semi-water plumage fluttered across the snow in front of us, while a horde of gophers scurried away under our feet. That night our camp-ground was so steep that I rolled out of my tent.

Across this alpine pass we wrestled mightily with dense woods—cutting our way, inch by inch, until we came down into a long valley of open muskeg. Through this we traveled all day, our horses finding for the most part fair footing. So far our route had lain chiefly in the province of Alberta. We now crossed a 5,300-foot pass, near the boundary where the meadow is filled with beaver dams, and a mile beyond came to another 5,300-foot pass which leads directly into British Columbia. Here the mountains are choked with vast forests filled with the thickest undergrowth. In fact, from here on every timbered ascent or descent meant most serious and exhausting exertion for both man and cayuse. I think it is impossible to take horses over steeper, rougher places than we traveled during the remainder of our trip. Happy were we when beyond the Smoky we struck a maze of moose trails, knee-deep and well worn as any pack-trail. This variety of hard going was typical of the remainder of our journey.

Beyond the East Smoky basin and the east watershed of the West Smoky we came to a small stream flowing into the West Smoky, and here we halted our outfit for the last time. To reach this spot Phillips had brought our horses down fifteen hundred feet over sheer, shifting shale. It was impossible to take the animals farther. Here in a dense spruce forest we made a permanent base camp and turned our horses out in an extensive meadow to graze.

Our real work had just begun. Un-

speakably rough, wild country lay between us and the Big Mountain; that we knew; how vast and how difficult, we could only conjecture. Our last hope of reaching it was to "back pack." Accordingly we took four days' provisions and our personal and climbing outfits on our backs and started into the unknown.

I felt a real sadness at leaving those cayuses behind; never before had I truly realized what it meant to be a pack-horse; never before had I been so tortured by a pack. Miss Springate and I each carried an eiderdown quilt, our personal belongings, and our heavy cameras—fifteen-pound packs—while the men carried thirty to forty pounds. We took a small shelter tent and the men had one small canvas bed-cover between them in lieu of a blanket. One frying-pan, two small pails, four cups, and four spoons

were the sum total of our kitchen and table outfit. I allowed myself the luxury of one cake of soap and a toothbrush, two oranges and six lemons for the climb, but a towel and a change of raiment were forbidden. It is a severe mental ordeal to make up four packs for such a trip. You are torn and distracted between the desire for warm and comfortable clothing and the distaste for carrying a heavy burden.

Securely cacheing our main supply of food and clothing under the big tent-fly, we said good-bye to our base camp, leaving behind us on a blazed tree a legend telling of our route and destination. Soon were we plunging into alder thickets as dense as tropical jungle, and into a tangle of devil's-clubs in full leaf and



THE AUTHOR IN EXPLORING GARB



THE APPROACH TO MOOSE PASS WAS CARPETED WITH A MASS OF MULTICOLORED FLOWERS

higher than our heads, whose thorns penetrated our thickest clothing. We forded the West Smoky easily and then struck hard climbing on the mountain beyond. From the base of the mountain ran stiff, broken cliffs of gray, weathered rocks covered with thick scrub through which we fought our way. Our packs were heavy, there was no sign of water, the heat was intense, and our progress was slow.

Hard travel had been our daily portion for three weeks, with long days and short hours of sleep, and for the past week I had scarcely set foot in the stirrup. I, for one, was feeling the fatigue of unusual exertion and insufficient rest. About half-way up the mountain, while Phillips and I were resting a little in advance of the others, I happened to look down, and saw a big black bear feeding on huckleberries not thirty yards away. I directed Phillips's attention to him, and as I spoke the bear came plunging up the hill toward us. Now a black bear has never been known to attack a man, at least so say all bear traditions, but Bruin came straight for us. We whistled at him and shouted for Wilkins to bring the rifle. The inquisitive creature now stood beyond two trees only

eight feet in front of us. Phillips dealt one of these trees a ringing blow with his ax and shouted. The bear withdrew three feet and hesitated. Wilkins now came running up with the rifle, and a shot sent him wounded off into the bushes, where we soon lost track of him. At least we had learned to be wary of black bears, and perhaps had escaped a severe cuffing.

Up, up we climbed. Noon came and passed, and still no sign of water. Flesh and blood could go no farther. Suffering with hunger, we ate our lunch, using two of our precious lemons to quench our thirst. On, on, and still no water. Finally, two hours later, near the top, we found a tiny trickling stream from which we collected a few spoonfuls of water in our rubber drinking-cups. So tormenting had been my thirst, so grilling the exertion of the day, that I now expressed my feelings at finding the water in an almost incoherent babble. We climbed over a broken ridge and came out above tree-line into a rock-filled amphitheater, to find that still another ridge and valley separated us from the Big Mountain. Crossing about two miles of rock-fall, we scrambled over a long, treeless ridge and beheld without

interruption the Great Ice Mountain. A massive white peak shot into the blue from a walled fortress of rock. Two colossal rock towers stood guard on the north-east, while on the south rose a long file of lesser peaks whose multicolored rocks were glacier-hung and glowed with iridescent tints in the soft sunlight. The main peak itself shone opalescent against the evening sky. Beyond the two big rock towers we had a glimpse of a breadth of glacier, how wide we could not tell. The valley, with a great foaming river trailing through its depths, dropped sheer in front of us, from gloom to deeper gloom, to meet the cascade of color pouring from the mountain itself. Our laboring eyes traveled from peak to peak, and at the summit confessed that they had seen nothing in all the world to rival the giant. Its ice-clad peak, its radiant towers, were lovely beyond the portrayal of camera or pen. We literally gasped with emotion because it was so much grander and more lovely than we had ever dreamed. We also gasped because we had allowed only four days to explore it, and we were still one long day's march from the east side of the mountain, which we considered the side feasible for climbing.

We donned our extra sweaters that

night, stretched up the little silk fly, and slept in front of a blazing fire. As our progress in a direct line toward the mountain was now hindered by steep cliffs, we made a detour to the west through an opening in the cliffs, down an almost perpendicular wall, well forested with rhododendrons and devil's clubs. Here we reached the valley of the big glacial river, the Big Salmon, with its three converging branches which draw their head-waters from large glaciers on the northeast side of the Big Mountain.

This additional day consumed in reaching the base of the mountain put us on short rations. One large "flapjack," without butter or sugar, was our luncheon allowance. It was amazing how that flapjack cheered us and stayed us during the six and one-half hours of our afternoon's march. We exulted over the glorious landscape and over our goal so near. Here was beauty and wildness and experience enough for a year's contemplation.

We intended to camp on the terminal moraine of the east glacier, for it runs into the timber, where it would have been easy to obtain fuel. However, an approaching thunder-storm made camp a necessity when we were about a mile



THE EXPEDITION THREADING ITS WAY THROUGH MOOSE PASS

below the moraine. We barely got the little silk shelter-tent up and our packs and some dry balsam boughs inside when the storm broke. All night the rain and snow fell. The next day was an impossible one for climbing. The rain stopped in the afternoon, and Phillips went out to reconnoiter. He felled a tree across the river, still too powerful to ford even at this proximity to its source.

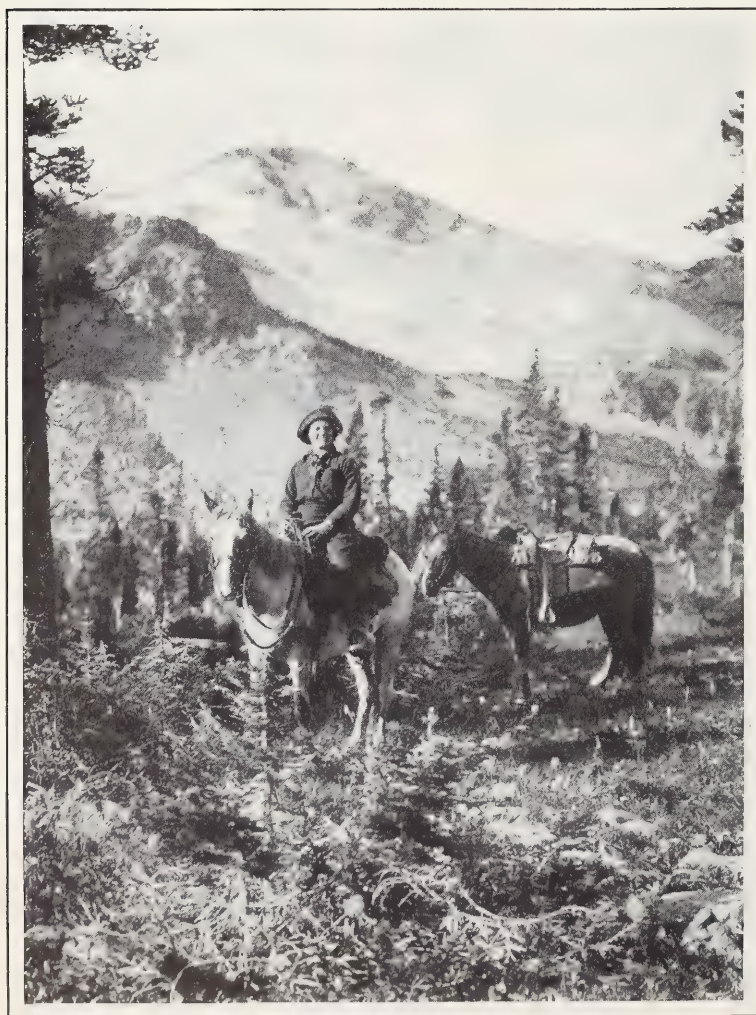
At a distance, the long, flowing east glacier had seemed the feasible line of attack, but now at close range we saw that perpendicular cliffs 2,000 feet high cut off the approach to the main peak. It was therefore necessary to look for another route, and we hoped that the north or west slopes might be practicable. This hope was not founded on our observation of the mountains in this region, for the north side is always the difficult one. Returning at ten o'clock—it had been pitch black for two hours on account of the overhanging storm-clouds—Phillips declared that he was

able to locate a route only to the base of the last peak. What lay beyond he could only conjecture.

The morning dawned cloudy. At six o'clock Phillips, Wilkins, and I started across the two miles of the deeply crevassed, flowing glacier on the east side of the mountain. We struck into great crevasses fringed with huge *seracs* and shadowed by the everlasting snows. We were surprised to note that our aneroid registered only 4,000 feet, thus proving that these glaciers are 1,500 feet lower than they are at Mt. Robson. The ice was as hard as steel, and we crossed it with great speed. From a long, lateral moraine we climbed on the northeast face of the mountain over rock-falls and cliffs to the northeast glacier. Here a vast blue-green mystery upheaved itself on the horizon, overhanging the sheer gray cliffs and constantly avalanching on the long moraine below. The ice was thrown up in gigantic piles of myriad and fantastic shapes like a menagerie of huge

animals crouching and ready to spring into the depths below. The murmur of subterranean streams came from secret, cavernous depths. Now and then came the crackling mutter of an avalanche; no wonder we had heard them when twenty miles away; but all the rest was deadly still. This glacier is a great world in itself. Photographs may say that it is wonderful, but there is no conception of its awful magnificence without the actual vision of the thing itself.

Just as we reached this second glacier the big, ashy-gray snow-clouds broke in a rage over us. Pulling on our extra sweaters, mittens, and caps against the wind, we huddled close to the rocks, gasping for breath, and watched the storm hurl itself on the valley below. Now the view of the flowing glacier and the southern ridge shifted and changed like a kaleidoscope. First the clouds rent themselves on the shaggy heads of



MISS SPRINGATE ON HORSEBACK



THE RETURN TO BIG MOUNTAIN

the big towers and enveloped their lower cliffs in mist and in straight spikes of sleety rain; below that the clouds drifted down, down to where crawled the jade-green glacier into a vista of black woods with wild branches beating under the fury of the storm. All around us were sleet and snow and the voice of the avalanche calling from peak to peak.

Presently the clouds thinned a little; it grew lighter, and we started on. For two hours we traveled very carefully across the crevasses, hoping that the storm would cease. Instead, it now began to snow harder, the crevasses drifted full of snow, and climbing became dangerous. I could not see fifteen feet in any direction. It was ghostlike, threading in and out among crevasses belted in with the mysterious storm, and it became even more appalling when the storm thinned for a moment and showed me the yawning caverns of ice at my feet. The sharply sloping pinnacles ran upward in the frozen mist, while the downward-slanting ice-tongues were lost in dense cloud-banks. My ice-incrusted clothing was stiff like a coat of armor, my hands were so wet and paralyzed that I could scarcely grip my ice-ax, and my benumbed feet were heavy and un-

steady in snow-clogged boots. The north wind groaned and howled because it was so miserable, and I groaned because I was unable even to catch a glimpse of the north side of the Big Mountain. I knew that our diminished "grub-pile" made the possibility of another attempt doubtful, and the thought of failure made me sick and unhappy. However, there are four conditions in climbing when it is best for one to agree swiftly with the laws of nature. A blizzard heads the list. Never argue with a snow-storm at 7,000 feet above sea-level! Give it up and wait for a fair day! With the storm still breaking over us, we picked our way cautiously and haltingly over the crevasse-filled ice, and ten hours after our start reached camp, drenched to the skin. As back-packing does not allow the luxury of a change of raiment, we dried out by the fire. That night it cleared at eleven o'clock.

We were now on very short rations, but near camp we had killed six ptarmigans, which afforded a ptarmigan "muligan," a *pièce de résistance* for both supper and breakfast and made possible the thought of climbing again on the morrow. However, the morning dawned gray; at six a light rain was falling, and



A MASSIVE WHITE PEAK ABOVE A WALLED-IN FORTRESS OF ROCK

on the mountain it was snowing hard. When we weighed up our provisions we received a shock. At no time in the past two days had our hunger been satisfied; and although all kinds of big game had been stalking about our camp, they kept a safe distance from the rifle. An immediate return to our base camp was imperative.

The return trip through rain-soaked underbrush was melancholy. I was aware only of rain—freezing, drenching rain that penetrated every fiber of my clothing, and of the treacherous muskeg into which I repeatedly fell.

The noon came with regal sunshine, tempered by a breeze that drove the clouds in drifts across the sky and revealed the Big Mountain clear against a dark-blue vault. It was bad enough to give up our climb in the face of foul weather; but it was infinitely worse to turn our backs upon our hearts' desire now that it had cleared, and all for the lack of a little food. After a most meager lunch of one piece of bannock and a thin slice of bacon, and tea all around, we had remaining only flour enough for two small bannocks, some tea, two lemons, and four slices of bacon.

I was heart-sick with disappointment. "There was a tear in every word you

spoke that first day on the home trip," Phillips confided to me afterward. It was a wonder he hadn't seen them in my eyes! My one hope was to kill some game and return for another attempt on the mountain. I hesitated to make this suggestion to Phillips, realizing it was his back that was carrying the heaviest pack; it was his arm that was cutting out our trail and chopping down trees to bridge the deep rivers. At no time had he shifted a single responsibility, and it now seemed unkind to make this request. But my insistent desire triumphed. I was too nearly heartbroken with defeated expectation to refrain. I asked if he would be willing to go. He replied sincerely that he would. "I am just as disappointed as you are," he said. However, our chances were small, as this was our fifth day without sight of game, and each hour was taking us farther from our goal.

We were traveling home along a different and shorter route, crossing the east branch of the South Fork of the Big Salmon higher up. About five o'clock, after climbing 1,500 feet up the worst rhododendron mountain yet encountered, we suddenly came upon fresh caribou tracks. They were so fresh that little particles of soft earth were still

balanced on the edge of them. My heart pounded with expectation. Every pulse-throb said: "Trail it down! Kill it! Eat! Go back to the mountain!" The hunger impulse was strong within me. No Indian was ever keener on the trail! We followed it a quarter of a mile across a soft, moist upland meadow, among mossy rocks, scrub-balsams, and the blossoms of spring. We were going up wind, and suddenly a grassy hill, steep and sparsely wooded, rose straight in front of us. Our eyes traveled quickly from trail to tree-line, and there on the crest three hundred yards away a young caribou was feeding. Phillips, in the lead, stopped stone still; the rest of us dropped flat to earth. Twenty seconds we watched before it became aware of us. Away it trotted! In an instant Phillips dropped his pack and ran like a Cree, heading not toward the caribou, but, to my surprise, to the left and below it. He knew that it would run for the thick timber and he was bound to intercept it. One, two, three! The rifle shots rang out. We lay still, dreading lest he had missed it, for a long run unfits the best shot. Presently we heard him shoot his little .22 pistol.

"Oh, he missed the caribou and is shooting at fool hens!" groaned Wilkins.

"Bring up the packs," shouted Phillips.

We hurried up, thinking we would at least be decent about the thing and conceal our disappointment. Not one of us could have done one-half so well, we agreed. We now saw Phillips shooting again with the .22 at something on the ground. When we arrived at the Providence Pass the caribou had breathed its last.

A second attack on the Big Mountain was now assured. However, as Wilkins had developed rheumatism in his shoulder, it was decided that he should return to the

main camp. Miss Springate had not attempted to climb on the previous trip, and now, although keen for the experience of a second expedition to the base of the mountain, she graciously abandoned any idea of going back when she realized that it would be impossible for Phillips to pack supplies for three. It was this unselfish act which makes possible the rest of this story.

Phillips and I accordingly returned to our old camp, having cut down our packs to the last ounce. We took with us the four slices of bacon and some of the tea and flour, but our main food-supply was the freshly killed caribou. We had no salt. Instead of carrying the silk shelter-tent, we strung up the piece of canvas as a windbreak and slept by the fire.



ON EITHER SIDE WERE GREAT ICE WALLS

A camp in the mountains at snow-line and without any shelter to speak of is not a pleasant thing to contemplate. The wind howls down the mountain-side and chills you through and through; the fire demands serious and constant attention, burning out and having to be replenished before you are properly warmed. The night is interminable.

At daybreak we began our climb, following our old route across the east glacier, over the long moraine, and thence across the cliffs to the second glacier. Going beyond the point at which the storm had driven us back, we found the second glacier of vast extent, very steep, and deeply serrated with crevasses, some of them twenty feet in width and easily fifty feet in depth. On either side of us were great ice walls, 500 to 1,000 feet high, blue and crevassed from foot to top. As far as the eye could range forward were long vistas of snow, huge boulder-like lumps of ice, stretches of deep crevasses opening into the very bowels of the glacier ice with shallow spanning snow-bridges of glaring, staring white.

Crossing about five miles of ice, we at last reached a long sloping shoulder where our aneroid registered 7,800 feet. We were immediately under the northwest face of the main peak. "What do you think of it now?" Phillips called out, as he paused a moment in his step-cutting. "I can't see anything but my feet," I replied. I was struggling up the last stiff bit of ice. A few more steps and I stood in a new world, somewhere between earth and heaven. A huge ice-peak, sheer and terrible, rose straight in front of me. From the base the eye traveled up a steep snow slope to perpendicular rock cliffs, deeply notched with chimneys; it traveled from ice-field to higher cliffs, more formidable than those below, and at last rested on the cold blue of an austere mountain-top, a pile of broken ice and demolished snow cornices. Through the glasses the ice cap appeared like a deeply crevassed glacier with a wilderness of *seracs* upheaved to a vertical position, filled with great blue-green ice grottoes. Icicles fifty feet long depended across these caves. The *arête* was everywhere broken and knifelike.

"I'd rather take you up Mt. Robson twice," was Phillips's only comment.

Confirming our experience of all the slopes on the entire trip, this northwest face was the most formidable of all. As I looked, the great ice-field above us was rent by a mad avalanche, which plunged down over the rock cliffs directly in our path. The sight of it was overwhelming. The mountain was obviously impossible to our two selves with our limited equipment.

Apparently this main peak rises about 2,500 feet above the base of the first cliffs until it attains an elevation of about 11,000 feet. From the northwest base a long glacier flows westward for about two miles. Above it, on the long west ridge adjoining the main peak, are numerous hanging glaciers all tributary to a large river flowing off to the southwest and fading away into the distant mist. Through the glasses it looked easily 500 feet wide and is without doubt the Big Salmon, or North Fork of the Fraser. The Big Mountain is thus encircled by the two tortuous arms of the Big Salmon, a stream which has its birth in the vast glaciers of this peak. We estimated the glacial area at approximately $120^{\circ} 30'$ west longitude and 54° north latitude.

We looked down from our high perch and saw another glory of the land, a long, snowy range in the west rising 5,000 feet above the valley and epauletted with fringed glaciers. Across a pass to the northeast are two lovely steel-blue lakes, each about a mile in length. To the north of the Big Mountain and perhaps eight to ten miles away is a sharp snow peak, apparently a 10,000-foot mountain. We could easily have climbed some 800 feet farther, but as that would have been futile, we built a cairn at 7,500 feet and returned to our camp after having spent fourteen hours on the mountain.

When night fell upon our little moraine wickiup and the white glacial mist whipped down upon us, I felt as if I had left my conscious self somewhere upon the mountain-top. I scarcely recognized myself—a battered, grimy creature crouching by the dimming fire. I was too weary even to unlace my boots. Phillips looked at me curiously.

"You are dead tired; and—you're as dirty as a man," he said.

On the home trail I could scarcely drag one foot after the other. The unvaried diet of unsalted caribou was palling upon me. I was growing desperately weak. I would have given my birth-right for a pinch of salt. The absurdity of the situation was the quantity of meat we consumed and our perpetual hunger. At lunch we greedily ate five pounds of deliciously tender steak, broiled over hot coals, and an hour afterward we were hungrier than before. The charred fat alone satisfied us.

All day I was conscious that my pace was being carefully watched, and my pack was lightened until I was ashamed. We rested as often as we dared, for we had promised the others we would be back at the horse camp on the fourth day. We camped at the foot of the rhododendron hill. "It's too much for you to-day," Phillips had said. "You get a good long rest to-night, and to-morrow you'll go up like an aeroplane." But I didn't. It was afternoon before we got up to Providence Pass. I was growing increasingly weary and weak.

Across the treeless pass we struck four hours of good going. "If we can get down to the river at six-thirty, we can eat supper in camp to-night," Phillips had cheered me on. Below tree-line we found quantities of huckleberries, which we ate like bears. We reached the West Smoky at six-thirty. Here it was a tearing torrent 200 feet wide that ran clear as crystal over blue and red and green boulders. "You waded that like a moose," was my reward. I was on my last wind. We were more than two hours from camp, with 1,500 feet of climbing through windfalls, rhododendrons and devil's-clubs ahead of us. Troubled lest darkness overtake us, I marched ahead, putting all my strength in this final spurt. It was not enough! My water-filled boots retarded me at every step. I fell in my tracks when we stopped to rest. Presently I was stumbling and falling just because my feet

would not co-ordinate. Up over ledges of rock, through rhododendrons and devil's-clubs and rhododendrons again, we climbed until we came to a long wind-fall and to slippery rocks beyond which the darkness lay. My pack was crushing my shoulders. The devil's-clubs were lacerating my face and arms. Although Phillips kept not more than twenty feet ahead of me, I could scarcely see him, it was so dark. Soon, I could only hear him. I floundered on, falling again and again over logs and into holes, and sinking sometimes to earth merely because of my own weight. Once when I hit my knee a stinging blow on a sharp stake, and did not get up immediately, Phillips heard me groan and started back toward me. I lurched up before he could reach my side. He went on and mercifully said nothing. I was desperately afraid that my voice might grow unsteady.

I now began to use every sort of mental lash I could command. "You *must* get into camp to-night or Miss Springate will think you are at the bottom of a crevasse." "Go on now; don't go to pieces at the finish." "See, it is easy to take one step; you can take another." And, "It would be a disgraceful thing to sit down and weep." So I goaded myself up the hill.

Phillips said: "Don't worry; you can't lose the old man in the dark. We'll come out in that open place below the camp." And we did, marvelously guided by the most unerring brain I have ever known on the trail.

A half-hour below camp we shouted, and heard an answering call. They had been hallooing all afternoon, expecting our early return. We made camp at nine o'clock.

Our entrance into camp that night was one of the intensest moments of my life. They had greeting and cheer and warmth for us; we had the story of our climb for them. Safe, dry-clad, and satisfied in the shelter of the base camp, I now realized, for the first time, that we had taken long chances, but . . . we had explored "Kitchi," the Big Mountain.

The Conviction of Sin

BY DOROTHY CANFIELD



HE trouble with all that kind of talk," remarked Mr. Walker, judicially, as he listened to the reverberations of the revivalist's impassioned periods, "is that it's out of date. That's the way folks used to go on about religion when I was a boy back in West Endbury, but it's as much gone by now as putting bear-grease on your hair." After emitting this dictum, he put his pipe back in his mouth, cocked his feet up on the railing of his porch, and contemplated with great satisfaction the new concrete walk from the street to the house. "Concrete costs like the devil," he admitted to his wife; "but there's some class to it, once you got it."

There was a pause. The sweet, hot June night was vibrant with the stirring of the year's new life, with the whirl of the Walker lawn-sprinkler revolving briskly, with the soft spatter of the water on the grass, and with the bellowings of the revivalist preacher in the little church next door. It was an old joke of Walker's that he and his family never needed to go to church. "All we gotta do any time," he explained, "is to sit on the porch and soak up righteousness without bothering to put on a coat and vest."

As a rule, it was only the hymns and an occasional loud burst of eloquence from the minister which carried over to the Walker's comfortable, vine-covered porch, but for the last week their evenings had been varied by hearing a great deal of preaching. A superannuated open-air revivalist, whose vogue had now passed, so that he was only sought for in unimportant churches, was spending a fortnight in the tidy little city, with the avowed purpose of stirring it from what he called, to the mingled wrath and contemptuous amusement of

his invisible listener, "its hellish, smug self-satisfaction." The fiery old man's voice, harsh and broken with years of tent speech-making, rent the air like a brazen trumpet invariably off the key.

"My! Don't he holler!" commented Mrs. Walker, the first night of his ministrations.

The two Walker children, at the highly fastidious ages of seventeen and twenty, found the old preacher "the limit," and regularly, as they went on to say, "hit the trail" as soon as his raucous, denouncing voice began its nightly appeals to its audience to repent and turn from their viciousness. But the father said 'twould take more than hell-fire to keep him off his own porch after a hard day's work at the store.

He had an immense pride and satisfaction in his home, and in everything that belonged to it, from his wife—still comely and very competent—down to the latest new improvement, whatever that might be. Just now it was the new concrete sidewalk. He had begun life as an errand-boy in what was now his own big, prosperous grocery-store; and of this success his well-painted, tree-shaded, lawn-surrounded, much piazzaded house was the visible symbol. He was quite conscious of this pleasure in the outward and visible signs of his triumph over the innumerable possibilities of failure, and although he was occasionally tickled by the quaint, old-fashioned grimness of the revivalist's vocabulary, he was more than once nettled and vexed by denunciations which ignored the possibility of such patently justifiable satisfaction as his. When the preacher bawled out a well-worn phrase to the effect that ordinary good works and decent living were as nothing in the judgment of the Almighty, and went on bellowing about the necessity for the deepest conviction of sin before any spiritual life could begin, Mr. Walker in his shirt-



HE HAD AN IMMENSE PRIDE AND SATISFACTION IN HIS HOME

sleeves took lively exception to this doctrine.

"It makes me tired to hear anybody still getting off that old guff they used to scare the girls with forty years ago! You can't make folks nowadays believe they're miserable worms. Why *shouldn't* a man who's worked hard and kept straight and made a success of life take some satisfaction in it? If he's got good sense, he won't crawl in the mud and say he's a vile sinner. He knows he ain't."

He did not make this declaration in the first person, but the implication was frank. His wife agreed with him, though absently. She was knitting a fancy party-scarf for Susy, and her mind was not on theology. But when the minister

in the little church next door, preaching to the meager congregation which came to hear him, screamed out that no man could get any spiritual return for charity or good works until he realized the abominations of his own heart, Mr. Walker nodded his head in ironic agreement, and told his wife:

"There's where he hits the nail on the head, Eliza! It's only the fellows who got some reason to think they're vile worms that gives the half-dollars to the bums."

Like many other successful people, Mr. Walker had a small opinion of what is usually known as charity. "It don't do 'em a bit of good"—he always thus explained his refusal to put his name down on subscription-lists for destitute

families. "The same things that sent 'em down and out in the first place will keep 'em down and out till the cows come home. It's like pouring water into a sieve." And if he caught his wife giving food to a tramp, she was always treated to a disquisition on the folly of alms-giving.

Although they had frequent acrimonious disputes, he was very dependent on his wife, and told her everything that was in his mind. She was an integral part of one of his daily pleasures, which was to sit of an evening with the local newspaper, reading aloud to his wife bits which might interest her, and which were not so long as to be tiresome to him. His children, now growing rapidly to the assertive age, were very restive under this second-hand, dribbled acquaintance with the news, but his wife, who knew that the proceeding always put him in a good humor, had a special bit of fancy-work which she kept for the mitigation of that hour.

On the last evening of the old revivalist's sojourn next door, the Walkers sat in their living-room by the lamp. Mrs. Walker was knitting, with a resigned expression, while her husband read aloud from the paper's "patent-insides" some statistics about the number of thousand feet cut every year in the mahogany forests of Brazil. Suddenly he gave an exclamation:

"Gee whiz! . . . Whad d'y' think o' that!" and read aloud: "News has reached this office that Mr. Marshall Druitt, a New York financier and newspaper owner, is thinking of buying a number of farms out in the Olan River region, north of our city, and consolidating them into a great estate. Although Mr. Druitt is not one of the well-advertised magnates of New York, those who are in a position to know say that he is one of the richest men in this country. His fondness for country life comes from a boyhood on the soil. Mr. Druitt has risen from being a poor farmer's son to his present financial eminence. The fairer ones among our readers may be interested to know that Mrs. Druitt before her marriage was the great heiress and beauty, Miss Eleanor Van der Bart, the second daughter of Mr. Druitt's business associate, Mr. Nicholas Van

der Bart, the well-known capitalist and philanthropist."

Mr. Walker laid down the paper with an air of stupefaction.

"Well—?" said his wife, her rising inflection indicating with some impatience that if there was anything interesting in that item of news, her husband would have to expound it for her.

"Why, that's Marsh Druitt!" cried Mr. Walker, in a loud voice, staring at his wife as though he expected her to contradict him. "That's Marsh Druitt, that I was brought up with as a boy, back in West Endbury!"

His wife admitted by an "Is that so?" the concession that this was not an ordinary fact, but continued to count her stitches unperturbed. Her imagination was not the most prominent feature in her intellectual physiognomy.

Her husband went on, rubbing his hand back and forth over the top of his now slightly bald head: "Well! well! Who'd ha' thought it? Us boys used to think he was queer. He was crazy about wanting to be a printer, I remember."

"Yes," commented Mrs. Walker, "the paper says he's a newspaper man now."

"So it does!" Mr. Walker returned to the sheet and reread the paragraph slowly to himself. After he finished, he stared a long time at it in silence. Then he shook his head. "Well, if that don't beat *me*! There's no doubt about its being Marsh. First place, there never was but one such queer name. That about his father being a poor farmer, too. Marsh's father had a good-for-nothing farm out in the sand north of West Endbury. Marsh hated farming then, though. He wanted to be a printer. Us boys wanted to make some labels to stick on the teacher's desk—something about a beau she had—and Marsh 'most killed himself trying to print 'em on the town printing-press. He got in at night, and was going to do it, when he heard somebody coming, and jumped out o' the window. Landed on his head. Us boys were 'most scared to death. We none of us ever told how he got hurt. I guess folks don't know about it in West Endbury to this day."

Mrs. Walker preserved the neutral silence in which wives often listen to their husband's reminiscences, and he



"ANY MAN THAT'S WORTH HIS SALT LIKES TO FEEL INDEPENDENT"

went on: "Say . . . don't you remember my reading to you a while back about Nicholas Van der Bart's other daughter getting married to an English duke? Gosh! Think of old Marsh Druitt brother-in-law to a duke!" He picked the paper up again, but in a moment cast it down. Sudden irritability seemed to have descended on him. "It's awful hot and close here," he complained. "Why the dickens don't we go out on the porch?"

As they opened the door, the battered, brassy voice of the old preacher, roaring through the night, burst upon

their ears: ". . . the judgment-seat and the awful eye of the Lord. Unless a man knows in his heart what a mean, scabby rat he is, he'll never know what the grace of the Lord can do to save him."

Mr. Walker spoke with the air of a man whose patience is utterly worn out: "Gee! That old donkey does get on my nerves with his everlasting hee-haw!"

The next morning Mr. Walker woke up feeling as though he had not digested his supper.

"What 'd we have to eat last night,

anyhow, Eliza?" he asked his wife, accusingly.

"Oh, just the usual things," she answered, with the indifference of a wife of long standing to her husband's moods: "Creamed potatoes and cold salmon and strawberry short-cake."

Finding nothing to complain of in that innocuous menu, Mr. Walker got heavily out of bed and began to dress. He felt as he did when there was a bad taste in his mouth. But there was no bad taste in his mouth.

Even the first sight of his store, usually an exhilarating moment in his day, did not, on this morning, exorcise the dull, leaden lump which lay disquietingly somewhere within him. He stopped across the street to look at the front, which always gave him so much pride, and found no mental comment to make save that the big plate-glass windows were not as clean as they ought to be, and the great gilt sign, "Fancy Groceries—B. F. Walker," had been shaken by the last wind-storm so that it hung askew.

It was not until late that morning, as he was personally waiting on one of the town's richest women, that he suddenly

learned what was the cloud hanging sullenly at the back of his consciousness. His customer—one of his best, whose extravagant insistence on metropolitan luxuries had helped more than anything else to build up the "fine" part of his grocering—chanced to speak casually to a friend with her of the news that the New York Druitts might come to be summer residents of the region. At the name the dull lump of discomfort which had afflicted the grocer all the morning stirred into a momentary acute sickness.

He was astonished to realize that Marshall Druitt's success was what was the matter with him. During the rest of the day—all through the hurry and press of a retail business—his mind returned stealthily to the thought of Druitt's money, his rank, his social position. He took a morbid pleasure in these painful thoughts.

He had another surprise that afternoon, when, after his return home, his wife remarked that she s'posed he'd go and look up Mr. Druitt when he came to town and remind him they were boys together. He was really as startled as she by the fierce violence of his revulsion from this idea, which had not before occurred to him.

"No, I won't!" he said, in angry haste. "I won't have any man think I'm hanging on to him just because I happened to know him when he was a boy." And while he was still glaring at her and breathing hard, he was wondering why he should feel such a hatred of the idea of seeing his old friend.

"Oh, well, if you want to be so awfully independent!" said his wife, somewhat offended; "only I call it standing up so straight you lean over backward."

The grocer felt



OVER THE TOP OF HIS NEWSPAPER HE GAVE
A LONG, FURTIVE LOOK AT HIS WIFE



AS HE APPROACHED THE STORE THE SUN SHONE ON THE GILT LETTERS TILL THEY SPARKLED

grateful to her for thus labeling the unrecognizable seething in his heart. "Oh, any man that's worth his salt likes to feel independent," he said, looking around at his children. "That's the American of it."

For several days he was upheld by this dramatizing of his moral equality with his old associate, but little by little, at a thousand leaks, a still, cold, deadly tide began to seep into the warm complacency of his ordered and regular life. He could not get the name of Druitt out of his head, a difficulty which was increased by the fact that in the local paper there was now and then an occasional paragraph about the financier. For some reason which he could not have explained, Mr. Walker read no more of these aloud to his wife, although he pored over them till he could shut his eyes in the night and see the paragraph imprinted on the dark. One of these made the estimate (based, as is usual with such fanciful computations, on the sketchiest knowledge of the facts) that the prospective resident of the county had for weekly income a sum which stuck in the mind of the owner of B. F. Walker's Fine Grocery-store. It chanced to be almost exactly the gross sum taken in during the year by the store. "*Gross*, . . . not the profits!" he cried aloud to himself as he walked down-town the morning after he had read this; and he looked around hastily to see if any one had heard him.

Another paragraph which he did not read aloud related to the beauty of Mrs. Druitt. It seemed that she was much younger than her husband, who had not married till past his forties; and that she was still considered one of the greatest belles among her sister's English Court circle. Over the top of his newspaper Mr. Walker gave a long, furtive look at his unconscious wife—frankly middle-aged like himself, her hair done in the sleek, plain manner she affected in hot weather, a blue-and-white checked gingham dress clothing her matronly girth. He had often quarreled with his wife, but never till then had he been disloyal to her. As he looked, his mind was filled with ugly thoughts which had never visited him before—that a man was a fool to marry young, since later on, with an established position, he could pick and choose as a beginner could not; that at forty-five a man is still physically in his prime and a woman is old, and that it is hard on a man still in his prime to be tied to an old woman. After that there was added to his new, silent communings with himself, a fixed resolution that, whatever else happened, Druitt should never see Mrs. Walker. He felt he would be too ashamed of her.

For a new preoccupation had come upon him one day, with a bound, like a wild beast springing from ambush. Even if he didn't go to look up Marshall Druitt, suppose they met by accident! In fact, once the idea entered his head,

he did not see how they could avoid meeting by accident, almost as soon as the Druitts established themselves on the new estate. There would be comings and goings to the station from the Druitt place, of course; and there, emblazoned for all to see on the main street of the town, was his huge sign, proclaiming to all the world that B. F. Walker, who had started life on equal terms with the great financier, was now a grocery-man in a small provincial city. Of course, Marshall would remember the name; the "B. F." had been an old joke between them as boys. The grocer writhed like a beetle on a pin at the thought of their first encounter. Perhaps Marshall would try to be affable and condescending. If he did, he'd see that he couldn't put on any high-falutin' airs with—But suppose the grocer happened to be putting up candy in a bag, or tying up soap? With what face could he put down purse-proud condescension? He imagined the encounter in a thousand different circumstances, each one more humiliating than the others. He was now not only disloyal to his wife; he was ashamed of the business which had been the pride of his life.

And he came to be ashamed of his house—any one of Druitt's gardeners had a better one, he supposed. He was ashamed of his children. Susy wasn't a bit pretty, and hadn't any "way" with her for the boys; and Junior was good for nothing, with his lackadaisical liking for his violin, which he played so badly. The grocer tried to shake off the obsession. He succeeded for whole hours in forgetting it; but suddenly, as he looked at something which had given him pleasure before, he saw it as it would appear to the rich man, and the taste of apples of Sodom was in his mouth.

One night as he lay sleepless, struggling with his demon, a great idea struck him. If he could but eliminate the sign, the great gilt "B. F. Walker," he would be safe. Druitt would never suspect his proximity, would never in the world hear of him; he could live on in unobserved anonymity and breathe freely. The idea seemed to him such a perfect answer to his troubles that it was not until he reached the store that it oc-

curred to him how difficult it would be to think of a pretext for taking down the sign. It needed no repairs, having been freshly gilded not long before, and only the other day he had paid a man to climb up and straighten it when it hung askew. Every one knew his pride in it—he had often told his clerks of the lifting of heart with which he had first seen his own name over the door of the shop where he had begun as a poor errand-boy. The day passed without his being able to think of any excuse for removing it. He slept badly that night.

As he approached the store the next morning, the sun shone on the gilt letters till they sparkled. It seemed to the proprietor that one could see nothing else on the street. He looked up at it and hated it, and resolved that, excuse or no excuse, he would have it down before night. It was his. He could do what he wanted with it. But when the moment came to face the astonished eyes and silent, surprised conjectures of his clerks, he could not do it, and, raging within, put off his enterprise until the next day. The Druitts were not to make their first visit to the new estate for some weeks. Perhaps something would happen before then. Perhaps a wind would blow the confounded sign down.

That evening after the clerks had all gone home, he stood alone in the store, making his usual nightly count of the money in the cash-register. The process had none of its old savor. He looked at the open drawer, full to the brim with bills and coins, and reflected bitterly that it would look like chicken-feed to the man whose weekly income was more than his store took in during the year. But when a man's figure stepped across the threshold, his lifelong habit of care for the money in the store sent him quickly and a little belligerently to meet the new-comer. Then, seeing that the man was very shabby, and walked feebly, he called out to him, peremptorily, "Too late! Business is over."

"I don't want to buy anything," said the man in a toneless voice. He continued to shamle forward, in spite of the other's repellent attitude, and finally the grocer stepped toward him to put him out by force.

"Don't you know me, Benjy?" said the man, halting. The light fell on a thin face, covered with a short stubble of gray beard. In spite of the wavering, disheartened eyes, the lines of premature age, and the stooped shoulders, he was so unmistakably the same person whom Walker had last seen as a visionary lad of seventeen that before he knew it the familiar name was on his lips. For an instant the envenomed last weeks did not exist, nor even the long lapse of years since they were both boys.

"Why, Marsh Druitt! What you doing here?" cried the grocer. Then it all came back. "No," he corrected himself. "Of course that's wrong, but—you looked so like an old schoolmate of mine—"

"Oh, I'm Marsh Druitt all right," said the other, with an uneasy, propitiating smile. He took off his shabby derby-hat and touched his fingers to a long scar running back from his forehead into his thin, uncombed gray hair. "There's the place where I hit when I fell out of the window that time when we tried to print those labels. You boys thought I was dead." He added, with no change of tone in the same slightly acrid voice, "and a good job for me if I had been."

"But you *can't* be Marshall Druitt!" cried the other. "There's—why he's the one who owns the newspapers, and—"

"Oh yes—him," said the other, unsurprised. "That ain't his real name. He's a Polish Jew. They all take on American names as soon as they get to this country. I wondered once how he got mine, and I wrote him about it. He'd

happened to see it in a list of folks hurt in a railway accident. He said he liked the sound of it. His real name is Solomon Blumensky."

The grocer was for a moment almost unmanned by the extremity of his reaction. He was penetrated by the same



THE LEAN, HUNGRY FAILURE, WINCING AT EVERY EVIDENCE OF ANOTHER'S SUCCESS

aching relief which comes after the lancet has discharged the hot, poisonous matter from a throbbing ulcer. He leaned against the counter and swallowed.

The other man dismissed the matter and went on with a tremulous boldness: "Say—Benjy—I wonder if you'd do something for an old friend. I'm—I'm—I just *got* to have some money. My wife's sick, and my boy's got into trouble, and I lost my job, and I ain't got a soul to help me out. I ain't very well, either. The doctors say I'm a 'T. B.'"

He stopped, his thin, dirty fingers clutching hard at the broken rim of his

hat, and looked abjectly, with a shameful timidity, at the well-fed, prosperous man before him.

"But how'd you know where I—how'd you happen to— Why, I didn't know you lived here!" The grocer was lost in stupefied conjecture.

"I didn't want you should," returned the other, with the acrid bitterness which constantly tinged his weak voice.

"I was ashamed for you to. We started together, and you won out and I'm a failure. I been here for three years now. We live over beyond the railroad tracks where the Ginnies are. I been setting type on their Ginny newspaper. I'd be ashamed for you to see the two rooms we live in. My wife ain't had her health for years, and she can't keep things up. I lost my job three weeks ago. They give it to a cousin of the man that runs the paper—and I was the one that learned him to set type, too! I was behind with my bills then. My wife's been sick a lot—and my boy gambles a good deal, and he had bad luck. I been tryin' ever since to get up my nerve to ask you for some money. It's begging.

'Twon't be a loan. I won't live to pay it back. I've walked up and down in front of your house more'n a hundred times—but I couldn't go in—everything looked so nice—"

His voice broke. He turned away and stood with his back to the owner of the store, his head hanging.

The mind of the other man was working with involuntary quickness and vividness. The reaction from the feverish tension of the last weeks was like a fever itself. His imagination, usually rather sluggish, now bounded forward, carrying him away like a runaway horse.

He saw the whole situation with a completeness and a rapidity which was not his usual mental habit. It was as though a cog had slipped, so furious was the haste of the ideas thronging into his head. Yes, he saw it all—the lean, hungry failure, slinking before the well-kept house, and wincing at every evidence of another's success. Mr. Walker drew a long breath—it seemed the first really long breath he had taken for some time. Yes, it must have looked pretty good to him—the man who lived in two rooms, over in Ginny-town across the tracks.

Maybe Eliza was out tending to the flower-beds—Eliza with one of her nice, fresh gingham dresses and her hair fixed nice. Rather different, that, from a sickly slattern

who couldn't keep two rooms in order. And perhaps Junior had come down the new concrete walk in his well-pressed ready-mades, his violin in his hand, on his way to a lesson. Not much



HE SAW A VISION OF WHAT MANNER OF SOUL HIS WAS



“JUST PUT BOTH HANDS IN AND TAKE OUT WHAT YOU WANT!”

knowledge of gambling-hells about that boy! Yes, it was easy for Mr. B. F. Walker to imagine the effect of that picture on the spectator in broken shoes and shabby clothes, hiding under the shadow of the trees across the street. A little warm feeling began to glow in Mr. Walker's heart.

And then the store—the store must have looked pretty good to him, too, with the new plate-glass show-case, and the fountain in the middle, playing on the expensive salad-stuffs, and the well-dressed customers coming and going. The proprietor looked about him with alert eyes. Yes, indeed, old Marsh must have been taken aback the first time he looked at the store and read the big gilt sign above it and knew it was his old schoolmate who—

At the thought of the sign, recollection of the last weeks came back to him like a blow. He stiffened as though a knife had been run through him. It felt exactly like a knife—a sudden, fierce, violent stab. He did not know that he had given a low cry of dismay nor that the other man had turned, startled. He was staring at the blank wall, an expression of acute nausea on his face, the

corners of his mouth drawn down, his lower lip dropped. He did not see the wall. He saw a vision of what manner of soul his was, and a great regenerating moral sickness shook him from head to foot. It was like fire in his vitals, searing out of him his lifelong opinion of himself. He felt that for the rest of his life he would be ashamed to meet his wife's eyes or look up at the gilt sign.

The loss of his self-respect was like a momentary death to him, and he struck out convulsively to retain it, with as irrepressible an instinct to live as that of a suffocating man who fights for air.

He rushed at the other man, and, clutching his ragged coat-sleeve, dragged him back to the cash-register. The drawer still stood open, with its cunningly hollowed holes and pockets full to the brim with coins and bills. He pushed the other man toward it. “Here—take what you want!” he cried, roughly. “Just put both hands in and take out what you want!”

As the other drew back, frightened by his wild, pale face, “Take it! *Take it!*” shouted the grocer, the sweat running down his face.

John Hay as Secretary of State

From His UNPUBLISHED LETTERS

Compiled and Edited by William Roscoe Thayer



WHEN John Hay went to his desk as Secretary of State, on October 1, 1898, he found many important matters pressing for an issue. With most of these his year and a half in London had made him acquainted. He had the further advantage of knowing the leaders of public life in Washington and in England, and he was generally regarded as a man of not only singular personal attraction, but also of keen intelligence and of unblemished uprightness. If he had little taste for the routine work of office, still he performed it conscientiously. His health, never robust, became more and more precarious under the strain put upon it by questions of vast moment, by opposition which he thought factious, and by a tragic sorrow. More than once he was on the verge of breaking down; but he held, duty-true, to his task, until he had spent his last ounce of strength in the service. Then he died.

The public, little aware of his trials, and observing chiefly the carrying out of brilliant policies, enjoyed a comfortable sense of security that while he was Secretary of State the national honor and safety were assured.

One of the first annoyances which beset Secretary Hay was the rapacity of office-seekers. When they did not attack him themselves, they worked through their Senators. To say "no" to the local statesman of Pumpkin Four Corners, who aspired to be consul-general in London, was easy; but to deny his Senator might alienate one whose hostile vote would kill an important treaty. In vain did Hay protest that his predecessor, Judge Day, had swept the shelf clean; in vain did he declare that there were fifty applicants for every vacancy; the swarm gave him no respite.

And if Senators slackened, Congressmen redoubled their importunities.

At first the Secretary saw the ludicrousness of this system and discharged its drudgery with a smile; but later, when his health made even pin-pricks unendurable, he turned the business over to Assistant-Secretary Loomis.

The following notes to a distinguished Senator show Hay in his playful mood:

March 31, 1900.—The only vacant consulate in the service is Iquique. Do I understand that the great Commonwealth you so nobly represent wishes to fill it? It brings in to the pampered occupant something like \$800 a year.

April 2, 1900.—A candidate for Iquique has turned up. . . . Unless you have a man with a better claim on that \$800 salary, I think this low-priced Phoenix may take the cake.

April 5, 1900.—I have your letter of yesterday. Of course, if you want Iquique for Mr. C. you shall have it, but are you sure he would want to go? The place is not in Mexico, as you seem to think, but in Chile, and I imagine would best be described by Goldsmith's line:

"Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow."

The Secretary was pestered by requests for favors other than offices. Thus a Congressman of fashionable pretensions writes that his relatives, who are at Dresden, desire to be presented to the King and Queen of Saxony. Whereupon the American Secretary of State is obliged, besides sending a polite reply to the fashionable Congressman, to communicate with the American ambassador in Berlin to instruct the American consul in Dresden to request the royal chamberlain there to include the names of the ladies of the fashionable Congressman in his list of invitations to the next Court reception. And so the house-that-Jack-built circuit was completed.

Not less interesting is the demand of

Senator Hanna, established at Aix-les-Bains for the benefit of his health, that Secretary Hay shall authorize the American consul at Nuremberg—who appears to have been appointed to that office because he was the Senator's private physician—to take leave of absence, hasten to Aix-les-Bains, and watch the effect of the waters on Mr. Hanna's impaired system. We are not informed whether the Senator or the United States Treasury paid the traveling expenses of the doctor; we suspect, however, that it paid for the cablegram to Nuremberg, and presumably it continued the doctor's salary while he was absent on private business. Such practices would cause no remark in a monarchy; in a republic they are among the ironies of patriotism.

On entering the State Department Secretary Hay was confronted by many grave international questions. The Peace Commissioners had received their general instructions when he took office, but during the negotiations he was in constant communication with them. How far the later modifications sprang from President McKinley, and how far from him or other advisers, I cannot say; but there is no doubt that Hay approved of the terms of settlement with Spain, including the retention, by the United States, of the Philippine Islands. The policy of embarking on colonial possessions aroused a storm of opposition, which came to be called Anti-Imperialism. Many of its leaders—Carl Schurz, Charles Eliot Norton, Edward Atkinson, Charles Francis Adams, Senator G. F. Hoar—had been among the earliest Republicans at a time when that party worked to abolish slavery. To their protests that the country ought not to go into the business of ruling Filipinos against their will, Hay and the McKinley administration replied that, whether the United States liked it or not, the Philippine Islands were an obligation which they could not evade.

On both sides, the debate was very bitter—how bitter can be inferred from this letter of Hay's to Whitelaw Reid, dated November 29, 1898:

In all the vicissitudes of the last few weeks I have been delighted to find you always on the side of square and resolute dealing, and

now that I hope the end is in sight I feel that the country is under great obligations to you and those of your colleagues who felt as you have on the subject. There is a wild and frantic attack now going on in the press against the whole Philippine transaction. Andrew Carnegie really seems to be off his head. He writes me frantic letters, signing them "Your Bitterest Opponent." He threatens the President, not only with the vengeance of the voters, but with practical punishment at the hands of the mob. He says henceforth the entire labor vote of America will be cast against us, and that he will see that it is done. He says the Administration will fall in irretrievable ruin the moment it shoots down one insurgent Filipino. He does not seem to reflect that the Government is in a somewhat robust condition even after shooting down several American citizens in his interest at Homestead. But all this confusion of tongues will go its way. The country will applaud the resolution that has been reached, and you will return in the rôle of conquering heroes with your "brows bound with oak."

If Secretary Hay were living to-day, he might well be on the side of Mr. Carnegie and the Anti-Imperialists.

Among the larger diplomatic labors which Hay inherited from his predecessor was the effort to adjust with Canada various claims and grievances which had been a recurrent source of irritation between the two countries. Twelve subjects were specified in the protocol; and a Joint High Commission was appointed, which, having met at Quebec, removed to Washington and held its sessions there during the last months of 1898.

Several of the differences could be easily settled; one, however, the determination of the Alaska Boundary, proved a stumbling-block. The recent discovery of gold in the Klondike and the rush thither of troops of adventurers, made it imperative that the frontier lines should be marked. Since 1867, when the United States bought Alaska from Russia, certain inlets, harbors, and channels had been undisputedly American; now, the Canadians laid claim to them. The Americans believed that the Canadians, knowing that they had no case, insisted on including the Alaskan contention in the general negotiations in the hope that it might slip through with the rest.

On December 3, 1898, Hay wrote confidentially to Mr. Henry White, First Secretary of the American Embassy in London:

I hear from no less than three members of our Canadian Commission that by far the worst member of the Commission to deal with is Lord Herschel who is more cantankerous than any of the Canadians, raises more petty points, and is harder than any of the Canadians to get along with. In fact, he is the principal obstacle to a favorable arrangement. If you could in any discreet way, in conversation with Balfour or Villiers, or even Lord Salisbury, should occasion offer, intimate this state of things, so that they might speak a word which would moderate his excessive lawyer-like zeal to make a case, it would be a good thing.

On January 3, 1899, the Secretary complains again to Mr. White:

Lord Herschel, with great dexterity and ability, represents his own side as granting everything and getting nothing, and yet I think the letter of Fairbanks shows with perfect clearness and candor that we are making great concessions and getting no credit for them. . . .

In the case of Alaska, it is hard to treat with patience the claim set up by Lord Herschel that virtually the whole coast belongs to England, leaving us only a few jutting promontories without communication with each other. Without going into the historical or legal argument, as a mere matter of common sense it is impossible that any nation should ever have conceded, or any other nation have accepted, the cession of such a ridiculous and preposterous boundary-line. We are absolutely driven to the conclusion that Lord Herschel put forward a claim that he had no belief or confidence in, for the mere purpose of trading it off for something substantial. And yet, the slightest suggestion that his claim is unfounded throws him into a fury.

Nevertheless, the Lord Chancellor stuck uncompromisingly to his demands, and the commission adjourned on February 20, 1899. Only in the following October was a *modus vivendi* agreed to; but not until January, 1903, were negotiations reopened which led to the final settlement of this fretting dispute. In the mean time Lord Herschel had died, the Boxer uprising and the Boer War had supervened, President McKinley had been assassinated, and Theodore Roosevelt was in the White House. In

President Roosevelt Secretary Hay had a vigorous chief.

The convention which Hay then signed with Sir Michael Herbert, the British Ambassador, called for a limited commission, to consist of three Americans and three Britishers.¹ It being taken for granted that the Americans and Canadians would each uphold the contention of their respective governments, the decision depended upon Lord Alverstone, whose selection was far from fortuitous. For President Roosevelt, who thought Hay's attitude indecisive, if not actually timid, privately caused it to be understood by Mr. Balfour, Mr. Chamberlain, and other members of the British Cabinet, that if this effort at settlement failed he would get the consent of Congress to enable him to run the boundary "on his own hook."

He said emphatically that he would no more consent to arbitrate, in the ordinary sense of the word, than the English would consent to arbitrate the possession of the Orkneys or the Hebrides.

The claim of the Canadians for access to deep water along any part of the Canadian coast is [he wrote] just exactly as indefensible as if they should now suddenly claim the island of Nantucket. . . .

I wish to make one last effort to bring about an agreement through the Commission [he said in closing] which will enable the people of both countries to say that the result represents the feeling of the representatives of both countries. But if there is a disagreement, I wish it distinctly understood, not only that there will be no arbitration of the matter, but that in my message to Congress I shall take a position which will prevent any possibility of arbitration hereafter: a position . . . which will render it necessary for Congress to give me the authority to run the line as we claim it, by our own people, without any further regard to the attitude of England and Canada. If I paid attention to mere abstract right, that is the position I ought to take, anyhow.

What passed through the minds of the British Ministers when they heard, confidentially, the President's decision is not reported. Possibly they realized

¹The Americans appointed by the President were Senator Lodge; Elihu Root, Secretary of War; and ex-Senator George Turner, of Washington. The English members were Lord Alverstone, Chief Justice of England; and the Canadians, Sir L. A. Jetté and A. B. Aylesworth.

that the claims which the Canadians had pushed for the past five years were only a bluff; assuredly, they knew that Mr. Roosevelt meant what he said, and that he had already sent troops to Alaska; at all events, they appointed as England's representative Lord Alverstone, whose opinion that the American contention was just is said to have been no secret to them.

Whatever demur Secretary Hay may have made in his consultations with the President, he defended the American policy staunchly as soon as Mr. Roosevelt had adopted it.

To Mr. Frederick W. Seward, who complained in the *New York Tribune* that the government was too conciliatory, he wrote (January 30, 1903):

It seems to me there can be only one objection to [the treaty], and that is the possibility that the decision of the tribunal may not be final; the Commissioners may be evenly divided. In that case we are no worse off than we are now, and the gain we have made is to separate this question from the other questions of which it prevented any solution. But I cannot help thinking . . . that the English are convinced they have no case, and have, therefore, consented to this apparently fair and dignified way of getting out of an untenable position. It is inconceivable that any American should decide against us, while if we succeed in convincing one of their men—and we ought to do it with the case we have—the troublesome question is settled for ever, and the two countries can go ahead, delimit the frontier and put up monuments for all time.

Gen. John W. Foster, ex-Secretary of State, well versed in the Alaskan controversy, prepared the American case which the Administration hoped Mr. Choate, American Ambassador in London, would present before the tribunal.

Your note of the 22nd of January, 1900 [Mr. Hay wrote to him], has never been answered, and we regard it as absolutely unanswerable.

Still Mr. Choate declined the appointment, and Messrs. Watson and Dickinson served in his stead. In expressing his regrets to Mr. White, Hay said:

A mere legal argument is not what is required in this unprecedented case. A sharp, aggressive lawyer will run great risk of getting Lord Alverstone's back up. Mr. Choate would have made an argument faultless in

tone, temper, skill, and knowledge of human nature.

In due season, on October 20, 1903, the tribunal gave a decision in favor of the chief American claims. Lord Alverstone voted with the three Americans. The two Canadian members dissented. After long waiting Secretary Hay saw one of his cherished measures adopted.

An even weightier question which pressed for settlement was that of a canal across the Isthmus of Panama. A French company under De Lesseps had collapsed in 1888 after it had accomplished more than a third of the excavations. Thenceforward, the feeling strengthened year by year in the United States that any isthmian canal should be built and controlled by the American government. But the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, ratified in 1850 between the United States and Great Britain, stood in the way—since it pledged each party never to "obtain or maintain for itself any exclusive control over the said ship-canal," or "assume or exercise any dominion . . . over any part of Central America."

As soon as Hay was well established in his department, he resolved to remove this obstacle, and, being on the friendliest terms, official and personal, with Sir Julian Pauncefote, the British Ambassador, he broached the subject to him. Sir Julian was responsive, but they encountered a check in London, where the deadlock over the Canadian negotiations was taken somewhat severely.

I think it deplorable [Hay wrote Mr. Henry White on February 14, 1899] that the British Government insists on making the arrangement in the Clayton-Bulwer matter depend on the successful issue of the Canadian negotiations. The two questions have nothing to do with each other. Every intelligent Englishman is ready to admit that the Canal ought to be built, that the United States alone will build it, that it cannot be built except as a government enterprise, that nobody else wants to build it, that when built it will be to the advantage of the entire civilized world, and, this being the case, it is hard to see why the settlement of the matter ought to depend on the lumber duty or the Alaska boundary. It looks as if the matter will fail in this Congress. The maritime concession will lapse in October, and we shall be

confronted with new difficulties in our relations with Costa Rica and Nicaragua.

Sir Julian's conduct in the matter has been everything that we could desire. While, of course, always mindful of the interests of his country, he has shown a breadth of view and a spirit of conciliation which would have made the negotiations very easy and very agreeable if his opinions had been shared by the home government. I only wish he had been at the head of the Canadian Commission.

After nearly a year's delay, during which impatient exploiters caused bills for the immediate construction of the canal to be introduced into Congress, Hay and Pauncefoot, with Lord Salisbury's consent, took the matter up, quickly agreed upon terms, signed their treaty, and on February 5, 1900, it went to the Senate.

To Mr. Choate in London, Hay wrote on February 6th:

We signed our treaty and got it into the Senate yesterday. And to-day there is the usual hubbub of comment, of praise and dispraise. Senator Hoar, you will regret to hear, thinks that we have been unmindful of the honor of our country and the glory of the flag, and various other gentlemen think that we are derelict in our duty in having got a whole loaf and not having demanded two.

Hay's forebodings of danger were soon verified: eager Senators began at once to find flaws in the treaty and to offer amendments. The Secretary wrote to Senator Lodge on February 7, 1900:

I hope you may see your way to opposing any change in the treaty in Committee [on Foreign Relations]. I would far rather see it defeated by a minority than so changed as virtually to defeat it by a majority.

On the same day he sent a note, brief but febrile, to Whitelaw Reid:

I must venture to thank you most heartily for the splendid support the *Tribune* has given the Canal Treaty. It is in some danger in the Senate, and what you say will naturally have a great effect.

It is disheartening to think that what the country has wanted and striven for during forty years, and at last has attained without an atom of compensation, should be thrown away through mere spite. It is as if you should offer Yale College a million dollars and the trustees should refuse the gift on the ground that they wanted a million and a half.

An unidentified correspondent sent him a letter of criticism which called out this appealing reply on February 12:

Et tu! Cannot you leave a few things to the President and to the Senate, who are charged with them by the Constitution?

As to Sea Power and the Monroe Doctrine, we did not act without consulting the best living authorities on those subjects.

Do you really think the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty preferable to the one now before the Senate? There is no third issue, except dishonor. Elkins and P—— say "Dishonor be damned." I hardly think you will.

Please do not answer this — but think about it awhile.

During the next month Hay watched, with alternate resentment, sarcasm, and regret, the Senate at work mutilating, as he thought, the treaty by amendments. At last, when the amended measure passed, he sent his resignation to the President.

The Secretary's desire to resign was not prompted by personal pique, but by chagrin at seeing a project of incalculable benefit rejected by a body not merely incompetent, but so immovably hostile that he feared it would be useless for him to struggle against it further. His lack of robust health made him oversensitive and probably increased his constitutional tendency to periodic fits of depression. Nevertheless, upon the President's immediate return of his resignation, coupled with words of warm appreciation and confidence in him, he went ahead manfully.

That winter and spring crowded new business upon him. The situation in China, which had grown more and more angry since the Germans pounced upon Kiaochow in 1897, now threatened an outburst. The Boer War in South Africa indirectly affected American politics by giving Irish- and German-Americans an excuse for heckling England at a time when the McKinley administration was trying to arrange with the English government a friendly settlement of long-standing disputes. The insurrection of the Filipinos, the status of Cuba, the excitement of the Central American republics at the prospect of an isthmian canal, secret negotiations for the purchase of the Danish West Indies, and the campaign for the nomination of

Presidential candidates were among the business on the Secretary's calendar. I cannot do more here than quote a few passages from his letters showing his position on some of these matters.

This extract, of June 15, 1900, refers to the Boers:

What do you think now of our poor dear British? [Hay asks Mr. White]. Was there ever seen anything like it since Xenophon? The slim Boers flanked out of Bloemfontein, Croonstadt, the Vaal, Johannesburg, and Pretoria, not to mention Laing's Nek and other places, and not losing a man or a mule, a gun or a cart. It looks now as if Oom Paul will get to Lydenburg with his whole army intact—bar Cronje—having put *hors de combat* a force fully equal to his own, with every ounce of his material saved.

I have the greatest admiration for the Boers' smartness, but it is their bravery that our idiotic public is snivelling over. If they were only as brave as they are slim, the war would have ended long ago by their extermination. We do occasionally kill a Filipino, but what man has ever yet seen a dead Boer? Your friend Bryan . . . says the Boer War is an issue in our campaign—I suppose because the British are 16 to 1.

The serious thing is the discovery—now past doubt—that the British have lost all skill in fighting; and the whole world knows it, and is regulating itself accordingly. It is a portentous fact, altogether deplorable in my opinion; for their influence on the whole made for peace and civilization. If Russia and Germany arrange things, the balance is lost for ages.

The abuse which the Administration, and particularly the Secretary of State, suffered for its friendliness toward England caused Hay anxiety. With a hostile Senate on one side and an irresponsible but perniciously active horde of demagogues on the other, he feared that his projects would be hopelessly shattered. While he betrayed neither resentment nor trepidation to the enemy, he spoke out almost with ferocity to his few confidants. Witness the following letter to Gen. John W. Foster:

June 23, 1900.— . . . On one side is a great danger, on the other a great opportunity. I think I see both the danger and the opportunity. It is enough to turn the hair gray not to be allowed to avoid the one and embrace the other. But what can be done in the present diseased state of the public mind? There is such a mad-dog hatred of England prevalent among newspapers and politicians,

that anything we should now do in China to take care of our imperiled interests, would be set down to "subservience to Great Britain." France is Russia's harlot—to her own grievous damage. Germany we could probably get on our side by sufficient concessions, and perhaps with England, Germany, and Japan we might manage to save our skins. But such a proceeding would make all our fools throw fits in the market-place—and the fools are numerous.

We had great trouble to prevent the Convention from declaring in favor of the Boers and of the annexation of Canada. Every morning I receive letters cursing me for doing nothing, and others cursing me for being "the tool of England against our good friend Russia." All I have ever done with England is to have wrung great concessions out of her with no compensation, and yet these idiots say I am not an American because I don't say "To hell with the Queen" at every breath.

Cassini has gone to Europe; Cambon was to have sailed last week, but has stayed over for a few days; Holleben is absolutely without initiative, and in mortal terror of his Kaiser. Pauncefoot has apparently no power to act, nor even to talk. And even if he had, every Senator I see says, "For God's sake don't let it appear we have any understanding with England." How can I make bricks without straw? That we should be compelled to refuse the assistance of the greatest power in the world, *in carrying out our own policy*, because all Irishmen are Democrats and some Germans are fools, is enough to drive a man mad. Yet we shall do what we can.

In the middle of the summer there suddenly flared up in China a tragedy which fastened the world's attention. The Boxers, a Chinese association whose aim it was to rid China of foreigners, started, with the obvious collusion of high officials, a campaign of extermination. On June 14th they assailed the foreign Legations at Peking, which during the next eight weeks defended themselves with unflagging endurance and valor in the British compound. They numbered in all only about five hundred persons, including the women and children.

About June 20th the outside world ceased to have news of them. Week after week an appalling silence brooded over the Legations. On June 15th Secretary Hay, little suspecting that the crisis had already come, telegraphed to General Conger, the American minister:

Do you need more force? Communicate with the Admiral and report.

No answer. In vain did Mr. Hay try to get tidings through Mr. Wu, the Chinese Minister in Washington. Foreign governments were equally unsuccessful. Then Mr. Hay appealed to Li Hung Chang, the Chinese Viceroy of greatest influence, to send the following message through the Boxer lines to Conger in the Legations:

July 11.—Communicate tidings bearer.

Days passed, but brought no reply. The world began to believe the rumors which had been circulating for weeks, that the Boxers had captured the Legations and slaughtered all the foreigners.

At last on July 20th, Secretary Hay received a despatch dated July 16th:

For one month we have been besieged in British Legation under continued shot and shell from Chinese troops. Quick relief only can prevent general massacre.—CONGER.

Although this despatch came in the State Department's cipher, many persons doubted its genuineness, for they argued that if the Boxers had taken the Legation they might have discovered the cipher-book also. Accordingly, Secretary Hay hit upon a clever device, and telegraphed on July 21st:

Despatch received. Authenticity doubted. *Answer this giving your sister's name.* Report attitude and position of Chinese Government.

In due course a reply came, with the name of Mr. Conger's sister, which it was hardly probable that the wildest Boxer could know.

Convinced that the besieged were still alive, Mr. Hay now urged Li Hung Chang that the Ministers be allowed to communicate freely with their governments. Li answered that he and the other Viceroys had petitioned the Imperial government either to do this or to deliver the Ministers, under safe escort, at Tien-Tsin.

Hay wrote the President on July 29th:

I told him that we could not consent to any such arrangement as the latter alternative; that if the Chinese Government was able to send them safely to Tien-Tsin, it was able to put us into free communication with them; that if the Chi-

nese Government undertook without previous arrangement to deliver them and failed by any accident, nothing would convince the foreign governments that the Chinese had acted in good faith.

He [Wu] finally consented to telegraph Li again to-day. . . . He is greatly perturbed in spirit, but seems to be acting squarely with us. He admits there are many things he cannot explain. He does not attempt to account for the silence of the Legations, but believes the Ministers, except Ketteler, are alive.

On August 14th Conger cabled Hay:

Do not put trust in Li Hung Chang. He is an unscrupulous tool of the cruel Dowager. There can be no adequate negotiation with Peking until the high authors of this great crime have surrendered. Imperial troops firing on us daily. Our losses 60 killed, 120 wounded. We have reached half-rations horse-flesh. Have food only for a fortnight. 6 children have died. Many others sick.

That same day the relief expedition entered Peking and saved the Legationiers.

A week earlier Secretary Hay, on the brink of an alarming collapse caused by the intense strain and by the volume and difficulty of his work for nearly a year, was forced to take refuge in his summer home at Newbury, N. H. From his sick-bed he directed the chief business of the State Department for several weeks.

I should soon get back to my usual form [he wrote Senator Fairbanks] if I could keep my thoughts away from the thousand worries of this crazy old world of ours.

When he began to convalesce, he confessed to his oldest friend, Nicolay:

I did not imagine when I left Washington how bad it was. If I had stayed another day, I should not have got away at all. I have had two or three slight complications—the last and most agreeable is a lumbago, which makes my walk slantendicular, so I don't walk much. . . . The thing that has aged me and broken me up has been the attitude of the minority of the Senate which brings to naught all the work a State Department can do. . . . But what is the use of all this buzzing? You and I cannot make a new Constitution.

Hay might have consoled himself with the thought that probably to him, more than to any one else, was due the saving of the Legations.

On Schedule

BY LOUISE KENNEDY MABIE



DOWN-TOWN Mr. Broderick loomed large. The rubber-neck wagons starred his office. The head waiter at the Criterion roped off his particular corner of the Pompeian Room and entered the inclosure on tiptoe. Mr. Broderick had become quite reconciled to viewing himself in the newspapers as "our rocklike Captain of Industry" when he was not swarming the heights as "Hillsdale's Napoleon of Finance." Down-town, Mr. Broderick smoked in his office, had his shabby old friends to luncheon, cooked up new schemes or digested those already contrived; ate, drank, lived, and breathed as his simple fancy urged—a free man, from ten to five. From five to the following ten, Mr. Broderick did time.

At five—which was not by any chance to be interpreted as six minutes before or three minutes after five—a car arrived for Mr. Broderick. Upon cold days the car would be the blue limousine and would contain Mrs. Broderick, large and Titian, done up firmly in mole-skins or edged frivolously with ermine. Upon warm days the car would be huge, open, and green, and would contain Mrs. Broderick, large and Titian, taking so many regulated deep breaths to the minute, in black and white checks or putty color relieved by midnight blue near the face.

Easy? Not in the least. This five-o'clock permanent engagement of Mrs. Broderick's dislocated more plans and ruffled more tempers—sometimes even including those of Mr. and Mrs. Broderick themselves—than any other item upon her carefully blocked schedule. At a "bridge," for instance, Mrs. Broderick would become noticeably anxious at four-thirty, abstracted at four-forty, and absent in the middle of a hand at four-forty-five. At the bazaar for the benefit

of Innocent Offenders, Mrs. Broderick deserted her table at that vital moment when rich old Mrs. Symmes was balancing between the silver tea-service donated by the manufacturer and the oil-painting of the "Red-faced Child Eating Blueberries." As a result, rich old Mrs. Symmes escaped to the doll-booth unscathed as to her bank-account, and Mrs. Broderick's chief assistant burst into tears.

Once Mr. Broderick remonstrated.

"Confound it, Daisy, you know it's—it's ludicrous," struggled Mr. Broderick. "It makes me feel like a bald-headed baby in a go-cart!"

Mrs. Broderick turned a cold eye gently upon him. "George, how can you?" she sighed. "The most precious experience of the day—our one little time alone together, to which I cling, for which I sacrifice—everything."

"Every one," muttered her husband.

"As for the baldness," continued Mrs. Broderick, smoothly, "I have a new tonic for you. Creamy. To be rubbed in before meals." Mrs. Broderick, consulting her gold-mounted schedule-book, leaned to the speaking-tube. "The O. and G. station, Oscar. Drive down State Street. Slow up before Grierson's window, but do not stop."

"Huh!" muttered Mr. Broderick, inwardly. "Why Grierson's window?" he added, aloud.

"A hat," returned Mrs. Broderick.

"Why the O. and G. station?"

"A secretary," returned Mrs. Broderick, checking off items with a gold-mounted pencil. "I find that there are loose ends," she explained. "Last week the time for my corn-meal bath collided singularly with Mrs. James's talk upon 'Ruins.' It made my very flesh creep. And two days ago my little time of 'reflection for the future of my husband and children' was crowded out altogether. She's coming on a month's trial."

"Who? Fat Mrs. James?" asked Mr. Broderick, bleakly.

"George, above all do not be blatant. The *secretary* is coming. From Chicago. Highly recommended. I find," elucidated Mrs. Broderick, patiently, "that I can manage my own schedule perfectly if I do not attempt Ivy's. Or Ivy's if I do not attempt Rupert's. Or both the dear children's if I do not attempt yours. But four schedules which dovetail with precision are beyond any one who is not trained to mathematics. We women who lead the modern complicated social existence," continued Mrs. Broderick, who innocently fancied her own smooth voice and clipped syllables, "systematize our time—so much work, so much play, so much charity, so much art, so much food, so much exercise. It is quite simple." And she waved one large, white-gloved hand.

"Good Lord, Daisy!" said Mr. Broderick, "do I understand that you have a schedule for me? And one for Ivy? And one for Rupert?"

"Certainly," said Mrs. Broderick. "But there is no occasion for profanity."

"For every day?" breathed her husband.

"Naturally."

"Daisy," in a hushed voice, "what would happen if you felt drawn to stand upon your head when the schedule said 'Recline'?"

"George! Can you never realize that your rôle is not humor?"

"What would happen if you wanted to buy that purple hat in Grierson's window at the moment scheduled for reading Ibsen?"

"I do not read Ibsen," said Mrs. Broderick. "Ibsen is out of date. But to an ultra-modern woman like myself the system is greater than any of its parts. The system is paramount. I should wait for the hat until my schedule read 'Shop.'"

"And then the hat might be gone," catching a gleam of comfort. "But about Ivy, now, and—and me— Does my schedule allow me any time for—er—smoking?"

"One cigar after dinner," said Mrs. Broderick, promptly.

"But suppose I wanted a second cigar?"

"You wouldn't get it," said Mrs. Broderick.

It was a particularly thick silence which followed, a silence as dun-colored and all-enveloping as the war knitting which was folded into the rack at Mrs. Broderick's elbow. But unlike the war knitting, the silence, while thick, was by no means warm. Mr. Broderick ruminated. Mrs. Broderick regretted. It was not often that this lady made the feminine mistake of showing her hand. That she had just done so and knew it, and knew that George knew she had done so, and that George knew that she knew it, naturally irritated her with George.

A very steep hill leads down to the O. and G. station.

"She is twenty-nine," said Mrs. Broderick as the car stopped at its foot. "I have had a definite description. Dark, thin, pale, wears eye-glasses at her work, and walks with a slight limp. Her name is Floyd. You will have no difficulty."

"I?" said Mr. Broderick, jerked thus from his depths.

"George, I never allow Oscar to leave the car when I am in it, and surely you couldn't expect me to go tramping about the station. The looks of the thing, to say nothing of chivalry, dear boy." She smiled playfully. "I am planning a footman, but one has to work up to things gradually in Hillsdale."

Mr. Broderick got out of the car.

"Which train?" he asked.

"I *said* she was coming from Chicago," returned his wife, elaborately patient as she took up her war knitting.

"Confound it, Daisy," burst forth Mr. Broderick, "if I stop every strange female who is thin and dark I'll be run in for disturbing the peace! How in thunder am I to *know* her?"

"George, did I mention a slight limp or did I not?" said Mrs. Broderick. "And the train is just due, dear."

Meeting the streamlike procession as it poured from the train, Mr. Broderick looked for a slight limp in a large crowd. At first vigilant, then confused, then desperate, he stopped in succession three passing ladies who were thin and dark and who looked as if they might wear eye-glasses at their work. The first lady said, "Sir!" very sharply indeed, and



"I THINK YOU MUST WANT ME," SAID THE VOICE AT HIS ELBOW

withered him with a look. The second clutched her pocket-book to her breast. The third smothered a scream, for Mr. Broderick, a shy man stampeded by the situation, had asked her if she limped.

"Do I what?" she stuttered. "Do I— Where is an officer?"

Mr. Broderick, wiping his forehead with a large handkerchief and bracing himself for the moment of return to Daisy empty-handed, heard a voice at his elbow.

"I think you must want me," said the voice. "I am Miss Floyd. Mrs. Broderick wrote that her husband would meet me."

Looking down toward the voice, the perturbed gentleman discovered a pleasing youngish person with a twinkle in her eye, and, moved by the immense relief and the absurdity and the twinkle, answered all three.

"She is planning a footman," said Mr. Broderick, foolishly.

The twinkle, released from restraint, danced joyously into a smile.

"Perhaps I can help her," suggested the youngish person. "I have had a course in Gothic."

Mr. Broderick, after a moment of pause, grinned and held out a cordial hand. The youngish person shook it. Then Mr. Broderick picked up her bag. With an occasional eye upon the prim little hat which bobbed along beside him, he took wary stock of the youngish person. He noticed the thinness, the shabbiness, and, now that the smile had completely died away, the paleness. Mr. Broderick had the kindest heart in the world. He noticed the limp and suddenly he thought of Ivy. He caught a vision of all the things which Ivy, through him, would escape. He was



“THERE’S ALWAYS SOME WAY OUT, YOU KNOW”

thankful for his health, his strength, his success, when he thought of the difficulties and dangers and heartbreaks which his being there would save Ivy. Rupert could hoe his own row. Boys were boys. But Ivy! Glancing down at the prim little hat, he met a pair of candid eyes.

“I think that I’m afraid,” said the youngish person. “But I’ve been through college,” she added, hopefully.

Just here they reached the door of the blue limousine. Mrs. Broderick was folding up her war knitting.

“Daisy, my dear,” said her husband, “this is Miss Floyd. She has been through college. Er—I hope we are on schedule.”

“Five minutes over,” said Mrs. Broderick, shaking hands kindly with Miss Floyd. “But I had allowed that much time for her trunk.”

“Good Lord!” said Mr. Broderick. “I have forgotten her trunk.”

Mrs. Broderick glanced doubtfully

from one to the other, but in that instant Miss Floyd proved her right to call herself a secretary.

“The trunk has been expressed to the house,” said Miss Floyd.

Upon Miss Floyd’s desk stood a large leather-mounted rack. It was Miss Floyd’s daily duty to make out, forty-eight hours in advance, Mrs. Broderick’s complete schedule, Mr. Broderick’s schedule from five to ten, Ivy’s iron-bound schedule, and Rupert’s somewhat fragmentary schedule. Also cook’s, which took the cryptic form of a menu. The five, when completed, were arranged in a row upon the leather-mounted rack. Copies of the five were sent each morning before breakfast to their respective owners, and it was definitely understood that here Miss Floyd’s authority ceased. At this point Mrs. Broderick herself took the helm.

Miss Floyd, busily sorting the late mail upon an afternoon in the third week

of her month's trial, looked up in some surprise as the door opened to admit Ivy. Miss Floyd's eyes rose involuntarily to the leather-mounted rack. Clearly before them in neat black letters appeared "Bergson" opposite the hour of five upon Ivy's schedule. Miss Floyd's eyes dropped to the leather-mounted watch on her wrist and then traveled to the book under Ivy's arm. When Ivy flung the book across the room, kicked a footstool out of her way and sat down hard, Miss Floyd went on with her work.

"If you think that I'm cowed," shot forth a fierce young voice, "you're mistaken. There's always some way out, you know."

Miss Floyd glanced up. Ivy, seventeen, Titian, and very pretty, glared back at Miss Floyd.

"I'm an individual," continued Ivy, "not a cog-wheel in a machine. Where's

the joy in life when nothing is unexpected? What's the fun when not even the fun is left to chance? To get up Saturday morning and read 'Matinée at two-thirty' makes me long to burn up the old theater. That," ended Ivy, with a shake in the fierce young voice, "would put a crimp into the schedule. Wouldn't it?"

"It would," said Miss Floyd, serenely.

"I've stood it for three months," said Ivy, drumming the heels of her pumps upon the polished floor. "I've begged mother to let me off. I told her that the sight of all those meals ahead of me took away my appetite, that to get up at seven-forty-five and read 'Bedtime' at ten-thirty dulled the very edge of life. But mother was concentrating on perogolas. She said: 'Ivy, don't fidget. And above all, do not slump. Get up half an hour ahead of your schedule in the morning. Come to me then and I will



MR. BRODERICK LEANED TO EXAMINE IVY'S SCHEDULE

endeavor to explain.' Not," added Ivy, with a swift glance, "that I was such a simp as to do it, you know."

"Weren't you, my dear?" said Miss Floyd, serenely.

Ivy shrugged. "Last night I read until two," said she, dreamily; "that luscious new thing by Mrs. De La Maine—*Tortured*. The—the girl runs away," added Ivy, softly.

"Ah! And is silly enough and young enough and blind enough to go on the stage because she is pretty and can dance," remarked Miss Floyd.

Ivy gasped. "Have you read it?" she breathed.

"No," said Miss Floyd. There was a short silence. "Had she a mother?" asked Miss Floyd at length.

"Oh yes; but her mother was too—too busy to see."

"A father?"

"Oh yes, but—humdrum. She—she was born a free spirit," explained Ivy, "and was—was strong enough to take her future into her own hands."

"She was born an idiot, my dear," said Miss Floyd, dryly, "and she lost her sheltered, beautiful life because she was too eager to live."

"Oh, but she didn't—die!" cried Ivy, with a catch in her voice.

"Perhaps not according to your Mrs. De La Maine," said Miss Floyd, "but she died just the same—to everything she loved—to every one who loved her; and after she had lived for years and years, she knew it. She knew, poor thing, that she had been dead and done for—all the time." Miss Floyd, examining a yellow envelope with care, adjusted her eye-glasses. "For you," she added, quietly.

Over the edge of the yellow envelope Miss Floyd's eyes, serene and kind through their glasses, met Ivy's tawny ones. The tawny ones drooped. Ivy crumpled the yellow envelope in her hand.

There was a pause.

"Dear me," said Ivy, hurriedly, "it's time for my Chopin."

There was another pause.

Ivy fluttered up from her chair, hesitated, dropped one hand on Miss Floyd's shoulder. Miss Floyd, eyes on her work, waited. But nothing came. With a

click, a rustle, a rush, Ivy was gone and the door banged behind her.

Mr. Broderick happened in at five-fifty-five, red as to nose and ears.

"Snow's drifting," said Mr. Broderick.

Miss Floyd opened a drawer, produced a tin biscuit-box, and lighted a spirit-lamp.

"Ivy been in?" asked Mr. Broderick.

"Some time ago," said Miss Floyd.

Mr. Broderick leaned to examine Ivy's schedule. "Ha! Chopin!" said he. Then he chuckled. "To the discard," he added.

Miss Floyd glanced up. "But she was—was practising when you came in, Mr. Broderick?" she asked.

"Nope," returned Mr. Broderick, cheerfully, "for I looked to see."

Mr. Broderick looked at his watch.

"Six!" said he, with a start.

Miss Floyd leaned to the leather-mounted rack. "Six," she read, aloud. "Dress for dinner-dance at the Symmeses'. Wear newest pumps."

Mr. Broderick sighed gloomily and stretched. "Eleven-forty-five," said he, with the fixed gaze of a seer. "Old Mrs. Symmes dancing the Lulu Fado. Her partner signaling, with his newest pumps, for help." Whereupon Mr. Broderick departed.

Miss Floyd, busy at her tiny tea-table, with a straight line of anxiety between her eyebrows, whirled swiftly as the door opened once more.

"Toot! toot!" shrilled a familiar whistle.

"Rupert!" said Miss Floyd. "Go over the house and find me Ivy."

"But I'm the Dover Express," objected Rupert.

"Be a spy on a secret mission," urged Miss Floyd.

"Yea—on rubbers," agreed Rupert, tersely, and disappeared.

It was six-five when Mrs. Broderick happened in for her usual cup of tea. Mrs. Broderick's evening coiffure, beginning indefinitely, ending invisibly, and yet far from suggesting futility, was impressive—as smooth as ice, and so high that beneath it Mrs. Broderick's face looked slightly surprised. Over one of Mrs. Broderick's ears flared a huge emerald comb. Upon her feet were em-

erald-buckled satin slippers. Between the comb and the buckles foamed a sea-green negligée.

"The comfort of tea!" sighed Mrs. Broderick as she sank into a deep chair. "You must have discovered by this time, Miss Floyd, that *responsibility* is my key-note—responsibility to my family, to my position, to the community, to the world at large. It is my sense of family responsibility which has made me for weeks forego tea and call for Mr. Broderick at his office. It is my sense of social responsibility which takes me out to-night. My head, Miss Floyd, is splitting. My feet ache. Between you and me, Miss Floyd, I wish Mrs. Symmes could be painlessly transported to Halifax."

"Yes, Mrs. Broderick," said Miss Floyd, busy with the spirit-lamp.

"To-morrow morning I must take up with you the plan for my charity tableaux." Mrs. Broderick leaned her coiffure gingerly against the back of her deep chair and closed her eyes. "Ivy takes 'Mélisande.' Leithe Symmes shall

be 'Pelléas.' He is to inherit five millions," added Mrs. Broderick, dreamily.

Miss Floyd, with her eyes on the door, said nothing.

"The comfort of tea!" sighed Mrs. Broderick once more. "And a secretary," she added. "I feel it only fair to say, Miss Floyd, that I am completely satis—"

Mrs. Broderick, opening her eyes to smile graciously, beheld the door in the act of closing. Looking about the room, Mrs. Broderick became acutely aware that she was alone.

When Miss Floyd returned three minutes later, Mrs. Broderick's eyes were extremely wide open and decidedly cold. Miss Floyd, who was looking rather white, clasped both hands behind her.

"I shall have to ask your permission to be away for the night, Mrs. Broderick," said the secretary. "Also for to-morrow. I have just received a letter"—her voice choked, stopped, gathered itself together and went on—"which makes my absence imperative."



"MISS FLOYD! THIS MEANS INSUBORDINATION"

"This is most extraordinary, Miss Floyd," said Mrs. Broderick, "and exceedingly inconvenient for me. A letter?—there is no delivery at six o'clock."

"It came—by special messenger," said Miss Floyd.

"A family matter, I suppose?"

"A—family matter. And I am the only one—"

"Where?" interrupted Mrs. Broderick, briefly.

"Chicago," said Miss Floyd.

Mrs. Broderick rose abruptly. "Impossible," said she. "Chicago! Tonight! And when I particularly need you to-morrow. Wire them that it is quite out of the question for you to come at such short notice." Mrs. Broderick, who was used to settling matters for other people to suit herself, moved toward the door. To Mrs. Broderick, the discussion was ended.

But the secretary persisted. "I can't wire," said she. "I can't do anything but—go."

Mrs. Broderick whirled. In spite of the comb and the buckles and the negligée, Mrs. Broderick, flushed with mounting wrath, was majestic. "Is it a question of somebody's death, Miss Floyd?" she asked, clinging to patience and tapping a slipper.

"It is a question of somebody's—life," said Miss Floyd, somberly.

There was something in the tone, in the straight gaze, that reached Mrs. Broderick.

"I could let you off at the end of the week," she compromised.

"The end of the week would be too late," said Miss Floyd. "I can't explain. I can't be frank. I can only tell you that it is imperative, Mrs. Broderick, and urge your permission to go."

"I refuse my permission," said Mrs. Broderick, instantly.

"Then I shall have to go without it," said the secretary.

"Miss Floyd!" said Mrs. Broderick, thickly, "consider. This means insubordination. This means—dismissal. Against my wish, Miss Floyd, for until to-night I was completely satis—"

"I'm so sorry," interrupted the secretary, gently.

For a moment Mrs. Broderick stared, speechless, at the firm line of the secre-

tary's mouth. Then, gathering up her sea-green draperies, she flounced the remaining distance to the door and, with the din of her first defeat crashing in her ears and her world in chaos, closed it very quietly behind her.

It was clearly not the chauffeur's duty. It was not cook's duty. It was not even the housemaid's duty. Perhaps it would have been the footman's duty if there had been a footman. Rupert's simple idea of duty was that it was the thing above all others to duck. Rupert was the shining exception which proved all of Mrs. Broderick's rules. Rupert was "mother's boy."

He missed Ivy, incuriously, at his solitary breakfast. The chauffeur missed her at school-time. The housemaid missed her at the unusual morning sight of an orderly bedroom. Throughout the morning the house was filled with hushed whisperings, covert searchings, seething curiosities, but it was not until Mrs. Broderick appeared for the day at a one-o'clock luncheon that Rupert's casual inquiry as to where the dickens Ivy had gone turned his mother into stone.

Then events came fast. The servants were questioned, but with reserve. Mr. Broderick was telephoned for and drove home at fifty miles an hour. In the cataclysm of Ivy's disappearance the secretary's absence was completely forgotten. At three-thirty it became known below-stairs that Mrs. Broderick, still stony, had refused all treatment, and that Mr. Broderick had collapsed into a chair. Cook mentioned an aunt of hers who had "drowned" herself in a well. The housemaid, who was emotional and loved excitement, wept for the third time.

It was in the first torturing anxiety that Mr. Broderick suggested calling up the Lamonts. Perhaps Ivy had stayed for the night with Lita.

"No," said Mrs. Broderick. "I don't want any one to know—yet. And it would be useless. I have never permitted Ivy to stay overnight with the girls. Her schedule—"

At this point Mr. Broderick lifted his hand. "Her schedule! *Her schedule!*—Daisy, if you have driven our girl away with this hellish, new-fangled



MISS FLOYD WALKED UNANNOUNCED INTO MRS. BRODERICK'S ROOM. "SHE'S SAFE"

mechanism of yours, I shall never forgive you. She's been gone all night—*all night*, I tell you! When I think of Ivy—alone—somewhere out there—in the dark—" It was at this point that Mr. Broderick collapsed into a chair.

At five-fifteen, Rupert, perambulating vacantly, wandered into the secretary's room, stood in surprise at its immaculate emptiness, wondered, remembered vaguely, remembered distinctly, hesitated, thrust his hands into his pockets and walked firmly down the corridor. Opening his mother's door softly, Rupert slid in on tiptoe.

His mother sat upright in one chair—waiting; his father bent forward in another, his face hidden in his hands—waiting.

It was a trying moment for Rupert.

His throat was dry. His fingers felt clammy and cold.

"Where's — where's Miss Floyd?" asked Rupert, huskily.

His father raised his head. His mother neither answered nor stirred.

"Run along, son," said Mr. Broderick.

"I—I was a spy on a secret mission," blurted forth Rupert, very red and breathless. "I was to look for Ivy—Miss Floyd sent me. I looked all over. She wasn't anywhere. It was last night. There was a letter on Ivy's desk. For Miss Floyd. I—took it to her. She—she read it in the hall."

Mr. Broderick was upon his feet. Rupert, before the look on his father's face, made haste with his defense. "I've—I've just remembered," said Rupert. "I didn't wait a minute."

"Daisy," said Mr. Broderick, "there's a chance— There's just a chance—"

It was at this point that Miss Floyd opened the door and walked, unannounced and without permission, into Mrs. Broderick's room.

"She's safe," said Miss Floyd.

Then she closed the door behind her. Very white and weary-looking, she limped forward a step or so, and, leaning one hand upon the back of a chair, drew a deep breath.

"I found her," said Miss Floyd. "I waited outside the door of the office from early morning until she came. It was the only clue I had—the name of this dramatic agency on the letter which came for her yesterday. It was a—horrible place. The—the people who came in and out seemed to belong to the lower sort of theatrical life. When I got her away she said that she had found the address in a Chicago telephone-book, and had written, some time ago, for an interview. She spent the night at the Woman's Club. She knew—nothing whatever of the sort of thing she was going into. She came away, after I had explained—after I promised—very willingly. She is singularly innocent, inexperienced. She is—very sweet. I have—loved her from the first day. She cannot—be driven. But it is the easiest thing in the world—when she is reasonably appealed to—and understands—" Miss Floyd stopped for a moment. "I have promised that she shall be no longer 'on schedule,' Mrs. Broderick. That much was necessary before she would consent to come home. She talked wildly of having been 'in slavery,' of a 'free spirit,' and what not. She has been reading some silly books—reading at night—sometimes until two in the morning. She says quite frankly that she has cut the schedule whenever she could. But so has Rupert—and Mr. Broderick. You cut it yourself, Mrs. Broderick, every day that you came to tea with me. And I liked you for it. It made you seem—human—for—for the first time. You see, I am quite frank, Mrs. Broderick. As a secretary I couldn't say these things to you, but as a woman and an outsider, I tell you plainly that this going away of Ivy's has

been 'on schedule' from the beginning. It was inevitable, given Ivy and the conditions in which you placed her. You can't grind lives down to a schedule, Mrs. Broderick, without destroying the soul of life. Ivy is not so far wrong with her young cry of a 'free spirit.' She's of to-day! She's American! She's the coming woman! And your method, Mrs. Broderick, for all your vaunted modernity, is archaic. It's medieval. . . . It was given to me to decide, Mrs. Broderick, between your method and your daughter. I chose your daughter. I think that's all," said Miss Floyd, wanly. "She's—waiting outside."

But it was not all. For Mrs. Broderick had risen at last from her chair. Crossing slowly to Miss Floyd, Mrs. Broderick stopped before her.

"Miss Floyd," said Mrs. Broderick with difficulty, "you have done me an—an inestimable service. It is my hope—I am a just woman. It is my wish—With my secretary, Miss Floyd, I have always been—completely satisfied."

Miss Floyd, gazing upward into Mrs. Broderick's eyes, saw two large tears appear, swell visibly, detach themselves, and begin to roll a slow progress down Mrs. Broderick's smooth cheeks. Miss Floyd, fascinated, beheld others follow the two. It was at length borne in upon Miss Floyd's consciousness that Mrs. Broderick was crying.

"Why, you poor thing!" said Miss Floyd brusquely, in her extreme surprise. "You're nothing but a woman, after all!"

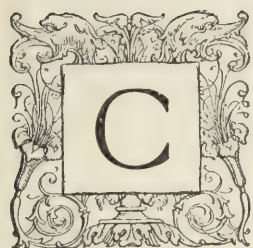
Mr. Broderick at this instant triumphantly fetched in Ivy, and beheld his wife and her secretary for one brief moment clasped in each other's arms. Mr. Broderick, who had the kindest heart in the world, patted his wife with one hand while he shook hands with Miss Floyd with the other.

"We'll bust the schedule, Daisy, my dear," whispered Mr. Broderick at his first opportunity, "all but the five-o'clock call for me at the office. We'll have our little rides home together, old girl," said Mr. Broderick. "For, Daisy," lied Mr. Broderick, generously, "that little ride home together 'on schedule' each day means a lot to me. I—I like it."

Culture and Prejudice

BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

Assistant Professor of English, Yale University



CERTAIN British essayists of the perverse school have discovered a new way of dislodging from the minds of their readers a prejudice against new ideas. They blast it out with a paradox. The method is surprisingly simple. You begin by asserting, for example, that dogs are more moral than men. The statement catches the attention of the sleepiest reader, arouses his antagonism, and forces him to mobilize his powers of resistance. That is, it wakes him up—which was all the wily writer desired. To withdraw from an untenable paradox—as, for instance, to show that dogs are moral according to their lights, and men immoral by theirs—is as easy as to make one. The paradox is the bell on the engine of logic; it is the horn on the automobile of thought.

Some horn, some bell, is necessary in order to get a hearing amidst the clamor of criticism, argument, and diatribe that hangs like the roar of a city over our educational councils. Greek has been carried out from the noisy assemblage in the agonies of dissolution; Latin has been banged into decrepitude; mathematics is tottering; grammar and spelling are prostrate, with new and uncouth shapes—blacksmithing, millinery, sex hygiene—stepping over them into the curriculum. To one who wishes to say a quiet word in this confusion a paradox may be pardoned. Is it paradoxical to assert that the American attitude toward education is in greater need of a general overhauling than the curriculum?

There are two kinds of education: one certain, the other uncertain; one direct in its application and obvious in its results, the other indirect in its methods, with effects that must be deduced from the life of the recipient. One education

teaches how to work in order to live; the other how to live in order, among other things, to work. The first we have renamed “vocational training,” given its ancient precepts a fresh coat of paint, and set it up as an enviable novelty; the other, for want of some more specific title, we still call a “liberal education.”

These two kinds of education are complementary and equally important. Both have been always necessary to civilization. Both always will be necessary; and their respective services are defined not by theory, but by the needs of men and the times. Yet prejudice, obstinacy, and blindness have set their advocates by the ears and led to scholastic wars that differ from the fierce conflicts of the medieval universities only in being more wordy and less picturesque. I have heard the rights and wrongs of a liberal education bitterly discussed in Parisian cafés and upon New England mountain-tops. At the extremity of a California cañon, beneath rock walls as high and more remote than Yosemite’s, on a trail which hung between waterfall and precipice, I have been held up by a high-school principal until I should tell him what I thought of vocationalism in the schools. No modern teacher or student or parent can much longer escape the necessity of taking a stand in this controversy and—what is far better—thinking it out.

There is nothing new in vocational education, nor can it always be distinguished from the other variety. A false emphasis leads us to think of it in terms of those applied sciences—electrical engineering, chemistry, hygiene—which are new in principle, or those crafts—dressmaking, bookkeeping, stenography—which are new in the curriculum. But Latin, as has often been said, was vocational in the Middle Ages and the

Renaissance, when a knowledge of that tongue was a prerequisite for all the professions except arms. Mathematics is both vocational and liberal. Even such abstract subjects as astronomy may become vocational, as fiction reminds us, when the hero, shipwrecked upon an island, saves his life from cannibals by predicting an eclipse. All training directly applicable to the problem of subsistence is vocational, although its nature may vary with the race, the age, and the environment involved.

If man could live by bread alone we might rest with vocational education. But by that very intellectual unrest that makes for evolution he cannot. Having eaten, he must learn to use the life he has preserved. But while sustenance is theoretically a very simple problem—being only a question of how much you can earn and what you can buy with it—the use one makes of the vital energy into which life transforms is the most complex and difficult of all questions. Religion, ethics, education all bear upon it, intersect and blend so that it is almost as difficult to say what teaches one to live as to answer the question of how to live itself. It is enough to observe that education has a part here which is not vocational, and which is enormously important.

This is the province of liberal education. Its services are indirect, because its effects must be transmuted into the art of living; they are uncertain in the same proportion as all life is illusory and never to be confined in measures made by man. Nevertheless, although these services are indefinite in their breadth, at least we can specify some of them. We know, for example, that the mind must be able to grasp abstractions; and so we apply mathematics. We know that it must have perspective and background if it is to understand the passing show of brief reality allowed it; and so we instil history. We know that it must be able to interpret character, to feel the loftiest emotion, to perceive beauty and enjoy it; and so we give it literature and the arts. Man is to be liberalized. He is to be taught to comprehend life.

It is much more difficult to teach comprehension of man than control over

nature. Consider, for instance, the necessary imperfections of such an instrument as history, which, itself but a crude and inaccurate representation of an earlier period, must pass through another brain before it can be applied to a new age where many factors are different and some unknown. And compare it with the applied science of civil engineering, where a fixed body of principles turned upon a mountain or a swamp will yield invariable results. Indeed, it will never be easy to teach the liberal arts; and we have increased the burden of the task by an obstinate conservatism which clings to the old because it has been successful, and distrusts the new because it may fail. The curriculum of liberal education is always and persistently behind the times. Nevertheless, we must make it effective. We must teach control over thought as well as control over matter; we must make America liberal as well as efficient or drop back from civilization.

If we have failed to do so it is chiefly because the American college and the American student and the American parent have persistently misunderstood the nature, the value, and the purpose of liberal education. The schools and colleges, for example, fought science as a liberal subject for a quarter of a century after Huxley had demonstrated its cultural value. The students, supposed to be studying the "liberal arts," have wandered through the curriculum like men in a dream, not knowing what they wanted or why they wanted it. The parents who did not want their sons to become specialists have been as vague in their conceptions of the education they favored as the entrance candidate who wrote, "The Greeks put athletics into their colleges and so invented modern education." Prejudice and ignorance have stood in the way of liberal education. It is in danger of a costly defeat, which would mean, for "vocationalism," a dangerous victory.

A working country, full of unskilled immigrants, governed by the masses or their representatives, whose highly educated classes are all-powerful neither in politics nor in finance, such a country will and should desire vocational education. The thing is so inevitable that one

wonders far more at the sleepy endurance of purely theoretical education for generations than at the demand only a few decades old for technical education in the colleges and the still more recent clamor for a secondary-school training in the business of life. To oppose such a desire by empty talk about the unique value of the humanities as a means of educating everybody is as dangerous as it is foolish. To hold back from our obligation to improve the working efficiency of the race is a plain dereliction. Every impartial observer must welcome the progress of vocational education, whether in institutes for the negroes, public schools, or Harvard, Columbia, and Yale.

No one need fear that we may be too successful in teaching the vocations. The danger lies in the possibility that when the vocationalists have forced their programme upon the somewhat reluctant schools they may be as blind in their triumph as their opponents have been obstinate in their conservatism. For it must be remembered that culture will persist against most odds. The desire to think truly, to live finely, is inherent in every high civilization. You cannot eliminate it by restricting the liberal studies which by common consent contribute to its development. Men are born into the world every day who in almost any conceivable environment will strive after culture and in some measure attain it. Leadership in any direction brings with it the possession of culture in its rudiments and the desire for more. Whether or not a nation is educated liberally, it will have its cultured classes. And while in a modern democracy these classes may not control the government, they are bound to lead thought and sooner or later to inspire important action. Therefore, if the impetuous cohorts who are demanding an education completely vocational in our schools, and to a less extent in our colleges, should conquer without restraint; if in their hour of victory they should make their system as inflexible in its exclusion of all that is not "practical" as the "culturists" would gladly make theirs exclusive of all that bears directly upon work in the world, the result would be a separation of classes more dangerous

than that with which capital and labor have already provided us.

In the late Roman empire the governing class, which was recruited from men with a legal plus a liberal education, became more and more distinct from the military class, made up in general of professional fighters whose training had been exclusively vocational with that end in view. "But as these hardy veterans," says Gibbon, speaking of the barbarians and their control of the legions in the early fourth century, "who had been educated in the ignorance or contempt of the laws, were incapable of exercising any civil offices, the powers of the human mind were contracted by the irreconcilable separation of talents as well as professions. The accomplished citizens of the Greek and Roman republics, whose characters could adapt themselves to the bar, the senate, the camp, or the schools, had learned to write, to speak, and to act with the same spirit and with equal abilities." As a result, a population competent to govern but not to defend itself was exposed by an army scornful of civilization to the fury of the savage North.

I know too well the dangers of analogy between modern civilization and the Roman to use this example as more than a useful illustration of my point. If we exclude or unduly delimit a liberal training in our colleges, and especially in our schools, as sure as night follows day there will be a decrease, and a sharp one, in the intellectual sympathy which makes intellectual leadership possible. Cut out history, cut out literature, cut out mathematics beyond its elements, and in a stroke you cut three of the bonds that unite society.

If this statement of the case is too figurative, give it a more practical turn. Journalism is the most powerful agent of government in America; and the potentialities of journalism for good government are largely conditioned by its power to present facts, arguments, ideas to the multitude. Already it has been necessary to reduce the political nourishment thus offered to the last degree of digestibility. But so far the writer of an editorial or a news article has been able to count upon a body of knowledge and a training in thought common to all.

In the eighteenth century it took several decades for the French peasant to comprehend the ideas of liberty and equality which the philosophers labored so hard to present to him. The illiterate immigrant now hears without comprehension what the New York school-boy understands. Cut out history from the schools, and a section of the student's brain will cease to react to the thought of the editorial writer; cut out literature, and in another direction his responses will die; reduce mathematics, and he will relax his grasp upon abstract thought. Abolish liberal education for the masses, confine their training to the narrow limits of manual exercise and the mental discipline directly involved in the production of wealth, and they will be insulated from such broader movements of the intellect as good journalism represents, almost as effectively as if cotton were stuffed in their ears and their eyes blinded. A separation of classes will follow, more dangerous than the industrial separation, because it will be intellectual and spiritual in its divergences.

All this, of course, is no argument against vocational education. It is a plea for intelligence on the part of the advocates of greater working efficiency in America. It is a plea for an irreducible minimum of liberal education beyond which the upholders of vocational training will proceed at their peril and to the nation's prejudice.

Far more important than the vain quarrels of conservative and radical is the difficult endeavor to discover the limits of this irreducible minimum. I speak only for the colleges. In the colleges we propose to educate the leaders in the higher vocations, the leaders in culture and in thought. But if a common bond of knowledge and point of view is essential for the nation at large, it is none the less essential for its so-called educated class. The mechanical engineer must have some comprehension of forces beyond those material ones with which it is his business to contend. If he is to labor in a struggle for social betterment with the lawyer, the doctor, the professor, and the bank president, he must know their language and they his. All must have some common introduction into thought. Life itself, of course,

supplies, as it requires, a bond of union. But how foolish not to prepare for this bond in the preparation for life which we call education! The irreducible minimum of a liberal education in college is a generous proportion of energy spent upon the liberal arts. And this energy must be expended in defiance of the pressure that a complex technical training exerts upon the student whose studies are to be chiefly vocational.

The grotesque vision of a race of specialists—engineer animals, business animals, law animals—burrowing, scratching, building in their world, each incredibly efficient in his own *métier*, like the swallow, the ground-hog, or the ant, each unable to communicate or cooperate with his neighbor specialist, is worthy of the pen of Anatole France. As a reality, however, it is impossible—but not because such inhuman specialists are impossible of development. Their prototypes exist already in every American university, and still more abundantly in every American city where engrossing business has shut out the view of fields and sky, the value and purpose of life itself. Such a race is impossible because a civilization of absolute specialists would fly apart like a bursting bomb and leave nothing behind but fragments and a stench.

The irreducible minimum of cultural training is not the only issue for which the believer in both kinds of education must contend. He must also protest against a wide-spread misconception of what is "practical" in education.

What is "practical" in education? We cannot accept the answer of the youth who is taking a "culture course" because it is the thing to do. He muddles through his work, absorbing only what is injected by forcible feeding, explaining in moments of fancied sincerity that, since culture is not "practical," it is not worth real work. What nonsense! In a state of savagery nothing is practical that does not support life or save it. In civilization everything is practical that enables one to live happily in a complex environment. The ability to survey a field is practical, but so in equal measure is the power to reason correctly from historical analogy; so is the power to enjoy intelligently a good book. A

liberal education, for the right man, is more practical than any other. And the right man for a liberal training is any and every student who will profit more certainly by a general education in the fundamentals of living than by a special training in technical knowledge.

Nevertheless, one sees dozens of boys unfitted by their tastes and aptitudes for technical work, although thoroughly educatable along more general lines, who have been sent to engineering schools or laboratories in order to get a *practical* education. I know farmers and bankers who, as a result of such an error, have been trained as mechanical engineers, lawyers and business men who have been trained as chemists, only to put their practical specialty in their pockets and forget it. Could anything be more impractical? Could anything be more wasteful than a special education which excludes by its rigorous demands all higher instruction in general knowledge and then is discarded? Could any one be less valuable to society than a business man, let us say, who fails after ten years and then proposes to fall back upon his never-digested and now forgotten training as a civil engineer? And yet this is where our distrust of a liberal education has too often led us. It is a melancholy but illuminating spectacle to watch the progress of those unfortunate undergraduates who are urged by pressure from behind to become practical in a way which for them is the reverse. Some go upon the rocks and sink before their sophomore year; some yield up the helm and drive on toward the limbo of the second-rate, from which native talent alone can save them; others, after tacking from shoal to shoal, take on board a new pilot, come back to the starting-line, and begin their education again with better prospects at the expense of wasted energy and time.

In the preceding paragraph I have written of a group of Americans in no way distinguished by hidden longings for culture, by esthetic qualities that set them apart from the every-day, or by any rarity of spirit. I have in mind merely a thoroughly normal youth who happens to be non-technical instead of technical

in his interests, who, if left to himself, will drift toward business or law rather than the professions that require a closer specialization and more definite taste. Such a man will profit by the liberal arts, even if he never becomes "cultured," for even a modest knowledge honestly gained of history, literature, the languages, scientific, social, and political thought must influence his life. Such a man will waste his energies in vocational studies. But the perverse blindness of America to what is really practical in education carries with it a menace against a far smaller but an even more important class.

It is impossible to study the individuals that surround us without observing that, to borrow the expressive terms of heredity, certain traits are recessive, others dominant. In the majority of our friends and neighbors a strong and delicate imagination that can operate above and beyond the material necessities of life, a moral sensitiveness to the subtleties of right and wrong, a keen sensibility to the beauty of nature or the exquisite refinements of art, spirituality, and the religious instinct are all of them recessive. In a smaller number one or more of these rarer qualities appear. In a minute minority all, or most of them, are dominant. This minute minority, and the larger number of those who are united to them by one bond or another of sympathy, are not the leaders of society, though in some measure they may be the salt of the earth. Much of the rough work of the world, and some of the noblest, must be accomplished by men of a coarser and perhaps a firmer mold. But such men and women are indispensable to civilization. They preserve the vision without which the nation perishes. They make the art that interprets life and adorns it. In times of moral crisis it is their surer instinct which saves us, if we are saved. Their finer spirits only are proof against the allurements of easy wealth or the specious necessities and rude intoxication of war. The province which the psychologists of earlier periods assigned with more necessity than truth to women belongs in the future to these men and women who are qualified to feel and think truly where others think and act in error.

But it is precisely for all who belong in one respect or another to this order of humanity that a strong and confident education in the liberal arts is most essential. Without such a course, and the public opinion it implies, there is constant danger that their native instincts will be starved or thwarted. In a country where such gifts as theirs may be called impractical, and in colleges where their talents must be developed in an atmosphere of doubt and distrust, in the company of those who dally with the liberal arts while despising them, they are exposed to the temptations of dilettanteism and the danger of diversion from their proper careers. If a fondness for books, or a love of nature, or responsiveness to music, or any other of the symptoms that in early youth are likely to indicate such minds as I have described, are in America regarded as signs of effeminacy or presumptive failure; if, when it comes to education, we try to make them practical in the current and fallacious sense of the word, why, then again we are impractical.

The liberal arts conserve such spirits as these and turn their dreams into acts and power. America has as yet scarcely learned the lesson that the rarer gifts of the earth, if wasted, can be replaced, if at all, only at a heavy cost. When will we apply the moral to the conservation of man?

I began with a paradox which I hope is no longer paradoxical. The education we offer in America, with all its defects, is more reasonable than the attitude of American parents and American students toward a choice between its varieties. Through an obstinate refusal to consider the different capabilities that inhabit different men they have tried again and again to put the wrong key in the wrong lock and have grumbled because the door has not opened. As for the schools and the colleges, they have made cultural and vocational education the subject of clamorous controversies, whereas all depends upon the boy—upon the training that will educate *him*, and which therefore, in the only true sense of the word, will be practical.

Beyond the Bounds

BY WILTON AGNEW BARRETT

WHEN all the things are spoken that you and I may speak,
And silence holds our little words because our tongues are weak,
Though you, my dear, and I, my dear, the pain of utterance pay—
There shall remain the thing unsaid we gave our hearts to say.

When all the roads are found and tramped that we may wander on,
And dust is over all our steps where you and I have gone,
Though you, my dear, and I, my dear, full many a highway know—
There shall remain the road unwalked where we most longed to go.

The Second Wife

BY SOPHIE KERR UNDERWOOD



JAMES SAULSBURY was on his way to see Cora Straughn, the girl he was to marry in the fall. It was June now—a June Saturday evening with the new-born summer enfolding the farm in a golden twilight that lay warmly on the fields and glorified them into a still, delicious peace. The cows in the big pound lay and chewed their cud sleepily, blinking their trusting eyes as the master of the farm strode past. He could hear the horses in the stable, munching a little and rustling the straw in their stalls in a sort of restful restlessness. A drowsy chirp came from the chicken-house, where the fowls were settling themselves for the night.

All of this quiet, all of this restfulness, was felt unconsciously by James Saulsbury, and as he walked along the edge of the south field and up the hill toward the grove of tulip-poplars that hid Cora Straughn's home, he looked about over his thrifty acres and glimpsed the silver river beyond the fringe of pines with drowsy, keen content. He was thinking of Cora, and of how soon he would be bringing her home there—Cora, his wife; and then he hurried again on his way toward her.

Cora Straughn fitted exactly into the mood of the evening. He knew just how she would look as she waited for him on her porch. He could see her braided yellow hair, the gracious curves of her tall, supple body, the efficient motions of her expressive hands. Somewhere in the back of his head James recalled a picture he had once seen of a regal woman with yellow hair and a crown set proudly on it; and to-night a whimsical thought came to him that Cora, with her hair braided into a crown, was like this picture. Well, the summer evening and thinking about getting married must be sort of making a fool of him, he thought,

for Cora was a sensible girl with no nonsense about her, and she knew as much about farming as he did. He felt a pleasant satisfaction with his own good judgment in picking her out to be Mrs. Saulsbury.

It was just as he knew it would be. As he came up to the porch steps Cora rose to meet him and put her hands into his, affectionately and sweetly.

"I thought you'd never come," she said.

"It was such a nice evening I guess I kind of slacked over the chores. What say we walk down to the river? I'd 've come in the buggy so's we c'd 've gone riding, but I had Princess to the cultivator this afternoon and she picked up a stone."

"Oh, that's all right," rejoined Cora; "we couldn't 've gone, anyway. Mother's cousin's daughter's here. She'll be out in a minute."

James made a grimace. "Oh, Lord!" said he. "Another!" For the Straughn homestead was the scene of a never-ending drama of the claims of kinship, and James had suffered much from the presence of Aunt This and Cousin That during his courting.

Cora smiled a shy, pleased smile. She liked to feel that James wanted her to himself. "Oh, she's real nice," she said. "Her name's Sarann Lord and she's a year older than I am. She comes from over near Seaford, and she wants to get the school here next winter. I hope she does get it, for I thought she'd be company for mother after—after next fall." She hesitated over the words and did not look at James.

"Well, all right," said James, "but why can't she begin to be company for your mother now whilst you and me go take a walk?"

"'S-sh!" warned Cora, and then, as Sarann Lord opened the screen door and joined them she spoke the formula of introduction that was locally current:

"Let me make you acquainted with my cousin Miss Lord, Mr. Saulsbury."

A voice that was shrill and sweet and gay replied and a little figure in pink fluttered out and grasped James's hand.

"Well, if you only knew how crazy I've been to meet Cousin Cora's intended! I'll bet your ears have nearly burned off to-day, for I haven't talked about another single thing since I got here this morning!" She paused and pretended to look at his ears, bringing her little laughing face as near as she could to his. "No, they look perfectly natural. Now what do you think of that! I guess they must be made of asbestos or something. Say, aren't you ever going to let go my hand? Cora, why don't you make him behave?" For James Saulsbury stood like a man moon-struck, holding to the little hand that had been put so willingly into his, and staring down into Sarann Lord's eager eyes.

At her words he blushed crimson and let go her hand with inarticulate apologies. With some confusion they sat down again, and Sarann took the ball of conversation and juggled it deftly and lightly, keeping herself square in the center of the stage and fluttering her pink ribbons and patting her pink ruffles, first turning to Cora with pretty appeal, then leaning over to James—even laying a familiar hand on his arm now and then to emphasize her coquetry. Each time she did it Cora Straughn felt her cheeks burn with anger, but she gave no sign, only sitting very still and straight and answering Sarann's sallies mechanically. When Sarann's laughter rang out, she smiled, too. But she clenched her fingers on a fold of her white dress when she did it.

As for James Saulsbury—to him the miracle had happened. In one moment of time the question he had asked of life was answered. His seeking was done. He loved—boldly, fearlessly, blindly. Here was his woman, and he knew it. He could not talk to her, for he would have babbled words and phrases he had not known he was capable even of thinking. At every turn of her delicate round throat, at every glance of her long-lashed, slanting brown eyes, at every touch of her little hands bedecked with

cheap rings, he felt his heart bumping—bumping. The pink of her cheek seemed to him the most beautiful thing in the world. He did not know the pink was rouge. The very smallness of her, her tiny waist, her diminutive feet, filled his throat with a choking tenderness. Beside Cora's glorious height she seemed a fairy thing. Her little tricks and artifices and flirtatious glances—shop-girl blandishments—were to him the sweetest and most wonderful allure. As the twilight lowered into the dark haze of night and the moon rose slowly, throwing mellow shadows through the leaves of the tulip-trees, he felt that he was screened against Cora's eyes, and he drew his chair ever so little nearer to Sarann that he might see her better. He felt as if he must seize her in his arms and run away with her—back to his own house down the curving white road.

And with the clairvoyance of a woman who loves, Cora Straughn knew exactly what was going on in James's soul. She sat there, though, quietly, listening to Sarann's jubilant high speech, and making such small answers as were required of her. Yet she was dumb with the sudden overwhelming hurt of it, and when it seemed at last as if she could not bear it another moment, she got up stiffly and said she would go in the house for a glass of water. She asked James and Sarann if she could not bring them a drink, too, but they said no. When her step had died away in the back of the hall James Saulsbury said hoarsely to Sarann:

"How long are you going to stay?"

"Oh, I don't know," she returned, gaily. "S'long's the company's agreeable, anyway. Maybe I can get a beau as nice as Cora's if I stay in this neighborhood long enough. Say, how does it feel, being in love, anyway? Come on, now, and tell me, since *you* know all about it." And, laughing shrilly, she leaned so close to him that her shoulder lay against his arm, her troubling eyes were very close to his, and a ribbon of her dress, heavy with scent, whipped across his breast in the night wind.

James Saulsbury felt his heart go out of his body. He put his arms around Sarann and drew her to him and kissed her.

In the days that followed, Cora

Straughn reflected that there would be no need for her to go to torment when she died, for she was passing through its fires on earth. First there was her talk with James. Early in the morning of the day after his first meeting with Sarann, Cora put on her sunbonnet and knitted cotton mitts that she wore for gathering vegetables, and went out of the house, taking the path toward James's. She found him cultivating his field of late corn.

Cora stood and looked over the sea of waving green blades, and when James reached the end of the row he saw her waiting for him. He turned a little white under his tan, but she did not blench.

"I wanted to tell you," she said, clearly and without waiting, "that so far's I'm concerned you're free to marry anybody you want."

She looked at him a minute, but he did not speak, nor could he look at her. So she turned away and started back along the path.

"Cora," then he cried. "Cora"—she paused—"I—I didn't go to hurt you—" But she had turned back again and was walking on, and the very straightness and poise of her head forbade him to try to explain or pity her. After all, what was there to explain? He rubbed the back of his hand across his eyes and chirruped to the horse, turning down the next row.

After James, Cora must speak to her mother. Here she met amazement and unbelief, and finally a passionate outcry against James and Sarann, in which Cora would not join and which she checked as far as she could. She laughed in the face of a commiserating kinfolk. She ate her meals and did her work as always; and there was plenty for her to do, for since her father's death she and her mother had carried on the farm so successfully that the widow Straughn's place was accounted the best in the neighborhood. Indeed, in all that miserable month that followed the meeting of James and Sarann, Cora showed her feeling only once, and that was when Sarann offered to buy from her the material for her wedding-dress.

Cora came upon her one day as Sarann was rummaging in the spare-room bureau. Her nervous little hands

had pulled open the paper that enfolded the length of white silk that Cora had hidden there.

"Say, Cora," shrilled Sarann, "I'll take this off your hands if you'll let me have it cheap. You won't have no use for it now."

Cora snatched the silk out of Sarann's grasp.

"You miserable little thing," she said, slowly and terribly. "From this time on *you leave my things alone!* Do you hear? Leave them alone. You played on James Saulsbury's feelings with your flirting ways, such as no decent woman would have, until you got him. Let that be enough for you. And furthermore," she advanced toward the cowed and shrinking Sarann, "if you ever, as long as you live, tell any living soul that my wedding-dress was bought, I'll make you sorry for it as long as you draw your breath." With that she went out of the room.

And that night when James came to see Sarann she went out on the porch and sat with them all the evening, talking calmly and casually to them as if they were both strangers. It made Sarann frankly uncomfortable, though she had been quite unaffected by the denunciation of Cora's mother, who would have sent her from the house at the very first had not Cora stopped it.

"Let her stay," she had said. "It won't be for long. James wants the wedding soon, and Sarann 'll be glad enough to get a place of her own. They can't help it, mother. He's just a fool—don't you see that?—and she's a fool, too."

"Haven't you got no feeling in you?" said her mother, wonderingly. "In my day a girl wouldn't have taken a slight like this so easy."

"I don't think it's a slight," said Cora, steadily. "I think it's a deliverance."

You may be sure that Mrs. Straughn spread that word of Cora's among those who would have pitied her. Among the solid country people of the neighborhood, her jilting and the infatuation of James and Sarann were at once a mystery and a scandal. Public opinion was high against James and Sarann, and there was talk of making a church matter of it. Had Cora desired or incited

it, it might well have been done. James's housekeeper, Mary Llewellyn, an old Welsh woman with a tongue as sharp as her hands were skilful, told him over and over again that he was making a bad bargain. "Moreover," she added, one day when the wedding was near, "I walk out of this house the day that witch woman enters it. 'Tis all she is—a witch."

"You hold your tongue," said James, furiously. "You can go now instead of waiting for my wedding-day. You sha'n't talk ill of her."

"Oh, sha'n't I?" said Mary Llewellyn, undaunted, rather relishing the spark she had struck from him. "Then if I don't, I'll be the only one in the county who doesn't. And Cora Straughn with her grand ways and her fair looks is well shut of ye."

"She thinks so, too, I'm told," said James, still angry, for Cora's word "deliverance" had come to him on swiftest gossip. And then he stalked out of his house and old Mary Llewellyn looked after him with eyes of sorrow and disappointment.

But not Mary Llewellyn's rebuke, nor the cold nods of his neighbors, nor the remonstrances of the Methodist minister had any effect on James's feeling. Day after day he fell deeper in love with Sarann. He was consumed with the desire to be near her when he was out of her sight, and spent all of the time he could afford, and some he could not, at her side. Her vanity he found quaint and bewitching, her cheap coquetry was to him a revelation of the arts of true love. He bought her the trinkets she craved, buckles and beads and showy hair-combs, and he promised her that she should do what she liked in refurnishing his house. They would go to town and buy flowered carpets and green plush furniture, and a piano, too, he said, if she wanted it. Sarann's small nature responded to this sort of affection, and she told over his promises and displayed his gifts with malicious relish to Cora and her mother. "He's just crazy about me," she declared over and over again. And Cora would listen and look and reply, and then turn to her mother and begin a calm and interested discussion of the new brooder-houses she wanted to

build before another hatching season, so that Sarann's triumph was lost. Yet, had she known it, no word of hers about James, no gift that James brought her, but seared Cora's heart as with an iron white hot.

The day that James came to get Sarann in his buggy for the drive to town to be married, Cora went with them to the door and told them good-by with such an inconsequent air that Sarann felt savagely disappointed. Cora's indifference even pierced through the absorbed passion that enveloped James, and he helped Sarann in the buggy without a word. Sarann looked back at the house resentfully.

"She don't care a straw," she said, nastily. "Great, dough-faced lump with her taffy hair! I hope she never gets another fellow."

For the first time James saw something unlovely in Sarann's face. "Don't talk so," he said, a little sharply. "What does it matter, anyway, now that I've got you?"

Sarann tossed her head, in its gay, cheap hat, and they drove on down the curving road to the minister's in a jangling silence.

Cora had watched them through the Venetian blinds of the unused parlor. She opened and shut her hands and strained her eyes after the buggy and the little bay mare. "I wish he hadn't driven Princess," she whispered. Then she turned away and went out to the kitchen, for the threshing outfit had come to thresh their wheat and there was a big dinner to get. Dumbly Cora thanked Heaven that she had on this day of days to make pies, to prepare vegetables, to slice meat, to set a big table, and be surrounded by labor and bustle in which she had a part. She knew that when night came she would go to bed so tired that she would have to sleep. And the next day she would have another hard day caring for the threshers, and the day after that, when they had moved on to the next farm—James's farm—she would go to town early and see the contractor about those brooder-houses. And the day after that she would plan some other task that would take all her time—so that she could not think—so that she would not have time to think.

Despite all prophecies of evil, to James Saulsbury his marriage was ideally happy. Sarann's enchantments never wore thin to him. She was a poor housekeeper, and his home was cared for by a succession of uncertain and incompetent hired girls, for old Mary Llewellyn had made good her word to leave on the day he brought home his wife. Sarann spent his money on fancy clothes, bedizened his staid and honest old house with a curious medley of furnishings and upholstery, was rude to his friends and relations when the fancy took her, and—worse than all—denied him children.

Yet even in Sarann's sin against nature James Saulsbury found no fault. Indeed, he felt none. To him she was still perfection, enchantment. Her sharpness he saw as mere childish petulance, and therefore to be treated as such. Her taste was so different from anything he had ever known that he did not question its superiority, even when it cost him his comfort. Her rare smiles and careless caresses were so heavenly sweet to him that he never knew that they were not continual. Her foolish whims were the law of his life.

"Why," said old Mary Llewellyn, wrathfully, to Cora Straughn, "she makes him take the horses out of the field when she has the fancy to go ridin'—and in plowin'-time, d'ye know."

Cora made no answer. "Then you'll come and live with me, Mary," she went on, as if she had not been interrupted by Mary's tirade. "For since mother died I'm not satisfied to be in the house alone. The tenants are near, but I want a good, capable woman in the house who can help with the butter and chickens and all."

And she drove a close bargain in wages, packed Mary Llewellyn and her ramshackle old telescope bag of odds and ends into her buggy, and brought her home to the Straughn house, where she was sole mistress.

In the five years that had passed since the day that James and Sarann drove to the minister's, there had not been much coming and going between the Straughn and the Saulsbury houses. Occasionally Sarann came to see Cora, to brag about her lace curtains, and the big looking-glass with the gold frame, and the bed-

room set of bird's-eye maple, and her silk dresses; and her visits usually wound up with a request for the loan of a yeast-cake or some coffee—once she even borrowed flour to make biscuits for supper.

Cora sat among her old, solid black-walnut heirlooms, listened, gave the required loan with a generous hand—no one ever found *her* out of groceries—but did not return the visits. Once she sent one of her hired men to borrow James's disk-harrow when hers broke down unexpectedly, and she bade him say, when he took it back, "Miss Straughn says to tell you she's very much obliged." But when her mother died she sent no word and asked no aid of James and Sarann, as she did of her other near neighbors.

Into her orderly household Mary Llewellyn fitted exactly, and the two women worked side by side with entire competence. Cora had developed into a splendid manager—she was a born farmer, Mary told her, and it was so. Everything she undertook resulted to her profit, and now, when she went in to town to the bank, the cashier, sometimes even the president of the bank himself, escorted her out to her carriage and untied her horse—though she could have done it much more dexterously herself. Moreover, Sarann's bitter wish that she would have no more suitors was far from fulfilled.

"She has," bragged Mary Llewellyn whenever she had a chance, "a beau for every day in the week and half a dozen for Sundays. But she'll listen to none."

One day in early October, as Cora came in from the spring-house carrying a great tray of butter that was ready to be sent to town, a man came galloping into the yard. Mary Llewellyn ran to the open door at the sound of the drumming of the horse's feet and the hoarse shouts of the rider. It was James Saulsbury, hatless, disordered.

"For God's sake," he cried. "Come—come—Sarann's dying!"

Cora stepped inside and set the butter on the kitchen table. "Put this away, Mary," she said, coolly, "and then come 's quick as you can. Better have one of the men hitch up and bring you."

Without waiting for answer, she turned back to James.

"Ride up to the horse-block," she commanded. "I guess your horse will carry double." She mounted behind him and they were gone before Mary Llewellyn could put the butter in its place.

Arrived at the Saulsbury home, Cora slipped off. "You get another horse," she said, "and go get the doctor. Better hitch up. I'll do everything that's needed here." And she ran into the house she had not entered for more than five years.

As it turned out, there was not much to be done. Sarann had flown into a rage because James was late coming in to breakfast, and had brought on a violent and sudden hemorrhage. She died in Cora's arms while James was fetching the doctor. James flung himself out of the buggy and came running like a madman to the house. But he knew what had happened the moment he set foot over the door-sill.

At the sight of Sarann dead he went wild. He could not believe it. He knelt beside her, calling her by loving names, begging her to speak to him, cursing himself for the thoughtlessness that had caused her death, blaming himself for having left her to die without him, telling her that he had nothing left in life without her, calling her heart-brokenly to come back and take him with her, sobbing out all his love and his need of her in hoarse and broken words—until at last Cora went to him again, almost lifted him from his knees, took him out to the kitchen, and, between scolding and coaxing, calmed him and made him eat and drink.

He lifted stricken eyes to hers as she filled his coffee-cup. "I could just about kill myself," he said, brokenly. But Cora hushed him, and when he would not eat any more she sent him off to town, with a hastily summoned cousin, to see about the burial lot and the service, knowing that nothing but action would hold off the insanity of grief that threatened him.

She and Mary Llewellyn did everything that was needed at the house. As they straightened and cleaned it Mary Llewellyn took off some of the endless

tags of drapery and put them out of sight, restoring to the house a little of the comfortable sobriety that had belonged to it before Sarann's coming. But the parlor she did not touch, and so Sarann lay there surrounded by gaudy, shining furniture, reflected in the ornate gilt-framed mirror, while all about her were grouped the thousand tawdry little fripperies that she had loved. And since they could not find a simple white dress to put on her, she was fittingly clothed in a ruffled pink silk, the newest of her gay finery.

At last the house was dustless and shining, and the mistress of it lay like a broken little butterfly in the front room with the closed shutters.

"She looks real good," said Mary Llewellyn to Cora. "Though I do say it as never liked her. Will you come to look at her?"

"I couldn't," said Cora, after a pause.

Yet the neighborhood generally, and many people who would not come to see Sarann living, came eagerly to see her dead. Rumors of James Saulsbury's wild grief, and tales of the bedizened house, as well as the fact that Sarann had died in Cora Straughn's arms, lent a special interest to the funeral. And many of the good, comfortable country women said in good, comfortable voices, to their good, comfortable husbands as they drove back to their good, comfortable homes, "Now if James Saulsbury has a grain of sense left he'll marry Cora Straughn, as he ought to 've done at first."

That was Sarann's epitaph.

The day after the funeral Cora Straughn came out into her pleasant kitchen and stood by Mary Llewellyn, watching her wipe the cook-table. At last she spoke: "You'd better go to stay with him for a while. I'll get along all right." And Mary Llewellyn, with a pleasurable sense of excitement, promptly obeyed. She, too, knew Sarann's epitaph.

That it might be fulfilled, she began to find pretexts to send James Saulsbury to Cora Straughn's house. And he, shaken and broken and grieving, obeyed her, just as he had obeyed Sarann when she sent him on meaningless errands.



Drawn by Walter L. Greene

AT THE CHILD'S CRY SHE TURNED TO COMFORT HIM

As the winter came on he began to find that the trip across the fields to Cora Straughn's warm, firelit house was becoming something to look forward to. When it came holiday week he went in to town and bought a cut-glass pitcher and glasses and took them to Cora as a Christmas gift, trying to tell her at the same time a little of how he had appreciated her kindness at the time of Sarann's death. And then his face worked pitifully and he turned away and almost ran out of the house.

Cora set the pitcher and glasses away on the top shelf of the closet where she would not see them, then she went upstairs and, with a strange look on her face, opened the drawer where the white silk that was to be made into her wedding-dress lay still unfolded. But she did not take it out. She only sat beside it on the floor, the winter sunlight falling on her great golden braids, her eyes dreaming.

So things went on till spring. Mary Llewellyn, coming to see Cora, had said, "He talks about you a lot," but she did not say that James spent every night in the sitting-room seated before a large colored photograph that he had had made of Sarann. She did not tell Cora or any one that James Saulsbury had told her to leave his wife's clothes and ornaments and showy little toilet articles just as they were in her lifetime. Mary Llewellyn had lived to be an old woman and had seen many miraculous healings of broken hearts. She did as James Saulsbury bade her, but she kept on sending him to see Cora, and every once in a while she would say something in praise of her. Now it was her smartness and her cleverness; again it was her beauty; and at last it was her suitors, ending with, "And why, d'ye suppose, she never married?"

"That'll give him something to think about," she said to herself, wisely. She was right. The old woman's question broke open a closed door in James's heart. Why hadn't Cora ever married? To be sure, there was no use in thinking of that now, but he suddenly felt a little ugly resentment that other men should aspire to her.

Two or three evenings later, after supper, he went up to his room and put on

a clean white shirt and his best suit. When he came down Mary Llewellyn eyed him over her knitting, but she held her tongue. "I'm going over to see Cora Straughn," he said, with his hand on the latch. "Is there anything you want me to tell her?"

"Nothing," responded Mary, placidly. Then, as he shut the door behind him: "Now, thanks be to Heaven, he has seen the light at last. I wish he was my son—or she my daughter. What an old fool I'm coming to be! But they're just the kind of man and woman anybody'd like their children to grow up into."

Meanwhile, James Saulsbury was taking that accustomed path across the fields. There was the smell of spring in the air, just the hint of it—a warm night for March. The green things were waking up and pushing through the mold. James Saulsbury felt an unaccountable lifting of his cloud of grief. He actually wanted to whistle, and finally he did whistle a little, very softly between his teeth, a jiggling tune, too. After all, he was only thirty-five. He straightened himself unconsciously and fell into a more sweeping stride.

At sight of the lamp-lit window of Cora's sitting-room he slowed, and advanced quietly, so that he could look in. She was at her desk, bending over a big account-book, the light shining wonderfully on her hair and on the melting blue of her dark dress. There was a white collar against her white throat. The light picked out little flashes of color on the brass candlesticks, on the crimson rug and table-cover, and in the warm browns of the old furniture. It was an "interior arrangement" that some great painter might have planned. But James Saulsbury only felt that at last he had got home.

"It's nice out to-night," said James after a pause. "You can fairly smell the growing things, they're pushing out so fast."

"I was thinking so when I shut up the chickens," said Cora. "And this morning when I was over to the west field I saw some hepaticas in that corner by the black-oak-tree."

And then she flushed and checked herself. She and James had picked hepaticas there one March afternoon seven

years ago. It was there he had asked her to marry him. She looked at him a little defiantly, but he had seen and understood.

He rose from his chair and walked over to her. "Cora," he cried—"Cora, I want that you should marry me—soon."

She insisted that there should be no wedding until the full year of his mourning was over, but at the end of that time she had her white silk made up into a soft and comely wedding-dress, and in her own sitting-room Cora Straughn married James Saulsbury, with just a few of her friends looking on, and Mary Llewellyn crying happily close at her side.

It was only a short drive through the snow, and James, giving his team over to one of his men who had waited for him, entered the house with her. It was like some cheap bazaar; clean, to be sure, but crowded with trash, much of which showed the mark of time. James Saulsbury put his arms about his wife and drew her to him, and as she stood thus in his embrace she found herself staring, over his shoulder, into the slanting, smiling eyes of Sarann's picture—that colored photograph which she hadn't known about. She shuddered away from James's arms. She couldn't live here. What chance for happiness with that face staring at her all around the room?

"What is it, Cora?" said James, as she slipped out of his arms.

"I didn't know," said she, faintly—"I didn't know," she longed to say, "that you had that picture of Sarann," but instead she finished, stammeringly—"that the house was fixed up so gay."

And the vision of Sarann's laughing eyes and lips just ready to say some stabbing word—it was a good likeness the photographer had caught—was the last thing she saw before they put out the lights to go up-stairs.

Slowly, in the days that followed, Cora made away with the things that seemed to her most patently the belongings of Sarann. With not a little anguish of spirit she burned some two score little picture-frames, gaudy tidies, gilded baskets, and the like. Some of the bright vases and jugs she incontinently smashed,

hiding the pieces in the attic until mild weather should come and she could bury them. Piece by piece she banished the furniture and brought back the old sturdy tables and chairs that had belonged to James's mother. There was a closed room in the attic where she put these things that had been Sarann's, and she promised herself that some time in James's absence she would make a bonfire of them. Mary Llewellyn, who was now living in the Straughn place, keeping house for Cora's agent there, came over one day, and, though she looked about her, she cannily said nothing about the changes she saw.

But one thing she did say, and it was just as she was leaving. "I think, my dear," she observed, with her old head on one side, "that I'll be sending you over the old cradle you was rocked in when you was a wee one." And Cora, the undemonstrative, got up and put her arms around her and kissed her good-by.

James did not seem to see these changes in his house. He was vastly content—putting on a little flesh, too. A comfortable home, a wife who knew as much farming as he did, but was not glib with her knowledge, a child coming—what more could any sensible man ask? Yet one day when Cora came into the sitting-room after supper she found him looking at the picture of Sarann with a profoundness of gaze that fairly startled her.

How she hated that picture! It was the one thing she dared not move. Of an afternoon she would come and bring her sewing—little, white, delicate garments—and sit defiantly before Sarann's eyes, feeling that she could thus scorn her. Often she asked herself what it could have been that that little flighty, shallow piece had had about her to draw James Saulsbury's heart so powerfully. For she knew—as no one else knew—how James Saulsbury had adored Sarann. She had seen it, had been there when that adoration was born, and had had it cast in her teeth by Sarann uncounted times thereafter. What had that little sharp-tongued, shrill-voiced silly given James that she, Cora, had not? Why was she—she who had really been the first in James's heart—made to take second place? It ate into the

very fiber of her life, the stinging poison of it.

"Why," she told herself, "I'm nothing but his partner. He talks to me about the cattle and the farm-work, but she—Sarann—held his love and his interest somehow as I cannot." And then she wondered passionately if it would not be different when the child was born. And she would look at Sarann's picture proudly, defiantly—oh, the child *must* make a difference. Sarann had not wanted children. She knew that.

Fate, it seemed, had still another sharp arrow in his quiver to be directed against her. One cold autumn afternoon, when her confinement was drawing very near, she was walking a little in her sitting-room, for she felt uneasy in mind and body.

Mary Llewellyn, the faithful, had come over to stay now, to be with her until it was over, and she had built a fire in the fireplace and sat before it, knitting busily on some little white wool thing. She was talking cheerful commonplaces to relieve Cora's nervousness.

"It's cold to-day, sure, and feels like snow to me. Look at the clouds, dear, and tell me if there isn't a gray bank at the east."

Cora walked slowly to the window.

"Come here," she said, queerly, tensely. Something went like a flash through Mary Llewellyn's head. She cast her work down and was at Cora's side in an instant. A group of men, carrying something, were coming down the lane. Behind, a half-grown boy led a riderless horse.

"It's *James!* He's been thrown," said Cora, and with a sobbing moan she fell back into Mary Llewellyn's arms, unconscious.

It was true. Thrown and dragged by his horse, James Saulsbury was being brought home dead to her.

For days she lay unconscious. Then her magnificent vitality rallied and held her weakness, thrust it back. She opened her eyes—she asked for her baby—she put it to her breast. But she did not mention James's name.

On the first day that she might go down-stairs she waited until she lay comfortably in an easy-chair, her loose black dress open at the throat, her great

braids pinned very loosely around her head. The baby slept in her arms, for she would hold him, no matter what Mary Llewellyn said.

"Now," said Cora, "I want to see the men who brought James home. Ask them to come in. I've got to hear about it. Don't be afraid that I can't bear it." Her blue eyes besought Mary's, and Mary went to do her bidding.

They came, the men, awkward, tongue-tied, and told her how James's cap had blown off, startling the horse as he had snatched for it; of how he had lost his balance; of how his left foot had caught in the stirrup; of how the horse, a young one and ill-broken, had gone crazy with fear and dragged him. Of how—oh, they told it all, yet sparing her what they could.

She listened to them in silence, holding the baby. "But he was still alive when you found him?" she asked.

"Yes, but unconscious."

"Didn't he say *anything*—not a word—before he died?"

A farmer's lad, to whom James had been very kind, spoke up, his voice breaking. "He moaned a little—Mis' Saulsbury, an' I heard him say your name—just, 'Cora—my wife,' when we lifted him up—an'—an'—he never said nothing more—"

He was silent. Presently the men tiptoed out. There was a long silence in the room. Then Cora Saulsbury got up and stood, her child in her arms, and looked Sarann's picture square in the eyes. She spoke aloud:

"Sarann Lord, you heard that, did you? *He named me.* Just *me.* He wanted *me.* You was nothing to him there at the end. I am the one he thought of and called. I am satisfied now."

She looked at the picture a moment longer; then she put the child in his cradle and reached up in her long, black draperies, unhooked the picture, tore it out of its frame, and fed it to the open fire beneath. Then she broke the frame apart and put that on the flames. She threw the glass on the hearthstone and it crashed into a thousand pieces. The sudden noise made the child cry. And she turned to comfort him, her golden hair a crown in the blazing firelight.

Nature and the Psalmist

BY WALTER PRICHARD EATON



OW much of the influence of early environment, of those habituated reactions which comprise for each one of us the iron ring of his destiny, there is in even our deeper attitude toward the external world—toward what we call Nature! Not long ago I spent many weeks in the prairie country of the West, a sense of oppression constantly increasing in weight upon my spirit. Those endless, level plains! Those roads that stretched without a break to infinity! A house, a group of barns, a fruit-orchard, now and then a clump of hardwoods, alone broke the endless, flat monotony of snow-covered fields—no, not fields, but infinitudes where a single furrow could put a girdle about an entire township in my home land! My soul hungered for a hill; my heart craved, with a dull longing, the sight of a naked birch-tree flung aloft against the winter sky. Back through the endless plains of Illinois the train crawled, away from the setting sun. But the next daylight disclosed the gentle, rolling slopes of the Mohawk Valley, and before many hours had passed the Berkshire Hills were all about us, like familiar things recovered. The camel-hump of Greylock to the north was sapphire-blue and beckoning. The nearer mountains wore their reddish mantles, pricked with green, above the snowy intervalles, and laid their up-reared outlines stark against the sky. Shadowy ravines let into their flanks, suggestive of roaring brooks and the mystery of the wilderness. The clouds trailed purple shadow-anchors; the sun flashed from the ice on their scarred ledges. And a weight seemed suddenly lifted from my spirit. The words of the ancient Psalmist came to my lips unconsciously: "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills. From whence cometh my help? My help cometh from God."

Yes, God dwells in the high places! The Pemigewasset Indians who would not climb Mount Moosilauke because the Great Spirit abode on that wind-swept summit, the ancient Hebrew Psalmist who dwelt in the shadow of the Syrian hills, and I, "the heir to all the ages," are alike in this primitive sense that God's dwelling-place is up there where our eyes instinctively lift; for the glory and the wonder of the hills is upon us all, and we cannot believe otherwise.

Yet what of the man who never saw a hill? What of the tribesman of the plain or desert, or the Illinois farmer's boy? Where, for him, is God's dwelling? I have seen men from the prairie whom the hills oppressed, who hungered for their level roads stretching arrow-like to the far horizon, just as I hungered for the blue heave of Greylock. I once spent several days in camp in the tumbled wilderness under Carrigain, with a man who all his life had followed the sea. The early sunsets and the late dawns, the constant sense of vast rock walls confronting the vision and cutting off half the sky, depressed him. He was homesick for the sea. God for him, I suppose, dwelt on the deep and spoke in the wail of the wind through the rigging, or roared with the voice of many waters. Does He speak to the prairie boy in the rustle of the endless miles of corn? Does He dwell in that pearly cloud which hangs for ever above the far horizon? Is His dwelling this pervasive immensity of space? Somewhere He dwells for each of us, for man perishes who does not find for Him a habitation; but where it is depends, after all, on habit—on so simple a thing as the silent influence in early years of external sights and sounds. I was born in the hills, and nurtured on their breast, and I am never happy long away from them. The most beautiful thing in the world to me is Mount Moosilauke; and the loveliest



THE HEAVENS DECLARE THE GLORY OF GOD

music ever made is the song of the hermit thrushes on the slopes of Cannon, when the sunset shadows are creeping amid the hemlock aisles and far below on an upland pasture the cow-bells tinkle as the herd winds down to the valley. Were I a psalmist, from such things would my metaphors be drawn, and I would bid the world once more lift up its eyes unto the hills. But there may be psalmists of the sea and prairie, of the frozen North and the languid tropics. After all, what matters is the sense of divinity that surrounds us, the enkin-

dled spirit which strikes out from Nature the ultimate metaphor.

The Psalms are lyric poems. Whatever perversions may have resulted from the conflict between Judaistic scriptures and a superimposed Aryan mysticism, a wise world has known the Psalms all the time for what they are. The God of the psalmists may have been a tribal God, to be sure. For that matter, what nation to-day, after two thousand years of so-called Christianity, but worships a tribal God? We have of late been forced to contemplate the sorry spectacle of

various nations on the eve of battle, each lifting its voice in prayer to its tribal divinity, with that terrible certainty and lack of humor which characterize such narrow devotions. But the Psalms are not theology: they are lyric poetry—the expression of a single individual (of his time and his people, to be sure) in the face of life. Whether he was a single individual for all the Psalms, or a separate one for each, does not in the least matter. What the world cares about is the personal reaction of a human soul, for that, direct and certain, carries its

message to all other souls, and time or place, name or nationality, are as naught.

The griefs the psalmists sang are still our griefs, the doubts and consolations still are ours, and the world the psalmists looked upon is still about us. The sun rose and set in Judea, and the Psalmist chanted, "Thou makest the outgoings of the morning and evening to rejoice." Here was no "subtle observation" of meteorological conditions peculiar to the east coast of the Mediterranean; no esthetic analysis, no scientific



ALL THE BEASTS OF THE FOREST DO CREEP FORTH



THOU MAKEST THE OUTGOINGS OF THE MORNING AND EVENING TO REJOICE

speculation. Here was simply the soul of a man touched by the beauty and the mystery of a natural phenomenon till poetry kindled on his lips and devotion in his heart. It is that simple attitude toward Nature which I sometimes think the world has lost in these latter days, verifying Goethe's statement that "animated inquiry into causes does great harm." "Thou makest the outgoings of the morning and evening to rejoice"—how calm and hushed the picture evoked, how peaceful and brooding,

how like a benediction it falls upon the spirit! I think of my own mountain land, of a wooded knoll that rises from the valley, and I stand bareheaded in the fields while the golden floods of the sunset fill all the intervales with liquid light, an interval which is like a green chalice amid the hills. The golden flood creeps up the eastern slopes, and out of the darkening fields below the shadows follow, amethyst shadows that stray like smoke amid the birches. At last the gold burns only in the kindled west, in a

gap between two mountain summits—a gateway to that Land of Wonder which lies for ever around the world-rim underneath the setting sun. The trees upon the little foreground knoll are silhouetted now, black against the gold. The fields are very still. Only a far-off cow-bell tinkles, and a vesper sparrow sings softly to himself. The spirit, too, is very still, hushed with happy awe. "Thou makest the outgoings of the morning and the evening to rejoice." The slow feet turn homeward through a world transformed, a world not of bicker and restriction and the small, strutting ego, but of immanent divinity.

Thou visitest the earth, and waterest it,
[the same hymn continues in a mood of adoration].

... Thou waterest her furrows abundantly;
Thou settlest the ridges thereof;
Thou makest it soft with showers;
Thou blessest the springing thereof.
Thou crownest the year with thy goodness;
And thy paths drop fatness.

We may wax learned over this passage, declaring that it shows the influence of "the simple nature-religion of a long-established agricultural people," the Hittites of the land of Canaan. We may discourse on the geography and climate of Canaan, and show that in a time and region where all life depended upon the success of the crops, nothing could be more natural than this adoration. Yet all our discourse and discussion will seem futile enough on a day late in April, when we stand in familiar fields and watch the world made soft with showers. There will be a frail green upon the bosom of the earth where it is not ridged into gleaming brown furrows. In the orchard and the woods there will be a haze of emerald. A fringe of poplars or of birches by the wall have put on their virgin veils, and suddenly they bow gracefully in the rising gust, tossing against a sky where sunshine and blue seem to be chased down from the zenith and back again from the horizon by the cloudy cohorts of the shower. The rain comes with a long, lateral swish, then straightens up to fall gently, till the fields send forth a rich earthy fragrance, the incense of the spring. If it be the simple Nature-worship of a primitive agricultural people to feel, in this beau-

tiful and benignant spectacle, this picture so soft and virginal and fragrant, repeated through the years and the centuries, the hand that loosed the flood-gates of the shower, to view it calmly with the faith of a child untroubled by too animated an inquiry into causes, then let us be thankful that some instincts of our racial childhood still persist. Facts, facts, facts—why must we be for ever going to Nature in search of facts! Let us go to Nature now and then in search of the great, simple mysteries.

And thy paths drop fatness.

They drop upon the pastures of the wilderness:

And the hills are girded with joy.

The pastures are clothed with flocks;

The valleys also are covered over with corn;
They shout for joy, they also sing.

It is a lush midsummer day. The sheep are lying beneath a great oak in the upland pasture. Across the valley other hills go up with pastures flung like mantles over their shoulders. The corn is in the green valley, with the winding thread of the river and the glittering track of the railroad, the white church-spire above the village elms, and a certain roof that I call home. The dome of heaven is overhead; the sunshine is everywhere. "They shout for joy, they also sing." I am quite content to drop into a lazy bed of sweet-fern and become a Hittite for the time, a countryman of the manly Uriah, whose dignified devotion to duty, as Chamberlain has pointed out, contrasted so favorably with the "criminal levity" of King David!

In our mountain world the Lord indeed "stretcheth out the heavens like a curtain" and "maketh the clouds his chariot." It is not for us that he "layeth the beams of his chambers in the water"; dwellers by lake or sea can best realize the force of that majestic metaphor; but he walketh upon the wings of our winds and maketh them his messengers. I know a great oak that stands alone and self-sufficient in a pasture (what is so self-sufficient as a sturdy, well-developed tree isolated in a clearing?), and when the northwest winds come charging down the valley it tosses its branches protestingly against the buffet, and the si-



THE PASTURES ARE CLOTHED WITH FLOCKS

lent, rushing current becomes audible, is given a voice. It is only when the hurricane meets opposition that its voice is heard; its sweep is soundless through the upper air. Behind the great tree

domes the blue sky where the clouds drive, an endless flotilla hurrying down the gale. The picture is full of color, of spaciousness, of "go." How far off and deep the sky appears! How melodious



WHO STRETCHETH OUT THE HEAVENS LIKE A CURTAIN

is the tossing, wailing rustle of the giant tree! How sweet in my ear, as I sit amid the hardhack, is the sudden little whistle as a gust sweeps down even into my lowly shelter! In such a mood I am asking no questions of Nature; I am humble before the spectacle, content to observe why the Psalmist said that the Lord maketh the clouds his chariot. My imagination is expanded; my soul goes up to ride upon the racing cumuli!

He appointed the moon for seasons:
The sun knoweth his going down.

Thou makest darkness, and it is night;
Wherein all the beasts of the forest do
creep forth.
The young lions roar after their prey,
And seek their meat from God.
The sun ariseth, they get them away,
And lay them down in their dens.
Man goeth forth unto his work
And to his labour until the evening.

What a simple statement this is of the rotation of the hours, and yet how all-sufficient, in certain of our moods, even to this day! A mile or two back

from the coast in the old Narragansett country of Rhode Island, amid the pitch-pines and oaks, there is a fresh-water pond of great beauty. Here on its shores until a generation ago the last of the Narragansetts had their reservation, their council-ring, and their school-house. The pond still bears the name they gave it, Quacom-paug—"The Lake of the Great White Gull"—and their trails lead away from its shores into the surrounding swamps, overgrown now with blackberry-vines or eroded deep into the sandy soil. Once I tramped in

through the woods to this pond as the afternoon was failing and launched a canoe on its dark, still mirror. The sunset reddened till it glowed like a far-off conflagration between the pine boles on the western bank. The shadows of twilight stole out of the forest behind me. Creeping along shore, it seemed that night was already come, but by shooting the canoe out free of the lily-pads and the reflections of the forest edge, the lake surface appeared to give up daylight still. Presently the canoe slipped around a wooded promontory—noiselessly, without





HE GIVETH SNOW LIKE WOOL; HE SCATTERETH THE HOAR FROST LIKE ASHES

even a drip from the paddle—and there, knee-deep in the dark-brown water, stood two deer, their tails startlingly white against the black wall of the forest. They were drinking, but one of them looked up, surprised, and gazed at

me with his great eyes, as deer will often do before they make a move. He let me slide the canoe still closer before he turned, and, with evidently a whispered word to his companion, crashed up the bank and disappeared, the doe following

obediently. A flash of white tail in the night blackness of the forest was the last thing I saw, but for a full minute I could hear, in diminuendo, the cracking of undergrowth and twigs.

I paddled slowly back to my landing, with the stars twinkling and bobbing in the water off the bow, and curled up, after a quiet, lonely supper, for the night, pleasantly aware of the soft, melancholy whistle of a screech-owl, the sounds of little creatures coming down to the lake to drink, the splash of a fish jumping for insects, and once, as I woke and turned, of a swish through the grasses, as if a fox had been prowling near the provisions.

The next morning the birds were busy at their matins, but along all the shoreline, where the green forest came down to dip its toes in the lake, not a creature was visible. There was, however, a fresh track in the mud near my canoe, as if a wizened foot had been set down there: a coon had visited the water, perhaps to drink, perhaps to wash a morsel of food. In half an hour after breakfast I came out of the woods upon the Post Road. It was too early for the day's procession of touring automobiles (whose passengers would rush past this knoll where I stood nor ever guess that the trail behind me led into the real Narragansett country, which they would never see); but in the fields men were astir. Already I could hear the hot "click, click, click" of a mowing-machine. A hay-rake rattled past on the road. Smoke was coming from the chimneys of the gray houses that looked almost like great boulders on the low, green plain between the Post Road and the yellow sand-bar a mile or two away. The sun was up, the world of men was astir, and had gone forth to its labor until evening. I lifted my eyes to the yellow sand-bar, while my nostrils sniffed the salt. Yonder was the sea, "great and wide"; yes, and there went the ships, trailing their long smoke-plumes far out where Block Island lay like a blue cloud on the horizon line. The Psalmist's cycle had been completed, and I walked homeward strangely at peace, the salt wind and the sunshine for my companions.

It is winter now, and the snow has

come, the deep snow which settles over our mountain world, transforming all the landscape for three or four months, altering its color values, softening its outlines, and giving us a season which those who dwell in cities know nothing of. How expectantly we awaited the first steady storm from the northwest! The bare, frozen earth awaited it expectantly, too, each flower-root chill for its coverlid. I once heard of a little girl who exclaimed, when she saw her first snowfall, "Look, mamma! God has busted His feather-bed!" I like that exclamation. It is picturesque, and it is instinct with primitive devotion. Does it not suggest, indeed, the words of the Psalmist:

He giveth snow like wool;
He scattereth the hoarfrost like ashes.

"He giveth snow like wool." We go out in the first storm, away from our warm house amid its spruces, and swing rapidly into the open country, our faces upturned to feel the gentle sting of the flakes on cheek and lip. We cannot see far into the dull, whitish-gray sky; we are looking into opacity, a vast opacity which overhangs the world and drops cool wool upon our cheeks. The familiar landscape about us, too, is suddenly strange. The well-loved peaks have disappeared. Perspective is curiously marked by the quality of sharpness in upstanding objects. Close to us along the road runs a wall and a row of nude sugar-maples, dark and solid against the drift of the storm. Between the trunks we can see, perhaps, a group of corn-shocks standing in the field, and they are of fainter tone. Beyond them the hedge-row of poplars and chokecherries which marks the farther boundary is fainter still, almost as shadowy as the storm itself. Beyond that there is nothing but the white mystery. Out of the vast opacity above us the flakes fall without ceasing, and our boots have already become silent on the frozen road. In this great transformation of the visible universe we are isolated beings carrying with us as we move a narrow circle of familiar objects, yet aware always of the immensity beyond. One is never so intimate with Nature, so conscious of the pervasiveness of her

phenomena as in a snow-storm. In the little circle of visible objects, reduced to their barest essentials of mass and shade value, we are the exact center always; and in some manner not easy to explain—perhaps impossible to explain to any one not accustomed to a voluntary life in the open—that gives us a curious sense of relationship with Nature, of dependence upon her, a deep, impregnable belief that in her manifestations we come closest to divinity.

When the snow has laid its winter mantle on our hills and built magic cornices along our brooks, Orion greets us from the evening sky, and the Dog Star hangs like a lamp amid the spires of the firs. I return sometimes from New York—from the noise and glare and hurry of its streets, from the feverishness of its spirit, the oppression of its imprisoning cañon walls—and old Orion is like a friend awaiting me. Often I think of Martineau's words:

Silence is in truth the attribute of God; and those who seek Him from that side invariably learn that meditation is not the dream but the reality of life; not its illusion, but its truth; not its weakness, but its strength. Such act of the mind is quite needful, in order to rectify the estimates of the senses and the lower understanding, to shake off the drowsy order of perceptions, in which, with the eyes of the soul half closed, we are apt to doze away existence here. Neglecting it now, we shall wake into it hereafter, and find that we have been walking in our sleep. It is necessary even for preserving the truthfulness of our practical life.

To meditate in the night watches, to ascend through the frosty darkness the pasture slope behind the garden, and from the hill to watch the slow procession of the stars across the sky—worlds which reckon so little of those valley lamps down here where our small village nestles—is to know indeed that

The heavens declare the glory of God,
And the firmament sheweth His handiwork.

From Jupiter our earth would be but

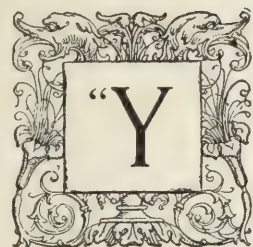
a tiny star; from Sirius it would be, no doubt, invisible! What "insect cares" are these that trouble us, in the face of such immensity? As the imagination leaps into depth beyond depth of space, layer after layer of passion and smallness seems cast off from our spirits, and in the silence of the midnight our soul taps anew the primal sources of its strength.

"Silence came before creation, and the heavens were spread without a word." The stars and the sunshine, the grass and the trees, the snow that is sent like wool, the blessing of soft showers, all the lovely spectacle of the seasons, the dome of the hills, the curve of the sea-rim, were man's inheritance before he builded cities and made himself triumphant and ubiquitous. Of course, to say that God dwells only on the hills or speaks with the voice of many waters, to make of Nature-worship a denial of His habitation in the human heart, a denial of man's urgent need for the Presence in the market-place, would be the merest folly. But, especially perhaps in these latter days when we speak so much of a "love of Nature" and know so little what that means, when neither the scientific inquiry of the naturalist nor the summer exodus through the countryside in automobiles is enough to give the world again the quick, poetic, instinctive sense of the divinity of rocks and trees and springing crops, we can more than ever feel the need for a return to primal wonder. God will not speak in the market till He has whispered in the still places. To invest stocks and stones with the incommunicable Name is not an act of childishness, but of the deepest wisdom, the wisdom of the heart that worships and is amazed, that recreates in meditation the powers by which men live. In the fever of our modern life, we cannot return to Nature too intimately. We have as yet, in spite of our pose, hardly begun that return. The ancient nurse awaits our humbleness.



The Relapse

BY ALICE DUER MILLER



OUR son's case," said the doctor—who was an old man and had modeled his manner on the more priestlike ideal of an older generation of medical men—"your son's case is typhoid; a pronounced but not a malignant infection. Everything is in his favor—his youth, his constitution, and his habits—"

"His *habits*!" cried Mrs. Gorham in unaffected surprise.

"Hem!" said the doctor, who had merely put in "*habits*" because in a long life of pronouncements his ear had grown accustomed to triads, "shall we say that his habits are not, after all, too much against him? He wishes you to send immediately for his wife."

"For what?"

"For his wife."

"But he has no wife."

"So I told him," replied the doctor; "so I told him several times, but his only answer was that I must be crazy."

"Is he delirious," asked his mother, "or can he have been clandestinely married? Why didn't you ask her name? Surely at this late date he can't be thinking of Evelina."

"I did ask her name," the doctor answered, "but he only replied that her name was Mrs. Mark Gorham, and when I pressed him further his language became so profane that one of the nurses—a Scotch Presbyterian—threatened to drop the case. As nursing is so important an element in typhoid, I decided to come to you."

Mrs. Gorham, slightly stooping and holding up the front of her dress, hurried up-stairs.

A good-looking young man of about twenty seven or eight was lying back on his pillows, watching with an irritable eye the arrangements of his trained nurses.

As his mother entered he turned to her.

"Ah," he said, "at last! Have you sent for Evie?"

"No, my dear."

"Well, do it at once."

"It is impossible, Mark."

"And why, I should like to know? She doesn't live ten blocks from here."

"Improper, then."

"Improper! to send for a fellow's wife when he's ill?"

"Evelina is not your wife."

"Well," said he, "I don't think that's a very nice way to talk, when she's lived with me for five years."

"I did not say she had not once been your wife."

"Well, well," said the invalid, impatiently, "it seems I have a higher opinion of the permanence of matrimony than many who talk more virtuously. I want Evie sent for."

"You seem to overlook the fact, Mark, that she has divorced you—divorced you, my poor boy, for reasons which even I, your mother—"

"But I was well, then," said Mark. "Of course you can get on perfectly when you're well. But now I'm ill—very ill. People die of typhoid. You don't expect me to die without my wife, do you?"

"Mark, you must realize that she is not your—"

"Please don't say that again, mother. It's so silly."

"You must put the idea out of your head, my dear."

"You mean you won't send?"

"I could not insult her by doing so."

"You think it would insult Evie to have me ask for her? That shows all you know. It's the other way. Anyhow, it's up to her, isn't it? But, of course, if you're so determined not to do as I ask you—"

At this point Mrs. Gorham left the room, beckoning the nurse after her. She drew the woman into a neighboring room, and, when she had shut the door,

explained that her son must be given a quieting draught; that he and his wife had parted on bad terms more than a year before; that they had been divorced for several months; that his had always been a difficult nature to control; that she herself had been early left a widow; and she was proceeding to outline some of the problems of his education when the nurse interrupted her to say that she really must return to her patient.

When they entered the bedroom, it was empty.

In the mean time Mrs. Mark Gorham—or, rather, Mrs. McVittey Gorham, as she now called herself (she had been a Miss McVittey)—had been having a few people to dinner. They had all gone but one, who, though he had risen and was standing with his hand on the mantelpiece, could be seen by an experienced observer to be good for another hour.

The nature of their conversation may be discerned from the fact that Mrs. Gorham was saying, gently but firmly:

"No, I cannot imagine any circumstances under which I should ever marry again."

"You mean," said her guest, "that your first experience was so painful you would never care to make a second experiment? Surely that is hasty! Young, lovely—"

"I don't mean exactly that," returned Mrs. Gorham, interrupting a further catalogue of her charms. "My marriage certainly was not very successful. I don't suppose there could have been a more trying man to live with than Mark was in many ways. I don't refer to our last little tragedy, but to the years that went before. Mark was at once irritable, critical, and in some ways extremely helpless—"

Mr. Treadwell shook his head. "I can't wonder you don't dare to try again," he murmured.

"It isn't that."

"You do not mean to imply you still retain affection for Gorham?"

There was a pause—slight, indeed, but too long to please Mr. Treadwell—before Mrs. Gorham answered:

"No, nor that, either. It's rather hard to explain. Women—some women,

that is—are really monogamous—no, that isn't the right word; but you know what I mean. If you've been the wife of one man, why, that's what you are, and you never can be anything else; even"—she added, politely—"if you'd like to be. You see," she ended with a rather wan smile, "such a state of mind should make one very careful in one's first choice."

Mr. Treadwell cleared his throat.

"We have come so near the subject," he began, rather stiffly, "that I feel tempted to ask how in the world you ever *did* make such a choice. Many of your friends, I think, have wondered. A woman of so discriminating a mind, with so many opportunities—how did it happen you ever allowed him to persuade you to marry him?"

"There was not so much persuasion necessary as you seem to imagine," she answered, and then added, more seriously, "but you do not have to come to me for the answer to this question. Any woman could tell you. Mark has charm."

"Charm!" exclaimed Mr. Treadwell. "I cannot think you mean to be taken seriously."

"Upon my word," returned Mrs. Gorham, "I think I ought to know. If, after five years of marriage and a divorce, I can still make such an assertion, the fact ought to be considered established. I yield to none in my appreciation of Mark's faults. He has some of the most annoying traits you can imagine—one of them was to think that everything bothersome that happened to him was my fault; but he had charm."

"Ah, I know what you have suffered," said Mr. Treadwell, tenderly, "and so it surprises me the more to hear you attribute charm to one so light, so irresponsible—"

"And may I ask since when have heaviness and responsibility been guarantees of charm?" asked Mrs. Gorham.

At this her guest launched out into a definition of that much-disputed term.

It showed no lack of attention on Mrs. Gorham's part that she was, throughout, listening to a conversation that she could dimly discern was going on between the butler and some one at the front door who seemed to be demanding

admittance. Women of even moderate ability appear to be able thus to disperse their attention over several subjects at once—particularly if one of them is a household matter; and now, fortunately, the conversation in the corridor died down before Mr. Treadwell ended his sentence, which, on analysis, seemed to prove that charm existed only in those men whose characteristics were a good deal like his own.

From this proposition Mrs. Gorham dissented with passion.

A discussion along these lines had continued for some time before it was cut short by the sound of a perfect turmoil in the hall, and, rushing out, they found the elder Mrs. Gorham, the doctor, and two trained nurses—to say nothing of the man-servant.

“My dear Evelina,” cried her former mother-in-law, taking just an instant to glance disapprovingly at the younger woman’s sky-blue dress, pearls, and solitary male companion, “my son would never have intruded upon you if he had not been delirious, and we are here to take him back.”

“But Mark is not here,” said Evelina. “No one is here?” she added, turning to the butler.

“Beg pardon, madam—yes,” replied the butler; “a gentleman has gone up to the spare room. He said you were expecting him, and to tell you he was there as soon as you were disengaged.”

“Mark in my house!” cried his former wife.

“How outrageous!” said Treadwell, an old family friend.

“He is in the early stages of typhoid,” observed the doctor, soothingly.

“We have an ambulance here to take him home,” said his mother, and the two nurses looked eagerly and competently up the stairs.

Evelina turned back toward the drawing-room.

“Very well,” she said, “let me know when he has gone,” and she went in and shut the door.

Treadwell followed her.

“And this,” he said, sadly, “is the man whom you were praising not five minutes ago.”

“It’s an open question whether it was exactly praise,” replied Evelina. “As

a matter of fact, even my aunt Louisa, who, as you know, has always disliked Mark so bitterly ever since the day he gave her parrot to the orphan asylum—even Aunt Louisa never denied his charm.” And at this they began all over again.

They had, strangely enough, reached the identical point at which they had been interrupted before, when the doctor entered, looking very grave, and said that the patient refused to be moved until he had had a word with Mrs. McVittey Gorham.

“And I need not tell you,” he added, “that all this moving and excitement is the worst possible thing for him.”

Evelina at once went up-stairs. Mark, with the most extraordinary celerity, had actually contrived to get into the spare-room bed before his pursuers had found him. Now he was again lying back on his pillows, but his eyes were open—though he was not looking at his trained nurses, who stood urgently on one side of him, nor at his mother, who was drooping on the other.

“Evie,” he said, as his wife entered, “I don’t at all like this name you’re calling yourself. Mrs. McVittey Gorham—how it sounds! It’s absurd. I never did like the name McVittey, anyhow.”

“I don’t care for it much myself, Mark,” she answered, and her manner was that of an expert in a field where all others were amateurs. “But it’s rather late to talk of that now. Why did you come here?”

“To this room?” said Mark, glancing about it. “I see you’ve had it repapered.” And it was evident he was ready to take up the discussion of the color-scheme with her had she not repeated, somewhat sternly:

“Why did you come here?”

“I thought,” he answered, “that you might object to my going into my old room on the second floor—”

“I’ve turned it into a writing-room,” she answered, with some asperity.

“Ah, you see I did not even stop to look. I came straight up here. No one could object to my being here.”

“Why did you come to my house at all, Mark?”

“But, Evie, you would not want me

to be ill among strangers, would you?" And he made a futile effort to take her hand.

"Strangers!" cried his mother. "The poor boy is out of his head. We'll take him home at once."

"Evie," said Mark again, and this time, by almost throwing himself out of bed, he contrived to catch her hand, "I don't want to go to my mother. I want to stay here."

Mrs. McVittey Gorham stood a moment in silence, looking rather thin and rigid, and then, addressing the doctor, she said in a peculiarly icy tone:

"I suppose it would be better for him not to be moved again?"

"Unquestionably."

"Then there is no real reason why he should not stay here, if you and the nurses will take all the responsibility of his care. I naturally cannot have anything to do with that."

And at this Mark fell back, in what no one present, except, perhaps, his mother, believed to be a genuine fainting-fit.

The theory that the whole responsibility of the situation was to rest on the doctor and nurses—the theory that Evelina was to go her way as if some stranger had taken refuge in her house—lasted in fact about twenty-four hours.

The first day her servant knocked twice on the sick-room door to inquire on her behalf how Mr. Gorham was doing, and that was all.

But the next morning, before she was up, a troubled nurse appeared at her bedside. Plainly the night in the spare room had been difficult. The nurses found themselves unable half the time to make out what it was Mr. Gorham wanted. Did Mrs. Gorham know anything about a hair pillow?

Did she know! Evelina could not help smiling. Months of her life had once been rendered hideous by her inability to find, in any shop, a pillow of a certain size, shape, and thickness which Mark had imagined rather than seen. It was now tucked away on the top shelf of her linen-closet. The nurse went away with it, much relieved.

But that, of course, was only the beginning. There were endless details of

his strange whims and little requirements that Evelina, and only Evelina, understood. The nurses, being intelligent women, grasped naturally at a solution of a problem that had at first seemed insoluble. Their unruly patient could be reduced to some order by his former wife, and they summoned her in every emergency. One of their difficulties, for instance, lay in the fact that Mark's voice, always low, had now sunk to being almost inaudible. At times, though his lips moved, no sound whatsoever issued from them. He was, however, convinced not only that he had spoken, but that he had been clearly understood, and that the nurses' pretended deafness was one of those small tyrannies on their part which must be firmly dealt with at the start. He refused under any blandishments to be led into repeating his orders. Evie, the nurses found, if she could not always guess what he had said, was able to keep him relatively calm when the guess was wrong.

Most of Evelina's friends and relatives—like Mr. Treadwell—disapproved of Mark, and their disapproval was embittered by remembrance of the lack of firmness with which she had always treated the culprit. Some were for her leaving the house instantly; others for her turning Mark out at any cost; and if the result proved fatal, some of them agreed they would not feel that the world had suffered much of a loss. But all those who came to her in this crisis—and sometimes as many as five or six turned up in one day—were united in the opinion that the depravity of Mark's conduct in coming was equaled only by the weakness of hers in allowing him to stay.

It seemed to Evelina quite like old times to be so much scolded by all who loved her, about something for which she could not help feeling that Mark was entirely to blame.

"How could it be that he came here?" they all asked. "Why didn't he stay at his mother's?"

"Well, you know what his mother is," Evelina would say.

"You'd think he would have got accustomed to her by this time."

"Mark doesn't get accustomed to

things he doesn't like," she would reply, and this would invariably call out a burst of condemnation of Mark's selfishness in general, and of the particular inconsiderateness of his last action.

To this Evelina would always reply that a man was not exactly responsible for what he did in delirium.

But all these scoldings probably had their effect; and, besides, a great deal of hard work, to say nothing of a certain emotional strain, had begun to tell on her, and she finally decided to take the advice of her friends and well-wishers, and, as Mark was better, to go away the next day.

That evening, while she was at dinner, the nurse came down to say that Mr. Gorham had had a good sleep, was quite himself, and was asking for Mrs. Gorham.

Evelina laid down her fork slowly.

"I'm glad he's better," she said, "but I think I won't go up."

"Oh, Mrs. Gorham, I wish you would!" said the nurse, who was by this time completely under the dominion of her patient. "You don't know how distressed he was, as his mind cleared, to find where he was and all the bother he had put you to; and I think—particularly if you're going away to-morrow—it would be a good thing for him to tell you, himself, and get it off his mind."

As a description of Mark's habits of mind, this did not strike Evelina as familiar. Nevertheless, she went up.

She saw at once that he had had himself carefully prepared for the interview. Not a hair of his head was out of place, and as for the covers of the bed, they were so tightly drawn that it seemed almost impossible that a human body could be stretched beneath them.

"I am so distressed," he began, in a voice weak, it is true, but clear and formal, "to hear—to make out gradually—all the trouble I have put you to. I needn't tell you that if I had not been delirious— However, I hope you'll forgive me."

"Of course, entirely. The trouble has been very little."

She was standing at the foot of his bed, with her hands folded on the railing, and he eyed her searchingly.

"There's a reserve in your tone," he said, with a return to a more normal manner; "there's a reserve in your forgiveness. What is it?"

"The reserve you detect has nothing to do with my forgiveness."

"What has it to do with?"

"With your delirium."

"What do you mean?"

"Mark, you were not delirious—not then, at least."

The patient hid his face hastily in his hair pillow, not, it is to be feared, so much to cloak his shame as to conceal the tell-tale grin which illuminated his features.

There was silence.

At last, without completely emerging, he said:

"Well, Evie, what else could I do? You wouldn't have had me in any other way, and my mother would not even send for you."

She smiled at this relentless logic.

"No harm has been done," she said—"good, rather; for you are getting better; and though my friends have been scolding me a lot, I have not, as a matter of fact, suffered any real inconvenience. And now your conscience can be quite at rest, for I am going away to-morrow. You will have the house to yourself."

Probably she had not expected this piece of news to be received with perfect acquiescence, but even she was not prepared for the violence of the scene which immediately followed. Never had there been such appeals, such reproaches. The nurses hurried in, and Evie went out, trying to tell herself that Mark had never been able to bear not getting his own way, even in trifles.

But, as usual, he was too many for her. That night he had a relapse. For the first time his life was considered to be in danger; and Evelina, now throwing off all pretense that the responsibility of his nursing was anybody's but her own, stayed at home and helped pull him through.

It was during this second convalescence that she ceased to struggle—the current was too strong for her. It was not only the force of outside circumstances; not only that Mrs. Gorham, senior, came to the house daily and complained as in old times of all the

household arrangements; it was not only that the servants seemed to look on Mark as the head of the house; nor even that Mark himself had somehow contrived to establish the rule that he could not be expected to get to sleep until she had kissed him good night: beyond all these was her own inner appreciation of the fact that she had never felt more irrevocably married to him—no, not even in the days when she actually was.

Her eyes were opened to this when, one day in answering an inquiry for him at the telephone, she found she had referred to him as "my husband."

That very morning her aunt Louisa, wishing to reduce the situation to its ultimate absurdity, had said:

"And I suppose the next thing we shall hear is that he is wanting to remarry you."

Evelina glanced at her in surprise. It was the first time that it had occurred to her that any one could think such a ceremony necessary.

As for Mark, all his talk indicated his confidence in their joint future.

"Don't you think," he said one day, "that it would be nice to go back to Venice when I'm better?"

The day had been one of storms, and Evelina managed to harden her heart as she answered:

"Yes, you might enjoy that."

"Wouldn't you?"

"There would be no question of me."

He looked at her gently.

"Won't you ever take me back, Evie?"

She shook her head.

"Can't you manage to forgive me?—You know I never cared a bit for any one but you—not really."

"Perhaps not," she answered, in a last effort to be at once candid and firm, "but it wasn't only that. I don't believe you know how hard you made every-day life—how critical and bitter you had become. I did not know it myself until these last few months, and then I understood the peace of my present life as compared to my life with you. Everything that happened in old times was my fault, and finally I grew to think so, too."

"Oh, I know; I know, Evie," he said, and somehow he contrived to get his head on her shoulder. "I used to be horrid, but I've completely changed. Everything you do now I think is perfect."

She said nothing. The feeling of his head on her shoulder filled her with tenderness, and yet with a sort of despair.

In the silence, a servant knocked at the door to say that Mrs. Gorham, senior, was down-stairs.

Mark lifted his head, crossly.

"Upon my word, Evie," he said, "I do think you might manage so that my mother is not for ever coming here to interrupt us every time we have a moment to ourselves!"





THE REVENUE CUTTERS ARE CONSTANTLY ALERT

Smugglers of the Yorkshire Coast

BY WALTER WOOD



WE pushed off from the rocky foot of the steep North Landing, hard by Robin Lythe's Hole, and against a strong flood tide and a fresh northeaster made for the Smugglers' Cave. The coblemen, owner and mate, half rose on the thwarts and panted at their toil; the limestone cliffs, burrowed and corroded by that fierce North Sea which knows no mercy, bobbed and butted as the coble jerked along. We skirted yawning, jagged caverns into which the waves swirled mournfully, rode over breakers beneath which could be plainly seen the emerald-colored rocks, turned as if to ram the grim cliffs, then, suddenly and awesomely, passed from warmth of glorious sunshine into cold and clammy gloom. The weeping roof was only half guessed, the dank, rugged walls, like quarry-sides, were faintly outlined, the water was

sullen and malignant, and the tiny, sandy beach at the head of the cave was uninviting and repellent. A man might well begin to wonder what his fate would be if a roller rushed into the cavern's mouth and hurled the boat against the sides, which bore gigantic teeth of limestone, and against any one of which even a stout craft would be shattered in a moment.

The coble was turned round, bow to the entrance, and the two men rested on their oars. The mouth of the cave looked like a rugged arch of a railroad bridge, and, gazing seaward, one could realize the appalling power of a hill of water driven in by a North Sea gale of wind. Only the imagination can picture such a scene, because no witness could survive to describe his vision.

Into this romantic opening kegs of spirits, bales of silk, parcels of lace, boxes of tea and tobacco and cigars, making vast quantities in the aggregate, have

been run in years that are past, yet with-in living memory. Even in these prosaic days a sailing-craft will sometimes hover off this famous Flamborough Head, with a cargo of spirits and tobacco, profitable to the extent of many hundreds per cent.—if she can land it. Sometimes she triumphs; but mostly she falls a victim to those watchful fellows of the Customs and the Coast-guard who, officially, know no mercy, but in their heart of hearts are moved to something of compassion for the smuggler. And who, indeed, would not be mellowed by a glass of grog or a smoke on which no burden has been placed by a relentless tax-collecting community? Even Customs officers and Coast-guards are human.

“Does your father smoke?” I once asked a brown maid by the North Sea shore.

“Oh yes! A lot,” she answered, proudly. “He’s always smoking cigars; but he never buys ’em. He’s in the Customs.”

Contrabandism is in the blood of even the most self-respecting Atlantic voyager and North Sea passenger; it has been revealed among otherwise irreproachable and loyal mariners in royal

yachts and the ships of the royal navy, and to-day boiler-casings, smoke-stacks, glory-holes, transoms, and other unpromising places of concealment often contain smuggled articles which are somehow worn or consumed without having passed through any form of Customs duty.

There are venerable old men on the Yorkshire coast who know of cool retreats which would make glad the heart of a lay brother in a monastery who has been detailed as master butler—dark shades from which, at special and befitting times, proof rum of the color and almost the consistency of golden syrup will be brought, which will make one feel that all is well with the world, if only because it is spirit which has not been defiled by soulless taxes.

My thoughts roam round these cozy visions as I look across the sea through the jagged entrance to the Smugglers’ Cave, the maw which has swallowed fortunes in the shape of contraband. Near the cave’s great mouth is a hole in the cliffside, a natural window with a deep, flat ledge, easily reached from the water. It is about a man’s height, narrow, and triangular in shape.



A SAILING CRAFT WILL SOMETIMES HOVER OFF FLAMBOROUGH HEAD



CHURCH HOLE—SEEMINGLY PLANNED BY NATURE FOR A SMUGGLERS' RENDEZVOUS

"That's t' lookout," the coble-owner explained, in broad dialect which I will translate into more understandable English. "That's where t' smugglers watched for t' revenue-cutters when cargoes were bein' run. This little beach is where they landed their tubs o' brandy an' rum an' their silks an' laces an' cigars an' plugs o' 'bacca. Ah! Them were proper times!" He turned a clear blue eye toward me.

"And it is all done? A thing of the past?" I asked.

"You mean smugglin'?"

I nodded.

"Aye, all done with—at least in a way o' talkin' it is, like all good things."

"It paid better than cobling?"

"It needn't be grand to do that."

There was a long pause, during which I lit a pipe. Talking with men who know anything of smuggling is a delicate and protracted undertaking, especially when there is a half-born suspicion that you may be in league with the law.

"And you are certain that it is fin-

ished?" I resumed. There was no reply. The coblemen, like myself, seemed to be listening to the lapping of the flood on the tiny, sandy beach at the head of the cave. It was pleasant to sit there, rising and falling on the deep-green water and picturing some dare-devil smuggler on the rocky window-sill, with steel and pistol ready for the revenue men, or even soldiers. Death was dealt out freely when the keepers and the breakers of the law came into conflict.

"There's a lot of body in that grog which Old Joss gives you," I ventured. "But the cigars are too green."

The cobleman looked steadily at me. "Wouldn't you like to see t' Kirk Hoil?" he said. "T' Kirk Hoil" is a localism for the Church Hole.

"I know the coast," I continued, insinuatingly.

"Aye," said the cobleman.

"I've lived on it, and heard old men tell strange tales."

"Aye," he repeated, most unhelpfully.

"Sometimes," I proceeded, patiently,



A MAN COMES ASHORE IN OILSKINS, AND THERE'S MORE UNDER THEM THAN CLOTHING

after a seemingly pause, "a man comes ashore in oilskins—in fine weather—and there's more under his soul-and-body lashing than clothing."

"You wouldn't get a chance like this to see t' Kirk Hoil once in ten times," replied the cobleman.

"Then pull away and into it," I said. We did not speak again till we were in the wonderful and solemn cave which is so much like an ecclesiastical structure that it has been called a church.

"Isn't it grand?" said the cobleman. "Just like a real old church. Look at them arches an' pillars an' that fine, dark, arched roof. Fancy—if you could only hear an organ playin' an' a choir singin'!"

"And was this a smugglers' cave, too?"

The cobleman thought that it was not. Then I repeated the main question, finally and definitely.

"Yes, there *is* smugglin'," he said, "but only what you might call in oddments. There's always a bit done when there's a chance; but them Customs chaps is as sharp as ferrets. There's no

gettin' past 'em—except sometimes. An' who can wonder 'at things are done, on a coast like this? Why, Nature must ha' meant it partly for runnin' rum an' brandy an' such like stuff. At any rate, that's what t' old Flamborough men believed. Look at all these caves an' little landin'-places. If all t' revenue-cutters in England an' all t' preventive men in 'em an' ashore had been cruisin' an' watchin', I'll bet 'at Yorkshire smugglers 'ud ha' bested 'em. They sometimes get past 'em an' give 'em t' slip even now; but it doesn't pay, except for a bit o' sport. What happens mostly is 'at men run up to them foreigners an' barter a bit o' fish for 'bacca an' maybe cigars. It's good 'bacca, wi' plenty o' body in it, an' cheap, which is t' main thing in these hard times. As for t' cigars—well, them 'at fancy 'em green will like 'em. I should say 'at there isn't another place in all t' world where there's been more smugglin' done nor off this Yorkshire coast, because it's so handy for t' Continent, an' so cunnin'ly planned by Nature for gettin' t' better o' t' Customs. Why, it isn't long since a

smack crossed from Holland way with a cargo o' good stuff. She dodged about off t' Head for a while, watchin' for a chance to run in; but she didn't get it. She was seen an' nabbed, an' her 'bacca an' sperrits confiscated. What wi' that an' heavy fines, it pretty well ruined them 'at had put a bit on t' chance o' gettin' her stuff ashore. Yes, there's still a bit done."

That is quite true, for during one year not long ago there were in England nearly five thousand prosecutions for smuggling, and most of the convictions were for offenses committed off the Yorkshire coast. Considerable quantities of spirits were got through by the smugglers, as well as nearly seventeen thousand pounds of tobacco; or, to be more precise, these goods were found in the possession of men who were unlucky enough to be discovered. Smuggling continues, for what is bred in the bone will come out in the flesh. There may not be hope of landing cargoes; but there is a chance of achieving something. All adventurers are not so fated as a North Sea skipper who came ashore with an abnormal chest, and would have lived to tell a fine story if he had not been tapped upon it by a suspicious Customs officer and revealed as an illicit conveyer of two or three boxes of cigars. The skipper paid the penalties. "I hope," he said, in relating the tragedy, "'at the cigars poisoned them 'at smoked 'em—an' I hope they were smoked by Customs officers."

I recollected this distressing discovery as we pulled out of the Church Cave—near which the skipper got his unprofitable weeds—and passed Robin Lythe's Hole. There are many local traditions, all different, concerning the personality and achievements of Robin.

The best loved is that which pictures him as a remorseless pirate, whose lair was this great, gloomy cave at the foot of the cliffs, with an entrance over the shingly, rocky shore, and admission only at low water. The cobleman had his own story, which was that Robin was neither pirate nor smuggler, but a poor, shipwrecked sailor. "There was a ship lost here," he said, "a matter o' might be fifty year sin', an' of all on board only Robin escaped. He was washed up an' crawled in an' climbed onto a shelf o' rock, an' there he cowered till t' tide went down an' he came out an' they found him. Now we're goin' over five wrecks. They're just under us, but their crews escaped, which is t' main thing. At that spot just there a fine, new North Coun-



"THE OLD SHIP"—A FAMOUS SMUGGLING HAUNT

try steamboat was lost with all hands in a heavy gale nearly twenty year sin'. I was out in that breeze in this very coble. She was smashed in just there where your feet are, an' I ripped my jersey off—one like this—an' plugged it into t' leak to stop it. There was a steamboat passin', an' I shouted an' asked for a pluck-in, but he roared back an' said it 'ud take him all his time to save his own bacon. He tore on an' got round t' Head into Burlin'ton Bay, so he was all right. I've seen him often since, an' he's seen me; but he allus looks t'other way. He remembers that pluck-in business as well as I do. Well, that was pretty bad weather, but it was in just such weather that they used to get their tubs in. But bad weather paid 'em just as it pays fishermen, because it's at such times 'at fish is scarce an' fetches good prices. Often enough a smuggler would run in an' find the weather too bad for landin'; then she'd put her tubs out, pretty much as you'll see herring-floats on t' water, an' she'd ride to 'em an' get 'em in when t' weather had fined down."

Between Flamborough Head and the Castle Hill at Scarborough lies the little, ancient town of Filey, and in one of its

sleepy streets there is an old hostelry which is among the most famous and best-preserved of all smuggling haunts in England. The name of it is T' Oard Ship, which means The Old Ship. During three centuries it has stood as a house of entertainment and a place in which men of the North Sea have met and talked and schemed and conquered, for in its heyday this building was the hiding-place and refuge of the most desperate and notorious contrabandists of the coast. There are old men living who—mostly among themselves—love to dwell on what they have seen and done within its dark, oak-paneled walls.

From the doors and windows of The Old Ship you can see the long sweep of blue water and the white cliffs against which fleets of vessels have been shattered. You are overlooking the very stretch of ocean on which Paul Jones won the greatest renown of his famous career, his victory in the *Bon Homme Richard* over his Majesty's ship *Serapis*. The doors and floors and beams and windows whisper tales of love and daring of the old days that are dying and are almost dead. I do not know of any inn which can tell such tales as this or



A CONSULTATION ON THE BEACH NEAR ROBIN LYTHE'S HOLE



IDLE BOATS—SUNDAY MORNING AT FLAMBOROUGH HEAD

around which there is the same definite air of association with the lawless past.

Unnumbered kegs and tubs of brandy, gin, and rum, countless packages of tea and tobacco, innumerable pieces of silks and laces—these and other contraband have been secreted in the inn by armed smugglers till such time as they could be distributed along the coast and inland. Many a valiant fellow of the revenue has fought his way into the retreat, only to be driven back as fiercely as the rocky coast rejects the onslaught of the charging wave. Some of these encounters were so savage that often the combatants were slain or maimed for life.

Amazing changes have been wrought by time in this very inn—it has been turned into an institute for fisher-girls. In the snug parlor where smugglers plotted, under the ancient rafters which have vibrated with uproarious songs and rung with broad Yorkshire oaths—rafters which have hollows where spirits and silks were hidden—I seated myself in solitary silence and took tea which had

been prepared by a sweet-faced woman who was called "Sister." Old Dutch tiles still flank the fireplace, which bears the verse, appropriate enough to a fishing village, "O ye whales and all that move in the waters, bless ye the Lord: Praise Him and magnify Him for ever." Near at hand is a quaint, carved little foot-square door which opens upon a mysterious cupboard, and opposite to this, on the other side of the room, is a small window communicating with what was the bar, an orifice through which, until a few months ago, strong waters and malt brews were sold. Texts from Scripture and meek-eyed, earnest, penitential Sisters are in an Old World building which has rattled with the clash of arms and re-echoed the groans of dying men, and in which you may find, unaltered, one of those devices for seeing without being observed which were invented by crafty and resourceful desperadoes. These smugglers were as brave in meeting enemies as they were bold in wooing bronzed and handsome maids whose daughters and granddaugh-

ters frequent the inn and listen to the exhortations of the Sisters.

Tragedies there were, and many of them, killings which gave the hungry scaffold victims. Not far from T' Oard Ship, a little distance to the north, there was a fierce fight between some revenue men and smugglers. An officer of the Crown was slain, and his murderer, as he was reckoned, was caught and hanged. When he had been found guilty he rushed upon and savagely attacked a woman who had turned informer and chiefly upon whose evidence he had been convicted. In this district, too, a smuggler had rounded on his comrades. They regularly visited his lonely dwelling on the moorland and sang coarse songs reflecting on his loyalty and courage. One dark night when the drunken merry-makers were bawling under his bedroom window, he fired his gun into the thick of them and killed a man. All along that rugged coast you hear tales like this. In the neighborhood of T' Oard Ship, and in the steep, quaint streets of the old parts of Scarborough, Whitby, and Robin Hood's Bay, there are cunning hiding-places where contraband was put away till wanted—wells in secluded yards, crevices and caves in cliffs, pits dug in mysterious nooks. But of all the nefarious devices that command admiring notice the most entrancing is that which was and is called the "smuggle-hole" at T' Oard Ship—or, rather, in the smugglers' cottage, which is part of the hostelry.

The smugglers' cottage is a gabled, uninhabited dwelling of three stories. In the lower room there is an old fireplace and ingle-nook, and the ceiling is formed of boards and rafters. Long iron bars run parallel with the rafters, secured on the outer walls by metal bands, to stop the bulging of the stone sides. That room is romantic enough to satisfy the greediest visitor, but it is not until you are in the apartment above that you realize how truly cunning and resourceful were the old-time smugglers and understand the basis of good workmanship on which their operations were conducted. On one side of the fireplace, level with the eyes of an average man, is a small window about a foot square, with a movable sash. Looking through

this, and peering up and down and aslant, you see an astonishing contrivance of hollow walls, with a stone floor shaped like this:



There is just room enough in width for a man's body, and space enough on the zigzagged floor to let four men stand upright. Two men could stand on the floor on the right, by the chimney, and two farther away, at a distance of a yard or so. The top of that hollow wall is open to a roof and an attic, and through both tubs and bales and packages were swiftly passed when the revenue-cutters had been outsailed, the preventive men outwitted, and a run successfully accomplished. Preventive men might be hovering round the inn itself or gliding stealthily about the yards; they would see nothing and hear nothing; and all the time the law-breakers in the smuggle-hole were working furiously to crown their bold adventure with success.

There is perfect silence in the room, from which you may peer through the smuggle-hole into the hollow walls that are like a little battlement, and from the top of which you may gaze seaward and along the coast. Doubtless from that secret outlook contrabandists watched Paul Jones win his victory over ships of Britain's royal navy, and perhaps bestirred themselves to hurry on their smuggling transactions, for the preventive men, like the inhabitants, would be upon beach and cliffs, spellbound by the savage cannonading. The room is now a small museum, yet not devoted, as it ought to be, to articles relating to illicit voyages. It is supplied with inoffensive objects which any ordinary tourist may pick up in any ordinary country, and completely out of place in such a romantic and adventurous atmosphere.

Well within living memory there has been extensive smuggling on the Yorkshire coast, and to-day bold and reckless spirits will have a hand in running a venture from the Continent. Anything like a big undertaking is sure to be defeated, because of the incessant watchfulness of the Customs and Coast-guard;

Drawn by M. J. Burns

A DASH ACROSS THE NORTH SEA WITH A RICH CARGO

Engraved by C. E. Hart



but at intervals, in the region of the caves, an innocent-looking craft will be swiftly relieved of her contraband and sail to foreign parts with a joyful and triumphant crew.

Ladies of gentle birth were as keenly interested in a run as rough-and-ready smugglers. There was never any difficulty in disposing of contraband, and often enough a cargo of a thousand half-ankers of spirits, (equal to five thousand wine gallons), and half a ton of tobacco would be safely got ashore and profitably sold at far less than ordinary licensed charges. Many captures were made by King's ships; but one successful run in three paid all adventurers well. Sometimes, even, when a vessel had been captured her felonious deeds could not be proved. One had been seized on the Yorkshire coast and the master and crew arrested. The prisoners were taken before the magistrates, and were so eloquently defended and pleaded for as poor, innocent, inoffensive, and straightforward fellows that the hearts of the justices melted and the captives were set free. They were leaving the court when the skipper leaned over to the victorious advocate and whispered, hoarsely: "We're thankful to you for gettin' us off. We'll send you a tub up to-night!"

So grave became the question of smuggling that the most stringent laws were passed with the object of stopping the evil. Soon after Waterloo was won by Wellington death became the penalty for a much less serious crime than murder. The mere assembling of persons for purposes of smuggling was an offense punishable with transportation, while for forcibly resisting with arms officers of the Customs and Excise the extreme penalty was death, and that without benefit of clergy. Even the fact that a man was caught, while smuggling, with his face masked or blackened made him liable to be sent to the gallows. Such was the law existing on the Yorkshire coast and elsewhere in England, well within living memory, and governing the crime of smuggling; yet the law was defied and evaded by men who recognized no laws except those of which they personally approved.

Otherwise incorruptible servants of his Majesty the King will sometimes take

a mellow view of a law which they are called upon to administer with integrity. One very bitter winter day I steamed up the North Sea, off the Yorkshire coast, after a wreck. I got on board the broken-backed, deserted foreign vessel, hard and fast on the rocks. Two men of the Coast-guard were in charge of her, to prevent wrong-doing, and particularly to see that no person took or tampered with the spirits in the pantry and saloon.

At nightfall I prepared to leave the wreck. The two men were making ready for a cozy night in the galley, where they had made a roaring fire. Regulation lights were burning, what might be contraband was under lock and seal, and all was well. I was about to go over the side into the tug, with unimportant and unconsidered trifles. It is sinful to let the sea swallow too many good things. I passed the galley door to say good-night.

"Just a minute," whispered a voice. "Come in an' warm yourself. It's cruel cold."

I cheerfully obeyed, and honestly revealed a round cake of bread a foot in diameter. Indulgent blindness was displayed to this harmless memento, and as to other things no questions were asked. I rubbed my hands in front of the red glow, heard a shriek of wind and thud of sea, and knew that a mass of spray was freezing on the deck, and that the tug would get it worse; then I turned and said, "Thanks, I will." Whereupon a tumbler was held forth, a third full with liqueur brandy. I saw a bottle replaced inside a Coast-guard's jacket and a pair of arms folded over the secreted vessel. It was perfect spirit, and, coming whence it did come, and because of the inhospitable elements, I sipped it with the greater gratitude and relish.

Perhaps in doing what they did these bluejackets were moved by the remembrance of their predecessor in the neighborhood, who was so compassionately disposed toward the smugglers that he sometimes actually joined their ventures, and who was so earnestly desirous that their urgent doings should not be revealed to an unfriendly world that when he went to bear a helping hand he muffled his wooden leg.

A Matter of Education

BY WILBUR DANIEL STEELE



HE yellow windows of the Randall Cottage fought a losing battle with the blue-white of the ascending moon, for the reason that the rays of the moon found allies in all the little mirroring waves of the harbor and returned to the sky with a multiplied radiance. The notes of a piano, badly played, came from within, but the great part of the guests lounged about the porch or the lawn, trying to be glad they were there. There was a monotonous creaking of swings, a medley of voices, subdued and insignificant, the occasional wooden kiss of mallet on ball where a party of four haggled over moonlight croquet.

A figure in white moved through the little crowd and approached the gate. One might have wondered at the age of this one in white—whether she were twenty-one or thirty-one. Actually, in the matter of years, she was nearer the former; in the matter of fatigue with life, the latter.

She had laid her hand on the gate now when another figure, also in white, got out of a swing and moved toward her. This was a young man, not yet definitely fat—perhaps exercise would save him. He accosted her blithely.

“Off for a stroll, Miss Rucker?”

Miss Rucker turned, smiled, shook her head slightly, and moved away down the street. There was a quality of repressed mystery about this which led the automobile agent to swear softly into his cupped hands as he lit a fresh cigar.

“Where the devil does she take herself every evening, anyhow? Damn *me*, but she’s a fine-looker. In one of our ‘sixes,’ now—”

The object of this panegyric had proceeded perhaps a hundred yards down the street when, first glancing over her shoulder to make sure she was not ob-

served, she turned and crossed the street, passed between two fish-houses, and came out on the beach. Three minutes later she was sitting with her back to a sail-shed on a wharf whose shoreward end faced the Randall Cottage.

After a time the whispering silence of the harbor was disturbed by a rumor of oars whining in thole-pins. A dark object entered the pathway of the moon, stirred up coils of fire for a moment with its wooden arms, and veered into the shadow of the wharf to grind gently against the piling.

There was a sound of boots on ladders; a man came over the edge and stood up, silhouetted against the shining water. His figure was of medium height, thick-set, powerful, difficult to bowl over, one would say, in a hand-to-hand argument with a crew. A foreigner.

He came forward without caution, all the fire of the exultant South in the gesture of his hands.

“You ’ere—already—waiting for me.”

“Hush,” she said. “They will hear you.”

Those five words carried a thrill and a discovery: a thrill for the man, because of the confessed intimacy of the meeting; for the woman, the disturbing discovery that this hitherto amusing child of the sea was beginning to take things for granted. She had come out on three successive evenings now, simply to get away from the pallid monotony of the Randall Cottage; yes, and from that walled-in, airless life of hers that lay behind it. And because she had listened to this dark fishing-captain’s tales of those green Portuguese islands where he had been a boy, and to his fish, and his storms, and because she had leaned forward a little and opened her lips a little at this new vision of things, here he was, beginning to believe they could touch hands across the gulf.

He sat down not far from her feet and



Drawn by T. D. Skidmore

HE WAS BEGINNING TO BELIEVE THEY COULD TOUCH HANDS ACROSS THE GULF

began to sing an island song, very low in the hush of the wharf-ends. The song was about a girl who stood at a window of a red-roofed house, and of how she saw the fleet going out on a "ghost-blue morning." As he sang his whole body moved with the melody, and he looked at her out of his dark eyes in a way that made her uncomfortable.

"My name is Raphael," he said, suddenly.

"My name is—my own."

"Myone—Myone." He repeated it under his breath. He had not understood.

"I never tell you about my 'ouse." He looked up at her with an exultant sureness. She could only shake her head. Then he turned and pointed out across the water to the dim ribbon of the Point, and told her of his home there. His sister, Isabelle, kept house for him; her husband, Manuel, went in Tony Costa's sloop. The house was a century old, well-constructed, roomy. Its porches gave on the harbor and on the ocean. The largest willows on the cape gave it shade. It was cool there in the summer, and there were never any mosquitos.

"You weel come weeth me and see my 'ouse, Myone?"

Miss Rucker gasped. "I must be going in," she said, in a breathless way. "It's very late." She got to her feet and would have moved away, but he had her hand in his own.

"You weel come—to-morrow—"

She may have nodded; she could not remember. She only knew that her hand was free and that she could hurry away along the wharf and breathe.

Ryder, the automobile agent, was standing by the gate.

"Welcome home," he said. There was something immensely comforting in his stereotyped facetiousness. He was surprised when she laid her hand on his arm with a gentle urge toward the house.

"You're not well, Miss Rucker—"

"Yes, yes—really I am. Let's go inside. They're playing that waltz from the 'Follies.'"

"I'm having that car sent down," he confided, as they went up the steps, "so we can see some of the country."

The following noon was very warm and oppressive. Miss Rucker sat in a swing on the Randall lawn, and tried to read. It was hard to like to read when there was a vista of nothing but reading before her. It was too bad that wharfman had had to spoil everything and make her afraid to see him again. Yes, it was too bad. Perhaps she distrusted herself a little. At any rate, the walls had shut in again.

It was upon the same grimly perused page that a shadow fell a moment later. She looked up with a ready, casual smile. Then the book clattered into the latticed bottom of the swing, to crush its leaves unheeded, and the smile went out of her face.

"*Raphael! What are you doing here?*"

He stood before her with his brown derby in his hand, and the thumb-nail over its rim was cracked and discolored.

"You coming see my 'ouse?" he said.

She felt that she was going to scream with laughter. Her first impulse toward anger at this monstrous insult was overwhelmed by the perfection of its comicality. But she did not laugh; instead, she became aware that all the people on the lawn were watching them, amused, whispering.

"Let's go," she said, getting out of the swing and moving toward the gate. She would at least get him out of the Randall vision.

"You weel get your coat—something—?"

"No—no—I shall be warm." She would not tell him yet. When they had got beyond the Randall range she went on with a keen, level sarcasm:

"I'm so glad you came. I'm glad you came, because I wanted to see you by daylight—Raphael—or whatever your name is. And it has helped matters a great deal."

She turned to observe the effect of this and found him smiling.

"That eez good," he said. So he had not understood even this. A shadow of uneasiness came over her again.

"Listen, Raphael. I can't go any farther."

"You don' need, Myone. My boat right 'ere, by thees wharf. My men—" He stopped, put his fingers to his lips,

and whistled. "My men," he repeated, as a little group of booted men came out of the shadow of a shed.

There was nothing for her to say. The thing had been taken utterly out of her hands, had become suddenly inevitable. She followed him blankly across the street and down to the beach. The dark boatmen gathered about them with wondering eyes. When she had taken her place in the stern-sheets of the green dory they grasped the gunwales in their strong hands in readiness to take it out across the shallows.

But there Raphael had them wait while he stepped to the door of a shore cottage and talked for a moment with earnest, eloquent gestures.

"The doctor," he explained, when he had returned and taken his place near her. "I come for heem, ten days, twelve days—my seester."

This time it was she who did not understand.

The boat shot out from the wharves under the powerful strokes of the rowers and became a part of the sea. One of the men had on an orange shirt; others wore neckerchiefs of purple, crimson, dark green. Oil-jackets draped over the gunwales were beaten copper under the sun. A fury possessed the girl at the fundamental brutality of this passage. It drained all the color out of her, leaving her gray and weedy.

"Myone!"

She felt a hand laid over hers and turned quickly to find Raphael looking at her, his eyes wide and smiling, his white teeth gleaming beneath the black line of his mustache. She wanted to shake off his hand and cry out against his encroaching, but somehow she was dull and wordless. She could only stare at his throat where the shirt lay away. The neck-cords there were brown, with red under the brown, coming down to meet in strong, smooth triangles. She did not remember ever having seen neck-cords like those before.

"Myone," he repeated, "I want you see my vessel."

She followed his gesture to a black schooner on their port hand, a long, straight-lined craft, her two slender masts swaying almost imperceptibly

against the dome of the sky. She sat there so quiet and unharried on the glassy water that it was hard to understand those wavering trceries of spume on her bow-works and the seaweed drying in her shrouds.

"I weesh you see 'er in a gale o' weend, Myone," he said.

One of the men began to sing, with the rhythm of the stroke, and at the end of the measure the crew came in with an abrupt, deep refrain. The girl could make nothing of the words, but there was something in the heavy periods of the music that affected her curiously—something indefinably wild and rough and adventurous. She was conscious of a dull rancor—a protest against them for doing this to her.

The yellow ridge of the Neck drew toward them, the Point, with its light buildings, closed about to the left like a protecting thumb, and the dory's bow slid to a soft stop over the crunching pebbles. The tide was falling, and twenty feet of shallows separated the dory's stem from the dry beach. Raphael stepped over the side, careless of his shoes and trousers bottoms, and held out his arms for the girl.

"Come," he said, quite simply, "I carry you, Myone."

It made her gasp, his attitude and that strange mischance of a word falling so significantly.

"I weel not drop you," he said, smiling at her dismay. "I'm pretty strong al' righ'."

She allowed him to take her in his arms and wade to the beach, with the crew splashing the shallow water all about them. She tried to feel awkward and outraged, but could manage only a sense of smallness. He lowered her to the sand and pointed toward a set of steps leading up from the shore.

"My 'ouse—over there," he said. "You go 'long; I come a minute."

So she started up the steps of gray, lustrous wood, wondering at the satiny gloss of the hand-rail under her palm.

A girl carrying a bucket and clam-rake came walking along the ridge and stopped near the head of the steps to stare down at her. She wore her hair in two heavy, black braids; her feet were bare and dark against the

sand, her arms, throat, and face all showed the deep coloring of the winds.

Miss Rucker was the first to lower her eyes. A barefooted clam-digger had stared her down and she was not comfortable. She looked back, ill at ease, and saw the green dory drawing out from shore, with a fan-shaped ripple pursuing it over the water. They were chanting the same oar-song; it floated faintly back to her. Raphael came up the steps; when he reached her he took her arm and they moved on together. The clam-girl was walking off with her head curiously erect. Raphael hailed her.

"You get any clams t'-day, Angie?"

The girl wheeled. "Go chase y'self—the both o' y'u." Her eyes blazed at them, and Miss Rucker saw she was pale under the brown.

"Who is it?" she asked, when the girl had run off over the sand.

"'Er? Angie Ventura. Leeves half a mile down the Neck on the 'arbor side. 'Er father, 'e goes dragging."

"You like her?"

"Angie? W'y, sure I do. I know 'er seence she was a— Oh, I see w'at you mean. No, no—no." The man laughed, throwing back his head and showing his teeth. His fingers pressed her arm in vehement reassurance.

They came over the little rise and saw the house before them, low, well-built, as he had said, beaten as gray and lustrous by the sand-winds as the steps from the shore. Beyond was the open sea, heaving with the long ground-swell, running away to a horizon that no longer bobbed and feathered, but lay clear now under a belt of black cloud. A boat, miles away, caught the westering sun on the full spread of her canvas—white against black.

"I'm glad 'e come," Raphael said. "My seester's man come there. Good—I'm glad. 'E stay now teel 'er baby come."

"Oh—oh, I didn't know."

The girl felt again that she ought to be embarrassed and angry with him, for she was not used to simple words in such matters, but again she could manage only a feeling of smallness.

Raphael led her to the harbor porch, drew forward a heavy rocker, and in-

vited her to take it with a courtliness that went oddly with his uncouthness.

Something very strange was happening to Miss Rucker. Perhaps it was simply that she was not so angry with him as she had been. But, no, it went deeper than that. She sat and looked out across the flat harbor and saw the shore of cottages and retreats and lodges like the raveling of a rug. She had a vision, for the first time, of the world going on over the horizon, a stunning arch in space, crowded with winds and lights and ships and towers and unheard-of populations.

"Eet's pretty, don' you think, My-one?"

She turned to him and saw that he really thought so.

"Raphael," she said, more to herself than to him, "I wish you had read more, and seen more pictures."

"Read more, Myone? I theenk I've read more than you. I've read the water, I've read the feesh—the 'errin' an' the mackerel an' the cod an' 'addock an' 'ake. I know w'en they come an' w'en they go. An' the sky—the winds—'ave you ever read the winds, Myone? Can you read people eatin' feesh—w'en they eat an' w'en they don' eat? Seex thousan' dollars come t' me las' year beecause I can read that. Five thousand people eat my feesh every day—beecause I read these things. An' pictures—I've see pictures that no man on land ever see, Myone."

He had spoken with a passion new to her, making even numbers poetic and colorful. He got up and walked the length of the porch, back and forth, back and forth. She followed him with her eyes, still under the spell of those illuminating and fiery numbers, taking in the broad, strong curve of his back and shoulders, the smooth contours of his arm muscles, and the brown neck-cords, and the brown, mobile face. Here was a man whom it would be hard to stop—an intense man, an ardent man, a fighter, a lover—simple enough to grow a little bombastic without offending. She had a vision of Ryder, the automobile agent, standing up beside him.

"Oh, it would never be possible—not possible. What would every one say?"

And then she turned again and looked

out across the harbor. What people would say, what people would think and judge and whisper about it—all these things that made themselves so important lay smothered out of sight in that rug-raveling on the world's floor.

Raphael stopped at the southern end of the porch and peered around the corner.

"I theenk we have a squall quite queeck," he said. "Come on the other porch."

He led her through the house, pointing out the new range in the kitchen and the running water installed that year, asking if she did not like the low living-room and the geraniums planted in boxes—all with a subdued and assured pride.

"I wonder w'ere my seester eez. Isabelle!" he called. And when there was no answer, he said: "Mus' be out front."

But she was not in sight when they came out on the seaward porch and saw how the world of water and sky had changed. The horizon, a somber, running fountain, bubbled its fumes into the sky, and the whole visible face of the sea was filmed with its overflow. Even as they watched, the sun was smothered and a lurid shadow shot out from the horizon and engulfed them. It was unnaturally cold. The girl shivered slightly and came closer to the man.

They could see the sloop far out, turned black now with the rest of the world, standing erect with her sails flapping in the breathless cavern.

"Fool! fool!" Raphael was muttering. "Tek 'em off!—cut y'r halyards, damn fools!—cut 'em queeck! If I was only there—"

The girl looked at his face, frightened at the quality of his voice.

"What's the matter?" she said.

"Look—see!"

She looked and saw a thin line of gray cutting the black midway between the horizon and the vessel. She saw it grow and whiten and advance upon the vessel. She saw the dim topsail flutter into a ball at the peak and a headsail half lowered, and then she saw the white water come and smother it.

Raphael was cursing near her ear—deep and terrible oaths. Then she was aware that one of his arms was about

her shoulders—that she was clinging to the lapels of his coat with both hands—and that the world was roaring with black rain.

"Raphael, Raphael—what is it?"

He looked down at her and seemed to remember, and smiled.

"Myone," he said, "don' look like that. Thees won' 'urt 'em; they loose masts—reeging—but they come ashore al' righ'—don' look like that, Myone."

She had a feeling that he had made this so by the mere act of uttering it; that he had somehow reached out and ordered the course of storms and ships and men, just as he had reached out with his strong arm and drawn her close to him, so that she could hardly breathe.

"Raphael—" She was starting to speak, when she saw his eyes looking no longer at her but staring across her shoulder.

"God!" he said. "My God!"

She turned. A young woman stood at the window behind them. She, too, was staring, but not at them. She was staring at nothing—or at the memory of something that had vanished. Her face, quiet and pale, stood out vividly from the gloom of the interior. Even as they looked its terrible immobility was disturbed by a convulsion of pain. Then the face vanished suddenly, as though she might have fallen.

"My God!" the man said again, running into the house.

He stood in the doorway five minutes later and beckoned for the girl to come in. When they were in the storm-darkened kitchen, Raphael said:

"I'm glad you here, Myone. I got 'er een bed. 'Er baby come queeck now. You mus' do for 'er—I go get the doctor an' the woman."

He had reached the door, jamming an oil-hat down over his head, before she could utter a word.

"You mus' beeld a new fire for the water, Myone," he called over his shoulder, and was gone.

The room was blinded by a momentary whiteness, and in the accentuated gloom that followed, the thunder burst somewhere in the sky overhead and rumbled off toward the horizon. Another flash, with the thunder pressing it close, crackling, stunning. For an



Drawn by T. D. Skidmore

Engraved by Nelson Demarest

"TELL ME HOW I CAN GET BACK—WITHOUT HIM SEEING ME"

instant the rain held off, and in the oppressive quiet a woman groaned, away in the house. Then the rain fell again, beating the earth like a vast and sullen drum.

"A fire—a fire. How? How do I make a fire?"

The girl moved toward the stove, stupid with fright and bewilderment, picking her steps between flashes as though the going were craggy and treacherous. She lifted one of the lids mechanically and stared into the fire-box. The lightning showed it to her filled with ashes and cinders.

"What am I to do?"

She was standing there, staring with dull eyes, the stove-lid still hanging in the air, when the door opened with a faint crash and Raphael came into the kitchen. The lid clattered on the stove; she ran to him, her skin pricking with the surge of relief.

"Raphael," she cried. "Oh, Raphael—I can't—"

Then she perceived that he was not looking at her at all, but staring ahead of him in abstraction.

"That dory," he muttered. "That dory—he no come back yit. How can I go eef they no boat—how?"

Here was no longer the poet and the singer of island songs. Here was a hard-lined, gloomy man, hulking big in the shadows.

"Five mile," he went on muttering. "Five mile around by the marshes—five mile!" He shook his head, reached under the apron of his oilskins, and tugged at the buckle of his belt—a formal gesture of determination. "Al' righ'—five mile."

He would have gone then, but the girl was plucking at his sleeve.

"Raphael!" she pleaded. "But, Raphael—I—I don't know what to—how to do. Please, please—you can't leave me here alone! Oh, Raphael, Raphael—I don't know how to do anything!"

He took her arm so roughly that she winced with the pain.

"W'at you talking about? You don' know? *You*—you're a *woman*, ain't you—*eh?* Well—women knows about babies, don' they? Eef *they* don', who does? *Stand up an' fight!*"

Then, with an impulse of tenderness

at sight of her white, twitching face, he put both his arms about her and held her against his dripping oilskins.

"You al' righ'," he comforted her. "You're a woman—*my* woman. I theenk you do al' righ', Myone, because you *must*. Good-by." He kissed her on the cheek and went out, squaring his shoulders to the blows of the rain. Five miles of heavy sand and salt-marsh—it was a long way when a woman suffered.

The house had become horrible to her. After a time she went from the kitchen into the hall. Here on the seaward side the surf was like continuous thunder, and there was salt in the drift that beat through a half-open window. Overhead she heard a scream, muffled and dehumanized by the gale.

She went up the stairs, her feet dragging on the steps, her hands clinging to the open balustrade. Midway she halted while a roll of thunder, a staccato overtone of the surf, came out of one horizon and passed across to another.

At the head of the stairs she saw a door, open and swinging in the draughts. It seemed to her impossible that she could look through that doorway into the dim room beyond.

When her feet were upon the fourth step from the top she leaned forward, resting her hands on the door-sill, so that her eyes were only a little above the level of the floor. There was the bed near the door, preternaturally lofty in perspective, its upper side and its burden hidden from sight. There was a window just beyond, gray and chattering with the rain. Now the girl saw a hand come up in silhouette against the light of this window. She had never seen a hand like it before. It was like a claw—corded, tense, agonizing—held there motionless in the air for a long time—a tell-tale hand.

She turned and went down the stairs slowly, as she had come up, her feet dragging and her hands clinging to the balustrade. She made her way to the kitchen over the creaking floor. But she did not pause there. She went to the outer door, opened it, shivered slightly. Then she bent her head and ran in the direction of the wooden steps.

She did not stop till her feet kicked up spray on the harbor beach. Here, in

the lee of the ridge, the harbor water, prickly with the rain, hardly stirred against the beach. She turned to the left, toward the Point, and continued running. Occasionally she stumbled and fell in the heavy, soaked sand. Now and then she whimpered.

After a time—it may have been ten minutes—she came upon a beached dory and a path near it leading over the rise. She turned to climb this path, but she was now so exhausted that she fell down half-way to the top and lay there for a moment, damming up the sand-and-water rivulet with her body. It was only after her fourth attempt that she managed to reach the crest and throw herself against the door of the cabin in the hollow beyond.

"Angie Ventura!" she cried, "Angie Ventura! Angie Ventura!" She beat on the blank boards, the wet sand on her knuckles cutting to the blood. When the door swung in before her she fell sprawling on the floor, where she lay with a pool of water widening around her.

"W'at the matter weeth you?"

Angie Ventura had withdrawn into a shaded corner of the room and was watching the girl on the floor with hostile eyes.

"Quick, Angie Ventura—quick! Run to Raphael's house. Hurry!"

"So you call heem Raphael a'ready, eh? Git up off'n the floor an' tell me w'at the matter."

Miss Rucker held herself up on one hand and flung the other out to the girl in a gesture of fierce appeal.

"Please, please go quickly! Isabelle, you know—Isabelle's there all alone—and—and her baby's coming."

For the first time the girl in the corner moved. She came and stood over the other, bent down low, pointed a finger at her face. "You say she alone there? Well, you're a 'ell of a woman!"

That was all. She took down a sou'wester and an oil-coat from a peg behind the door, put them on with swift jabs of her arms, and went out. It was not till she heard the door slam behind her that Miss Rucker realized she had gone. Then she scrambled to her feet in a sudden panic and ran out after her, stumbling and sliding through a yellowing

world and calling the other's name. She caught up with her on the beach, plucked at her ragged sleeve, and cried:

"Tell me how I can get back, Angie Ventura—without him seeing me. Tell me. I can't see him—no, no, I couldn't—"

Angie shook off her hand with an impatient gesture.

"There ain't much danger o' *that*," she said. She turned and crunched away over the sand, her oil-coat gathering gold from the sky at every step. The storm was coming to an end as abruptly as it had begun; the rain had ceased; the mists were sun-shot.

Angie Ventura stopped and threw off her oil-coat on the sand.

"Come get eet," she called to Miss Rucker. "Put eet back een the house." Then, with a sudden kindliness, she shouted: "Gabe Small at the Light 'll row y'u 'crost w'en eet ca'ms."

It was evening of the day following. A figure in white moved through the little crowd on the Randall lawn and came to the gate. The moon, still lopsided and red from contact with the horizon, picked out the features of the wharf opposite with its mysterious penciling.

Miss Rucker closed the gate behind her and walked down the street. At first she walked rapidly, then more slowly. At length she stopped and looked across the street, where a rectangle of moonlit water glistened between a pair of fish-sheds. There she appeared to hesitate. She looked over her shoulder, took a step from the wooden walk into the road, halted, shook her head, and returned to the walk.

"There ain't much danger o' *that*," she quoted to herself, without joy.

Then she walked back to the Randall gate.

Two pencils of light appeared on the surface of the street. There was a sudden raucous cry of metal; a black shape debouched from the night and came to rest before her. Another figure, also in white, banged a door and jumped to the walk beside her, not very nimbly.

"Here we are—all O. K.," said the man. It was Ryder.

"Oh, what fun!" said Miss Rucker.

"Song-Ballets and Devil's Ditties"

BY WILLIAM ASPENWALL BRADLEY



COMMENCEMENT was over at Berea. The small town which has grown up about the college had subsided once more from its annual excitement, and at midnight hundreds of students, burdened with hand-baggage, were waiting, close packed, upon the platform of the country railroad station.

It was a typical co-educational college crowd: shrill with feminine voices and boisterous with boyish high spirits—such as one might have seen almost anywhere. It was difficult to realize that we were in the very shadow of the romantic Kentucky Cumberlands—more difficult still to grasp the fact that most of these boys and girls with suit-cases, felt hats, loose coats and sweaters, college colors now darkly obscured in fluttering ribbon and flag, and all the other unmistakable insignia of American undergraduate life, were from those same mountains to which—and to the cabin and corn-field—they were now returning for their share in the summer's work.

But on a soap-box against the side-wall of the station sat an old blind fiddler, white-haired beneath a battered hat. In the dark shadows, fitfully dispersed by the flaring of a torch whose staff was thrust into the ground so that the flame came only a few feet from his deeply lined face with its sunken, sightless sockets, he was sawing away, surrounded by a small circle of listeners. His voice, cracked and quavering, rose and fell rapidly in a nasal, monotonous sing-song. Yet the first words I heard arrested my attention. Suddenly all that had seemed familiar, conventional, and commonplace faded from the scene, and it would have been easier to fancy oneself in a corner of Defoe's London, listening to some peddler of broadsides proclaiming his wares, than on the edge of

an American country college town in the twentieth century. For what the old minstrel sang was not some sentimental street song that had drifted down from the north, or a popular plantation melody. It was a very circumstantial account, crudely versified, of a local occurrence which, less than ten years ago, attracted the attention of the entire country to this eastern end of Kentucky.

The assassination of the lawyer J. B. Marcum, in the court-house at Jackson, Breathitt County, brought to a climax the famous Hargis-Marcum feud; and for their share in it two men, Thomas White and Curtis Jett, were "penitentiared" for life. The ballad to which we listened, related all the stages of this tragedy and its subsequent events. It began with the preparations, which were of the most deliberate sort, and painted the mood of expectancy which prevailed just before the fatal event. Then it described the actual killing itself:

Captain Ewen, standing by,
Saw him fall and heard him cry,
"Oh Lord! Oh Lord! they've killed me now
at last."

And finally, after giving an account of the two trials, it offered moral and sentimental reflections on the fate of the assassins, and expressed sympathy for the victim and his family in the following chorus:

Marcum leaves a wife,
To mourn all her life,
And his little children stand it well and
brave;
But that little Curtis Jett,
Thomas White, and others yet,
Are the men who laid poor Marcum in
his grave.

As it happened, I had almost, as it were, a personal interest in the events that formed the theme of this epic minstrelsy. A friend had visited Jackson "town" just before the "killing"—never the "murder," in the mountains,



IT WOULD HAVE BEEN EASIER TO FANCY ONESELF IN A CORNER OF DEFOE'S LONDON

—of Marcum, so I had often heard stories of his six weeks' sojourn in the county seat of "Bloody Breathitt," which a sensational preacher in the East once called "the wickedest place on earth"—a reputation of which this ramshackle mountain village is apparently proud. For its unique picture postcard, garishly colored, bears beneath its panoramic view the legend: "The Worlds [*sic*] Famous Jackson"; and if there is anything besides its feuds and assassinations for which Jackson is "worlds famous," we have yet to hear of it!

My friend went there armed with a letter of introduction to the postmaster, who was a kinsman of Marcum's.

"I *could* send you up to Cousin Jim's," the latter said when he had read it. "He's well fixed to take strangers, Jim is. Do I reckon he'd take you? Why, Jim'd take *anybody*, Jim would, he's that clever! But I don't believe myself that you'd be right comfortable up thar at Jim's. You see, he hain't been out of his house for more'n six weeks, now. He dasn't even go nigh the windows, for fear o' gittin' plugged by one o' them fellers that's a-layin' for him up thar and

a-waitin' for him to come out. Of course they wouldn't do nothin' to hurt *you*. Leastwise they wouldn't *aim* to hurt you none—kindest, cleverest people in the world, they all are here. But then you never can rightly tell what *will* happen when they's a war on, and 'pears to me like, you being a stranger in these parts and mebbe not quite *used* to the way things is around here, you wouldn't feel jest to *home* up at Jim's."

S—— "allowed" that the postmaster was correct in his suppositions, and finally (after a brief experience at the "hotel") found a boarding-house where the landlady agreed to keep him—not, however, before she had submitted him, at a preliminary repast, to the cold-eyed scrutiny of his fellow-boarders.

Chief among these were the Hargis brothers, Judge and Senator, joint proprietors of the biggest emporium in eastern Kentucky, from an upper window of which the fatal shot was not long afterward fired. With these amiable "autocrats of the breakfast-table," to whom my friend did not deem it necessary to reveal the fact that he carried in his pocket an introduction to members of the opposite party, he soon came to be on the best of

terms. And throughout his stay—which lasted until he was politely but firmly requested to leave town on the transparent pretext that he had aroused some suspicions as a spy—he shared his room with no less a personage than the “little Curtis Jett” of our ballad, who is now occupying a room all by himself “down at Frankfort,” as they say euphemistically in the mountains.

But the ballad which I heard that night at Berea, like so many others of the same sort, has an interest of its own, independent of subject and associations. Execrable as art, it is nevertheless not without significance for the student of civilization. Reduced to type—and although most of the ballads are preserved entirely by oral tradition, this one circulates in printed form like a seventeenth-century broadside—it reads, in its dry, unemotional, matter-of-fact manner, very much like an ordinary newspaper account of a “killing.” And such, to all intents and purposes, it really is. For, in this rude, rough, and remote region, where civilization has been arrested for a hundred years; where illiteracy is still the rule; and where books and papers of all sorts are still rare, the man or boy who “follows” writing ballads is the real journalist, and it is in his crude verse that is enshrined the memory of such events as quicken the pulse of the mountaineer and appeal to his imagination.

Few of these Kentucky folk-songs possess any particular poetic quality or appeal. Most of them are of the crudest and coarsest texture, and sometimes seem to be the product of debased literary influences from without, rather than of any genuine indigenous impulse to esthetic expression. Indeed, many of the purely local ballads are based upon some popular model of alien origin. Thus “The Assassination of J. B. Marcum” evidently derives from the

well-known Missouri ballad of “Jesse James,” while “Jack Combs’s Death Song” is quite as clearly modeled upon “The Dying Cowboy.”

The ballad heroes are men of whom the visitor hears every day, and whose kinsmen he is constantly meeting. Thus I have listened to “The Confession of Bad Tom Smith” sung by a kinsman who, as a boy, had known him well—had even slept with him in those crowded cabins where one never sleeps singly. And I have heard “The Rowan County Trouble” sung by the same man, who, every time he came to the point where John Martin enters Judge Cary’s “grocery-store” (*Anglice*, grog-shop) and sees his enemy, Floyd Tolliver, drinking at the bar, would stop, lower his bow, and, with shining eyes, tell me what had *really* happened, according to family tradition, and not as the ballad, composed by “the blind Day Brothers,” described it.

But there are ballads in the mountains



A SINGLE UNGRADED STREET WHERE A VISITOR WAS RARE

into which this personal element does not enter and where it is not needed. They are not all modern ballads, crudely celebrating incidents of local history for the last one hundred years. If they were, they would, in spite of their curious interest, hardly merit the attention that has begun to be bestowed upon them by scholars. Many are survivals of old English and Scottish ballads which, brought to this country three centuries ago by the early settlers, were carried by their children into the wilderness, where they are still sung by their children's children, though without any knowledge of their ancient origin. And it is these, above all, that are treasure-trove to the ballad-lover who visits the Southern highlands.

"It was not until I read a volume of early English ballads," said a mountain woman who had received a better education and lived a life less shut-in than the majority of her sisters, "that I had any idea what the songs really were that we used to sing here in the hills when we were children."

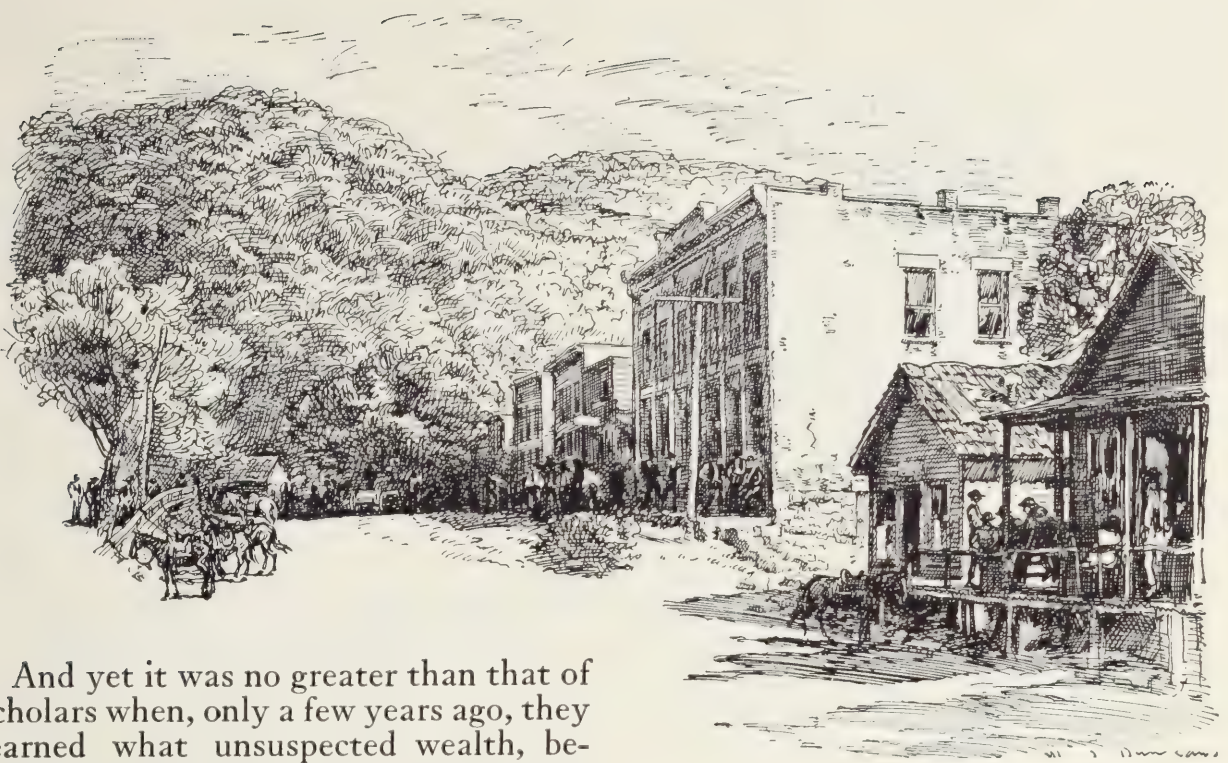
She was an interesting and intelligent young woman, descended, as she herself boasted—who is it says that these mountain people are ashamed of the abundant Indian blood that flows in their veins?—and as her *teint basané* for the rest amply attested, from an aboriginal ancestor, the Cherokee chief, Redbird. As circuit-court stenographer, she was accustomed to take down all the evidence in the vernacular—not because she could not talk and write conventional "book" English as well as another, but because she appreciated the fine, full flavor of this racy rustic idiom which conserves so many quaint characteristics from the speech of Shakespeare's, and even Chaucer's, contemporaries.

"Born, bred, and buttered" in the little town where only in the last year or two have there been any considerable changes through the opening of the mines and the coming of the railroad, she remembers when a visitor from the outside world was so rare that the sight of one brought the entire population, silent and somewhat hostile, to the doors of stores and houses; and when these houses, of which there were not above two or three score all told at the time,

were nothing but log cabins and rudely stripped pine shacks around the courthouse. This, with the exception of the adjacent "jail-house" and a single "store-house," was the only brick building in the place. It looked like a cross between a locomotive round-house and a boiler-factory, and was run up by an outside contractor out of native brick, burned on the spot to save the cost of transporting this precious material some fifty miles by "jolt wagon" over roads that were mere mountain trails and gullies.

She remembers how her father would sit summer evenings in his door, right in the heart of town, and engage in a pleasant and friendly pastime with a neighbor across the street, in which they took turns in holding up a piece of tallow candle for the other to shoot out the light. She remembers Christmas morning, when the principal holiday diversion of the men and boys was to get drunk and shoot up the town. She remembers also how she and her friends, when they were children, would play games that were already half-dances, like "Old Bald Eagle," and "Tell Me Where Maria's Gone," until they were old enough to run real sets, swinging and swaying through the mazes of "Hook and Line," "The Wild Goose Chase," or "Boxing the Gnats," and doing the "short dog" with barbaric abandon. But above all she remembers how her mother, at work in the "cook-house" or corn-field, or "tromping the treadles of her loom" installed in the covered porch or the great loft, weaving many a web of white or colored linsey for the family raiment, would sing, and teach her children to sing after her, such homely songs as "The Salt Sea," "Pretty Polly," "Little Hugh," "Barbara Allen," "The Brown Girl," "The Turkish Lady," or "Lord Thomas and Fair Ellender."

Imagine, therefore, how naïvely great was her surprise—which reminds one of M. Jourdain's when he found that he had been talking prose all his life without knowing it—on discovering that the "song-ballets" of her youth, which in her later sophistication she had come somewhat to despise and even deplore, as at once silly and sanguinary, were the recognized ballads of "real literature"!



And yet it was no greater than that of scholars when, only a few years ago, they learned what unsuspected wealth, besides coal and timber, was stored away in these dark and secluded valleys. Another mountain woman, who had both studied and taught in Eastern colleges, told me that when she informed a well-known authority on the subject of ballad literature what she herself had heard in the hills about her own home, he at first utterly refused to credit her. And this is not strange, for certainly few discoveries in our time have been more remarkable—more thrilling, even—than that these old poems, which had been received as a precious heritage from an utterly vanished past, still lived on the lips of men and women of our own land.

It was like bringing a dead literature back to life again. All at once the centuries seemed to fall away, and the romance of a primitive people that had until then been largely limited to picturesque incidents of feud warfare and the illicit distilling of "corn licker," became heightened and enhanced with a new and richer note. Wandering through the mountains, one now knew he might at any time meet a company of Robin Hood's men encamped in some sequestered cove; or, in the bronze beechwoods at the head of some lonely branch, meet fair Ellender as, mounted upon her palfrey, she rode through forest and town to attend the wedding of her faithless lover:

A SINGLE "STORE-HOUSE" WAS THE ONLY BRICK BUILDING IN THE PLACE

She dressed herself in scarlet red,
Her maidens they dressed in green,
And every town that they rode through
They took her to be some queen.

Of course it is not alone in Kentucky that these old ballads have been found. Professor Child, in his monumental work on *The English and Scottish Popular Ballad* (1882-1898), reported some seventeen as surviving in nine states, and since then a continent-wide quest has revealed the existence of treasures all the way from Nova Scotia to the plains of the Southwest. But owing to local conditions of isolation and illiteracy, which favor the persistence of the oral tradition, Kentucky has yielded an exceptional harvest of this fascinating folk-literature. Of the fifty-odd ballads to which Child's total has now been increased, more than half have already been found in that state, and it is said that the work has only just begun. One collector, Dr. Katharine B. Jackson (Mrs. Wm. F. French), whose manuscript collection I had the privilege of examining at Berea, told me later that she had gathered some sixty separate specimens (exclusive of interesting and

important variants), of which thirty could be positively identified as old British ballads through Child and other printed sources, while the rest, she was confident, could be identified equally by referring to the British Museum manuscript collections.

Nearly as good a showing is made by Professor Shearin in his and Josiah H. Combs's *Syllabus of Kentucky Folk-Songs*. The first section contains some twenty-seven ballads, all but a few of which are to be found in Child. In the following sections there are many more for which it is fair to assume a British origin, although evidence is at present lacking. A few others, like "Irish Molly" and "The Waxford Girl," come from Ireland, and one or two, like "The Little Mohee [Maumee]," may have been written in Colonial times in America. This last, which perhaps conserves a memory of the Miami tribe of Indians in its second title, is a great favorite with school-girls, to whom it appeals through its romantic sentiment.

It tells the story of a sailor who, while

on shore, meets "a fair Indian lass," and wanders with her until they come to her abode situated in a grove of cocoanut-trees:

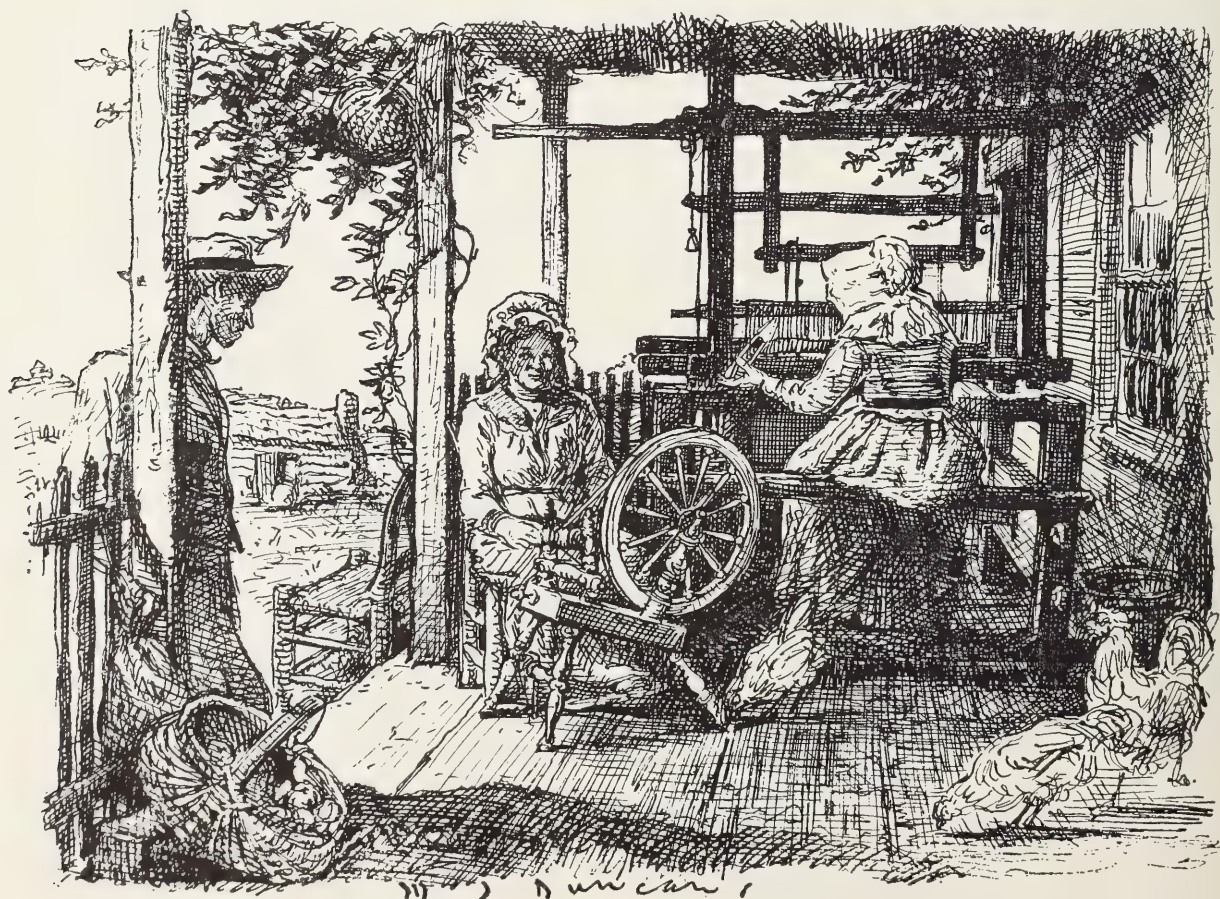
Then this kind expression she made unto me,
"If you will consent, sir, to stay here with me,
And go no more roving upon the salt sea,
I'll teach you the language of the little
Mohee."

But the sailor replies:

"Oh no, my dear maiden; this never can be,
For I have a true love in my own country,
And I won't forsake her, for I know she
loves me,
And her heart is as true as the lass of
Mohee."

Then, saying farewell, he steers again for home. But there, finding that his sweetheart has proved unfaithful to him during his absence, and seeing no one among his friends and relations who can compare with the Indian lass, he returns once more to the little Mohee.

But of all these old ballads, the one most commonly encountered is "Barbara Allen's Cruelty." This is men-



TROMPING THE TREADLES OF HER LOOM



FLATBOATMEN ON THE FORKS OF THE KENTUCKY RIVER

tioned both by Samuel Pepys in his *Diary* and by Oliver Goldsmith, who wrote of it in his third Essay: "The music of the finest singer is dissonance to what I felt when our old dairy-maid sung me into tears with 'Johnny Armstrong's Last Good-Night,' or 'The Cruelty of Barbara Allen.'" And certainly no one who has ever heard this old song sung by women "battling" their clothes before lonely cabins, or by flatboatmen under the blazing sun on the forks of the Kentucky River, can ever forget the profound impression of almost magic melancholy it produces:

Oh, don't you remember in yonders town,
In yonders town a-drinking,
You drank your health to the ladies all
around,
And slighted Barbara Allen?

Yes, I remember in yonders town,
In yonders town a-drinking,
I drank my health to the ladies all around,
And slighted Barbara Allen.

Curiously enough—for me, at all events—the poem is more moving in this corrupt Cumberland version than in any printed one that has come down to us.

Is this because certain of the words and expressions, like "yonders," having all but lost their meaning, lend to the verses something of that mystery and strangeness which are implicit in the very ideal of romantic art? If so, these Kentucky ballads should be among the most romantic poetry in the world, for surely their text is corrupt enough.

Nor is it only the text; it is the whole structure of the verse that has, as it were, undergone a sort of progressive degenerescence or decomposition. "They are worn, withered, shrunk almost to the skeleton of their former beauty," writes Professor Belden of the ballads he has found in Missouri. Occasionally one finds a fine specimen, like the version of "Fair Margaret and Sweet William" which Mr. Combs communicated to *The Journal of American Folk-Lore*, and which retains a fair amount of its traditional integrity; though even this shows at least one striking and characteristic change in the elimination of the supernatural element, and in the substitution of Lady Margaret herself for her ghost in the nocturnal visit to William's bridal-chamber. But, for the most part, bal-

lads are truncated, ends are missing, stanzas are transposed, rhymes are lost and rhythms are hopelessly dislocated by the addition or subtraction of words and syllables at the will of the singer.

And yet, on the whole, when one considers their long descent by oral tradition, it must be admitted that these ballads have retained their original character remarkably well. Certainly their form has suffered more than their substance.

"In their century-old transmission," writes Professor Shearin, "they have suffered little change. British popular names of places are faithfully preserved, as well as the Old World customs, costumes, manners, or habits of thought and speech." And he gives a long list of obsolete words, phrases, and pronunciations that survive in these Kentucky folk-songs, as well as an anecdote to illustrate the naïveté of the present-day Kentucky minstrel toward such expressions:



THE SINGER FREQUENTLY ACCOMPANIES HIMSELF ON THE DULCIMER

"Last summer," he writes, "a gray-bearded old fiddler was singing for me the 'Bailiff's Daughter of Islington.' 'What does that word 'bailiff' mean?' I asked him. 'Oh, shucks!' came his logical and prompt reply, 'that's just in the song.'"

"Occasionally, however," he adds, "an obsolete word is made over clumsily into the current vernacular. I recall a curious instance from 'Lord Randall.' The British version has these lines:

Mother, make my bed soon;
I am weary of hunting, and fain would lie down.

My singer could not brook the meaningless 'fain,' so he sang 'and pains me lie down'; while another yet more curiously phrased it, 'I faint and lie down.' But such manifestations of folk-etymologizing are rare. 'It's just in the song,' that is all we know on earth, and all we need to know."

And yet one does not have to seek far for other examples. For instance, in "The Apprentice Boy," which, like Keats's "Isabella," derives its plot from Boccaccio and tells the story of a boy who falls in love with the daughter of his master, a rich merchant we find the following:

Ten thousand pounds was this gay lady's portion;

She was a fair and
camelite dame;
She loved this young
man who crossed
the ocean.
He told her how he
could be so deslain.

The last line, of course, is sheer jargon, with "deslain" for "disdain." In the second, after "camelite," Professor Shearin brackets the word "comely," but makes no comment. Is it not probable here that the minstrel had in mind that Baptist sect which was founded by Alexander Campbell, and which,



AFTER SUPPER HE WOULD TAKE A CHERISHED FIDDLE FROM ITS CASE

under the designation of "Christians" (from the official title, the "Church of Christ"), or "Campbellites," is common in parts of the mountains?

Even the persistent place-names generally undergo a change that often leaves them quite unrecognizable. Where, for example, is that Maeterlinckian "Urgent Land," referred to in the first stanza of "Loving Henry"?

"Get down, get down, loving Henry," she said,
And stay all night with me;
But there's another girl in the Urgent Land,
That you love better than me!"

And while it is easy to see that Shearfield is Sheffield, and Eddingsburg is Edinburgh, one has to puzzle a moment before making Nottingham of Notomon.

Again, in a wider range of examples, "merchant" becomes "margent" in the title of "The Rich Margent"; "Cupid" becomes "Cubeck" in that of "Cubeck's Garden," while in a third, "The Cold Dark Scenes of Winter" has been rendered "The Gonesome Seems of Winter," which makes even less sense than

the favorite expression "gores of blood," as it occurs, for example, in "The Apprentice Boy." After the brothers have killed their sister's lover, he—and here again it is the murdered lover himself and not his ghost—appears to her:

All on that night while she lay sleeping,
He came and stood at her bed-feet,
All covered over in tears a-weeping,
All wallered o'er in gores of blood.

"Wallered" is a common word in the mountain vernacular. So is "study," as used in this same ballad:

Her brothers studied on this cruel matter.

Also "meat" for "flesh" (human), as in "Loving Henry." After stabbing her lover, as he leaned down from his saddle to kiss her, the jealous lady pitched his dead body into "that doomfull well, where the water is cold and deep," and then:

"Lie there, lie there, loving Henry," she said,
"Till the meat drops off your bone."

This is precisely the way in which a mountain woman might have spoken.



THE HORSE TAKES HIS OWN WAY WHILE BOTH SING SOME ANCIENT BALLAD

And here, of course, it is not so much a case of corruption in the strict sense, or even of "folk-etymologizing," as of a consistent recasting of the language of the ballads to bring it more closely into accord with the idiom of daily life—a process which is sometimes reversed, as, for example, in the case of the girl who, writing to her teacher, exclaimed, "I can hardly wait to see you again and to take your lily-white hand"—an amusing instance of a ballad commonplace passing into common parlance as a form of epistolary politeness!

Moreover, the mountaineer, not having his historical sense highly developed, commits countless anachronisms with a clear conscience, and does not hesitate to introduce the most modern inventions, like the railroad, into the most ancient ballads. Thus the murderous medieval lover in "Pretty Polly" draws his revolver when he brings the girl he has betrayed to her graveside. And when Fair Ellinor arrives at the home of The Brown Girl, certain versions make Lord Thomas

lead her to the seat of honor, a rocking-chair, "amid the merry maids all." In one version of "Little Hugh," or "The Jew's Daughter," which deals with medieval calumny of the Jews and is of particular interest in view of the recent trials for "ritual murder" in Russia, the murdered boy's mother goes in quest of him with a switch when he does not return at evening—a faithful bit of Kentucky *genre*. While in "The Turkish Lady," Lord Bate(s)man, rescued from his Moslem prison by the jailer's daughter, who follows him to England, dismisses his English bride at the altar with the words:

You came with buggy and horses two,
Go home with buggy and horses three.

This is perhaps the oldest of the ballads current in the Kentucky Cumberlands. At any rate, the tale that it tells has been traced back to the Crusades, and its hero is said to have been the father of Thomas à Beckett. It is also geographically the most remote. But

time and space, history and geography, have little meaning for the average mountaineer, whose notions of the physical universe are usually of the vaguest.

"I'd believe the world was round," remarked one woman, "if I know'd any one who had ever bin around it."

It is much if people know that their ancestors came from "a far and an absent land called England," and a man who, during a spell of sickness, had read the histories of England, France, and even Rome, felt a "call," when he was well again, to go up and down the creek where he lived, telling all he had learned, and so gained the reputation of being "the knowingest man" in that section.

With such ignorance of what lies beyond the limits of their own little world—which, however, is no more complete and self-contained than the Mediterranean world of the Greeks and Romans—it is indeed remarkable that these simple-minded mountain folk should retain in their balladry the memory of so much that has long since passed out of their practical knowledge and experience.

In a primitive country, where pioneer conditions, indefinitely prolonged, have produced a well-nigh perfect democracy, they still sing of kings and queens, lords and ladies. Poverty is general there, yet they dream of wealth which they reckon in silver shillings and golden guineas. Cheap cotton prints have begun to take the place of good homespun linsey-woolsey, but such changes of fashion do not affect the secular tastes and habits of the damsel who still

"dresses herself in silk so fine" when she fares forth to seek her lover. The largest towns are scarcely more than villages, but the mind continues to dwell with complacency upon the glory of courts and cities. And where nothing less potent than sound "corn licker" ever passes the lips of man, woman, or child who requires a stimulant, the wine-

cup still, as of yore, goes round the festal board.

Strangest of all, perhaps, in a land where most of the important water-courses are navigable only on horseback, is the persistence with which a memory of the sea lingers in these transplanted ballads. There are few mountain men for whom the ocean would not be a novelty. And yet, although it must be difficult for most of them even to figure to themselves what that vast, flat, trackless expanse with an empty horizon, really looks like, there is, apparently nothing that so appeals to their imagination as a sea voyage or a shipwreck.

Does this suggest a possible solution for the vexed question of the origin of these nautically-minded highlanders, and of their ancestral pursuits? Certainly their language is anything but nautical, as in "The Salt Sea," where the deck is referred to in a very lubberly fashion as the "floor":

They had not been
sailing very long,
They hadn't been
sailing but three
weeks,

She threw herself
upon the cold
floor,
And there she be-
gan to weep.

But even if their forefathers should prove to have been sailors or Thames watermen, it would not be extraordinary if, in the course of a century or so, they had become a trifle shaky concerning such minor points of technical seamanship!

A man on Beaver Creek told me that his family was descended from one of Blackbeard's pirates who, when the band was beaten and broken up in Albemarle Sound, sought an asylum in these hills. Perhaps it was he who brought with him that capital piratical ballad with a real lilt to it, like some of Gilbert's, "The Lone and the Lonesome Low," which



"THE DAMSELL WITH THE DULCIMER" HAS
GIVEN PLACE TO THE BOY WITH THE BANJO

is one of the many variants of "The Sweet Trinity" and commemorated a supposed incident in the career of Sir Walter Raleigh in the Low Countries—whence the corrupt yet musical refrain in this American version:

There was a little ship and she sailed upon
the sea,
And she went by the name of the Mary
Golden Tree,
And she sailed upon the lone and the lone-
some low,
And she sailed upon the lonesome sea.

It has truthfully been said that the air is the life of a ballad, and those who have only read these old songs, and have not heard them sung to their appropriate airs, can have only a limited idea of their true artistic effect. These airs are as traditional as the words, and may be found in the collections of Chappell and other musical antiquaries. They are all a good deal alike, so that on first acquaintance it is not always easy to tell them apart. But although they are for the most part mournful and melancholy, and thus lend themselves to the weird wailing of the mountain minstrel—for whom a ballad is "pretty" in proportion to the poignancy of the emotional effect it produces—there is a certain haunting appeal in these simple and monotonous old-time melodies. They are sung slowly and in as high-pitched a voice as possible; and, as one listens to the peculiar nasal insistence on certain notes, the strange slides, quaint quavers, and affecting falsetto breaks, he cannot help thinking of Chaucer's nun who sang the "servyce dyvyne."

Entuned in hir nose ful semely.

The singer frequently accompanies himself on banjo, fiddle, or dulcimer. This last is the traditional instrument of mountain music. Like Coleridge's Abyssinian maid, the Kentucky girl is also "a damsell with a dulcimer," or rather she was before this odd and yet elegant instrument, which descends directly from Elizabethan England, and which looks not unlike a very slender and short-necked violin, began to disappear. It is strung with three strings, which are sometimes of gut, though generally of wire. Two of them are always tuned in

unison, while the third is an octave lower.

Occasionally the dulcimer—or "dulcimore," as it is called in the vernacular—is bowed, but more often it is plucked, the performer holding it lengthwise in his lap, producing the notes by pressing the string nearest him with a bit of reed held in his left hand, while his right hand sweeps all three with a quill or a piece of not too flexible leather. The two strings that are not pressed form a sort of *bourdonnement*, or drone-bass accompaniment, like a bagpipe.

The tonal quality is very light—a ghostly, disembodied sort of music such as we may imagine to have been made by the harp in the ballad of "The Twa Sisters," although this instrument is formed, not from the bones of a drowned girl's body, but from thinly planed and delicately curved boards of native black-walnut. Those which, like mine, are made by an old man who lives in a cabin at the mouth of the Doubles of Little Carr are pierced with four little heart-shaped openings.

If the dulcimer is seldom met with nowadays, the fiddle and the banjo are found everywhere. I have spent many an evening in humble cabin homes, and in others not so humble, where, after supper, my host would take a cherished fiddle from its case or from the hooks beneath the ancestral "squirrel rifle." And I recall mornings and afternoons no less musical passed in the shade of locusts and silver maples on a bit of board-walk by the court-house yard and before the "jail-house."

There a group of village boys would congregate to pick the banjo, sing, and execute the infinitely varied steps of the "hoe-down," while the other boys behind the bars would look out through the narrow windows and join in all the jokes and laughter. Sometimes the banjo would be on the inside instead of on the outside, and there was one youth, "Bad Bill," a favorite performer, who was certain on such occasions to respond to the clamorous request, "Sang Bill, now you sang!" with an exceedingly popular composition entitled "John Henry," or "The Steam Drill."

"Follow the boy with the banjo," President Frost said to me at Berea

when I asked him how I was most likely to hear specimens of the native songs and ballads.

“The boy with the banjo!”—that figure, gay, laughing, and light-hearted, seems, more than any other, to symbolize the very spirit of mountain life, especially when he is seen on horseback, with a sun-browned, sun-bonneted girl seated behind him, whose slender body in faded pink or blue frock drawn modestly about her bare feet as she hangs loose-legged from the pillion, sways and undulates to the slow motion of the steed. The boy “picks” as he lets the horse take his own way past many a fern-fringed “rock-house” and crinkly little cascade that shimmers like

silk down the gray shale from cool greeneries of hemlock and spruce and oak and pine, and both sing some ancient ballad. Other boys and girls who follow or precede them on foot in a merry throng sing also, or shout and laugh, as they leap from stone to stone, or wade boldly through the shallow, singing waters. It is the mountain version of “*L’Embarquement pour Cythère*.”

Alas, not only the dulcimer, but the ballad itself, is now beginning to disappear from the mountains. After finding a refuge here when it had been all but forgotten by the rest of the world, it is at last being uprooted and cast aside as a thing of small value. To a certain extent the responsibility for this rests with the Old Regular Baptist Church, which, ruling the religious life of the mountains with a rod of iron, has of recent years developed a vein of aggressive puritanism. If a fiddler who has “j’ined the church” wishes to remain

in good standing—and there are a thousand ways of making his life miserable if he does not—he must lay aside his bow, or else take it out only when he is secure against all surprises.

One came to town to attend the county fair with his women-folks—stoop-shouldered, black-bonneted bodyguards who trailed him everywhere and rarely let him out of their sight. When we finally succeeded in getting him away for a while, the old fellow, who claimed to know more than a hundred and fifty tunes, expressed himself as “heart-sick” because he could not enter the fiddle-contest held in the balcony of the town hall.

“I tell you what, boys,” he exclaimed, “I

sure could carry off the premium from any one in *that* crowd!”

So oppressed was he by his feminine surveillance and by the fear of exposure, that it was only with the greatest difficulty that, after we had borrowed a fiddle for him and got him into a room where we stood guard over the closed doors, we could persuade him to play for us. Even then at first he would only make his instrument “whisper,” and he steadily refused to allow himself to be inveigled into the livelier tunes he had at his bow’s end. If he inadvertently started one, he would stop suddenly and glance with a scared look around the room. But finally, as he became reassured by our watchfulness and excited by our suggestions and applause, as well as by a sense of his own skill and the old familiar feeling of the fiddle in his hand, he began to “speak right out” until, cutting loose, he ran through his repertory.



A FIDDLER WHO HAS “J’INED THE CHURCH” MUST LAY ASIDE HIS BOW

Stopping after each group of jigs to tune up for the next, he would say with a chuckle as he tucked the polished box up against his chest again: "Now, boys, I'm a-going to make your hair stand up on end this time!" Then he would lead off with "Bonaparte's Retreat," "Boating on Sandy," or "Cripple Creek," with which last he had once, he told us, in his unregenerate days, carried off the "premium" in a contest between the "Virginias" and the "Kentuckys" in a West Virginia bar-room.

Old Regular Baptists in good and regular standing hold in abhorrence the "song-ballets," which they call "love-songs" or "devil's ditties," so that it is not always safe to ask any old lady you may meet if she knows such and such a ballad. For she may turn on you with singular vehemence and assure you that, no, indeed, she knows only "*good songs!*" Then it will be some time before the glare fades from her eyes, her toothless mouth stops working, and she consents again to converse on neutral topics.

But the main reasons for the decadence of secular balladry in the mountains are more general. To quote from Professor C. Alphonso Smith in the recent Bulletin issued by the Bureau of Education, the "catchy but empty songs not worthy of comparison with them, the decadence of communal singing, the growing diversity of interest, the appeal to what is diverse and separative in our national life, the presence of the artificial and self-conscious in modern writing," which have already eradicated the ballad elsewhere, are beginning to be felt there also.

"In another generation or two," writes Professor Shearin in the same strain, "they will be but a memory in the Kentucky highlands; the clank of the colliery, the rattle of the locomotive, the roar of the blast-furnace, the shriek of the factory whistle, and, alas, even the music of the school-bell, are already

overwhelming the thin tones of the dulcimer and the quavering voice of the Last Minstrel of the Cumberland, who can find scant heart to sing again the lays of olden years across the seas."

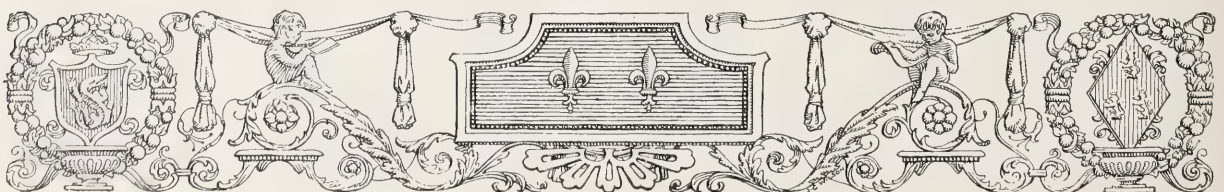
Of all these destructive agencies, doubtless that last mentioned is the most insidious. The ability to read and write has always been the worst enemy of the oral tradition. As a mountain woman herself explained to me one day, after she had tried in vain to sing me a ballad which she had learned in her youth, but of which she could recall but a few words scattered "hither and yon":

"Now that folkses kin read more'n they used to, and have song-books with pretty new tunes in them and shaped notes so's to sing 'em, nobody's a-going to burden his mind no more with them old ballets, which allus was a sight foolish, anyhow."

And yet, as Commissioner Claxton says in the same Bulletin: "Whatever has at any time appealed to the best emotions and moved the heart of a people must have for their children and their children's children political, historical, and cultural value."

"Give us your culture, but leave us our civilization!" exclaimed a thoughtful mountain man at a conference of mountain workers held not long ago at Burns's school in Clay County.

He might have reversed it. For the mountain people have their primitive culture as well as their primitive civilization. And who shall say that the root of this mountain culture, whose flower is pride, courtesy, and a noble bearing, does not lie in these old ballads which have for so many generations shaped their imagination, rendered their speech expressive, and helped to impart to each of their acts, however humble or homely, that sense of style which, more than anything else, even in what is evil and sinister, accounts for the romantic appeal made by these rude mountaineers?



Their Deferred Moment

BY EDNA M. OWINGS



HE was a devotee of art. She didn't perpetrate; she merely attempted, with a zeal that was a trifle pitiful, to foster. Not that she was quite blameless of the error of commission. She had essayed to paint, and had even succeeded in arriving in clear, awesome print a few times in her very young maturity. She had attended art-schools and had gone abroad, and she had been engaged for one brief moment to a real artist with his reputation made—a handsome, no doubt fascinating, man of forty years or more. But she had married a mere manufacturer, devoid of dazzle. Seen with some eyes, it seemed a lamentable story.

Her father was responsible for the disruption with her artist. He thundered; called her to him in his high, oppressive, terrifying library, and informed her that she *should not* marry Gilpin. He had an extinguishing contempt for artists, and he emphatically disapproved of marriages where age was so unequal. If she persisted, he must—well, he would have no more of her. His obligation would be at an end. Did she quite understand? Yes; trembling from head to foot, she understood. If in her heart she felt more certain than ever that Fred Gilpin was her man, her head saw otherwise. Her head was more effective, and it ruled her in her crises. She was blue-eyed, fair-skinned, thoughtful, just a little cold. She wanted courage.

So Gilpin went away. Europe received him. Each city where he halted welcomed him. He went; but he was always coming back, thanks to the newspapers and current periodicals, thanks to the fellowship of roaming brother artists who were continually bringing news of him.

The man she married was her father's choice, produced by him immediately

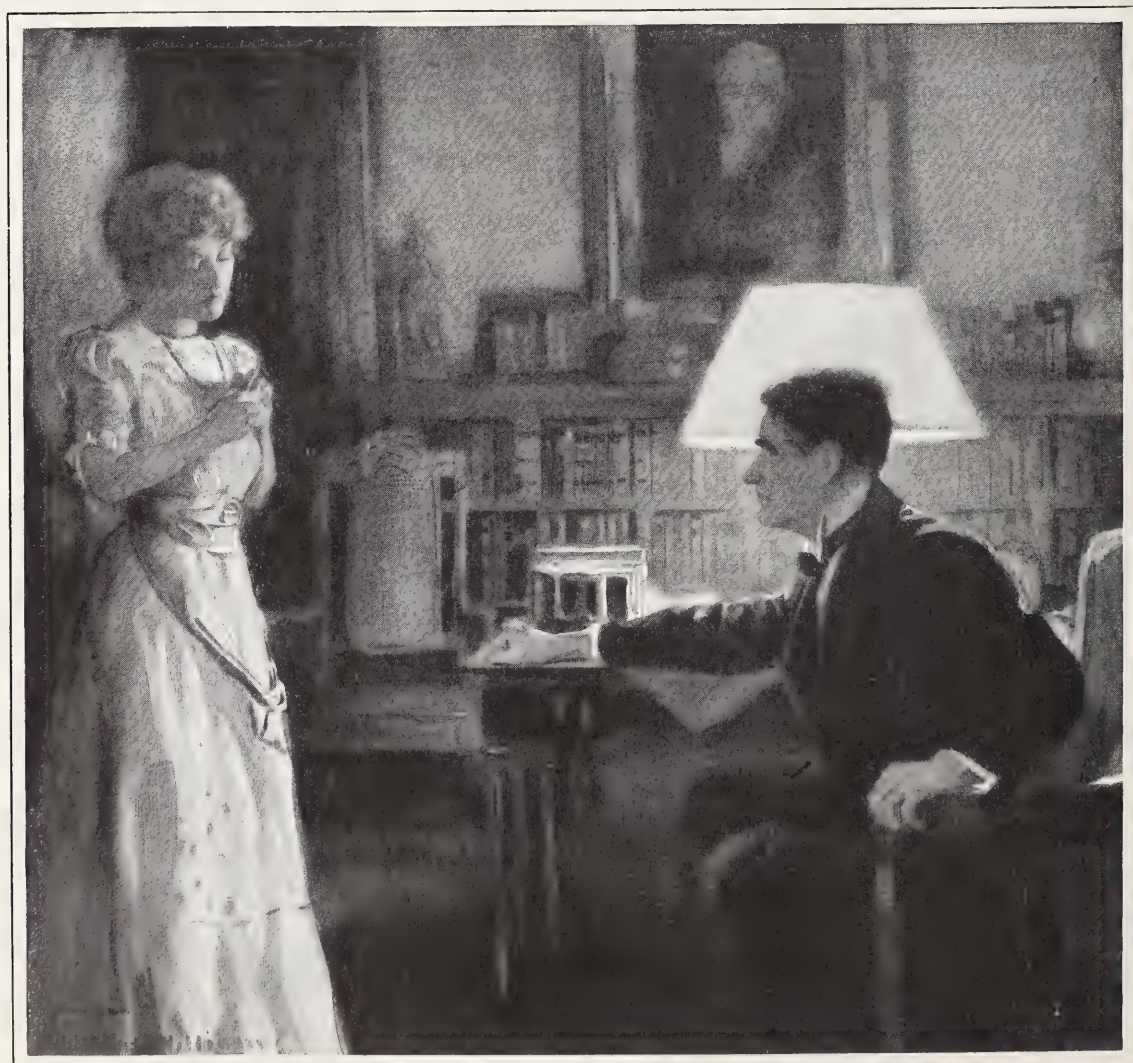
after Gilpin left—a fair, lean, gentle, steady, safe young man who dallied in a bank, but was extracted shortly from this unexciting post by his new parent, and placed in charge of multitudes of tin-can openers to see that they were properly produced and kept account of. Or, speaking still more flatly, from adding and subtracting in a gilded cage the lad was elevated to the not so obvious dignity of adding and subtracting in a dreary wooden box that looked into a dirty alley and was in a constant state of racking agitation by reason of the ceaseless pounding of the vast machinery that brought to pass the articles of merchandise aforesaid. The sole romance lay in the fact that here he had a little command and the opportunity of rising to more importance. Yes, opportunity. But what is the opening without the man? He was amiable, sweet (old ladies reveled in him), and absolutely to be counted on—for some things; hardly for initiative. He, too, had blue eyes, gentle eyes, and never in the world the mouth for hard aggression, only a mouth for faithful loving. Old Cresson must have been in an inordinate hurry when he hit on such a prize to lure his daughter with.

For twenty years the Delaplaines lived on in the large Middle-Western town—city in size, though by no means as yet in sentiment and *savoir faire*—where they had both originated. They lived for fifteen of these sluggish years in the same house, the occupation of which had connoted Delaplaine's first rise in Cresson's business. As subsequent promotions had been few and far between, and none of startling consequence, the Delaplaines had seen the wisdom of not blossoming out, as they had both presumed they soon would blossom. They were both circumspect; for Cresson, as they knew to their great sorrow, was not a happy giver. They stayed in the quiet little street that, but for their house and a

bare half-dozen near it, was of humiliating plainness. The arrival of the turn-outs of fashionable people (the Cressons were a "first family," and Cresson himself was probably quite rich, only distressingly close-fisted) pausing beside the Delaplaines' white stepping-stone, was always an event. Children stopped their play to stare, and women at sewing-machines in upper bedrooms drew back the thick lace curtains stealthily to see the gleam of glory. The Delaplaines had never mingled with their neighbors. They were polite, but they were different. Sundays saw Mr. Delaplaine in a "Prince Albert" and a high hat. Week-days saw Mrs. Delaplaine in Sunday clothes, perambulating with a card-case in her white-gloved hand.

In the aspiring village where these people lived there was an Art Society, formed and maintained for the promo-

tion of a better acquaintance on the part of the community with painting and the plastic arts. This Art Society was made up of women from the leisure class who had traveled a bit, read a bit, thought a bit, and in spots evolved a bit of real discrimination. As time went on, the society was increased by the addition of people who believed they saw in it an easy social wedge. Some of them had no taste whatever, but they paid in their dollars, and the society grew large and rather strong. It conducted a small art-school where one learned to paint all sorts of curious things (or was the strangeness rather in the way one painted them?) and it occasionally brought considerable exhibitions from the East for the enlightenment of the citizens who couldn't travel. It was the voice of Culture in a graceless land, and to preside in the imposing



HE INFORMED HER THAT SHE SHOULD NOT MARRY GILPIN

chair of the society was to possess a very choice distinction. The honor fell to Mrs. Delaplaine by a unanimous vote when she was in her twentieth year of wedded uneventfulness. She became president of the Art Society—a charming president, as all agreed; gracious and full of tact, and beautifully capable.

It was but natural that this should bring back Gilpin. That was what came of all her contacts with the world of art. That was, one may surmise, the chief cause of her struggle to keep up at least some semblance of connection with it all these years. Her own small dreams had had to perish when she yielded to her father's hard authority and married Delaplaine—that had been all there was to it for her—but there had been honor piled on honor for Fred Gilpin. Honor on honor—yet he hadn't married. And he had never come back to the Middle West again. Travelers met him from time to time, in Paris, Venice, Delhi, Tokio—anywhere but in America. He had, of course, grown rich, and, being constitutionally spendthrift, he was charming as a host. They said that he was stunning with his odd, irregular, protrusive hair—white, now—and his swart skin; big and commanding, too. Yes, she could see him; and she sometimes felt as if he were commanding *her*. She imagined—or might it have actually

been?—that she felt the pull of his volition; that he still wanted her. At times she said, "What nonsense!" Oftener she hugged her little curious stabs of pain. One suffers with a will if one may thereby know that one is loved. Delaplaine loved her in his way—as best he could, no doubt. But Fred—Fred was so different.

The news came in November. Mrs. Delaplaine had laid aside her novel—not one of the "light" sort—and was staring vacuously through her parlor window at a wet, slimy, dying world when the shrill whistle of the newsboy, followed immediately by a loud thump against the porch floor, admonished her to save her paper from the penetrating rain. She ran out, stooped, and swiftly snatched her paper in. Just this curt contact with the dampness made her shiver. She stood an instant on the door-sill taking in the depressing prospect. Everything soaked and dripping! Ugh! What

an ugly sound it had, and what a horrid autumn smell—drenched dead things. . . . She went inside and closed the door quickly.

Inside the hall she paused and leaned against the newel-post, scanning the head-lines. It was her wail—the wail of many—that there was never any news in the local newspapers. Her glance was, therefore, casual; but, even so, it was



HER GLANCE WAS RIVETED BY
WHAT IT LIGHTLY FELL ON

caught, fastened, riveted by what it lightly fell on. "*Gilpin, the artist, . . . dead . . . in Rome . . . quite sudden.*" When she had read it twenty times, but hardly seeing, Mrs. Delaplaine went up to her own room.

It was a pretty room—pale greenish walls and fresh white woodwork. Mrs. Delaplaine dropped into a deep-seated arm-chair covered with cheerful chintz, and read the paragraph again, again. Dead . . . where and when, and after what hard struggles with adversity and what great final triumph? Dead—but why? That was the thing she ached to know. How had her fiancé—curiously, she thought of him that way for just the moment—how had he died, and for what wicked reason?

She looked about her. Something was wanting in the well-kept room. She got up and, stooping, lit a fire in the asbestos grate; a mere flicker—just enough to take the chill off—then turned her chair to face the warmth and so escape the dismal window, and sat down once more. Dead! Dead . . .

Then, finally, she began to think in earnest; to think, at least, in order. She thought how she had acceded to her father's harsh command because—why fence?—because she hadn't dared to go against him. She thought of her cowardice in sending Gilpin off without according him an opportunity to see her just once more and win her over if he could. She thought of her bored acceptance of young Delaplaine's uninteresting attentions and, later, of himself. She thought of the tameness of their lives from that day, twenty dull, dull, years ago, till now—Dick with his dreary problems concerning tin-can openers, his placid newspapers, his staid and sober Sundays; she with her slender house-keeping, her calls, her Art Society, and books, books, books. Neither with anything worth calling life. Not even children.

And she thought of all the things that she had felt about her husband, things not complimentary. She confessed to herself what she had always perfectly well known: that any complimentary reflections that she had bestowed upon him had been due, at the bottom, to compunction. She had almost always

had to struggle for them. She didn't really love him. How could she when he was so—so stupid? For there lay the tragic truth—Dick was stupid. She had tried with all her might and main to keep him from perceiving that she felt it; but the fact remained. The question came: Could Dick ever have been more stupid than she had herself been, on that day when she consented to be married to him? How could she possibly have looked for any fair result from such a lifeless, ill-assorted pairing? Then her anger flew, of course, back to her father. It was all his fault. She loathed him.

Gilpin's square, animated face glowed in the soft low line of firelight. She could hear his voice, excited, earnest, frequently self-interrupted with delicious bursts of laughter, telling her everything she cared to know about the world, or art, or, best of all, about herself and how he idolized her. She saw his hat, his funny foreign derby, resting beyond the velvet portières on the hall stand where she had wanted it to rest for ever, while in the grim old Cresson parlor he and she sat talking, talking. Oh, perfect days! There had been no more of their kind. There could be no days but dark days for her now. She was forty and childless, and her husband bored her to extinction. And at the thought of all the empty stretches that lay waiting deliberately to deaden her, she finally gave way and wept the bitter tears of desolation. Life had betrayed her cruelly.

She started at the pressure of a warm hand on her shoulder. Almost she thought that, looking up, she must see Gilpin looking down. But it was only Delaplaine, thin, pale, tired, doubtless, and eternally considerate.

"What is it, Flora?"

His mildness was exasperating. She sometimes felt that he might stand some tiny chance of mounting in her favor if he could, even just once, be actually brutal. But he could never be that. He drew a second chair into the firelight—it was dark outside now—leaned toward his wife, and tried to take her hand. For the first time in all their years together she repulsed him candidly.

"Don't, please." She drew away.

He slowly got up, snapped a light on,

and for several seconds stood regarding her. He, too, shook off the time-worn mantle of amenity. His gaze was merciless at last.

"What have you there?"

His temerity astonished her. She looked up, squarely, showing him her swollen, reddened eyes and all her misery. She held the tell-tale paper in her hand, face up.

"Gilpin," he said. He brought the word out with a wrench.

He couldn't have surprised her more completely. She responded with a soft "Yes," and sat waiting for what else he might be going to say. She had a premonition that, for the first time in his life, he was going to say something interesting. And he did. But he resumed his seat before he plunged. Dick was unbearably deliberate.

"Perhaps you think I ought to pity you, my dear," he began. "Perhaps you think I ought to care because you made a fool of yourself—and incidentally of me, though that could hardly matter to you now, of course—by letting Gilpin go. Perhaps you think that a despised husband has a happy life. I'm sure I don't know what you think. How is it possible for such a dolt as I to know what you who are clever think? I don't profess to. I don't even try to. I bring in the little wages which you secretly despise—how could you not?—and help preserve, in my small, unobtrusive way, the chill respectability of our abominable home. I think those are the facts. Do you correct me?"

At first she was all awed astonishment. Richard to talk like this! Richard to even *dare* have thoughts so keen! But as he went on she began to seethe with indignation. When finally he halted on

his little, cutting query, she was furious. She flung back at him:

"For God's sake, then, why did you marry me? Why did you let yourself be made a fool of? Did you suppose my father would establish you outright—make you rich even if you—"



HE, TOO, SHOOK OFF THE TIME-WORN MANTLE OF AMENITY

"If I was incapable? It's grinding to be poor, dear Flora, isn't it? Grinding for you. I'm used to it."

That was the truth. His father, a first settler's son, a person of position and possessions, had overstepped (thanks to politics) the bounds of all convivial circumstances, risking his health and wealth beyond redemption. His son had supported his mother and two hungry, growing sisters through the years when other fellows of his age and social status

were still in school, playing and dancing and learning to be charming in various ways. No wonder Cresson's offer of a boosting hand had seemed a godsend, or that his offer, not direct, but no less plain, of his attractive daughter, had been more than human hunger could resist. Old Cresson's subsequent neglect of him— But, after all, that was another story. Cresson found uses not originally reckoned on for his large money and his interests, uses that lay outside his family circle, and that made him increasingly indifferent to the children of his dead wife, and made them increasingly ashamed of their father.

"Sometimes," said Delaplaine, "I think that I was stung just as much as you, Flora. I'd like to be a little bit alive, too."

She gasped. Was this man—thinking, perfectly articulate—was this dull Richard Delaplaine? And he had still a great deal more to say to her; only, before he plunged again, he chose to light a cigarette. It was the one thing he did that even faintly smacked of deviltry. She had always regretted that it never seemed really appropriate to him. But to-night, for once, it suited.

"I married you," he said, "in pride and terror. I was afraid of poverty, both for myself and on account of—mother. Thank the good God, and Cresson, she was spared some horrors. And I couldn't help—no sane man could have helped—feeling exultant over getting you, my dear. You seemed a prize, you know."

She shivered slightly. He went on.

"I thought you loved me. That, of course, was my conceit. But still I feel that you should have told me you were bound in thought with Gilpin. I think it would have been the—shall we say honest?—thing."

She drove herself to answer, but with obvious difficulty, "How would that have helped?"

He nodded his concurrence. "Quite so. How? Only to clear your conscience, perhaps. But—I should think—"

She shrank back in her chair.

"Ugh!" she cried. "How did you get to be so clever at a minute's notice?"

He laughed; made an odd sound of mirth, at least, that was not pleasant.

"Ask me how I got to be so wooden in the first place! Do you suppose that I was born a mere automaton? Good Lord! What do you clever women think about, I wonder? Yourself, I suppose. You marry men and make the worst of them. That's what you've done with me—kept me in subjugation. Pitied me, talked down to me. And for your father's money and its benefits I've let you, till the thing's a habit. I'd clean forgotten that I *could* talk. God, I had!"

His cigarette had gone out. He started it again, tasting the smoke appreciatively. Then he stared for some seconds into the fire.

"Strange," he said, "how a man away off on another continent can still come in so. Makes such a beastly difference, knowing he's always foremost in a person's thoughts."

She leaned forward. "I've never mentioned him—to you."

He gave her a quick, sidelong look.

"Oh no. You've saved yourself that awkwardness. But of course I've known." He faced her, sitting straight. "Which are you interested most in, manufacturing or art? Eh, which?"

Again the grating sound of glee. His wife fell back.

"I hate you, Richard Delaplaine! I hate you, hate you—"

Her head dropped on the broad arm of her chair and for the second time this dreadful afternoon she wept—wept violently, recklessly, devastatingly—wept for a long time. For her world had crumbled. And Delaplaine had evolved. She had not even that poor dumb thing left to fasten to.

She was aware, after what might as well have been eternities, of strong arms lifting her and carrying her across the room and laying her down gently on the bed. She felt somebody spread a soft, warm coverlet over her quivering body. Then there was silence, and perhaps she fell asleep, worn out. Her next perception was of a bright light shining directly in her eyes. She looked and saw a candle flaming on her little sewing-table, which had been drawn close to the bedside. Then she heard Richard saying, "Set it here, Hannah, please," and Han-



"HOW DID YOU GET TO BE SO CLEVER AT A MINUTE'S NOTICE?"

nah loomed an instant indistinctly, then faded, leaving a tidy tray of tea and toast beside the candle.

"Now, Flo, I want you to try to eat something. Just the least bit. Let me stand up your pillows."

Meekly she obeyed, letting him help her to a sitting posture and arrange the pillows back of her; meekly looked on while he poured out her tea, and like a lamb accepted the crisp slice of toast he gave her. But she could go no farther. Bewildered, she sat and stared at this strange person who awaited patiently her pleasure. She had always recognized the sweetness of his face, but with a certain condescension. Why

should he be just sweet? Now, suddenly, she felt a wave of odd, pathetic gratitude at seeing that the sweetness was still there. For she had learned that he could be quite other things than sweet, things that had made her cold with wrecking terror. Her mouth worked and the tears ran down her poor, white cheeks. The crisp toast fell and cracked against the floor.

"Oh—Dickey dear—"

Quickly he pushed aside the table and wrapped her in his arms.

"It's been hell for most of twenty years," he said, after a long, sweet, wonderful silence. "But it's going to be living now, isn't it?"



Sorcerers' Work

BY NORMAN DUNCAN



WHEN we were landed at Port Moresby of New Guinea from the north Queensland coast, we learned that in the raw Papuan settlements the practice of sorcery is proscribed; and much that is curiously interesting was told us concerning the work of the sorcerers. In the lower courts, there, which are regularly constituted British tribunals, having been arraigned upon the charge of exercising witchcraft, sorcerers are frequently convicted, upon the evidence presented, of this singular breach of the law. "You don't hang these men!" the native victim of the profession complains. And he expresses this natural astonishment: "If you were to hang all the sorcerers, there would be no sorcerers left to trouble either you or us. Why don't you hang them? Are you afraid of them?"—an awkward question. There would be more sorcery trials—many more convictions, as a matter of course—if it were not for the difficulty of commanding clear evidence of guilt. "I know that the man is a sorcerer, and that he magically killed my friend's brother, and I can prove it, too, and if I testify

the man will be sent to jail," the astute native mind argues; "but if the man is convicted and sent to jail upon my testimony, what devilish spell will he put upon me when he gets out?"—and discretion issues in silence. In the Delta country, not long since, there was a sorcerer of reputation so fearsome—he may still be at large and flourishing—that the natives of the villages dared not speak his name above a whisper. It would be a rash adventure to undertake the conviction of this celebrated Bai-i of Vaimuru upon the evidence of the shivering wretches within his sphere of magical activity. Convictions are

sometimes procured, however, of less noted sorcerers, after fair trial according to a necessarily informal procedure; and upon occasion the testimony is of a sort to shock the ears even of a magistrate who has long got past being stirred by the usual Papuan surprises.

A sorcerer was brought to trial for the atrocious murder of a native of one of the inland villages. He would neither affirm nor deny that he was a sorcerer. Indeed, he regarded the whole proceeding with supercilious indifference.

"Did you see the prisoner strike Dabura?" a native witness was asked, as a paraphrased



A SORCERER

transcript of the recorded testimony may run.

"Dabura was struck with a club. The prisoner did it."

"Was it a heavy blow?"

"Dabura was killed."

"How do you know that Dabura was dead?"

"Dabura fell. The prisoner struck him again and again on the head with a club. Dabura could not have been alive. He was dead."

"Describe the effect of the blows."

"They killed Dabura. Dabura's head was broken open. Dabura was covered with blood. The ground where he lay was soaked with blood. I know a dead man when I see one. Dabura was dead."

"What did the prisoner do then?"

"He called two other sorcerers. The three sorcerers together worked charms over Dabura."

"What was their effect?"

"Dabura came to life."

"What?"

"Dabura came to life and stood up. I know that he came to life and stood up. I saw him stand up."

"With his skull crushed?"

"Oh no! Dabura's skull was no longer crushed. It was perfectly healed. The sorcerers had charmed it quite whole again."

"Was Dabura weak from loss of blood?"

"Oh, there was no loss of blood! There was no blood on Dabura. There was none on the ground. The sorcerers had charmed all the blood back into Dabura's head."

"What did Dabura do then?"

"Dabura went home to his house. He walked all the way. I saw him do it myself."



IN THE COURTS THE PROCEDURE IS NECESSARILY INFORMAL

"Dabura was quite well?"

"Oh yes! Dabura was quite well. We went to a dance in another village that night."

"Did Dabura dance?"

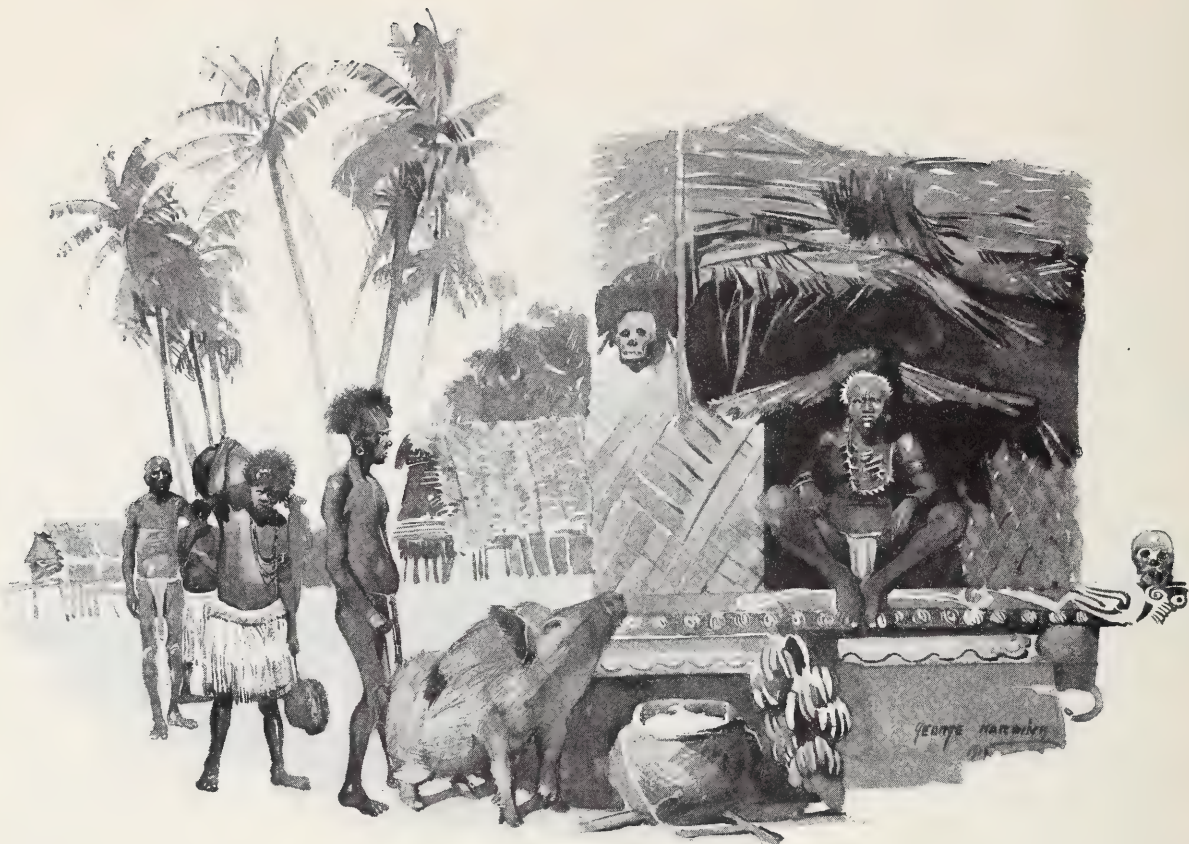
"Dabura danced until morning. I know that he did. I saw him do it. I walked home with him in the morning."

"You know that Dabura is not alive now?"

"Dabura died again next day."

Meantime, says the magistrate who records the case, the accused sorcerer was vastly bored by the disclosure of his amazing skill. He sat "yawning listlessly." It is maintained that this testimony is not fairly to be regarded as a malicious perjury, but, rather, as a preposterous fabrication, flowing innocently from the lips of the witness—a tale told as children tell the too remarkable tales of adventure in their own world of imaginary happenings. And so they told us in New Guinea.

It is no very hard matter to set up



A SORCERER CAN EXACT GIFTS AND LIVE AT EASE ALL HIS LIFE

as a sorcerer in Papua. One says, "I am a sorcerer!"—and the thing is accomplished. One may be a greater sorcerer, or a lesser sorcerer, to be sure; but one is a sorcerer of some degree of evil merit, at least, from the hour that one says, "I am a sorcerer!" Thereafter the measure of success a practitioner may win depends upon his skill in advertising and the ingenuity of his magical methods. What is new and mysterious is everywhere mightily impressive; and in Papua, as elsewhere, what a man noisily reiterates about himself comes eventually to be accepted as at least an approach to the truth concerning him. A certain Tai-imi, for example, having settled in a village of the Gira River, said, "I am a sorcerer!"—and he was forthwith a sorcerer. He said, "I have an invisible snake with which to work my will"—and his fame began. They said, "Where is the snake?" And he replied: "Have I not said that the snake is invisible? How can I show you an invisible snake?"—and his fame grew. He said, then, "I have *many* invisible snakes"—and his

fame was established. And he added, "Beware of me, if you please, for I am very easily offended, and my invisible snakes obey me." Finding, now, that he was inspiring terror, indeed, Tai-imi created an establishment to forward his consequence. Three menials were taken in to wait upon his wants at home; and two qualified assistants were engaged to attend his dignity abroad. To the qualified assistants, in enhancement of his own importance, Tai-imi gave invisible snakes. "They, too, are sorcerers," said he, "and have invisible snakes." And added, with the large, easy air of every great professional: "But the invisible snakes of my assistants, of course, are small and rather stupid snakes. My snake is the snake to beware of." Ingenious Tai-imi might have lived long in plenty had he not grown so intolerably extortionate in the matter of pigs that the administration got wind of his ways and confounded his success.

It was shown upon trial that Tai-imi had founded his enormously lucrative practice upon nothing better than a bald assertion.

"I am a sorcerer," said he, "with an invisible snake."

A man who can terrorize a community can exact gifts and live at ease all the days of his life. Tai-imi's rise to prosperity illustrates the simplicity of the method. Yet sorcery is not a popular profession. It is too perilous for that. The Papuan sorcerer practises *puri-puri*—translated as "the power of making dead." And this brings him constantly under suspicion in a land where vengeance is a virtuous pursuit and a man's life is safe only in his own watchful keeping. In the philosophy of the primitive Papuan native there is no such thing as death from natural causes. Death is the result of either violence or magic. Let a man be clubbed to death, and the native clearly comprehends the cause of the lamentable affair; but let a man die of pneumonia—a wicked machination is at the bottom of that death. Who is the sorcerer? And—*where* is the sorcerer? It is the dutiful obligation of the bereaved to discover the author of the machination, and either himself avenge it or employ a sorcerer of superior power to perform his vengeance for him. In the simple practice of medicine, moreover, which all sorcerers follow, as a matter of course, a sorcerer runs occasionally into the gravest sort of danger. It is easy for the native mind to assume that if the sorcerer has not cured his patient he has killed him; and as vengeance must be wreaked up-

on somebody—well, the sorcerer is probably guilty, and comes handy anyhow. Not long since, in an inland village, a certain mother-in-law fell ill. A *puri-puri* man was fetched to her aid from a neighboring village. Could the *puri-puri* man cure the mother-in-law? Oh yes, the *puri-puri* man could surely cure the mother-in-law! The *puri-puri* man must have, however, as a fee for the cure, a dog and a pig. It was a bargain. The dog and the pig passed into the possession of the sorcerer and he set confidently to work. It was testified, in the course of the trial which presently came on, that the sorcerer, who was by this time the deceased in the case, had



A RESIDENT MAGISTRATE

"made a few passes" over the mother-in-law and returned to his village.

"Now, my good woman," said he, upon departing, "you will get well."

This was not so.

"I called you to attend my mother-in-law?" demanded the son-in-law, when next the sorcerer came.

It was admitted.

"I paid you a dog and a pig?"

"You did."

"My mother-in-law is dead."

"Hum—" It is easy to imagine the consternation of the sorcerer.

"Very well, then," declared the son-in-law. "As I paid you a dog and a pig to cure my mother-in-law, and as you did not cure her, I am going to kill you."

Thereupon the son-in-law went off with two friends in search of weapons. Witnesses of what followed told the magistrate before whom the case was tried that the sorcerer made no attempt to escape—that he calmly awaited the inevitable event. Presently the avengers returned. The son-in-law grievously speared the sorcerer; and the friends—lending countenance and aid—despatched him with their stone clubs. Not one of these men—declares the magistrate—could be persuaded that they had done anything out of the way. Had the sorcerer not been paid a dog and a pig for his medicine? And

had not his cure failed? And was he not a sorcerer, anyhow?

A reputation for skill in sorcery is not to be cultivated with any degree of

equanimity by the timid. Many a man, saddled, against his will, with this evil repute, goes to frantic lengths of denial. A case or two, which may be found in the records of the Papuan courts, as described by the Administrator J. H. P. Murray, may be cited to illustrate the peril into which even reputation may bring a native. A woman, Maudega, having visited at a neighboring village, set out upon her return in company with the daughter of Boiamai, a chief. Unhappily the child of Boiamai was taken by a crocodile; and upon learning this Boiamai killed Maudega and certain others. "Yes, I killed Maudega," he admitted, in the trial of the case; "but Maudega was a witch, you know, and had bewitched a crocodile to take



NEW GUINEA HUNTERS

my daughter." A Papuan, charged with the murder of an old woman, excused the crime in this way: that he had seen the old woman, who was unquestionably a witch, fly like a pigeon into his brother's house, where his brother lay ill, and tear open his brother's breast and gnaw at his liver; and in proof of the justice of

what he had done, and in praise of his own presence of mind, no doubt, the Papuan maintained that as soon as he had killed the old woman his brother got quite well. Another case may be described: that of a native who saw two men of rather shady reputation put magical leaves in his father's path, in such a way, and with such wicked power and intention, that, when the old man came to these magical obstacles, he fell—and presently died. The son took prompt vengeance: he gathered his friends and killed the supposed sorcerers. "The elimination of the belief in sorcery," says the Administrator, in one of the reports, "would reduce serious crime in Papua to very small proportions; but such a complete reversal of ideas is too much to be hoped for at present, and the most that we can expect even the most civilized natives to realize is that sickness and death are not invariably due to that cause."



THE WITCH WOMAN

sorcerer's wicked spell. The menace of unfriendly sorcerers implies the urgent need of personal and alertly well-disposed sorcerers. "I am a more powerful sorcerer than the sorcerer of your enemy," says the wily magician, "and if you employ my skill your enemy's spells will be futile to annoy you." In the Gulf country, where sorcery is what is called rampant, every family or group in a village forming a *ravi* has its own sorcerer. It is said that this is imperative, so dangerous is the situation of the Gulf people: that the sorcerers of the bush people, living inland of the Gulf, who used to raid the coast, are most cunning sorcerers—that they take the form and flight of pigeons and ravage the waterside with magical misfortune. All unusual happenings and appearances are everywhere attributed to the sorcerers. A Resident Magistrate, visiting some of the Vailala River people for the first time, to establish friendly relations, was accompanied

Magic touches the life of the New Guinea native in all its smallest concerns. It accounts for the incidents of every day. Whether good luck or misfortune befall, magic has managed the affair. A happy event is achieved by means of a sorcerer's incantation: a confusion of evil is the issue of a

to the coast villages by the head-man of one of the tribes. At Iokea the head-man fell in with a horse for the first time in his life, and found the spectacle so entertaining that he laughed until the tears came. "You are a mighty sorcerer, indeed," said he, gratefully, to the astonished Resident Mag-

istrate, "and I thank you for having created this comical animal for my amusement." Every mishap, too, is of a *puri-puri* origin. A native came to the hospital at Samarai with a two-months'-old dislocation of the shoulder which he attributed to the exercise of some sorcerer in an enemy's behalf. That the malevolent influence was exerted at the very instant when he had chanced to slip and tumble with his load did not impress him as being in the least significant. "A sorcerer did it," he maintained. The dislocation was reduced under chloroform—with the result that the native's respect for the practice of *puri-puri* in general was considerably increased.

"This *puri-puri*," said he, "is obviously a more potent *puri-puri* than the other."

It is a feat of some degree of skill, to be sure, but not beyond the power of the cleverest sorcerers, to establish a bereaved relative in communication with the spirit of his dead. A dreaded sorcerer, in the hills back of Begessi, on Ferguson Island, was commonly used to accomplish this; and when the magistrate of that district visited his ghostly dwelling to inquire into the matter a congregation of twenty natives—some of them had come from villages fifteen miles away—was found awaiting a con-

nection with the other world, as it were, in precisely the same fashion, and with the same eager, shuddering hope, no doubt, as a congregation of seekers at a spiritualistic séance in our own times and cities. Nor did the sorcerer behave in an unfamiliar way: he decamped—a sudden pretense that he must himself be at a distance to obtain the best effect

—and his ill-gotten gain in native goods was confiscated. Establishing communication with spirits, of course, is one of the higher manifestations of the sorcerer's magic. Sorcery does not, however, disdain to indulge in mere impish mischief—such as evoking the wrath of the wind: as when six angry old women, wrecked in a squall off the village of Borio, demanded of the nearest magistrate the arrest and imprisonment of all the villagers of Borio, who had conspired with their sorcerers to annoy strangers passing in peace; and demanded, moreover, instant compensation for the loss of their canoe and cooking-pots. Sorcery

may stoop even lower—to small revenges: as when a native village constable complained to the magistrate of his neighborhood that the bush thief had been magically inspired to break into his garden and eat his taro in revenge upon him for assisting the



TRAVEL IN NEW GUINEA INVOLVES LONG, HARD MARCHES



SIX ANGRY OLD WOMEN WERE WRECKED IN A SQUALL

magistrate to convict two sorcerers of some slight distinction. The latter incident, as the magistrate recounts it, fairly illustrates the native's attitude of annoyance toward the ignorance and stupidity of all those white men who do not believe in sorcery and its common employment.

"You recall Andugai and Serawabai," said the constable to the magistrate, "the sorcerers whom you let out of jail a week ago?"

The magistrate easily recalled Andugai and Serawabai.

"They have come to my village," the constable complained, "and *puri-puri* the bush pigs to eat my taro."

"How do you know that Andugai and Serawabai *puri-puri* the bush pigs?"

"When they came to my village they said, 'This village policeman got us three months in jail. We must be revenged upon him. Let us damage his garden. Let us *puri-puri* the bush pigs to eat up his taro.' And they have done this very thing."

"Did anybody *hear* them say that?"

"Of course not! Andugai and Serawabai are not fools!"

"How do you know that they *did* say it?"

"Was I not the cause of their imprisonment? What more reasonable thing *could* they say?"

"You have no witnesses?"

"No."

"How long is it since you repaired your fence?"

"About six months."

"Go mend your fence."

The point is this: that when the constable left the magistrate, in great ill-temper with this judgment, the magistrate heard him remark to the interpreter, in the manner of one hopelessly disgusted, "Why, *that* fellow doesn't know a *thing* about the customs of the country!"

It is vain to argue. "You just don't know what you're talking about," sighs the native, wearied of the white man's skepticism: "we were *born* here, and *know* about sorcery—we understand." A fixed conviction of this sort was displayed by the Maisin people. There was an extraordinary number of deaths in the Maisin villages. Greatly perturbed by this mystery, for which they could account in only one way, the Maisin natives concluded that their Kubiri neighbors were at the bottom of the trouble. "Look here, now, you have been making *puri-puri* against us," said they to the Kubiri neighbors; "and if you don't pay for the lives your sorcerers have taken—we'll *puri-puri* you!" There was no threat of violence;



WHEN THE GOVERNMENT COMES VISITING

it was merely a threat of magic—and the Kubiri people paid over the pigs in terrified haste. Everywhere the sorcerers are objects of detestation—of fear and hatred. A native who believes himself to be under a sorcerer's spell is well-nigh doomed. "It is almost impossible," says one of the magistrates, "to save his life." Nor are cases of death infrequently noted. In illustration of this curious circumstance, the Administrator (Papua) tells of an intelligent native of Rossel Island who was being slowly bewitched to death. The man was reduced to skin and bones; he could neither eat nor sleep, but wandered aimlessly from village to village, dying. Assured that no sorcerer could have power aboard an official ship, the wretched native was taken off on the *Merrie England*, and presently recovered. "If he had not come along, he would have died," remarks the Administrator, "and, morally, the sorcerer would have been guilty of his death,

though through the medium of the man's own imagination." A well-informed native may protect himself from these wicked charms, however, by taking care that no hair of his head, no parings of his finger-nails, no betel-nut of his—and the like of such things—shall fall into a sorcerer's hands, to be laid upon a sorcerer's stone, causing illness and death. To make quite sure of immunity, he must, on Rossel Island, for example, carry away the scraps of his food from a stranger's table and cast them into the sea.

A sorcerer might get them!

"If you should need to throw the husk of a cocoanut overboard from your canoe," a Rossel Island native explained, "first immerse it."

And why?

"It might float ashore, you see; a sorcerer might get hold of it."

Circumspection so watchful and complete implies an abject fear. And the fear is truly abject. A celebrated sor-

cerer of the Main Range was charged by his community with the death of nine natives. It seems that the men had died of sheer fright. The sorcerer used no charms: he *willed* (said he) the death of his victims. "Burning within me," he confessed to the magistrate, "is a power as fierce as fire." A certain Toulou—being of an aspect most evil, and blind in one eye, he was admirably equipped for the practice of sorcery—carried his inspiration of terror into the very jail where he was confined. A dozen fellow-prisoners lived flat on their bellies in this dreadful presence—crawling and squirming like worms. As this attitude of reverence was not at all suited to the efficient employment of crowbars in road-work; which is something the prisoners were laboriously attempting when the magistrate came by, it was sternly forbidden; but when the magistrate turned in his track to look back, he found the jailer bent double and every last man of that terrified prison gang flat on his belly again the while he painfully operated with his crowbar. It is upon fear of this quality that extortion easily practises. A Trobriand sorcerer, says one of the magistrates, whispered in the ear of a doomed native that an enemy had purchased his death. "However, he is a mean man," the sorcerer added, "and did not pay me so very much to kill you." Of course the doomed native promptly paid more for his immunity than the enemy had paid for his death. "This man has rewarded me largely to dispose of *you*," the sorcerer informed the enemy, "and I fear that I can accom-

plish nothing to save your life." And the startled enemy said, "Ah, ha, but I will pay more!" And the doomed native said in his turn, "Ah, ha, but I will pay even more than that!" And how long the transaction might have gone on nobody knows; for it was at this point that the extortionate sorcerer was taken into custody on the information of a cunning friend of both his victims.

Precisely how the extortionate sorcerer would have procured the decease of either of his dupes is not very clear. The processes of sorcery are dark mysteries. Poison is suspected as the active agent in many cases; but it is not by any means sure that the Papuan native has a sufficient knowledge of any virulent poison with which to assist his incantations. One sorcerer, standing trial



THE WHITE TRADER'S STORE

for his life, described his method to the Administrator as follows: that he had put some bark in a *bau-bau* (bamboo pipe), mixed with shreds of coconut, and, having plugged the end, he dug a trench, buried the pipe, made a fire on the grave, removed the *bau-bau*, hid it in a hole in a tree, took it out at night, and poured the contents down his victim's throat while he slept. It is not a convincing tale. A case of divination, however, was noted by an observer in the government service on Rossel Island. It was designed to disclose the name of a murderer. The sorcerer collected some twenty-five leaves from the bush, worked them with water, rolled them into a little ball with the soles of his feet, and laid the ball in the sun to dry. A black ant was then taken alive and put in the ball; also

the head of a black slug—a slug which the natives fear for its power to discharge a fluid (they say) which causes blindness. All being ready, now, the sorcerer took the magical ball in his left hand and required the people to gather and question him. "Was it Kariba that killed Warari?" they asked. "Was it Buna? Was it Obirami? Are you sure it was not Kariba? Are you sure it was not Buna?" In the mean time the sorcerer worked his fingers and the muscles of his arms; and by and by—the arm being at last grown stiff and painful beyond endurance—he moaned and slowly opened his fingers.

The unfortunate whose name chanced to be called at that moment was declared to be the guilty man.

"How do you know," the observer inquired, "that he is the guilty man?"

"My arm," the sorcerer replied, "got hot and like a stone."

It is remarked by this observer that the sorcerer seemed to believe in his singular power—that he was at least an honest man and no grasping charlatan. It is not uncommon, indeed, to come upon a sorcerer who appears to have the utmost faith in his mysteries. One celebrated feat of the sorcerers is the restoration of the dead to life. It is not maintained that the restoration is permanent—the matter of an hour or two, rather a day or two at most, as in the case of the dead Dabura who came to life in response to the incantations of the yawning sorcerer and danced all night. "Why should you doubt this thing?" a sorcerer demanded, in retort. "You, too, have your sorcerers. With my own eyes I saw one of your great sorcerers kill a man by putting *puri-puri* [chloroform] to his face, then cut him open with a knife, and bring him to



THEY ARRESTED THE LOCAL RAIN-MAKER AND PUT HIM IN IRONS

life again. The man was dead. There was plenty of blood. I saw it myself. Why should we not be able to do the same?" Sometimes a sorcerer will have the temerity to attempt a demonstration. Temerity, to be sure, it is—a curious sincerity, too. And this sincerity never fails to impress the beholder. In one case, a constable, who had been a noted sorcerer in his day, undertook, for the edification of a magistrate, to restore a lizard which he had killed with a stick. "I have been in the government service," said he, doubtfully, "and it may be that my power has departed." And so it turned out: no charm that he had—and he was fully half an hour at the business—had the least effect. He was plainly discouraged; and, moreover—it is related—he was genuinely astonished to find that his spells were impotent. It seemed that he could not for the life of him comprehend this glaring failure of the usual charms. "Ah, well," said he, "I had no preparation; and, anyhow, I have been out of practice for a long time. And I have been in the government service, too. That's the *real* trouble." A story is told of an old witch who professed this power very noisily, but, being entreated to display it, flatly declined; nor could she be moved from her decision.

"No, no, no!" she protested. "I couldn't do it to-day."

"Why not to-day?"

"I've taken a bath."

An oversight of the sorcerers is kept by the native constables—some two hundred and fifty raw Papuans, armed with carbines, uniformed in a blue serge

jumper and sulu, and acting, with limited authority, under the direction of the magistrates. Minor operations are ignored: selling love charms—the like of that. And the matter of rain-making is of no consequence, provided, of course, that wind and rain are not provoked in malice to discomfort a legitimate undertaking. Let the rain-maker take his sorcerer's stone, wrap it in a leaf, put it in the shallows of a creek: the leaf will annoy the stone with its offensive odor, to be sure, and rain will come of it; but no harm is worked, except the aggravation of the stone. It is extortion and tyranny and bloodshed that the constables must report. Many of the village policemen, however, are themselves fast in the grip of the village sorcerers; and the force is in general so little removed from the savage state that discipline sometimes yields to superstition in the test. It is related of two constables, returning by sea from an errand down the coast, that, being

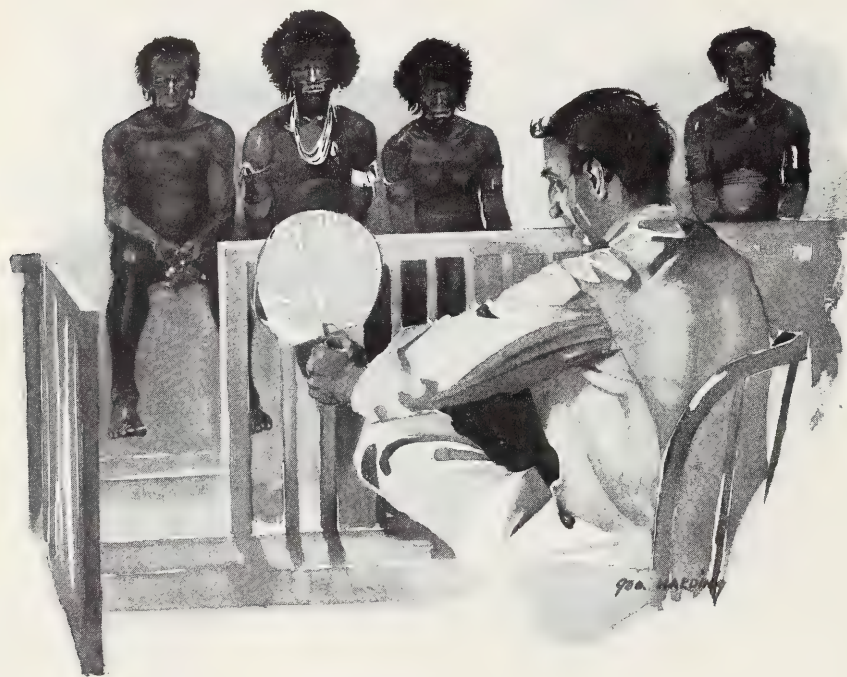


NATIVE CONSTABLES WITH PRISONERS

delayed at Pongani by a tedious storm, they arrested the local rain-maker and put him in irons, charging him specifically with interfering with the expeditious transaction of the King's business. Presently they released him; for the storm did not abate, so contumacious

Northern Division, once, apparently greatly annoyed with the circumstances of his life, "a Resident Magistrate must have a knowledge of bookkeeping, infantry drill, bone-setting and simple surgery, medicine, road-making, surveying, building, boat-sailing, and the Motuan

language. He must learn the attitude of the various tribes toward the government and toward one another, and their peculiarities; he must be physically capable of resisting malaria and dysentery, and of keeping pace with the constabulary in long, rough marches, also of maintaining discipline in the jails and station, as well as among two or three hundred crude savages employed as carriers or as laborers. He must also be prepared to spend weeks alone with the natives, to use most of his pay in living expenses, at the end of a few years to have his health



THE NATIVES DESPAIR AT THE WHITE MAN'S SKEPTICISM

was the rain-maker; and the officers of the law were persuaded that it never would abate, as the rain-maker plainly intimated, until the rain-maker's disposition was reformed by the removal of his irons and his release from custody. "I set him free," one of the constables explained, "lest our services be lost to the government for ever."

It is the Resident Magistrate who must deal with all the ills of sorcery—the restraint and cure of the bloody superstition; and most of them throw up their hands in despair, with the remark that the thing is of pestilential effect and proportions. Apart from the troubles the sorcerers make for him, the life of the New Guinea Resident Magistrate—if the description is accurate—has enough of difficulty to make it unenviable. "Aside from a working knowledge of the law as applied to Papuan affairs," said a Resident Magistrate of the

shattered and to be useless for any other occupation, and to be the recipient of a constant stream of abuse, both locally and in the public press, with the prospect that, unless he is lucky enough to get killed or die before he is incapable of any longer doing his work, he can starve in Australia or in New Guinea at the end." It is not a happy life, perhaps—the life of the New Guinea Resident Magistrate. Yet I fancy that not all of them would care very much to return from this land of sorcery and jungle and savage native life to the comparatively dull paths of Sydney and Melbourne and the Australian outlands. In New Guinea, they say, life has not yet been divested of queer contacts with its primitive mysteries; and this confusion of magic and ancient custom with the modern facts of law and the promise of prosperity is pleasant enough in some of its phases—a measure of reward, at any rate, to the adventurous soul.

The Revolt of Youth

BY ETHEL M. KELLEY



HEY had reached the third step from the top above the landing when he bent over and kissed her.

He was very tall and handsome, and his eyes were a deep blue—blue and steady. He was very strong as he held her.

Afterwards, alone in the dark in her bed, a tide of hot blushes swept over her; his cheek had been rough against her soft flesh as he pressed her closer. She didn't know a man's face was like that—after he had shaved it. She shivered a little, from nervousness. He had been nervous, too, on the stairway. She had asked him if he were cold, and he had said that he wasn't. Oh, it was beautiful to be looked at like that! Beautiful! He loved her; of course he must love her.

But afterward, in the library, when they had a half-hour alone before mother came in and engaged him in conversation, his manner had been very strange. When they sat down they were facing each other at the library table and he didn't change his seat or try to come any nearer. She couldn't understand it. He only sat and talked to her, but sometimes he would seem to lose interest in what he was saying, and sit and look at her before he went on again.

He was a brilliant conversationalist, and his speech was full of quotations and literary allusions. She

wished she had a little better memory for such things. She had read in school a great many of the poems and essays he was always talking about, but she did not think about them every day, and the walks she took and the people she saw did not remind her of them as they did him. He was really very wonderful. It was his first year out of law-school, and he wouldn't be twenty-three till his next birthday. He had been famous for



IT WAS BEAUTIFUL TO BE LOOKED AT LIKE THAT

his literary achievements all through college and he had had a poem printed in a real magazine before he graduated. He would have preferred to be a poet to anything, he said, but the payment for poems was so paltry.

There was a better chance in the law for a man whose interest was especially in the field of *belles-lettres*, because a man who understood style and who was fortunate enough to be able to couch his briefs and pleas with some regard to literary structure and finish was always the more able lawyer.

She had looked up *belles-lettres*. After she had looked up any of his words or expressions she always felt a little discouraged. They were always so very recondite. It would be easier to understand him now. If she were very close to him always, the things that he said would be—close to her.

But it was very strange that he should have sat there after—after it had just happened, and talked to her as if mother were in the room already.

"A beautiful article on Feminism—in the last number." She hadn't been listening. The last number of what? She ought to get it and read it, but she didn't like asking him to repeat. "The author"—he pronounced a German name with a beautiful accent—"is of course steeped in the anacronism of his traditions, but he handles his subject with a striking impartiality, notwithstanding."

Anacronism—that was somehow connected with the period of 1850 and hoop-skirts, she was certain.

"Does he think women ought to have the vote?" she asked, and her voice was quite even and steady.

"He doesn't think woman is ready. He says she is in that process of evolution which corresponds to adolescence; that when she becomes spiritually of age she can have anything she is willing to work for—the vote included."

She had tried to form a sentence that sounded as if she appreciated this, and she knew that she blushed. Her cheeks stung and smarted. The look that had been in his eyes on the stairway came back again.

"Ruth," he said—"Ruth—" and then they had been interrupted by mother.

When should she see him again? She turned on her frilly, rose-scented pillow—she had made it herself, small and comfy to sleep on—and discovered that it was wet with her tears. She snuggled her cheek into it—as she had snuggled it into his shoulder. She hadn't kissed him; her lips had been cold, unresponsive, and she had turned from the warm pressure of his to hide her head in his coat-sleeve.

Perhaps he had minded. Perhaps that was why. Perhaps if she wrote him a little letter in the morning and asked him to supper, or something, and said she was anxious to see him again, he would understand that she hadn't meant it; that it wasn't that she had meant to repulse or rebuke him; it was only that—she couldn't.

She had never intended to marry. She didn't believe in marriage. Her mother and father were not happy together. There were often days, weeks even, when her father did not speak to her mother; mornings when she discovered her mother crying over the bills and shivering with dread of his disapproval; quarrels when she overheard her father saying things that were too dreadful to think of—brutal and sneering things that made you suffer just from the tone of them.

But he, Robert, wasn't like father. He was so poetic and spiritual, his thoughts were always so lofty. Robert—his friends called him Rab sometimes—was refined in a way that father could never have been. Poor mother! Poor mother!

She woke once in the night to find herself sitting up and staring into the moonlight that was pouring into the room and lying in little pools on the floor.

People died sometimes, when they were young, before they had had any loving. If she didn't have *this*, if Robert didn't come again and explain to her, she might—die—go into the dark without knowing. It would be better than to grow old and cold and have lost him. She couldn't remember how long she had been awake, and she did not know when she slept again.

She was down in time to take the letters from the postman in the morn-



FATHER CAME HOME UNEXPECTEDLY, AND THEY HAD A VERY JOLLY MEAL

ing. She didn't expect to hear from him, but she wanted to know right away that she hadn't. She wasn't disappointed when she found nothing from him. There was nothing to write until they had seen each other.

But it was a very long day. Uncle John—John Sylvester Orcutt, her mother's brother—came to luncheon. Father came home unexpectedly, and they had a very pleasant, jolly meal. Nobody but herself knew about mother and father.

"I hear that you're seeing something of young Howard, Ruth," Uncle John said, as they lingered over their coffee. "How do you like him? A brilliant young chap, from all accounts. It's strange where he gets it, with that origin. To be sure, his mother was a Putney, but she died when the boy was a baby and he was brought up among the rabble of his father's relations. Has he got any manners?"

Her mother answered for her.

"He does things that are careless—things he wouldn't have done if his

mother had lived. He stands and talks to me, an older woman, for instance, with his hat on. But he's a nice boy on the whole."

Uncle John nodded. "Is he sound?" "I don't know how *sound* he is," father growled, "but he wears an overcoat with frogs down the front like a bathrobe, and ties a yard long. Ruth, can't you use your influence with him to persuade him to get a hair-cut?"

She slipped from the table as soon as she could, and when she was half up the stairs she stopped on the landing and looked at the step where they had stood. It was terrible to hear him talked about, as if he were—any one. It was here—here—that it happened.

All that afternoon, all that evening, she didn't leave the house. It was hard to put her mind on anything. She read two magazine stories—both about lovers who were happily united. One was about a man and woman deeply in love who had made up after hours of bitter misunderstanding:

"And just as the clock struck mid-

night came the hour of her surrender. He had hurt her intolerably, but through the hurt had come the knowledge of something unthinkably strange and beautiful. She put out her hands blindly—"

If a man had hurt a woman intolerably how could she have forgiven him? "Just at midnight, just as the clock struck midnight," those two in the story had put their arms around each other and kissed, just as she and Robert might kiss. For the rest of the day the phrase ran through her thoughts like a tune.

At half-past eight nothing had happened; then the bell rang, and she waited, scarcely breathing, till she heard the voices of Annabel and Harris Jordan on the stairs. Will Robinson was with them.

"Want to play auction, Ruthie?" they called to her from the landing.

"Bill came over, expecting to be entertained, and found us all passing away," Harry explained, "so we brought him over here where the atmosphere is more lively."

"I've got a kind of a headache," Ruth said.

"So have I, when it comes to that," Annabel laughed. "Never mind, Ruth; we'll send them home early."

They had been playing exactly fifteen minutes when the telephone rang.

"There are some people here," she heard herself saying in a very cold little voice. Her fingers trembled on the receiver. "Can't you come—to-morrow—to-morrow evening? We've made up a table of bridge. I—I can't send them home now."

"I was only going to run in for a moment"—the voice on the other end was very indifferent and careless. "I had something I wanted to read to you. I'm doing a brief for the firm, and I thought I'd like to read it aloud, to get the sound of it. If you're busy it doesn't matter."

"But why not to-morrow?"

"Why, to-morrow I'm dining with Mr. Harrison, our junior partner. The day after I'm going out of town for two days to look up a bit of evidence in another city."

"Then how about Sunday?"

"I'll have to see how my work goes. It may be that I'll run in for a half-hour or so after dinner."

"How's the new beau?" Harris asked as Ruth seated herself and took up her cards again.

"The new beau?" she asked. They could not have heard her. The phone was in a sound-proof closet by itself.

"Yes, the flossy young man with the neckties?"

"The high-brow," Annabel put in.

"Did you say eyebrow or high-brow?" her brother asked, and then they all laughed as if he had said something particularly funny.

"He's all right"; she tried not to be snippy, but her voice didn't sound the way she expected.

"Well, he's awfully good-looking, but his conversation is too rich for my young blood. Did you hear what he said to old Colonel Durfee the other night when they were playing bridge at the Harrisons'? The Colonel asked him why he had made it no-trumps on the hand he had, and young Howard rolled an eye and got off some intellectual dope full of all the words in the dictionary, and the Colonel said, 'But I still don't understand, young man, what you made it trumps on.' Then young Howard spoke up. 'That's my business, Colonel Durfee,' he said. Can you beat it?"

"He plays a good game, though," Will said.

"Did you hear about Eva Snow?" Annabel rattled on. "He asked her to keep a certain evening—last Tuesday, I think it was—open for him, and said he would 'phone her about it. She was in such a state of excitement that she gave up a dinner and a dance to go with him, and when the time came he simply took her to a free lecture at the college. Don't you think that was screaming?"

They went home at ten, just when she was sure she couldn't stand it a minute longer. She heard the door slam after them, and crept to her room.

"Dear God," she kept praying all the time she was undressing—"dear God, help me, oh, help me to bear it!"

If she could have seen him, if he could only have taken her in his arms once more, nothing could have shaken her faith in him. If he had come they

would have had all that time alone in the library, for mother was out. It might not happen like that again for weeks—it might never happen. How would it be if he were killed on this trip he was taking? She didn't even know where he was going. Oh, if there should be a wreck on the railroad! She remembered poor Helen Jordan, Annabel's older sister; nobody knew she was engaged to George Thompson until he was hurt in that wreck, and she fainted when she heard of it. She should faint if anything happened to Robert. If he were killed, though, she couldn't announce it. There was nothing to announce—except that he loved her but had not said so.

He had asked Eva Snow to a lecture, and the story was all over town. She had been to those lectures with him, but he had never asked her to hold an evening open. He had been rude to Colonel Durfee, an old gentleman of eighty whom every one in town respected and loved. It was true that he hadn't any manners. If he had had, wouldn't he have come to her, wouldn't he have put all his business aside to have come to her? Wouldn't that have been the thing a true gentleman would have done, instead of behaving as if—there were—nothing?

She saw his face as it had looked to her when he was bending over her, so steady, so solemn, so sweet. She knew that she loved him. He belonged to her and she belonged to him, and nothing that happened now could change or alter it. For better or worse, for pain or for happiness—

"He had hurt her intolerably, but through the hurt there came a knowledge of something—" He was going to hurt *her*. He was going to hurt her so she couldn't bear life at all, perhaps. And now there was no way out of it. She loved him. She loved him.

He was full of his trip when he arrived on Sunday. She had told Mary to show him up to the library, and he sat across from her at the table, looking just the same, only more beautiful and more like Sir Galahad. How could she have forgotten he was like this—a prince! Any girl ought to feel honored that he should stoop to her.

He told her everything that had happened—how he had handled the witness and what he had said to him, and how he had looked over the town and found there were some very good Innesses in the library there. If an "Inness" was a book, she wondered why there should have been "some" very good ones?

How lovely his voice was—so deep and vibrating! He told her of the poor meals he had at the hotel where he was staying, and how glad he was to get back to a town where they knew what the term "a good beefsteak" meant and what it connoted.

After a while he moved over to the bookcases, and called to her to come and help him pick out a book that he wanted, and while she stood there beside him staring at the dim leather bindings he slipped an arm around her. She stood very rigid, and he went on talking about the volume in his hand, a book by a man called Thomas Love Peacock. Suddenly he drew her closer. "Are you glad to see me?" he asked, hoarsely. "Are you glad to see me back?"

She could only look up at him; she couldn't speak for the tears that were choking her. They stood together like this for a minute, then he drew himself up and drew away from her. "We mustn't be silly," he said; "we mustn't be silly and spoil all our friendship."

It was mother who saved her from having to make any answer. She came in to have a little talk with him, as she always did whatever boy was calling. They all seemed to like it. Sometimes Robert looked a little impatient; but to-day he seemed really glad to see her.

They had a long talk, he and mother, all about the Harrisons, and the profession of law, and the weather. Once he called Mr. Harrison "Harry," and it didn't sound very respectful. She knew mother thought so. By and by—she hardly knew how it happened, for she hadn't been able to listen—they got on the subject of marriage.

"I don't believe in early marriage," he was saying. "It's too hampering for a young fellow with a small income and his way to make. The modified social structure seems to call for marriage later and later. Then the female—I mean woman"—he stammered a little—"is



"WE MUSTN'T BE SILLY AND SPOIL ALL OUR FRIENDSHIP"

developing later all the time. The scientists are proving it."

"Whom do you accept as your authority?" mother asked, quietly. She was dressed in her white albatross dress and looked calm and sweet in the twilight, but the whole room was shifting and wavering. Ruth couldn't even hear what came after.

When he rose to go she went downstairs with him. They stood alone together once more in the vestibule.

"Good night," he said, loudly; "good night." His hand was on the door-knob,

but instead of turning it he stood looking down at her.

Then without knowing what she was doing, with only the feeling that things must be set right between them before they parted, she put her hand on his sleeve and began saying his name over and over, beseechingly. But he only turned away.

"We mustn't be foolish," he said; "we mustn't be foolish. We—we—" and he put her hand from him.

She never knew how it happened, but the next instant she found herself blindly

striking out at him, and pushing, and struggling to get him out of the door which he had opened.

"I hate you!" she cried. "Oh, I hate you! I hate you!" And then the door closed on him.

She just couldn't seem to bear it, her heart ached so. She had always thought that "heart-ache" was just a way people had of expressing it. She didn't know before that there could be a real pain in your heart that you could almost put your hand on. Sometimes it was the thought of not seeing him that was the hardest—of living through twenty-four more hours and not seeing him. Sometimes it was the idea that he had treated her that way—that he had kissed her, and put his arms around her, and held her close to him, without having anything to say about getting married.

She had always wanted to love some one who was rich and admired and very courtly. She had always thought he would have curly hair and a little blond mustache, and she had never expected to let him touch her until after they were married—she, who had let a man who didn't even ask her permission kiss her and kiss her! And then that terrible longing would come over her again, just to see him—just to go down on her knees to him and beg him to be kind to her.

One day, when she had forgotten to lock herself in, her mother came in and found her lying across her bed with her handkerchief soaking and a little pile of Robert's notes beside her.

"Don't tell me, dear, unless you want to." She was so tired, it was good to feel her mother's arms around her. "I remember I used to have troubles I didn't even want to share with my mother—when *I* was young."

She knew that she should never again be young in the way that mother meant it. The little worries that all girls had seemed very far away from her now, and it made her feel sorry for her mother, who hadn't any little girl any more and did not know what it was that had changed her.

"Has father been very bad to you lately?" she whispered.

"I've been a bad wife to him this month," mother smiled; "I've con-

sumed over twenty-five pounds of unnecessary beefsteak."

"And he's been abusing you for it?" she cried. "Oh, why did you marry him? Why did you ever marry him?"

They had never spoken of mother's unhappiness before, but it seemed to Ruth now like one more of the terrible mistakes in the world—that mother should have been married when she was so young to a man like father.

"Ruth," her mother said, gravely—"Ruth, there is one thing I want to tell you in a way that you won't forget it. I haven't made my marriage what I wanted it to be. I haven't given my little girl the kind of harmonious home that I dreamed of. I'm often very unhappy about trivialities that a stronger woman wouldn't even let her mind dwell upon, but there is nothing in my life that I would change, except my way of living it. I married your father because he was the only man in the world I ever wanted to marry. If I had my life to live over again, I would marry him again to-morrow."

"It's the women who have to be strong, dear," she went on after a minute. "Most men are unreasonable little boys still. It's only when we forget that—when our love fails us—that they can hurt us."

"When our love fails us"—and she had struck Robert across the face with her bare hand. What did she know about love? Her mother, her father—they had loved each other; mother was going on loving him, now when they were old, and he "hurt her intolerably."

Behind his beautiful way of talking and his learned manner, Robert was "a little boy." Sometimes when he put his head back against the chair, after he had been arguing, he looked almost like a child. When he had stood in the vestibule and said they mustn't be foolish, and hurt her so by saying it, he had had that little-boy look in his face. He had said it as if he were begging her not to let him—be silly. As if she were his mother.

Long after mother had drawn the shade and stolen out to leave her resting, these new thoughts kept coming to her. What had she been thinking of, to put her own feelings first, before Robert's—

Robert, who had to make his way in the world and who had not wanted to spoil their beautiful friendship. Supposing he didn't want to be engaged to her—after what had happened. Early marriages *were* hampering, and of course when he saw how she was acting he couldn't talk it over with her—the way he probably meant to. Poor Robert! she had made it so hard for him. She ought to have taken better care of him and helped him instead of blaming him. "It is only when our love fails that they can hurt us."

The next day she began trying to write him a little note just as if nothing had happened between them—a note in which he could read between the lines and see how sorry she was that she hadn't understood him better. But she couldn't seem to get it written. She had been so long without writing him, he seemed so far away, that she couldn't believe it would ever reach him. He had been out of town, she knew. Annabel told her that the firm had sent him away on business; that he had been gone nearly three weeks, and that Eva Snow had had two post-cards and a pamphlet from him.

"Eva may be always making fun of him," Annabel added, "but I notice she's always tickled to death when he pays her any attention."

It was at the Woman's Auxiliary Fair that she met him, at the ice-cream booth. She had left her mother talking with some friends at the embroidery-table, and had gone over to get a strawberry ice for herself. He was with Mrs. Harrison, trying to get her some ice-cream from the girl in the Puritan bonnet. They almost collided.

"Hullo!" he said, and they stood staring at each other. "Will you—will you talk to me a minute after I've given this to Mrs. Harrison?"

The band was playing loudly as he guided her through the crowd. He looked very handsome and gentlemanly. She was glad she had on her blue dress

and the hat with the fur on it. They walked around among the booths. He bought her a pink woolen kitten with shoe-button eyes—she didn't know he could be so frivolous—and she gave him a post-card with a picture of her house on it. They had some more ice-cream together.

"I'm coming to see you to-morrow, at four," he said. "I—want to talk to you. I didn't come before because I didn't think that you wanted to see me. I've got something—I—I—want to talk over."

"I want to talk to *you*," she said.

"It isn't what you think," he jerked out. "You'll probably only despise me when I've said it, but I shall come."

She noticed how pale he was, how much thinner. There were blue circles under his eyes. She tried to make her voice sound understanding, but she couldn't.

"All right then, at four. I'll be waiting."

She planned how it would be. Mary would announce him and she would come down to the library and shake hands with him and ask him about his work. Then he would talk, and after he was all through she would tell him the things she had been thinking, and they would be friends, and the terrible pain would be over. She would keep him for her friend, and if she could see him sometimes she could bear all the rest.

But when it was time for him to come she went down into the library and waited. And when the clock struck four he arrived. He drew his chair close up to hers and took her hand. He tried to speak, but he couldn't. She held out her arms to him; then he slipped down at her feet and buried his face in her lap.


"I don't want to be married!" he said. "I don't want to be married!"

"I know, dear," she said. Then she drew him closer to her and put her lips to his forehead. "We won't be, unless—sometime—you want to."

Is Civilization Determined by Climate?

BY ELLSWORTH HUNTINGTON

Department of Geography, Yale University

OES civilization depend chiefly upon race or place? Or are the two of equal importance? By common consent the Teutons stand in the front rank of civilization, while the negroes stand well toward the bottom. Suppose that a thousand Teutons and a thousand negroes were transplanted to some place such as Egypt, intermediate between the original homes of the two races and having a climate markedly different from either. Suppose, also, that both groups are average specimens of their respective races, and that they have had approximately the same degree of education. This could easily happen if the negroes came from the United States. Under such circumstances, which would succeed better? "The Teutons, of course," is the answer; "what a foolish question!" But wait a minute. You are thinking of the first generation; I am thinking of the twentieth and thirtieth, or later. Does not that make a difference? Does any one know what five hundred or a thousand years of life in the dry, subtropical climate of Egypt would do to either Teutons or negroes?

We are disposed to look down upon the negroes as a race. We have been brought up in an atmosphere of racial pride and with an unreasoning prejudice against other races. The Asiatic certainly feels the same sort of pride, and perhaps the African feels it equally strongly. As I write the last sentence I am conscious of another absurd feeling. Those words, "Asiatic" and "African," are as good as "European," "American," or "Australian." Yet in using them one is aware of a certain feeling of condescension toward the African, while one almost wonders whether cultivated Chinese and Japanese may not have the

same feeling about being called Asiatics that we would have if we were called by that term. Of course, on second thought, one laughs at such a ridiculous notion, for the word "Asiatic" is as dignified as "European." Yet, after all, we find it hard to get rid of our prepossessions.

By reason of this primitive and mistaken idea that just because a thing is ours it is the best, it is extremely hard to determine the relative importance of race compared with place. Yet the question is of vital importance. If race is most important, we must do everything in our power to spread the best races all over the world. We must promote colonization even in well-peopled lands, provided the original people are a race of low capacity. Above all things, we must prevent the mixing of high races with low, for almost invariably the tendency is for the mixed race to approximate to the type of the original inhabitants, which in this case would be the lower race. If place is most important, on the contrary, we must find out exactly what characteristics of certain places are most favorable. Then we must try to introduce these into other places, and thereby raise the races which already live there. If race and place are of equal importance, as is probably the case, both methods must be pursued. All this sounds very complicated, and would require a whole volume of explanation. Let us leave it, and turn back to our original question.

The English-speaking race is unquestionably far superior to the negro. Wherever exact mental tests, such as those of the Binet system, have been applied to the two races under similar conditions, the whites surpass the negroes. Yet, in spite of this, strange things are happening, things which carry with them some startling possibilities. Compare the English and the negroes

under various conditions. For instance, take the average negro waiter in Boston, and compare him with the so-called tropical tramp of English descent in Central America. The waiter may seem slow when we are in a hurry, but on the whole his movements are quick; his industry is by no means inconsiderable; he frequently lays by a little money; he often has a home of his own, and on the whole he is a faithful husband and father. The white tropical tramp, like the negro waiter, has wandered from his old home in search of adventure or of some new way of making an easy living. What manner of man is he? If he has lived steadily in the tropics for twenty years, the less said about him the better. In the first place he is desperately lazy. He has probably made more or less money, but he has wasted it all, and lives by his wits. He has no home, and he is such a moral wreck that respectable native women are afraid to meet him alone on the street. Of course I do not mean that all white men are like this in the tropics, but I believe that this is a fair picture of what happens to the ordinary white man of the class corresponding to negro waiters when he permanently becomes a denizen of the tropics. The negro goes North and is stimulated to energy and thrift; the white man goes South and degenerates. Social environment doubtless has much to do with the matter, but equal importance apparently attaches to an actual change in the amount of climatic stimulus, a change which makes the negro competent and the white man incompetent. It seems to be a strictly physiological effect of climate, as we have seen in previous articles.

There are other cases where we can compare the negro and the Englishman more exactly than in the case just mentioned. Take South Africa, for example.

Europeans have been there only for two or three generations in any large numbers. They have gone from the highly stimulating climate of western Europe to the moderately stimulating climate of South Africa. They find themselves face to face with the Zulus, and especially the Basutos, who within a few generations have come from the unstimulating regions nearer to the

equator. To-day we find a critical situation. The Europeans are not holding their own. The blacks are slowly pushing them out. The Europeans are not in danger in Cape Colony, but farther north it is an open question what will become of them. The blacks not only work more cheaply than is possible for the whites, but also more industriously. The result is that to-day about ten per cent. of the white European population is reckoned as "poor whites"—a shiftless set of people, living from hand to mouth, untrustworthy, and a danger to the whole community. The most ardent advocates of South Africa as a white man's land admit this. They say it is due to the great supply of black labor, which does not give the whites a chance. Doubtless that is true, but if the white men had the energy of good, solid Englishmen at home, employers would gladly pay them much higher wages than it is worth while to pay the blacks. The case is like that of western Texas, where a rancher was talking about the prospects of the country: "I don't know what it is, but every one gets lazy here. I'd rather have one man fresh from Kansas or Missouri than two who have been here ten years; and I'd pay him the wages of two." Although such a statement is exaggerated, it represents an unfortunate truth. To-day the people of South Africa are in the midst of a great struggle over the question of the best policy for dealing with the blacks. One party wants to exclude them entirely from Cape Colony, Transvaal, and the Orange Free State, leaving them to occupy the warmer regions of Natal and Rhodesia, where the white man cannot thrive so well. The problem of whites against blacks manifests itself in economic and political forms, but fundamentally much of it seems to be a question of the effect of climate.

A more striking case than that of South Africa is found in the Bahamas. At the time of the American Revolution a considerable number of Loyalists were so faithful to England that they would not live under the new flag with its stars and stripes. They left their homes in Georgia and the neighboring states and moved to the Bahamas. Other colonists came from Great Britain. Now, after

from three to five generations, the new environment has had more opportunity to produce its full effect than in South Africa. Moreover, the climate is much warmer and more uniform than in the plateaus of Cape Colony and the Transvaal. From the beginning the Bahamas have always suffered from "hard luck." Part of the luck is due to isolation and part to natural disasters, but lack of energy on the part of the people appears to be a still more important factor. I have talked about it with scores of persons, both islanders of the more intelligent sort and Europeans who have lived there for a term of years. Almost without exception they say, "This climate is very beautiful and healthful, and we like it, but somehow we can't work as you people do in the States. Even in Florida it is better than here. Don't you believe it? Try living here a year or two, and you'll be as lazy as we are." What they say of Florida is true, for although the average temperature there is almost as high as in the Bahamas, the degree of variability is much greater, especially in winter. In the islands the thermometer practically never falls below 50°, while in Florida frosts are by no means unknown. Because of the habitual inertia arising from the uniformly warm climate, the isolation of the Bahamas and their other disadvantages have been far more harmful than those in other secluded archipelagoes such as the Shetland or Faroe Islands. Although part of the white inhabitants are like the people of their race in more favored lands, a large portion have fallen to the estate of typical "poor whites." Compared with the total population, the number is far larger than in our southern states or South Africa. The more progressive among them still inherit the Anglo-Saxon type of mind, and when subjected to the stimulating conditions of the United States or England they frequently measure up to the standard of their race. Those who stay at home, however, are poor, proud, and shiftless. In many cases they are decidedly behind their colored neighbors, upon whom they nevertheless look down. They attribute their troubles to anything except themselves, but do very little to better their own condition. That is one of the sad

things about the case. The negroes go out and work in other places in order to eke out a living when the crops are poor. The poor whites stay at home and almost starve. The great majority seem to lack the energy to bestir themselves. Sometimes this condition is explained as the result of inbreeding. Consanguinous marriages, however, are common only in certain limited communities, but poor whites abound almost everywhere. If the whites of the Bahamas were energetic and moved around as white people do elsewhere, there would be no danger of too close intermarriage. The fact seems to be that the warm, monotonous climate produces a kind of lethargy which manifests itself in all sorts of ways just as in South Africa. The negroes do not suffer in the same way because to them the climate of the Bahamas is on the whole better than the climate of their original homes.

Having seen a few cases where the effect of climate seems to counteract that of race, even in the strong English stock, let us look at the matter more widely. It has frequently been said that western Europe owes its supremacy to its bracing climate. Yet this idea has never found any wide acceptance. We have prided ourselves that people of the strong European races can go to any part of the world and carry their civilization with them. We have been willing to admit that we have to be provided with food and shelter and clothing in order to protect us from climate; we have even been willing to admit that we need to be protected not only from tropical diseases, but from tropical heat; but we have not been willing to admit that any climate whatever is able to prevent us from showing as great ability as we possess in Europe and America.

The idea that climate is less important than race has been fostered not only by our racial pride, but in other ways. We see that countries which have the same mean temperature and essentially the same succession of seasons may include such widely diverse types as northern France, southern Germany, Austria, and the northern half of Japan in one group; southern Russia and Rumania in another; Korea and northern China in a third; and Mongolia, Chinese Tur-

kestan, Russian Turkestan, and Transcaspia in a fourth. These countries range from the very top down almost to the bottom in the scale of civilization. If such great diversity can exist in essentially the same climate, the differences are obviously due either to race or to some other factor which is not climatic. A similar conclusion is derived from a study of the civilization of the past. With the exception of China, all the countries where civilization flourished two or three thousand years ago are decidedly warmer than the countries where it now flourishes. It seems probable that the rainfall in many subtropical countries has decreased and has thus caused a decline in prosperity, but that is scarcely enough to account for the enormous change in the character of the people. In the past the Egyptians, Chaldeans, Mayas, and others were full of an energy and vitality which is now lacking. We cannot suppose that this condition was due to lower temperature than at present, for there is no good reason for thinking that the temperature of Egypt and other countries in the past was more than a very few degrees lower than at present.

A conclusion which seems irresistible when only six facts are known may require much modification when two or three more facts are ascertained. That seems to be our condition at present. The new facts have been set forth in previous articles. They may be briefly summed up as follows: The daily work of about twenty-five hundred factory operatives in Connecticut, the Carolinas, Georgia, and Florida, and the marks of about fifteen hundred students at West Point and Annapolis show that both physical and mental activities depend closely upon conditions of weather and climate. The greatest amount of work is not accomplished at such low temperatures as we usually suppose. Physical work is at its height when the average temperature for the day is between 55° and 65° ; that is, when the thermometer ranges from about 45° at night to 75° by day. Mental work, on the other hand, is at its best when the temperature averages from 40° to 45° , which means that the thermometer goes down to about freezing at night and up to perhaps 55° by day. The best condi-

tions are those where both physical and mental activity are as near as possible at a maximum, which would be at about 50° . This may be considered the optimum or most favorable temperature. Above and below this, however, the falling off in efficiency does not become serious until average temperatures of almost 70° on the one side and 30° on the other are reached. On this basis all of the earth's surface except the regions close to the equator and far toward the poles has a mean temperature which is fairly propitious. A moderate degree of heat is not so bad a thing as people usually think.

If heat is not so detrimental as we have supposed, does this mean that the climate of tropical regions is not so great a disadvantage as is commonly thought? By no means. The statistics of factory operatives and students show that there is another climatic element which has not received due attention. A century ago the great French astronomer Laplace, if I remember rightly, said that western Europe owes her pre-eminence to her variable climate. His remark was based on general observations and not on facts which had actually been determined, and it has received no special consideration. Nevertheless, he seems to have been right. Our measurements of actual work show that if the temperature of to-day is the same as that of yesterday, the amount of work accomplished is relatively small. If the temperature rises or falls, the amount of work increases. The only exceptions are when the change is extremely great and sudden or when it carries the temperature so high or so low as to overcome the good effect of the change. The total effect of any individual change is of course small, just as the effect of a single meal is small. If a man goes without his breakfast, he may accomplish as much or more than if he eats it, but if he goes without his meals for a week, his work will decline. It is the same with changes of temperature. The human system seems to need them at frequent intervals if it is to remain at a high level of achievement both mentally and physically. Apparently, to adopt the explanation of Dr. W. B. James, such changes are needed to keep the blood in motion, and thus to tone up

the whole system. A few weeks—or even a few months—without them may be as beneficial as is the omission of an occasional meal. If other conditions are favorable, a person of strong physique may not suffer seriously for several years under conditions of little or no change. Yet in the end he is almost certain to pay the penalty, just as he would if he went a week or two without food.

In a previous article I have shown two maps of the world. One illustrated the distribution of civilization at the present time according to the opinions of forty or fifty widely informed men in a dozen different countries in Europe, America, and Asia. The other showed the distribution of human energy as it would be if all the people of the world were influenced in the same way as the people of the eastern United States. The two maps are remarkable because of their close agreement. In spite of inevitable inaccuracies due to the imperfections which are inherent in any first attempt to employ a new method, it seems likely that so close an agreement would be impossible unless favorable climatic conditions were an indispensable condition, although not necessarily a cause, of the development of high civilization. The maps notably exhibit five centers where both civilization and climatic energy are high. Neither condition rises to so great a height elsewhere. The chief of the five centers is an area of about nine hundred thousand square miles, including Britain, France, Germany, Austria proper, most of Italy, the coasts of the Baltic Sea, and the minor countries of Switzerland and the Netherlands. It embraces less than two per cent. of the land area of the whole world. Yet if all the remainder had ceased to exist seventeen or eighteen centuries ago, civilization would not be appreciably different from what it is today. Byzantine art, a few ideas evolved in Japan and China, and a considerable number of American inventions and methods of business and manufacturing would be lacking, but these would not be sufficient appreciably to alter the general conditions. The people of northwestern Europe have themselves developed almost every idea which any one else had thought of, together with

a vast number which had occurred to no one else.

The second area of high civilization includes the United States north of Mason and Dixon's line and westward to Kansas, together with the southern part of Canada. Its area is a little smaller than the European area, and its population much less. In certain ways it has begun to rival Europe in its contributions to the world's progress, but in many other ways, such as literature, art, scientific achievement, and good government, it still has a long way to go. The third high area is Japan, which falls only a little short of the second area in population, although much smaller in area. When we consider Japan's contribution to the world's progress, we find that it is probably much smaller even than that of the eastern United States. Japanese art and a few ideas as to military sanitation are the things which first come to mind. Of course there are others, but one cannot name them off-hand as he can the great things done in Europe. The fourth area of really high civilization is the Pacific coast of the United States. Here the number of people is small, and it is hard to define any particular contribution which they have made as distinguished from that of the United States as a whole. They have not lived in their present homes long enough nor have they been sufficiently distinct from the eastern United States to have evolved many important ideas which belong to them more than to the rest of the country. The same is true of the fifth high area, southeastern Australia and New Zealand, as distinguished from the original home of its people in England. Yet the world has been impressed by such things as the Australian ballot, the old-age pensions of New Zealand, and other reforms wherein the Australians have been definite pioneers. These five areas include less than five per cent. of the lands of the globe, and less than a quarter of the people. Yet scarcely an idea which has been evolved elsewhere within the past three centuries has produced any marked effect upon mankind. The areas where energy is high because of climate are distinctly the centers from which civilization radiates outward.

When we inquire why civilization centers in these particular places, we are met by various answers which cannot here be taken up. Race, religion, the birth of men of genius, the growth of institutions, intercourse with other nations, and a host of other factors have co-operated. So far as geographic environment is concerned, however, there seems to be only one characteristic which they all possess in common. In all of them the climate is not only relatively free from great extremes of temperature which last for a long time, but it is characterized by frequent changes of temperature from day to day. In all but the Pacific coast area of the United States the changes are due to the prevalence of the type of cyclonic storms which is so familiar as the cause of our frequent changes of weather. North-western Europe, including northern Italy, the northern United States and southern Canada, Japan, and the south-eastern corner of Australia, together with New Zealand, are almost the only parts of the world where such storms now prevail in great numbers. The Pacific coast of the United States seems to be the one region where the absence of cyclonic storms is to a large extent compensated for by changes of another kind. There the mean temperature of the areas close to the coast is almost ideal. There is not much change from season to season, however, which is a distinct deficiency. Nevertheless, in spite of the absence of cyclonic storms, there is a good deal of change from day to day. At San Francisco, for example, a change of five or even ten degrees in the mean temperature is common, especially in summer, when it is most needed. Sometimes the conditions of the hot continental interior spread out to the coast and the temperature rises to 80° or even 90° during the middle of the day; then the prevailing winds from the ocean blow in and lower the temperature to about 50° at night. It is a curious thing that, both here and in the other four regions, the feature of the climate which is commonly considered most disagreeable appears in reality to be the most stimulating and valuable. Aside from the regions just mentioned, the only part of the world which seems

to possess a really high degree of climatic stimulus is the southern part of Chile and Argentina. The data are there so incomplete that we are not quite certain about them.

We have seen that to-day civilization reaches a high level only in places where there are frequent changes of temperature from day to day, or else where the changes are not so great, but where the mean temperature remains near the ideal level. In regions like Central Asia, on the contrary, the amount of stimulus is small because, although there are great changes from season to season, there is little change from one day to another. The seasons merge into one another by almost imperceptible gradations. In still other regions, such as the torrid zone, the stimulus is still less, because seasonal changes as well as daily changes are almost entirely lacking. Yet the civilizations of the ancient world flourished where now the conditions seem highly adverse. Formerly, however, the regions apparently enjoyed a climate more stimulating than that of the present.

In approaching this subject I cannot refrain from expressing astonishment at the way in which this problem has worked out. The study of changes of climate in Asia led me to think that they had had an important historic effect, but the effect seemed to be far more than was warranted by any assignable cause. Changes in the fertility of the soil because of changes in rainfall might do much. The introduction of diseases such as malaria may also have been an important factor. The invasions of barbarians because of famine and distress also seemed to have been a potent factor in causing the decline of nations. Yet all these and other minor factors did not seem by any means sufficient to cause all the observed effects, and I agree with my critics in thinking that non-climatic factors must account for the evident decline in energy which has been so marked and universal a feature in the fall of nation after nation.

While the problem was in this uncertain state, Prof. C. J. Kullmer advanced the hypothesis that civilization is closely connected with the occurrence of cyclonic storms. This opened such a field

of possibilities that it seemed essential to carry out a purpose which I had long had in mind, and discover the precise facts as to what people actually do under various climatic conditions. Exact statistics seemed to be the only way of making any safe progress. When the data for factory operatives were first gathered there was no thought of the possible importance of daily changes of temperature. In fact, to tell the truth, I supposed that if there were any particular effect of daily changes, it was due to barometric variations, working perhaps through changes in the electric condition of the atmosphere. It is possible that some such thing is true, for electrical effects and their relation to changes of temperature have never been thoroughly investigated. The barometer, however, seems to have little to do with the matter except in so far as barometric changes cause winds, and winds change the temperature. In working the matter out, about twenty different types of climatic conditions were tested, such as dampness, changes of dampness, cloudiness, rainfall, changes in the barometer, direction and force of winds, and so forth. The only ones which gave unmistakable and consistent results time after time were mean temperature, changes of temperature, and humidity, as has already been explained.

Now let us turn back to the question of changes of climate. Within a year or two Professor Penck, perhaps the foremost European student of the Glacial Period, has advanced the idea that the great climatic changes of that time were due to an alternate shifting of the earth's climatic zones toward the equator and away from it. My own studies of historic changes of climate have led to the same conclusion. That is, they strongly suggest that at certain periods the number of cyclonic storms in such places as the Mediterranean region and Persia has been greater than at present. The storms have, as it were, been shoved into paths south of those which they usually follow. In addition to this the opinion is fast gaining ground that glacial epochs, historic changes of climate, and the present variations which we experience from decade to decade, are all of the same kind, although differing

greatly in degree. The investigations of prominent scientists lead to the conclusion that our present climatic variations—that is, such occurrences as a warm, wet series of winters followed by a cold, dry series—are closely connected with variations in the spottedness of the sun's surface. Such variations are accompanied by changes in the intensity and location of cyclonic storms. When there are many sun-spots the number of tropical hurricanes increases notably; the ordinary cyclonic storms of the temperate zone become more numerous upon both the southern and northern borders of the region where they commonly prevail, and less numerous in the center of the region; and rainfall increases greatly in desert regions such as the southwestern part of the United States, the eastern Mediterranean, and presumably in the deserts of Asia, although it has not yet been possible to test this. Finally, when sun-spots are numerous, the temperature of the torrid zone is distinctly lowered by the draining away of warm air, while that of regions farther north, in the belt where cyclonic storms prevail, is similarly altered, but to a much less extent—that is, a fraction of a degree. The changes which now take place upon a small scale during each of the eleven-year cycles of the sun-spots seem to have occurred on a much larger scale in past times. The sun-spots are now known to vary not only in short cycles—which average eleven years, although they may range from seven to seventeen—but also in cycles having a length of a century or more. There is good reason to think that in the past they may have varied still more, and that this may have given rise to the climatic variations which are recorded in the rings of growth of the Big Trees and in many other phenomena, such as ruins in places where there is no water, or old strands of lakes high above the present level.

If the climatic changes of the past were due to variations in the sun as manifested in sun-spots, and if the conditions two or three thousand years ago were such as would prevail were sun-spots decidedly more numerous than now, the countries where civilization rose to a high pitch must have been places where storminess was great and

changes of temperature from day to day quite frequent. In most cases the number of storms would probably have been magnified in a much greater proportion than would the actual rainfall. Thus there would have been frequent changes of temperature from day to day, even when the sky was relatively free from clouds.

In ancient times—just as to-day—the areas where there have been great advances in art, science, government, religion, philosophy, and the other elements of civilization have been few in number and limited in extent. One such center was in northern India. There the Vedas were written and the great ideas of Hindu philosophy originated. There Gautama preached the lofty doctrines of a new and unpolluted Buddhism. Art and science flourished also, and a stimulus went out to southern India, Burma, Siam, and even the East Indies. This center decayed even before the days of Christ, but at times it has risen again for short periods. No longer ago than the seventeenth century it produced the Taj-Mahal, the most exquisite building in the world. Yet, taken as a whole, it has made no great contribution to human progress for over two thousand years. When it fell it left no real successor.

The case is different with the next great center. It began in China perhaps three thousand years ago. There a great civilization sprang up along the lower Hoang-Ho, beginning in the *loess* country and extending from Hsian-Fu to the mouth of the river. Ho-nan was the nucleus, but an equally high culture extended to the Yangtse and embraced all the regions between the lower parts of the two rivers. Great men and great ideas arose in various places, although Shan-tung boasts the greatest names, for both Confucius and Mencius came from there. For ages this region stood in the forefront of human progress, although we Occidentals are slow to recognize it. The palm for activity has to-day passed to Japan, but Japanese culture is merely a modified expression of that which arose in China. How important this Oriental center was and is we may judge from the extent to which Chinese and Japanese art, or ideas as to the

thrift and economy of those nations, or fears of the Yellow Peril and of Japanese aggression enter into the thoughts which make up our own modern environment. These things are spoken of a dozen times for once that things of Indian origin are mentioned. The reason is clear. The Sino-Japanese center did not become moribund ages ago, like that of India. On the contrary, it still preserves part of its old vigor in China itself, while in its march Japanward it has gathered up new ideas and new powers.

The third and by far the greatest center of the Old World had at first two foci, in Mesopotamia and Egypt. The two were closely connected by the highly civilized region where dwelt the Syrians and Phœnicians. How high that connecting area had risen is evident from the fact that the world owes to it the fundamental features not only of Judaism and Christianity, but also of Mohammedanism. In reality the whole region from Mesopotamia to Crete was a single great center. Little by little it spread westward and took in Greece, where it developed as never before. Then it expanded still more, including Carthage and Rome, but meanwhile Mesopotamia was beginning to decline, and Egypt had lost her old vigor. Soon the same fate overtook Greece, for something kept pushing the center of civilization westward and northward. Even Italy suffered partial eclipse, although she never fell so low as Greece. Now she lies not on the northwestern edge of the area of high civilization, as she did at first, but on the southeastern edge, while the main center has passed to the countries around the North Sea. Here, as in the Sino-Japanese center, there has been movement from comparatively continental or southerly regions to those that are more oceanic or northerly.

In America the course of events has been similar to that in the Old World, although with important differences. The only really great civilization which grew up indigenously was that of the Mayas in the lowlands of Guatemala and Yucatan. They alone invented the art of writing and carried the arts of sculpture and architecture to a point comparable with that of the three centers in the Old World. From them the

center moved into the highlands of Mexico, but there, among the Aztecs, it never attained anything like so great a development as in the lowlands where it originated. It could not go north into the United States, for fate denied to the aboriginal Americans the two great discoveries which are essential if man is to conquer prairies and forests. They had no domestic animals wherewith to convert the grass of the prairies into food for man and to turn up the tough sod and make it possible to raise grain. They also had not learned the use of iron tools wherewith to fell the forest and make for themselves cleared spaces in the wilderness. Where the Mayas rose to the highest pitch of culture dense forests now prevail, but there is strong reason to think that the forests of their day were far less formidable than those of the present. Because they were unable to expand northward, their center, like that of India, declined without producing any great results. Perhaps this would not have happened—in spite of the lack of metal tools—if they had not been separated from the eastern United States by the great barrier of the grassy plains, impassable for an agricultural people who did not possess beasts of burden. However this may be, it appears that in America, just as in Asia and Europe, civilization has moved from its old center and now is strongest far to the north of its old home.

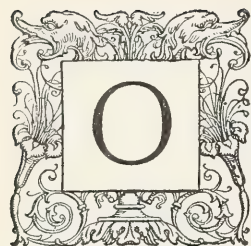
The centers of ancient civilization seem to have been located in positions where cyclonic movements of the air would be particularly numerous under the conditions of climate which apparently prevailed at the time of Christ or earlier, and again about 1000 A. D. If this is so, the temperature must then have changed frequently from day to day. In America at times of many sun-spots a belt of increased cyclonic activity passes through Arizona and New Mexico, where the ancient Pueblo Indians dwelt, continues into the Gulf of Mexico, and then bends north again. If it became intensified, it would probably form a center over Yucatan and Guatemala like the centers which now lie in more northern regions of the United States and Europe. Its influence would spread far enough to include the

home of the Aztecs on the Mexican plateau, but there its intensity would probably be much less than in the lowlands farther east. In the low country the ancient Mayas apparently dwelt in a climate which, though warm, was so variable as to be stimulating both physically and mentally.

In Europe and Asia the Indian Meteorological Department has found that the storms which prevail at Malta and in the eastern Mediterranean Sea continue eastward across Syria and Mesopotamia to Persia and northern India. In some places, such as Persia, and perhaps the Syrian desert—although this is not certain—the storms die out, only to become intensified again in such regions as Mesopotamia and the plains of northern India. To-day we have a great concentration of storms or of cyclonic disturbances in the Gulf of Lyon, south of Marseilles. In the past such a concentration apparently took place in the region where the Vedas were written, in Mesopotamia, and at the eastern end of the Mediterranean Sea. Later the Indian and Mesopotamian centers of storminess probably grew weak, while the Mediterranean center moved a little westward and northward so as to include Greece and finally Rome. If this actually happened, the climatic conditions in the places where civilization was highest must have been highly stimulatory. Or rather, to put it in another way, under such circumstances the physical characteristics of the great countries of the past would have been such that high civilization would have been favored just as it is now favored in the five great centers of modern progress. We cannot say positively that any such thing occurred. Yet all the lines of evidence seem to point to it. It seems at first almost impossible that so great a thing as civilization should be limited by so small a thing as changes in the air from day to day. Yet we all recognize that civilization is absolutely prohibited if the temperature stays permanently below freezing, for all life would be impossible. In spite of ourselves we are limited by nature on every side. Our only freedom consists in finding out exactly how we are limited and then in devising ways to overcome those limitations.

The Poison Ship

BY MORGAN ROBERTSON



OVER twenty years ago, broken in health, nerve, and spirit after a four years' fight to attain and retain a foothold on shore, I fell back upon "sailors' rights," and, backed up by my discharges and certificates, entered the Marine Hospital at Stapleton as a patient. Here I was pulled through in time, but against the back-pull, or down-drag, of a patient in the adjoining cot. Part of my trouble was insomnia; his was insanity, with occasional lucid remissions which gave me short intervals of sleep. But usually, night and day, he kept me awake with his ravings and mutterings, which, though of a nautical character, were not understandable, for they were intermingled with terms, expressions, and phrasings having nothing to do with pure seamanship. He shouted vociferously about carbonic-acid gas and live steam as non-supporters of combustion. He voiced his belief that sleeping aloft in hammocks was wise and advisable. He begged, pleaded, and prayed to some one to paint the deck, and, if the paint gave out, to tar it—an unseamanly procedure. Insane himself, he called others insane, and would insanely order them to "wake up." I, for one, always obeyed this order, and it was in vain that I petitioned doctors and nurses for removal from his neighborhood. Despite the fact that the vast chain of Marine Hospitals in the country and the fund which supports them come from sailors' money, sailors who enter them are treated as charity patients. This man was surely a sailor. He was powerfully built, though emaciated, was sun-tanned to the color of a Moor, and when the maniacal glare left his deep-sunken eyes his face showed a degree of intelligence that marked him as a skipper or mate. He had been picked up in an open boat in the Strait of Magellan,

taken to Montevideo, and then, still out of his mind, sent to New York by the American consul.

It ended at last when he had recovered the mental poise that usually precedes death, and when I was so exhausted and distracted that his words practically went into one ear and out the other. He died next day, and even before he died, the story he told, terrible though it was, had gone from my mind. But the wonderful subconscious memory that records every face, fact, and happening from the cradle to the grave held that story against the time—a few months ago—when, helped by another wonderful subconscious faculty, the association of ideas, I could dig it out of my soul and write it down.

The associated idea in this case was a picture—a full-page picture in a magazine, illustrating a story of the sea. The story was well told, and when I had finished reading I naturally examined the illustration. It was equally well done, but did not seem to belong to that story. The author had described the wrecking on a rock-bound lee shore of a square-rigged ship under lower topsails, main spenser, foretopmast-staysail, and reefed spanker, with green seas breaking over her; but the picture, properly captioned from this part of the text, was of a *bark* under *all sail*, with little wind or sea to bother her, apparently drifting close to the rock-bound shore described. This shore was all that linked the picture with the story, and, marveling at the perversity of artists in refusing to read the stories they illustrate, I put the matter from my mind—or, rather, tried to.

For the picture persisted; it intruded itself at all times and places until finally I convinced myself that at some time I must have seen that bark and rocky coast, but was unable to recall just when and where. Yet this did not banish the obsession; it got into my dreams after a few restless nights. Then, one morn-

ing, I wakened with the memory of that hospital experience and the story poured into my distressed ears by the dying man. Only a part of the story came back to me, but it was enough to explain the grip that picture had taken on me. I had not seen the bark; he had described her as she looked from the boat in which he had left her to drift until picked up, half-starved and deranged.

That day I did what I might have done before had I the slightest plausible excuse: I found the artist's address and called upon him at his studio. His name was Marlowe; he was a pleasant-faced young fellow of about twenty-five, but neither in years nor appearance did he give any indication of the seafaring tutelage which had produced the admirable—though incongruous—technique of that picture. He was slight, but symmetrically built, with sensitive mouth and expressive eyes, and with hands that showed no indications of any harder work than sharpening a lead-pencil. He received me cordially, and as I was not there to criticize, but merely to refresh my memory, I asked him bluntly if he had ever seen that bark and the rocky shore. The expression on his face startled me.

"Have *you* seen her?" he asked, excitedly.

"Not to my recollection," I answered, "but I think I heard of her, years ago, from a dying sailor. It came to me this morning; but all I can remember is the way she looked when he quit her. I thought you might know, inasmuch as you did not really illustrate the story, but seemed to have pictured something firmly fixed in your mind."

"It *is* fixed," he answered, mournfully, as he picked up the brushes he had put down on my entrance, "or, rather, has been; for since I got it off my chest I do not think of it so much. It is the first thing I can remember of my life. I was a baby, in a boat full of men, and we were leaving that bark. I cannot remember anything else for a few years of my childhood until I knew I was in an orphan-asylum. I do not know that my name is Marlowe, but that is the name I was called, and I remember being called Bennie; so I wear the name Benjamin Marlowe, and when I took to

art I studied marines, with that bark always in the back of my head. Who was that sailor?"

"I don't know. He might have been in that boat with you, but I have a dim recollection that he was picked up alone. If he told me his name, or the name of the bark, I have forgotten. It is twenty-three years ago."

"About the right time," he said. "I must have been about two years old, when consciousness—or, rather, memory—begins, and I must be about twenty-five now. If you remember any more of what he told you, please let me hear it. I want to find out who I am. But don't roast me about that misfit picture!"

I promised, and departed, not much easier in mind as far as mere curiosity was concerned. Only this much more had come to me: somewhere in the world, about twenty-three years before, there had been a debarkation from a craft in good condition, in fine weather, and on a smooth sea—possibly in the landlocked Magellan Strait. I went that day to the Maritime Exchange and the Hydrographic Office, but obtained no information. Government clerks are indifferent, impatient, and sometimes peevish.

The mental state continued; I could not disabuse my mind of that bark, the smooth sea beneath, the fair sky above, and the threatening rocks beyond. Intermingled, too, were transient memories of the distracting experience in the hospital, where I had listened to the ravings of the dying man and finally to a story which had escaped me. But the story came, in time—not as a whole, but in fragments. Each morning as I lay in the borderland between sleep and waking there would come to me something new—new, but old, something remembered out of the long-forgotten past. And finally it was complete, save for two things: either I could not recall, or he had not told me, his own name and that of the bark. I waited for a week, searching my mind, then gave it up and called upon Marlowe. He received me in a condition of repressed excitement, but listened quietly while I reeled off the yarn which had come back to me from the realm of delirium and dreams.

It began with my fellow-patient ask-

ing me, after an hour of quiet, what hospital he was in, and when I had told him he lay for another hour, then muttered:

"Six thousand miles from that hell-hole! I must have been a long time out of my head. What month and year is it, mate?"

"April, 1890," I answered, weariedly; for I wanted to sleep.

"Two months, at least," he said. "I just remember a steamer coming toward me, but I don't know how long I was adrift."

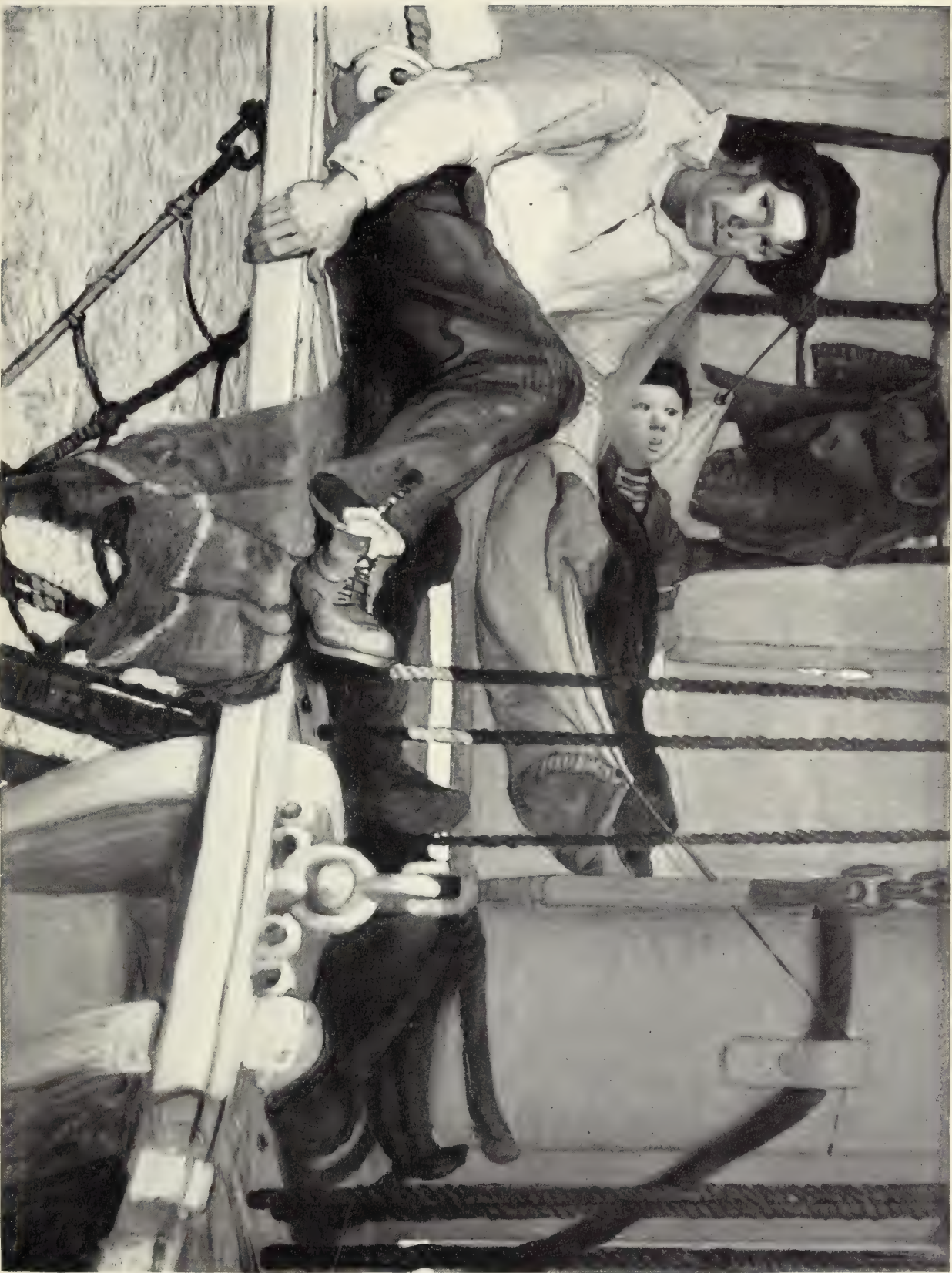
I did not answer, but he evidently wanted to talk, and did so. I do not pretend to give his story with all his pauses and repetitions; but in substance, as I gave it to young Marlowe, it ran as follows:

I shipped second mate of her at a small port in New Zealand, where she had put in for fresh water and stores for the run home. Somewhere, out among the islands, she had filled up with a cargo of jute—she didn't get it in New Zealand, for it doesn't grow there—and this cargo was battened tight under hatches to keep the water away from it. But she was an iron ship, with a rotten wooden deck, and I always had a theory that with a cargo of jute or cotton, liable to spontaneous combustion, hatches should be open in fine weather to let air down, particularly in iron ships, which sweat. But I was only second mate, and, being an American among Englishmen, not supposed to know anything. So my advice was not taken. It made no difference at first, for we had fine weather, and it was Southern summer down there; but we sailed the Great Circle course to Cape Horn, and that took us down to nearly sixty south, where it was cold and stormy. The result was that, with decks wet all the time, water oozed through the leaky seams, and the chilled iron hull condensed the harmless watery vapor in the hold into solid, trickling water. Then we sailed up on the last leg into warmer weather, but the mischief was done. We smelled smoke one day, and after a thorough search realized that the jute was on fire, not blazing, you know, but smoldering.

Now, the customary thing to do with fire is to douse it with water, and, excepting in the presence of some chemicals, like potassium and calcium sulphide, it works first-rate—provided you know where the fire is. But we couldn't know. One part of the deck was as rotten and spongy as another, and she was iron, fore and aft. So all we could do was to keep battened down, keep all hands on deck and all windows and skylights closed, and trust that the fire would smother from lack of air. About this time we spoke a ship, but were not scared enough yet to ask for help, so we let her go on.

In spite of the fact that we carried a big crew—thirty-three all told—this lime-juice bark was equipped with one of these new-fangled donkey-engines—just a boiler in the after part of the forward house and a steam-winch outside. Well, that boiler could make steam, and I knew from my studies in physics—went through high-school before going to sea—that steam would replace air and, by depriving the fire of oxygen, kill it in no time. I suggested this to the skipper. I wanted him to set the donkey-man and the carpenter at work—to turn the main steam-pipe into a hole in the deck forward, open an aperture aft, and, by firing up the boiler, flood that smoldering jute with steam, driving out the air through the aperture in the stern. But he wouldn't have it. He argued that steam was nothing but water, after all, forgetting, or not knowing, that steam condensed to water has but the smallest fraction of its former volume, and the harm would be less than the benefit. I argued and swore, but it did no good. I was only an ignorant Yankee second mate, and he was skipper; so he had his way. He was a big, fine-looking Englishman, and was entitled to some brains, but God Almighty had limited him.

The first mate was an educated pig from Cardiff, and the less I say about him the better. The third mate was a passed apprentice, a gentleman's son in the way of a second mate's berth, and a fine young fellow. We had a big crew: there were four apprentices serving their time, a steward, cook, and cabin-boy, a carpenter, sailmaker, two bo'suns, a



Drawn by F. E. Schooner

I SPENT AS MUCH TIME AS I COULD ALOFT WITH BENNIE

Engraved by F. A. Pettit

donkey-man, and a butcher—for we carried about a dozen passengers, all men, except one small baby—and then we had sixteen in the forecastle—thirty-three of a crew. Now, you might think that in that crowd I'd have found a few with sense enough to listen to me; but no—not one, not even the third mate. They were all English or Scotch, insular as hell, and the baby, a small toddler, while a good friend of mine, was too young to know anything or have much influence. He was an orphan, consigned to relatives in England, and his name was Bennie. We had good times in my watch below. As second mate I could have done something for that ship, even with the passengers, who had paid their way, against me; but I was blocked by the ignorance and stupidity of the skipper and mate. Even with all hatches, windows, skylights, and doors closed, we could not seal up the hold, and when I suggested painting or tarring the deck I was laughed at.

Soon, and before it was warm enough to stand watch without an overcoat, we could see little spirals of smoke rising from the seams in the deck, and it was evident that the fire was spreading. Then the deck grew hot, and, provided we kept out of the draught from over the rail, we did not want our coats. We were over a furnace, and no one complained at sleeping on deck. But this brought to the case a new danger. It was hard to waken a man from sleep, and many a time I had to go the rounds and rouse up the watch below at eight bells with a belaying-pin, for nothing but a tap on the head would stir them. I understood why it was: burning jute gives off the soporific fumes of hashish, which is made from India hemp, and which produces drowsiness, then wild dreams and a waking ecstasy.

I am, or was, a pretty husky man, and didn't feel this as quickly as some of the weaker men of the crowd. The passengers slept and wakened as they pleased; but I soon noticed that they acted foolish—that they talked to themselves a good deal, and that when they talked with me it was about trees and flowers and fine spring weather. Think of it!—trees and flowers and spring weather down in that wet, watery wilderness near

the Horn. The one to show it first, and hardest, was little Bennie. I found one day that, though I could get his eyes open, I couldn't get him to talk or move; so I rigged a kind of hammock for him out of a sailor's clothes-bag, dressed him warmly, and whipped him aloft at the end of a cro'jack buntline. Up there he escaped the fumes somewhat, and whenever he'd yell I'd go aloft and comfort him. So I think I saved his life—that is, if the boat that took him away at the end was picked up. But it's doubtful; they were all crazy or stupefied, and, as all of them were passengers, not one could pull an oar, while the fellow that had charge of Bennie, a dull-witted uncle from Falmouth, was one of the first to go under. However, he managed to give me Bennie's last name. It was Derringer, and there was big money coming to him in England.

It was when Bennie's guardian, after a crazy day about the deck, was found dead in the scuppers that the captain realized the wisdom of rigging canvas hammocks aloft to sleep in; and so we sprinkled the rigging with them as fast as we could make them. But they mainly benefited the passengers, as the crew had to be on deck half the time at least. So the next dead man was a sailor, who was too sleepy at the end of his watch to climb aloft. Then followed another, and another, and we buried them, sea-fashion, as fast as they died. The next to go were the steward, cook, and cabin-boy, whose duties required that they enter the closed cabin and galley.

We carried a 'midship bridge extending fore and aft from the poop-deck to the forecastle, and on this raised platform the skipper and mates had some immunity from the fumes; but even up there we felt the effects. I remember being wakened, flat on my back on the bridge, by the captain's boot, after a long dream about the country, with its green and yellow and red flowers and foliage; there were beautiful girls in that dream, and singing children, and it seemed like my idea of heaven. But it was only the hashish coming out of that smoldering jute, and it was a cold awakening. I protected Bennie

from it; no matter how he yelled, I kept him aloft, only lowering him down to feed him and change his clothes.

All this time we were driving up to the Horn before fresh, fair winds and half-gales that occasionally demanded the taking in of royals. I saw to it that the men took turns going aloft to furl, for this gave them their only breathing-spells; yet they weakened, one by one. I spent as much time as I could aloft with Bennie, but the skipper, first mate, and third mate had no such incentive; they remained on the bridge, as became their dignity, so all three went under in time. The skipper went first. He stayed too long in his room working out chronometer sights, and when he came up he was talking to his wife, his owners, and himself. When a man talks to himself he's beyond all reason, and nothing I could say to him would drive him aloft to clear out his brain. He stayed on the bridge, seeing things and telling us about them until the end, then we sewed him up in canvas for burial; but we never buried him. By this time the whole working force of the ship was more or less crazy, wandering around the deck, unable to understand an order, and finally, to a man, they dropped, though a few managed to climb to the bridge before giving up. It was pitiful to hear the third mate babbling to his mother and his sweetheart, telling them about the fine little cottage he was to put them in when he got command. But he went under in time, leaving things to me; for the first mate, as soon as he saw the skipper die, went below and returned with a bottle. He shared that bottle with the men, as many as could get to it, but they took it in the forward companion, and a few drinks sent them tumbling down into the cabin, where they remained.

Meanwhile I had taken my blankets, sextant, the chart, and the log into the mizzentop, where I also fixed up a bed for Bennie. The passengers stuck to their hammocks up the fore and main, and none of us went down except to grab something to eat. It was dangerous, for the whole deck was hazy with fumes, and a few that went down did not return. But one spot on the deck seemed fairly safe—aft near the wheel there seemed to be immunity, so that a man could steer

for a while and find sanity to climb. There were no sailors left now, but I made the passengers take their turn at it, and, as the wind was fair and the yards square, they managed to keep the bark fairly on the course I gave them. I planned to make the Magellan Strait and stop at Punta Arenas, where there might be some way of putting out the fire, either by steam, or by burning coal on the dock and injecting the products of combustion—carbonic-acid gas, you know—into the hold. It will kill any fire.

Well, I made Cape Pillar, and, as the wind luckily hauled to the nor'west, we did not need to touch the braces, but sailed into that nest of tide-rips, currents, and uncharted shoals backed by high, mountainous cliffs. I don't know how far we got. I had lost all thought of Punta Arenas, and was in the green country again, hearing music. I suppose the rest were the same; but when a jar shook the bark we waked up. We were ashore, and there was not a sail, a town, nor a habitation in sight—nothing but high, rocky walls of a deep cove into which some vagrant current had drifted us; and the man at the wheel was asleep or dead.

There was mutiny and insurrection at once; and had things been normal I would have fought that frenzied handful of passengers and made them hold on until something came along to help us. But, under the circumstances, I yielded; so, holding our breaths, and holding one another together, we lowered the starboard-quarter boat, and they all tumbled down, the last to go being Bennie, lowered by myself in a bowline. Then I thought of food and water, and, telling them to wait, I went below for a supply. But on coming up I found them a hundred feet away, pulling like farmers, each man in his turn. They would not come back, nor even answer my hail; so I took a short breathing-spell near the wheel, then, one end at a time, I lowered the port boat, got into her, and cast off before thinking of the food and water I had brought up. I was too hazy of mind, too, to see that there were no oars in the boat. So I drifted away—to seaward; for the tide, or current, seemed to have changed. About all I can remem-



Drawn by F. E. Schoonover

Engraved by Nelson Demarest

I WAS TOO HAZY OF MIND TO SEE THAT THERE WERE NO OARS

ber after that, before I saw the steamer coming, is the sight of that poison ship, resting quietly, with all canvas set, and the background of rock behind her. Lord knows what became of her, or of that boat-load of passengers.

As I finished, Marlowe was crying.

"I was that child Bennie, I know," he said; "but I do not know how I was rescued nor what became of the rest. Look at this." He showed me a morning paper, and I read the following:

"SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE TO THE——

"*London, Oct. 26.*—A weird story of the sea has been briefly cabled from New Zealand. It is the story of the finding of the sailing-ship *Marlowe*, with twenty skeletons on board.

"The *Marlowe*—a Glasgow-owned bark—sailed from Lyttleton, New Zealand, with several passengers and a crew of thirty-three in January, 1890. She was homeward bound by the Cape Horn route, and was spoken in mid-ocean in the southern Pacific, after which no other word of her was ever heard.

"In April of that year she was posted as missing, and later on was given up as having been lost around the Horn, where the bones of many a good ship and many a hundred seamen lie. A government cruiser searched the rocky and tortuous coasts of Patagonia, but no trace of her was found. The *Marlowe* became just another of the thousand mysteries of the sea.

"A day or two ago another British sailing-ship arrived in Lyttleton with the story that she had found the *Marlowe* and the skeletons of twenty of her crew in one of the rocky coves near Punta Arenas (Sandy Point), in the Magellan Strait. The captain is quoted as telling the story in the following words:

"We were off the rocky coves near Punta Arenas, keeping near the land for shelter. The coves are deep and silent, the sailing difficult and dangerous. We rounded a rocky point into a deep-cleft cove. Before us, a mile or more across the water, stood a sailing-vessel with the barest shreds of canvas fluttering in the breeze. We signaled and hove to. No

answer came. We searched the stranger with our glasses. Not a soul could we see, not a movement of any sort. Masts and yards were picked out in green—the green of decay. At last we came up. There was no sign of life on board. After an interval our first mate and a member of the crew boarded her. The sight that met their gaze was thrilling. Below the wheel lay the skeleton of a man. Treading warily on the rotten deck, which cracked and broke in places as they walked, they encountered three skeletons in the hatchway. In the mess-room were the remains of ten bodies, and six were found, one alone, possibly the captain, on the bridge. An uncanny stillness pervaded everything, and a dank smell of mold which made the flesh creep. A few remnants of books were found in the captain's cabin, and a rusty cutlass. Nothing more weird in the history of the sea can ever have been seen. The first mate examined the faint lettering on the bows and, after much trouble, read, *Marlowe, Glasgow.*"

"Possibly," I said, when I had finished reading, "you were the child; and, as all English craft have their names on their boats, whoever found you called you *Marlowe*. What shall you do about it?"

"I'm going to England—to Falmouth. I shall investigate all families named Derringer."

He departed next day, and in a few weeks I received a letter written on crested paper which, in part, read as follows:

"I was right. I needed no story nor testimony. I am so much the image of my father as he was at my age that my grandparents received me and welcomed me at once. I shall return soon. Meanwhile, can you find the grave of that second mate?"

I found it easily; and there now stands over it a monument bearing no name—simply this:

A SEAMAN AND A MAN WHO STUCK
TO HIS SHIP.



EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR



THE question whether New York has a *genius loci* sufficiently energetic and enlightened to care for her prevalence in the arts as well as the interests is something that appeals to the philosophic inquirer rather vividly when he turns his mind that way. It is apt to beset him most when he comes back to town in the fall after being away all summer, and finds the New York which he left in the spring become the mother of a various offspring of young New Yorks which cluster about her where none were before, and noisily welcome the returner with their demands for his recognition of their family traits. This phenomenon we have noted several times already; but we do not remember having asked the reader before to join us in looking for the evidence of an equal esthetic proliferation. Whole blocks of skyscrapers have started into the air where none were before; civic edifices have arrived to replace the humbler homes of a less ambitious body politic; new bridges have swung themselves from shore to shore of the mighty rivers; fresh tunnels have burrowed under the waters where sudden leviathans demand an adequate dockage; but what about the monumental sculptures, the many-acred canvases, the masterly poems, the prodigious works of fiction, which are to make us forget the slighter performances left behind us in the spring?

We are now in the moment of the vernal going, rather than of the autumnal coming, but the moment is none the less opportune for our speculation. When we return from the haunts of wealth and fashion in October, shall we be met with some New York novel surpassing *The Harbor* of Mr. Ernest Poole in the imaginative realism which for the first time in literature adequately seizes the most characteristic expression of the metropolis? Shall some yet more subjective poet than Mr. Dana Burnet

divine more passionately the heart of youth which in its hope as well as its despair, pulsates in the breast of the mighty mother? Probably not, if we expect such miracles of novelists and poets grown on our own asphalt; but quite possibly yes, if we are willing to expect the wonders from the novelists and poets who may come to us any summer. It is to the adoptive children of the great cities that they everywhere seem to reveal themselves the most tellingly; they invite their prophets from the far spread of their common country, and not from their own streets and avenues, or even their alleys and purlieus; and these foster-children come secularly up and declare this or that capital to herself and to the yet wider world of their birth.

Yet it does not seem altogether unreasonable to expect that with all the modern appliances New York shall in some not impossible summer have imagined some genius of her own nativity, who between a future May and October shall mount to such zeniths and spread to such horizons that he shall at least surpass every previous New Yorker of his kind. Must we be always bringing our McKims and St. Gaudenses and Wards from Philadelphia and Ireland and Ohio, instead of much more conveniently finding them at our doors and making them at home with their own mother, whom they shall transcendently glorify? But again, why hope to reverse the experience of former capitals? The great thing is to have them get the likeness of the metropolis into the arts, children or step-children, whoever they are. Very possibly there may be at this moment a Russian or Polish Jew, born or bred on our East Side, who shall burst from his parental Yiddish, and from the local hydrants, as from wells of English undefiled, slake our drouth of imaginative literature. More than once they have already wrought this marvel,

these children of the race chosen to attest the Creative favor in spite of all hardships of condition. They have the precious gift of humor, the vision of those who behold themselves from within as others behold them from without; they have above everything the blessing of reality, of truth to the thing that is. Pity haunts their laughter, and something like an indignant sense of the fineness and tenderness qualifying the vulgarity of the more obvious racial traits in their characters wins our admiration and reverence in their work. As yet they have given us no fiction considerable in mass; but they have followed one another in their moving or amusing sketches with a light accuracy of touch which we do not miss from the work of any writer of the Hebraic school, either here or in England. The same frank handling of material in Mr. Zangwill has the same effect here in Mr. Abraham Cahan or Mr. Montague Glass. Miss Fanny Hurst, who seems to be the latest of this school, shows the same artistic qualities, the same instinct for reality, the same confident recognition of the superficial cheapness and commonness of the stuff she handles; but in her stories of *Just Around the Corner* she also attests her right to be named with them for the gift of penetrating to the heart of life. No one with the love of the grotesque which is the American portion of the human tastes or passions, can fail of his joy in the play of the obvious traits and motives of her Hebrew comedy, but he will fail of something precious if he does not sound the depths of true and beautiful feeling which underlies the comedy.

Among the Gentiles who have portrayed New York in recent fiction, Mr. Poole is easily first; but his primacy must not exclude recognition of a New York novelist so differently natured and motivated as Mr. James L. Ford. This writer has indeed long been the joy of such as can savor the satiric quality so altogether his own. He looks so inevitably at life as a satirist that it is useless to ask anything but satire of him; when he tries for something else he must share the disappointment of others in not getting what it is not in him to give.

As a satirist he is necessarily a moralist; to suppose him a satirist alone is to suppose him sardonic, and that this genial spirit never is.

The aspect of our life which he oftenest studies is one which seems better known to him than to any other New Yorker, or at least is better known to him than any other phase of New York. It is a great metropolitan newspaper which he portrays in *The Great Mirage*, in his new book, but which when he somewhat wilfully calls it *The Megaphone*, he deflects from reality to allegory. Yet, under whatever name, that shining journal forms the vision of aspirations and ambitions always turning with various aim from the country to the city; and it is the most modern phase of its lure that wins the eyes of country newspaper maids as well as men to it. The heroine of the story here is the clever girl who has helped a far less clever youth to the first place on their "home paper" and who follows him to New York and helps him to some such place on *The Megaphone*. Her helping is the secret of her generous love and his selfish meanness, but she dwells content among the women workers on the "woman's page" in the "hencoop" set apart for them in *The Megaphone* office; while he mounts in the favor and confidence of the ruthless and unscrupulous despot who rules the destinies of the journal and the fortunes of its dependents. When the time comes through the office "politics" that the favorite is threatened with the loss of his place he promptly puts the girl forward to suffer for him. She is "fired" from the hencoop, and he remains in charge of the Sunday edition, while his chief goes abroad and directs the management, by cable. But the false friend has really cut off his right hand in his ingratitude to the girl who has created him by her cleverness, and he has the baseness to go to her and ask her help again. She gives it, but with a difference; she supplies him with all the mistaken and outworn inspirations of the woman's page which can reduce the circulation. She "gets even" with him, "as a man would," in her belief; but as perhaps a man would not, or only one sort of mistaken man would. All the same

she destroys him; the despot comes home, and "fires" his worthless favorite; he discovers the miscreant's false practice from the beginning, and promotes the exile from the hencoop to the supreme control of the woman's page, and indirectly promotes her marriage with the well-born, cultivated "re-writer-man" who saves the literary prowess of the reporters and interviewers from its worst excesses, and is himself "saved as by fire" from being a prig through the resolution of the author.

In the dramatic working of the plot the machinery too sensibly creaks at times, but if the reader will forget those noises and will give his attention to the less audible evolution of situation and character, we can promise him uncommon pleasure. Life is to Mr. Ford so largely a joke, of no evil intent at its worst, that we can join him, without bitter self-reproach, in laughing at some of its phases, which if left quite to ourselves, we might more politely deplore. If we owe the exaggeration of so many figures in his picture to his over-bold imagination, we are bound to him also for the delight which this alone can give in such a portrait as that lovable, sloppy-souled, good angel of the woman's page, known from it as "Lady Clara," and that more vividly dashed-in sketch of the actress Roberta Rowenna. The "actor-man" who borrows the heroine's money, and proposes to live at any one's cost, in the wide intervals of his engagements, may rather transcend the reader's knowledge of the matinée idols he stands for, and in general none of the men in the book are so well done as the women. Such as those we have mentioned seem the natures aptest to Mr. Ford's hand, and we could not ask better of him than the likeness of their like, indefinitely multiplied. In that heart of ridiculous goodness, Lady Clara's, he divines the ever-motherliness which endears her, and is truer to life (if he will believe us) than the more conventional motherliness of the heroine's own mother who arrives on the scene in time to supplement the wandering good-will and tenderness of Lady Clara. She is a mother who seems to feel nothing wrong in her daughter's "getting even" with her recreant lover

by a course of all but Borgian treachery; and she could never have had the large-mantled charity which Lady Clara wrapped about the sins of Roberta Rowenna, left still waiting her divorce to wed the false-hearted actor-man to whom she regards herself as already "married in the sight of God."

It is as we have said, a most amusing book, which one must not hold to a too strict account on the points where we have faulted it. We must value it, if for no other reason, as a unique "contribution" to the study of New York life where the picture has hitherto been wanting, though the metropolitan newspaper in its voluminous excess fills so vast a space in a very general experience as to have long since merited observance. *The Megaphone* is a very obvious phenomenon of our civilization, and if it is here reproduced in a sort of rollicking burlesque, the broad lines seem not less true to the fact than a closer touch would have been. It was worth doing on Mr. Ford's terms, the terms of a satire so peculiar as to be almost personal to him. One may very well be glad of it on these terms, and if one indulges a certain wonder whether in some future foray into the Bohemia which he knows so well he will not make the region inexpugnably his own, that is a question which more or less takes the form of expectation. At the least and the worst his book is a chapter of the New York history which could not be spared, and if he sometimes maps rather than pictures that strange world, still we must be glad to trace it with him. Its confines are those of another world, the world of that sort of society whose "leaders" and "clubwomen" wish to have their faces and "functions" published to an admiring and envious "circulation" in the voluminous pages of *The Megaphone*. The author's view of New York is a frankly restricted one, but it is not to be less valued in its way because this is not the way of Mr. Poole in *The Harbor*. We cannot have New York surveyed from too many angles of vision, or too exclusively or inclusively reproduced in fiction. It is New York which we ask of our poets as well as novelists and which we are beginning to get from Mr. Dana Burnet, and have already got from Mr.

Charles Hanson Towne, and from the delicate touch of Mr. Richard Le Gallienne.

But we New Yorkers, and especially we adoptive New Yorkers, must not ask an exclusive attention from literature. If Mr. Booth Tarkington chooses that the scene of his great drama *The Turmoil* shall rather pass in whatever Mid-Western metropolis of the remorseless industries, we must patiently await the arrival of his art in this supreme theater. In certain dimensions, in fact, that metropolis is not less adequate than our stage to the demands of his tragedy. It was a favorite saying of Lowell's that "New York was a pudding, and every American section had been helped to some," but there is a difference in the flavor of the portions which increases rather than diminishes with time. The action of *The Turmoil* is possible everywhere that the human passions and volitions have play, but they seem more characterized as American by the greater geographical remoteness from Europe. This apparently makes them more intensely ours because there is less in that new *entourage* to cast even a reflected light from finer ideals upon their crude ugliness. There is something peculiarly touching in the defeat of the dreams by the events which we should like the reader who has felt the power of the dynamic moments in the story—those very intense passages in which the father and son oppose their diverse motives, and the gentler prevails against the stronger, only to be precipitated in ultimate defeat. It is of course an accident which effects the tragical result, and the tragedy is softened as much as may be by the happy close of the love-affair involved. But though Mary Vertrees is a woman soul beautifully painted, and offered us for all consolation in the fatality through

which her lover wins her, we are not sure but the author means us to feel that the frustration of Bibbs Sheridan's ideal by his father's ambition is not something too dire for consolation, except through the sense that there is something to come which shall "trammel up the consequence" now left so heavy with the witness. The story so powerful in expression abounds in subtle intimations, and this may be one of them. As it stands, the tragedy appeals to us like one of those conceptions which Rodin has learned from Michelangelo to leave half emerging from the stone. But could the author himself bid it wholly appear?

Perhaps he means the reader's imagination, which has been his silent partner in the work, to complete the work. In that case we should like to let our fancy play, not about the happiness of Bibbs and Mary (for they must be happy), but about the misery which the sisters-in-law, Edith and Sibyl, are fated to. These two personages are rendered to the last effect of their atrocious vulgarity. Yet vulgarity is not quite the word for egotism so simple and sincere, so unsparing and unsparing in their hate of each other and of any whose will crosses theirs. Of the two, Sibyl seems to us the more triumphant characterization, with that touch of pity in her for her drink-sodden husband whom her abominable folly has ruined. The scene where she raves to the doctor from her sick-bed and pours out the gall of her bitterness on Mary, who has snubbed her, and on Edith, who has won her lover from her, is possibly equaled in another sort by the fatuous message which Edith sends home to her family telling them she has married the scoundrel she was sent away to save her from.





CREATIVE imagination first feigned the word, and after that it could feign anything. The word was more than it outwardly and relatively signified; its ghost stood behind it, and this feigned illusion was its sole reality. It was only what men thus feigned that they could believe with absolute assurance: the character and deeds of the gods and of their own ancestors—fables and legends.

One illusion has succeeded another—each a new creation of the human soul. There have been periods when the extreme externalization of life has interposed structures impervious to their light and might. The quest of information led away from the really informing illusion. The sense of the creative atrophied; eternity ebbed out of human existence and found lodgment only in inert matter.

In any real culture faith and art revive, and the illusion, as a creation of the soul, regains ascendancy. The ghost is *revenant*, informing and transforming human faculty and sensibility. What we creatively feign is more than what we make out of things or what we think or say *about* them. Science becomes the disclosure of miracles, invention a real finding, and there is no speculation but in the eyes that see the reality beyond the opaque, baffling, and often ghastly actuality. We not only exist and struggle for livelihood; we live, and life alone is eternal—in its good, its beauty, its truth, the Reality of which is beyond all relative uses, beyond all metes and bounds. Reality enters into these uses and limitations in so far as they are themselves determined by that creative selection which is immanent in every life-procedure—enters into adaptation also, but only when that fitness is an implication of creation. Life in man and nature does not generalize itself for us; it specializes. But artificial specialization is not creative.

While realization is actualization, all actualization is not realization; even when it is achievement it may be cut off from any living source and wholly explicable with reference to its outward end. What seem the most obviously important and impressive things are not vitally essential.

It is a human habit—this diversion from essential reality. This is our planetary destiny; not in the sense that it is our being; it is our existence, individual and social. If we regard it only in its external aspects, or as to what it would be if confined within the range of our conscious volition, there would be no beauty, grace, or living truth in it wherefore we should desire it. It would be altogether what so much of it seems to be even to-day, in this advanced stage of civilization, thus poor, destitute, and forlorn—a chaos of surd and inert actualities over which no creative spirit moved—but for the life of the soul.

Through that informing life alone actualization becomes realization, though the aspects of the activity may seem to contradict Reality by that emphasis upon outward ends which is the characteristic of the human planetary destiny. The apparent diversion from Reality has conversion and return. The world-possession, to which man is committed as if by divine injunction, is subject to soul-reclamation. Without this recourse man is spiritually dead, and though he gain the whole world he loses his soul.

Thus the Gospel, psychically interpreted as it was psychically uttered, is the soundest psychology the world has ever had. Its terms—repentance, forgiveness, redemption—are the terms of life and concretely embodied in parables and stories creatively feigned. The Gospel is the rest-cure of a humanity heavily laden with the cares of business, of poverty, and especially of riches. The sayings of the Master feign the Kingdom

of Heaven in the common language of the people, using imagery familiar to them, yet reversing every commonly accepted practical maxim; the ghost behind every word and every image shines radiantly through these and finds the soul of every man—the *geist* in him. They are creative—often the simplest possible expression of essential reality, contradicted by those external actualities which seem and, as related to our planetary existence, are relatively most necessary and important; they are seen as real in psychical intuition alone. The tribute to the relative outward obligation, though not pertinent to the life of the soul, is nevertheless paid, and must be paid until the outside becomes the inside, and the apparent contradiction is spiritually resolved.

The Sermon on the Mount is not less essentially real because it has never yet been realized. Its practical denial must become finally its confession, as the inertia and refractoriness of matter are necessary conditions of its concessions to life. Reaction is an essential part of action; resistance becomes assistance, and what is in the way becomes the way.

Intuitions—such as occur to the soul through the revelation of truth in the Gospel: of exhaustless forgiveness; of a kingdom which knows nothing of distributive justice—as in the parable of the laborers in the vineyard, and which sees the law as love—as in the parable of the judgment; of grace, beneficence, with no thought of return, and displacing resentment—are informing not merely as illuminating, but as purposive. Spiritual intuitions are different from immanent intelligence in that they stand over against experience, which they at once transcend and inform—eternity in time. They have a grace, bounty, and truth other than belong to anything in the natural world. They are for ever transforming planetary humanity, which, as planetary, is still contradictory, so that only through its veilings of eternal reality can that reality be revealed. Our thought veils it, our symbolism, our language itself. We can only divine that the real purpose increases from age to age, that the light of the eternal soul is more transparent through our mortal vesture.

Our Faith and Art, and the co-ordinations of Reason in our Science and Philosophy belong to the soul's own atmosphere quite distinct from the practical business of life. We feel that they lift us into the realm of creative life; but they, too, have their veils, else there could be no feigning, no imaginative investment. Instrumental music, painting, and the plastic arts are free from the verbal integument, yet they depend for their embodiment upon tone, color, and even inert wood and stone. If they "tease us out of thought," out of time, it is through the things of time. The invention of a musical instrument to serve as a substitute for the human voice or as a supplement to it, is a signal example of Art's availment of Nature for a creative purpose beyond all material uses. Nature, in her utmost specialization, has only a creative purpose. Her adaptations are living partnerships. She does not go out of her way to turn a water-wheel or drive a sail; none of those things which man puts in her way for artificial uses lie within the scope of her intention. But in the breath and flavor of his life, in his nutrition, in his sensibility, she is his immediate partner. Therefore Art, which has only a creative purpose, intimately blends with Nature, spontaneously and disinterestedly, in partnerships on the physiological plane of sensibility, though in its own realm of creation it transcends these and appeals to a psychical sensibility. How far, especially in the last fifty years, instrumental music has developed in this blending with Nature in the expression of her temperament as subjectively felt in human sensibility, and how far this outward direction of the art, away from its distinctively essential field, has been extended through "programme" music, has been most satisfactorily defined and illustrated in Lawrence Gilman's recently published book, *Nature in Music*. The essential quality of the art is maintained in its externalization if the subjective motive is still dominant, as it is even in martial and processional music. That quality is lost in artificial and wholly objective adaptations that degenerate into "rag-time." Such degeneration is possible to any art, its feigning ceasing to be creative.

Art began before any considerable mental or material progress, and Faith before Art. Human activities, though freed from the insulation of instinct, had a narrow range, close to the earth, which seemed all of Nature. There was no other than the earth-thought, no astronomy; the distinctively planetary sensibility was complete and self-sufficient. The soul, in man's vague conception of it, had the independence he attributed to shadows, but never left the earth save at death to pass from its surface to the shadowy underworld. The *psyche* had hardly left its chrysalis—was not yet the butterfly; so psychology was concerned with shadows, of men and of things. The creative imagination concerned itself with the living things of earth—as in totemism, a characteristic feature of this first realism—it was fluent, without flight or speculative projection. The near earth was so divinely real as to absorb all divinity; there was no need for temples, for statues, or even for mythology. Provincial integrity was absolute, excluding heroism and romance, so that legend was impossible; excluding also any sense of reality beyond itself, any philosophic contemplation of Reality as a whole.

There would be no story.

We refer to such a state of human existence, so simple in its terms as to be uninteresting to modern sensibility, because the consideration of it reconciles us to that departure from it which we call civilization—a more complex specialization of humanity.

The vices and eccentricities of this specialization are obvious; its essential virtues are hidden from view—those which we especially take note of being apparent rather than real, though the negative but indispensable conditions of a true realization. With a civilization sufficiently developed to break up that primal integrity which included so much of Nature as directly ministered to elemental desire, Faith and Art were emancipated, and by virtue of their detachment were given the freedom of their proper realm as well as that of the world. Then the story began.

Life had had little outward extension; it had been itself so absorbed in its lim-

ited natural partnership, so completely veiled that its direct expression took on no external veils or masques—it had no illusions. Only a little social extension, a little development of the communal sense, and civilization was on its march. Simultaneously Faith marched with it, outwardly processional, impressing Art into its service in dance and song. The creative feigning begins with myth-making, setting divinity free from its old confined integrity, giving the gods concrete personalities and voluntary motions. In this mythological feigning at first the earth-thought still haunts the imagination, as in the Greek worship of Pan—in which men masqueraded, clothed in the skins of beasts—and in that of Demeter. But with a little more civilization, a further development of mental detachment, humanity has an upward look, an astronomic speculation; mythology is enskied, with Apollo and Artemis, and in polite society Athene displaces Demeter.

In the full morning of Hellenic civilization its heroic type had culminated long before Athens was born. The very names of Crete, Argos, Mycenæ, Ilium, suggest a score of the variations of this type, which we know only through the creative feigning of Homer, of the Greek dramatists, of sculptors and architects, though we cannot help feeling that the Heroic Age was itself such a feigning, so difficult it is for us to discern fact from fiction, the twilight from dawn. We accept the labors of Heracles as willingly as the exploits and humors of Achilles and Odysseus. We can understand why Plato sometimes resorted to a myth as a veritable illustration of his idealism. One of the chief virtues of civilization is that it is not merely historic, but histrionic. The story becomes dramatic.

The foreground of the passing scene is always civilization; the background is psychical—the creative life of the soul. The modern foreground, in its extreme complexity, allows more veils for the light of the soul to shine through, creating new and ever brighter illusions. The modern story is Copernican, its illusions celestially appavelled, though so much of its composition is and ever must be planetary and persistently Ptolemaic.



EDITOR'S DRAWER

A Wailing Ballad

BY *BURGES JOHNSON*

I IDLED one day on a turbulent shore
Where the boisterous billows abound;
But I found that my dreams were disturbed more and more
By a fog-horn's melifluous sound.

And it seemed to me queer, since the weather was clear,
That a fog-horn should break my repose,
Till I saw with a shock, in the lea of a rock,
A sea-cap'n blowing his nose.

He turned at the sound of my step drawing near,
And I saw he'd been wiping his eye;
With a voice like the creak of a ship at the pier
He said, "Ahoy, matey! Lay by!"



"AHOY, MATEY! LAY BY!"

"It must cause ye surprise that I'm pipin' my eyes
Out here without matey or crew,
An' I'll spin ye the yarn if ye care a consarn."
Politely I murmured, "Pray do."

"It were long years ago," he began, with a sigh,
"When with ten able seamen or more
I tackled a whale that were caught high an' dry
On shoals that were nigh to the shore.

"We'd no more than finished the job when we see
That she had a young baby in tow;
My crew, which were just as soft-hearted as me,
All sat down an' cried in a row.

"But I roped it up tight, with a bit of a fight,
And I dragged it ashore by the nose,
Then I bought every case of tinned milk in the place
And I fed the young thing through a hose.

"I fixed it the pleasantest home it could wish
By fencin' a narrer-mouthed cove,
An' 'fore very long it could catch its own fish;—
You'd never believe how it throve!

"The folks all about they was payin' me dimes
To show 'em the tricks he could do.
I reckon he knew about ninety-nine times
As much as a feller like you.

"I soon set him free fer to romp in the sea—
The cove were a-gettin' too small.
He'd swim every day out the mouth of the bay
An' allers come back at my call.

"I christened him Levi; sez I, it's my wish
To call him the best that I can.
I found that in Scriptor it mentions a fish
Whose full name was Levi A. Than.

"My troubles began when a government man
Came special to see me one day,
An' told me to get some new kind of a pet,
Fer this one was cloggin' the bay.

"So Levi an' me moved out here by the sea:
He fished fer us both from the start,
An' got so he'd fetch so much at a ketch
I bought me a peddler's cart.

"That cute little chap were as smart as a trap
From his nose to the end of his tail.
There's no one, you see, that has got an idee
Of the size of the brain in a whale.

"On Sabbaths an' special occasions like that
I'd git on his back fer a ride;
An' once when he spouted an' blew off my hat
I felt him a-laughin' inside.

"He were seldom away fer so much as a day—
We was reggerler chums, so to speak;
Till it sudden occurred without warnin' or word
That he left me fer more than a week.



"I FELT HIM A-LAUGHIN' INSIDE"

"An' when he returned, by his motions I learned
That he wanted to take me away;
He swum me fer miles till we come to some isles
That sheltered a bootiful bay.

"An' thar in the offin', a-waggin' her tail
An' spoutin' a greetin' at me,
Was as graceful an' purty a young-lady whale
As ever you happened to see.

"He showed so much pride as we hove alongside,
I re'lized, as true as yer life,
He was makin' me known in a way of his own
To the lady he'd chose fer a wife.

"When we p'inted fer home it were full speed ahead,
An' I felt, as I scrambled ashore,
He was biddin' good-by, although nothin' were said;—
An' I ain't never seen him no more.

"An' so I'm a-livin' here lone an' forlorn,
An' I don't feel no cravin' fer man;
Fer humans seem small, as I sit here an' mourn
Fer my cute little Levi A. Than.

"There's only just one bit of comfort I get
As I sit here an' sigh by the sea—
I'm sure that *he* hasn't forgot, an' I'll bet
That they named their first child after me."



“By Request”

An Obliging Pastor

ONE of the wealthy members of a fashionable church in Boston approached her pastor with the complaint that she was greatly disturbed by one of her neighbors.

“It’s positively unbearable,” said she. “That man in the pew in front of us destroys all my devotional and pious feelings when he attempts to sing. Couldn’t you ask him to change his pew?”

The good pastor was sorely perplexed. After a few moments’ reflection, he said:

“Well, I naturally would feel a little delicacy on that score, more especially as I would have to give a reason. But I will tell you what I might do.” Here the pastor’s face became illumined with a happy thought. “I might ask him to join the choir.”

A Dramatic Critic

A MASSACHUSETTS farmer and his chum came into Boston one evening to see an all-star-cast production of “Othello.” When the play was over neither of the men made any comment of consequence until they reached the South Station, where they were to take their train for home. While waiting for the train to come in, one of the countrymen turned to his companion and remarked, “Nathan, that nigger held his end up about as well as any of ’em.”

Last Chance Gone

A TRAVELER from the North, proceeding on foot through North Carolina, came upon a mountain cabin that gave unusual evidence of rural industry. Although it was but ten o’clock in the morning, the traveler decided to stop and ask for refreshment, since he might not come upon anything so promising in many hours.

A tall, apparently ill-fed woman came to the door. She looked at the traveler in amazement for some minutes, and was resentful when he made known his wants.

“We’ve et,” she said in a reproachful tone. “Tom’s gone to town to fetch corn-meal.”

Inferring from this that there was no solid food in the larder, the traveler cheerfully suggested a glass of milk.

Again the woman shook her head, while her sallow visage lengthened. “Tom went an’ forgot to milk the cow. He won’t be back till evenin’.”

This seemed to be the traveler’s opportunity, both to show his good nature and to obtain a glass of milk.

“I’d be glad to milk her for you,” he offered. “I was brought up on a farm.”

Again the woman shook her head. “Ye cain’t, stranger.” And this time her resentment was tinged with futile regret. “Tom rid the cow to town.”

He Remembered

SOME people will never realize that there are more ways than one of arriving at the same result. They are like the shock-headed boy who was asked to add six and four. He guessed nine, eleven, and twelve.

"No, no; you are only guessing!" expostulated the teacher. "But why didn't you guess ten while you were about it? Six and four make ten."

"Oh no, they don't!" triumphantly replied the urchin. "You told me yesterday that five and five made ten!"

Experienced

"SHOE-STRING'S untied, ma'am," a small boy called out to the stout woman who moved majestically up the street. "I'll tie it for you."

Even a less haughty woman would have found it difficult to treat with disdain so kind an offer, and she drew back her skirt in acceptance of his attention.

The little boy pulled the string tight and smiled up at her. "My mother's fat, too," he explained.

English as She is Parsed

I HAVE a copper penny,
And another copper penny.
Well, then, I know I have
two copper pence.

I have a Cousin Jenny,
And another Cousin Jenny.
Well, pray, then, do I have
two Cousin Jence?

CAROLYN WELLS

Privileged

LITTLE Albert, the son of a clergyman, is intensely afraid of thunder. One afternoon in July the little chap wandered away from the house and was caught in what promised to be a most severe electric storm. His father, who was watching him from the porch, saw him come running toward the house at about the time the first drops began to fall. His terrified expression seemed to increase with each bound he made, and his lips were noticeably moving.

"What were you saying, Albert?" questioned his father.

"I was reminding God that I am a minister's son!" he replied, breathlessly.



A Position of Trust



Business Ethics

"Ain't you workin', Jimmie?"

"Naw! The boss took me by the collar and threw me out the door, so I decided to resign the job."

"Every Cloud—"

A YOUNGSTER in Germantown, Philadelphia, received two presents at the same time—one a diary, which for a while he kept very carefully, and the other a pea-shooting pop-gun, which he fired indiscriminately on all occasions.

One day his mother found the following terse record in his diary:

"Monday, cold and sloppy. Tuesday, cold and sloppy. Wednesday, cold and sloppy—shot grandma."

In Reserve

PARSON WILDER, who had a small church in a little Western town, was about to go away for a two weeks' vacation. The Sunday before he started he announced from the pulpit:

"The preacher for next Sunday will be Mr. Judson, and the one for the Sunday following you will find hanging up behind the door on the other side of the vestry."



MR. LANLUBB: "Ah! they just dropped their anchor."

MRS. LANLUBB: "Dear me! I was just afraid they would; it's been dangling outside all the afternoon."

Sympathy

MRS. GRANTLY, a regular customer of one of the flower-women in a London suburb, announced while passing one morning:

"I am going to give you an unusually large order for flowers next week, for my daughter's coming-out."

"Yis, mum. I shall see that you 'ave the very best for 'er, pore dear. Wot were she put in for?"

A Last Resort

MR. TOMPKINS was obliged to stop overnight at a small country hotel. He was shown to his room by the one boy the place afforded, a colored lad.

"I am glad there's a rope here in case of fire,"

commented Mr. Tompkins, as he surveyed the room, "but what's the idea of putting a Bible in the room in such a prominent place?"

"Dat am intended foh use, sah," replied the boy, "in case de fire am too far advanced foh yo' make yo' escape, sah."

A Choice

MRS. DAVENPORT gave her two children some fruit one afternoon. Handing it to Joseph, she bade him let the little sister have the first choice.

Shortly after, she called the boy to her and said:

"Joseph, I noticed that your little sister took a very small apple. Did you let her have her choice, as I told you to?"

"Yes, mother," replied the boy, "I told her she could have the little one or none at all, and she chose the little one."

Avoiding a Misunderstanding

MRS. HIBERRY, an old-fashioned Yankee who conducts a family hotel on the Maine coast, received a rambling letter from a prospective city "guest," who was desirous of engaging "two large, sunny rooms, overlooking the ocean and connecting with private bath."

In due time the prospective guest received this curt reply:

"DEAR MADAM,—All rooms face the ocean, and that's your bath."

The Height of Generosity

IT was small Isaac's birthday, but no amount of hints had brought forth any suggestion of a celebration. At last he determined to know the worst, and went to his father, demanding:

"Pa, what you going to give me for a birthday present?"

Pa obligingly stopped his work and regarded his offspring beamingly.

"Birthday present? Well, now, what you want for a present? I tell you, Ikey; I'll ask your mother to wash a place on the window so you can see the trolley-cars go by."

Work

IT was little Teddy's first term at school, and his mother had been telling the rich old uncle how well the little boy was getting along with his studies and how dearly he loved his school.

"Well, my little man," said the uncle, as the child returned home, "what do you do in school all day?"

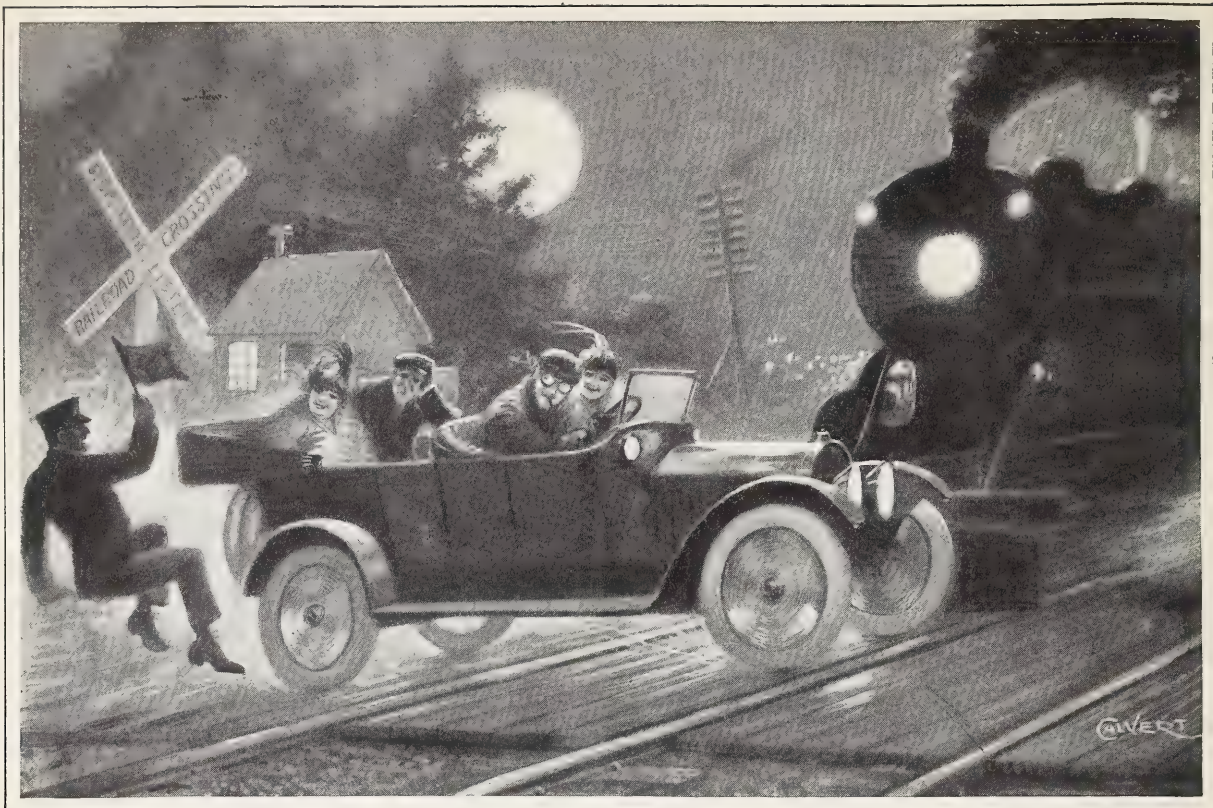
"I wait till it's time to go home," was Teddy's matter-of-fact reply.



Force of Habit

"What you looking for, William?"

"The hitching-strap, Mary. I must be gitting absent-minded; I was sure I put it in!"



THE DRIVER: "Did you ever see such an idiot as that flagman?—almost got run over!"

Disappointed

A MISSION worker conceived the project of taking to the seashore a little six-year-old boy who had never breathed

purier air than that of New York's lower East Side.

The worker herself counted on getting much pleasure from the child's experience. "It will help me in my vacation," said she, "to see the lad growing rosy. How he will enjoy it!"

But it transpired that the boy had opinions of his own. As the train drew into the station of the seashore resort they could see from the car window a wide stretch of beach and sea.

"Look, Henry!" exclaimed the mission worker. "There's the ocean!"

"Is that the ocean?" asked the kiddie, a look of deep disappointment coming to his face. "Gee! ain't it homely!"

Ready to Change

"I AM surprised," said the parson to a youngster indulging in Sunday morning fishing, "to find you fishing here, my boy."

"Why," asked the surprised boy, "d'ye know any place where they bite better?"



HIS SISTER: "Quit that, Sammy! Don't ye know ye've got yer new uniform on?"

